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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

FOR A FIGHT OR A FROLIC

The Battle Fleet
at Sea—The First
Chapter of the
Pacific Cruise

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JANUARY 4 1908 PRICE 10 CENTS

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TO BE WIPED OUT
NEW YORK NEEDS A
CUPFUL OF WATER

In 1914 the city will require about 500 million gallons more water every day than its present supply. So the great Ashokan Reservoir is being constructed.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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BACK WHERE THEY WERE BORN AND BRED

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LII.

No. 2563

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

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COMMENT

A Franchise is Property

THESE are one or two affirmations of truth in Judge Horan's decision that the New York 80-cent gas law is unconstitutional that might command the attention of the raiders—that is, if the raiders want any truth. Judge Horan has decided that a corporation must have a fair return on its investment, and that a franchise is a valuable property on which it has the right to make a profit. While by direct legislation the State may establish rates, it cannot confiscate property, or go just short of it. "When this is the law," he says, "representative government as prescribed by both Federal and State constitutions is at an end." He further holds that there is "no authority that permits officials to injure the property of any citizen when unconstitutionally directed even by the State." The voice of reason and the word of truth are certain to be heard if you give a rational people, as the Americans are, sufficient time.

Coal and the Hepburn Law

How are we to avoid another coal famine? This is a subject which is bothering the coal-mine owners, and ought to be bothering the politicians. One of the provisions of the Hepburn law forbade any railroad company to transport, after May 1, 1906, any coal mined "by it, or under its authority, or which it may own in whole or in part, or in which it may have any interest, direct or indirect." The law makes it impossible for the railroads that own most of the anthracite coal of the country to bring it to market after the 1st of next May. To some of the roads these coal-mines are their most valuable property. Much railroad-building has been done for the sake of opening up coal-fields. The bonded debt of some of the roads is based partly on the coal-holdings, and these are included in the mortgaged property which secures the bonds. The coal-lands have not been sold by the roads; it is not easy to sell so much property. Devices for evading the law have been rejected. The roads will not consent to any course which looks like evasion, and this is well. A plan has been suggested in accordance with which a great billion or two-billion trust ought to be formed to hold and operate all the coal-lands; but this has been put aside for obvious reasons. No plan has been devised that will enable the roads, without grave injustice to their stockholders, and to their creditors who own their bonds, to rid themselves of the coal properties. Therefore, unless something can be done to modify the law or to infuse wisdom into its administration, there is likely to be trouble for the roads, the miners, and the consumers of coal. The penalty for transporting the coal under existing conditions is so severe

as to mean bankruptcy to those who violate it. The counsel for the roads believe that this section of the Hepburn bill is unconstitutional, and it is proposed to ask the authorities to suspend the infliction of the penalty until this question is decided by the Supreme Court. This would seem to be a reasonable request, and its granting might put an end to all fear of a coal famine.

Opposition to Bryan Grows

It is a pleasure to learn, as we do from several Democratic papers in the North and South whose freedom of speech has not departed, of a more wholesome attitude towards Mr. BRYAN. Editors who a few weeks ago were hopelessly inclined to accept the inevitable are now beginning to say that there is no inevitable; that there are a number of leading Democrats who would make better and stronger candidates than BRYAN. The Southern newspapers are asking the North and the West to help them out of a difficulty into which they have fallen by reason of the folly and the weakness of Southern Democrats who have precipitately committed themselves to Mr. BRYAN, and who unfortunately have control of the State and local organizations. They say that BRYAN is not the choice of the South, and that if the East, the North, and the West would take the lead against him in the Denver convention, the South would follow, notwithstanding their organizations. The *Charleston News and Courier* asserts that "the sentiment is growing that Mr. BRYAN could not be elected should he be nominated." There is no doubt of the soundness of this view, and it is, indeed, spreading. Judging from a recent interview with him, Mr. BRYAN believes that he can defeat any radical Republican. Possibly this is because he naturally expects the votes of Republicans who are essentially Roosevelt voters in addition to what he has called his own; but the truth is they are mostly the same. He fears Secretary TART on the ground that he is too conservative; why he entertains this opinion he does not explain, but he thinks that he would prefer L. S. FOLLETT as the Republican candidate. The fact remains: BRYAN can defeat no one, and Delaware has pointed the way to Democrats who believe that their party can elect the next President if they nominate a candidate who is opposed to the Rooseveltian-Bryan policies. Delaware has declined for GRAY. There are others. Indeed, there is more available conservative material among the Democrats than among the Republicans.

Bryan and the Discontented

No political party or candidate can succeed on the platform of discontent. It may be true that the Rooseveltian policies of discontent had Mr. BRYAN for their real author, but the world, at least on this side of the water, is not moving towards the natural and obvious goal of such policies, away from freedom and towards governmental restraint. Sometimes it may seem to be going in that direction, but the movement is, from its very nature, only temporary. The "policies" have produced a reaction, and only Mr. BRYAN remains on the old camp-ground. History again repeats herself. Once the Republicans of the Western States thought well of the Grainger movement, but they deserted it in time and left it to the Populists. Once a Republican majority in Congress passed an inflation bill, but GRAY vetoed it. WILLIAM ALLEN, of Ohio, picked up the idea, intending to thrash the Republican traitors with it, with the result that RUTHERFORD B. HAYES became, first, Governor of Ohio, and then President. The Orala farmers once wanted to borrow money on wheat, but the wise men among them soon saw that that was an issue fit only for a perpetual minority. The Republicans, under the lead of McKNALLY in the House and of ALLISON in the Senate, once undertook to "rehabilitate silver," to relieve the "white metal" from the consequences of the "crime of '73," but a Democratic President, GROVER CLEVELAND, relieved the country from the intolerable evil that the Republicans had indicated upon it. Then Mr. BRYAN, following the example of WILLIAM ALLEN, saw an *ignis fatuus* shimmering over the graves in the old political churchyard, and followed it with shouts of exaltation. At one time he seemed to have gathered a victorious army about him and to be marching to victory; but the Republicans, made wise in the school of GROVER CLEVELAND, turned upon the unfortunate "white metal" and left it to

the care of its Nebraska nurse. It died on his hands. Thus it is now; all the famous policies which have been confusing the people are now the political property of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN and his friends, who propose to nominate him at Denver because he stands for the policies which have caused a reconsideration of the popular attitude towards Mr. ROOSEVELT. Mr. BRYAN could not be elected, for the same reason that has put an end to the third-term movement for Mr. ROOSEVELT. He would be again, as he was in 1896 and in 1900, the candidate of the discontented minority.

Mr. Bryan and the Tariff

The Philadelphia *Ledger* asserts that in 1896 Mr. BRYAN deliberately turned his back on tariff reduction for the "titillation and allurement of the Silver Republican voters of the West, who insisted on some guarantee that the protection principle would not be radically attacked in the event of the candidate's election." To this end the word "only" was omitted, with BRYAN's consent, from the phrase, "a tariff for revenue only," while BRYAN inserted in his "cross-of-gold" speech the declaration that "if protection has slain its thousands, the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands." He has now abandoned silver as he once abandoned the tariff, and is ready for government ownership of railroads, initiative-referendum, or any other old thing.

The Taft Boom and Governor Hughes

It was said the other day that never had a Presidential boom been so mismanaged as Mr. TAFT's, and the intimation was that the Secretary of War would probably not receive the Republican nomination in consequence of the incompetency and tactlessness of the managers of his so-called "boom." This is not sound reasoning. The Secretary of War will probably not be the Republican candidate in 1908; but this is not because of the mismanagement of his campaign. No real movement in behalf of a public man who is a candidate for a Presidential nomination fails for any such reason, if the individual or his cause has attracted popular support, while many a shrewdly managed movement has failed because of popular opposition to the man for whom it was organized. Secretary TAFT, if he fell of nomination, as he probably will, will fail because his candidacy has not attracted the necessary popular support. Its origin has never been liked, and now he would be on the defensive throughout a campaign. On the other hand, could there be a campaign—if there can be said to be one at all—which must be so offensive to the practical working politicians as that in behalf of Governor HUGHES? As one of the most practical of them all, "AM." GARDNER, says, the politicians want to know if a man wants his friends to organize for him, which, being interpreted, means, how much money for how many "boys"? Governor HUGHES has treated the appeals of the "boys" for an announcement that he wants an organization with the studied indifference that must hurt their tenderest feelings, and thus dampen their ardor. He has told them, in effect, to mind their own business and he will mind his. And yet his "boom" grows as rapidly as the organized booms halt or decline. The truth is, and it is greatly for the credit of the country that it is so, that the most certain way for a Governor, for example, to make progress towards the Presidency, is to be the kind of Governor that HUGHES is and that CLEVELAND was, and to be indifferent to the politicians who want to "organize" for him. Vice-President FAIRBANKS is said, for instance, to be very completely and wisely organized, but one would hesitate before putting FAIRBANKS'S chances above HUGHES'S.

The President and the Governor

A rumor came some days ago from the White House, after an interview between Senator PACE and Mr. ROOSEVELT, that the President would not actively oppose the nomination of Governor HUGHES, and it was intimated that before long he might be found aggressively supporting it. This rumor was all too quickly followed by an episode that may have saved Senator PACE and other of Governor HUGHES'S friends some momentary distress. The county committee, under the leadership of Mr. HARRISON PARSONS, who is supposed to speak for the President, postponed until the January meeting a resolution expressing the hope that the New York delegation to the Republican national convention would present the name of Governor HUGHES. This action will do the Governor

no harm, if harm was intended, as possibly it was not. Mr. PARSONS was so discredited by his alliance with HARRIST that his opposition is now rather helpful than injurious, even if he is really in opposition. Another sinister fact is that he runs his county committee with the help of a small army of Federal office-holders. That sort of thing is not popular now, and it is especially obnoxious when the activity is that of office-holders under an administration pledged to civil service reform.

The Sailing of the Fleet

The great fleet has sailed, and the Japanese statesmen have hastened to declare by cable that the Japanese people will be glad to see the ships and the men, and are confident that there is no hostile intent concealed in the sending of the fleet. We are willing to accept the assurances of the administration that this is true. Nevertheless, the world is not so easily satisfied. The English papers, including the *Spectator*, which is abnormally respectful to the President, thinks that the sailing of this extraordinary fleet of battle-ships, prepared for war, is most untimely because it excites the lingo spirit. The *St. James Gazette* is notably savage, and asserts that it is a bombastic exhibition of naval strength for the purpose of intimidating the Japanese. The cordial tones of the Japanese statesmen are themselves a recognition of this uneasy suspicion, a suspicion that finds no response among Americans, unless the hostilities of the Pacific coast are hopeful that the Japanese will be trimmed. The people of the United States at large are confident that there will be no trouble with Japan, and yet they are made uneasy by this extraordinary and, we may add, extravagant display of force. It is devoutly to be hoped that the ships will return, by way of Suez or otherwise, without in the least disturbing the peace of the world. We believe that they will, but it is patent that when that happy day arrives there will be a fairly loud-sounding sigh of relief in Europe, Asia, and America.

The Aikman Incident

Governor HUGHES, on the initiative of Mayor McCLELLAN, removed JOHN AIKMAN, president of the Borough of Manhattan, because, after careful examination, he found that AIKMAN was incompetent. It appears from the evidence that while there is no reason to suspect AIKMAN of corruption, he has tolerated corruption in others. He permitted the boys to get their "divie." This is one of the worst and yet most common features of our political corruption. The Board of Aldermen, without examination, without attempting to answer the Governor's findings, after the courts had refused to enjoin the Governor's action, reelected AIKMAN to the office from which he had been legally ejected. It is said that this is an insolent defiance of the Governor. That does not sufficiently express the conduct of the Aldermen. It was, indeed, insolent and defiant, but it was an insolent defiance of the city's rights, and an ignorant contempt for decency. It was an open acknowledgment of those who participated in the "vindictive" of AIKMAN that public office in New York city is to be administered for the good of the "organization" and its boys, and that plumb-line of the taxpayer and profitable neglect of duty cannot be punished so long as the Aldermen are able to protect the plunderers.

The Australian Tariff

We have been pretty well informed of the nature of the triple protection tariff bill which has been pending in the Australian Parliament. It is the embodiment of the theory that if a people tax themselves sufficiently they will enrich all classes of themselves. This is the American protection principle carried to its logical conclusion. The object of the Australian bill is to secure the enrichment of Australians in three ways: by taxing themselves on all they consume the consumers will enrich the manufacturers; by taxing the manufacturers who charge too much, the consumers are to get back what they have paid in behalf of manufacturers generally; by heavily taxing manufacturers who do not pay satisfactory wages, the laborers are to gain. The closed shop is to run the factories; the factories are to have the Australian field to themselves; and the state is to keep down prices to the consumer. The cost of production is to be increased, and prices are to be lowered. How would Pennsylvania stand-patters like this? The bill has just passed the House of

Representatives, and the proposed rates of duty have been lowered. As they stood before, they did not begin to approach DUNDY rates. This effort of Australia to lift itself by its boot-strap will be watched with interest.

A New Currency Bill

Senator ALDRICH has promised a new currency bill about this time, with the assurance of its passage through both Houses of Congress. No bill is likely to be presented that will not in some way or other provide for a more elastic currency than we possess; but unless that elasticity be in the main automatic, the bill will not afford a satisfactory or a final solution of the problem.

A National Bank Looted

Federal examination of national banks has not proved particularly useful to the depositors of the Jewellers' National Bank of North Attleboro, Massachusetts, which the newspapers at this writing report to be "about as badly broken as a national bank can be." It is true that the Federal bank-examiner discovered that the bank was insolvent, but not until the cashier, since deceased, had managed to create a shortage said to approach \$250,000. The bank's furniture is left, but the loans made by the late cashier look very bad to the directors, who think that some of them will not yield more than ten cents on a dollar. Painful things do happen even in institutions that enjoy Federal supervision.

A Naval Fight, Ashore

Our navy, since its handsome start from Hampton Roads, has had a hard shaking up; not on the sea, so far as is known, but ashore, in *McClure's Magazine* and in the newspapers. It is asserted that our vaunted ships do not wear their armor belts where they should, but put them on so low that when the coal-bunkers are full the belts barely keep above the water-line. Also, that the ships ride so low in the water that there is a fairly heavy sea the forward turret guns cannot be fired. Also, that the ammunition-hoists are not yet just right, and are liable again to cause such accidents as they have in the past. Also other calamitous errors. These charges, vehemently brought by persons licensed to write on matters relating to naval construction, are for the most part disowned and controverted with corresponding spirit by the official authorities and responsible designers. Inasmuch as war-ship construction is a very progressive industry, constantly changing, improving, and growing in cost, all this passionate discussion is doubtless good for it, and will make for the better construction of ships still to come. Inasmuch as the chance to test battle-ships by actual performance in war comes very rarely, the only way to try them out seems to be by these furious battles in print.

A Deep Regret

Major HENRYPHILL, who is too good a man for South Carolina to elect to the United States Senate, upbraids us. The WEEKLY a few weeks ago mildly wondered why, amid the clash of protests against the omission from the new gold coins of the "In God We Trust," no one had "found apposite to the discussion that New Testament line which runs, 'Render unto CÆSAR the things that are CÆSAR'S, and to God the things that are God's.'" Yet at this very time HENRYPHILL was singing that very refrain. The only explanation is that the sounds of the other sectarian were so ear-filling that we did not catch the peep of the Presbyterian Pope of Charleston. We were unfortunate, but we are not wickedly neglectful of our blessings. The Major says, with undesired impudence, that we ought to follow more carefully the *News and Courier*. Well, we do read it much more, or much more intelligently, than South-Carolinians; if they did as well as we, Mr. BRYAN would cease to be their candidate.

Green Hands

The papers reported that Mr. BRYAN's recent presence in Guthrie, the capital of the new State of Oklahoma, inspired the chaplain of the local House to pray that he might be the next President of the United States. When the prayer was finished, the House applauded it very heartily, and at the instance of the Speaker all the Democrats endorsed it by voting aye, thinking by that means, perhaps, to give it the benefit

of their influence. These seem like elementary proceedings, but Oklahoma is an elementary State; the only one in the Union that has never had experience, as a State, with Mr. BRYAN as a candidate.

Welcome, William

Returned, on December 20, after an absence of 129 days, WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, Secretary of War and candidate for President. Welcome, WILLIAM! A good deal has happened since you left. We lost our balance some, and there were days when the footing seemed mighty uncertain. The little tremor that shook this hemisphere when you put your foot down again on the edge of North America was welcomed by thousands of your countrymen as evidence that another deposit of ballast was about to be made in the hold of the ship of state. Said ship, WILLIAM, spends a mighty night of sail these days, and doesn't always steer with the precision that she might. Get aboard of her, air; get aboard.

A Great Many

How many Democrats are there who find Mr. BRYAN's greatest recommendation as a candidate in the conviction that he cannot be elected?

Pernicious Activities

A number of bills have been introduced "by request" in Congress directing that the motto "In God We Trust" shall be put on all the coins. Members report that religious organizations and women's societies are active in correspondence on the subject. Doleful news. Religious organizations and women's societies have more influence with Congress (as the anti-union law attests) than wisdom in legislation. We shall get some pretty coins if the hands of the molders can be kept off. The twenty-dollar gold pieces are a great advance in art and beauty on anything we had before, and the ten-dollar pieces are better than their reputation.

Disallowed

The Rev. SAMUEL DICKIE, D.D., president of Albion College, doubts President ROOSEVELT's courage because he did not put anything about the liquor question in his message. This doubt is disallowed. The President was bold far beyond the point of rashness about putting things in his message. He probably omitted to put in a liquor-question paragraph for fear it would get lost.

Help Wanted

A great novelist, a really big one, equal to the true portraiture of various conditions of men, and to the illumination of true doctrine about their relations with one another, might do enormous good in this country in these times. Our people seem to have a great appetite for knowledge about one another, and very defective, misleading, and inadequate means of satisfying it. The poor want to know about the rich, and the rich about the poor, and the great middling mass between wants to know about both, and about its own components. The cheaper and more popular magazines are full of endeavors to satisfy this desire; honest endeavors, apparently, and often interesting, but more nibbles at the great cake. One of the ten-centers leads off this month with the observations of a writer who, having slummed successfully in the parlors of Chicago, purports to have since been slumming among the excessively rich in New York. A quick turn; so quick as to cast doubt on the writer's qualifications for the new job. Slim stories have their uses if they are true, but a *Vanity Fair* would do us more good. No doubt the country is too big and too diverse to be put in a book, but it is not bigger than human nature, and it is possible to put a vast deal of human nature between book covers if a powerful-enough comprehension is behind the pen. It is a mighty yesty country in these days, and very unsettled in its standards of living and behavior. Some folks have been jettied out of steady habits by too much money, others by too much power, and a far greater mass than either of these by the reading of sensational, undigested, and misleading literature.

No, Tom

TOM LAMSON has got his second wind and come out for a third term, anyhow. No, Tom. That ghost is hid. Why not speak for yourself?

Our Armada: Its Precursors and Significance

It is perfectly true, as Mr. ROBERTS has said, that no fleet representing collectively so great a tonnage and weight of armament ever undertook so long a voyage as that upon which the sixteen battle-ships under Rear-Admiral EVANS set out on December 16 from Hampton Roads. There are in modern history only two objects of comparison, to wit, the Spanish armada, intended for the conquest of England, and the naval force despatched under Admiral ROBERTS against Japan. The largest Spanish vessels of 1588 would be deemed insignificant when measured by our present standards, and the gains of that date, whether for raillart, length of range, or precision, would now be accounted worthless. The voyage, too, from Spanish ports to the North Sea, even though we must add the subsequent circumnavigation of Scotland, was short indeed compared with that which is to be performed by EVANS. From this point of view and from that of size the only precursor of our armada which deserves consideration is the naval expedition of which the ill-fated ROBERTS had charge. The Russian fleet was inferior to that which just started from Hampton Roads even in nominal tonnage and fighting power, and, as the event proved, it was destitute of every requisite for success, with the possible exception of personal courage on the part of officers and men. ROBERTS' fleet, it will be remembered, did not proceed by a single route, or in a single body, part of it traversing the Suez Canal, and the second part rounding the Cape of Good Hope, while a third squadron did not set out until a later date. The naval concentration was not effected until all the ships had reached the China Sea. The commander-in-chief endeavored to tarry to account the resultant delays in Madagascar waters and off the coast of French Indo-China by striving to improve the discipline and the efficiency in seamanship and gunnery of the squadrons under his control, but all his efforts to these ends were unavailing, and it is easy to prove by Russian witnesses that there never was a modern fleet so woefully unfit for battle as that which went forward to its doom in the Bay of Japan.

The fleet under Rear-Admiral EVANS enters on its voyage to the Pacific under very different auspices. Between Hampton Roads and San Francisco it has no enemy to fear, unless it be the stormy weather which is so apt to prevail in the Straits of Magellan. Instead of being regarded, as was ROBERTS' fleet, it will be welcomed by every intervening power which it may wish to enter for recouling or repairs. Should the voyage be extended from San Francisco to Manila, EVANS will find American harbors in the middle of the Pacific.

There is really no likelihood whatever that Admiral EVANS will have an opportunity of attesting his skill in naval strategy or tactics. The official spokesmen of the Japanese government have repeatedly declared that they regard the despatch of the fleet under EVANS from our American coast to another as a matter with which no foreign country has any concern, and the Japanese newspapers are almost unanimous in averring that there is no ground for seeing in the expedition any indication of hostility to Japan.

Yet, although the presence of a great American fleet in the Pacific is more likely to prevent war than to precipitate it, there is ample reason for the interest with which naval experts all over the world are watching it. Admiral CHANVAY, of the French navy, regards it as one of the most memorable incidents in the naval history of the world, and he has no doubt that it will be prosecuted successfully if the Straits of Magellan are traversed without disaster. What he means is sufficiently evident, namely, that if such a demonstration can be made at the present time, when it is needful for American war-ships to circumnavigate South America, how much more may be expected when the Panama Canal is opened, and when the energies of our navy are intensified by the pressure of international war and the imminent risk of self-protection. The effect upon the German mind is equally unmistakable. The German naval programme, as finally revised, some weeks ago, by the Kaiser's command—a revision which is almost certain to be sanctioned by the Reichstag—provides for laying down three battle-ships of the *Brundage* type, or a still higher type, every year up to and including 1911, and for laying down one such vessel annually thereafter until 1917, so that at the date last mentioned the German Empire will possess, and steadily maintain, an aggregate strength of thirty-eight battle-ships. For the moment the United States undoubtedly rank as the second naval power on earth, and the question which Germans want to see answered is whether we can retain the place. We undoubtedly can retain it if, in compliance with the request of the Secretary of the Navy, Congress shall consent to provide for four high-class battle-ships this year and every year up to 1911. In addition to the sixteen battle-ships that left Hampton Roads on December 16, and the two battle-ships already in Pacific waters, we have in commission, or building, ten other first-class battle-ships, which give us a total of twenty-eight. In three years, if the requisite authority and appropriations are assiduously forthcoming, we can assure the attainment of a naval force superior to the aggregate

which Germany contemplates for 1917. If we go on expanding the number of our battle-ships at the same rate for some years afterwards, we shall utterly outstrip the utmost efforts, and, perhaps, the financial capabilities, of the Germans, and long before the date last mentioned we shall have proved the impossibility of outdoing us from the second place in the list of the naval powers of the world. There is no doubt that, owing to our possession of long coasts on two oceans, we need a navy inferior to that of Great Britain alone. We need to have it. That is not denied by the ROBERTS administration in which all American patriots who possess any forethought and sense of duty must concur.

There are other points of view from which the despatch of the American armada to the Pacific is certain to prove impressive. Should Rear-Admiral EVANS be instructed to conduct his fleet, consisting, when reinforced en route and at San Francisco, of no fewer than eighteen battle-ships, accompanied by many armored cruisers, we shall possess incomparably the strongest naval force that has ever been seen in the Far East. It would be impossible for Great Britain itself, without seriously weakening her Channel, Mediterranean, and North Sea fleets, to send thither an array of battle-ships fit to cope with our own. The effect of such a state of things on the prestige and influence of the United States in the extreme Orient is obvious. We shall have proved to the satisfaction of all well-informed onlookers that, in a superlative sense, we are a great world power even in an ocean which, for the moment, is for us the most difficult of access. The presence of our eighteen battle-ships at Manila—should Admiral EVANS be ordered thither—cannot but increase enormously the power of our diplomats at Peking. Chinese diplomacy will be encouraged nightly to resist the encroachments of the Japanese on Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria—encroachments embodied in the recent demand as to the telegraphic and postal systems—and will tend to convince them that our guarantee of the independence and territorial integrity of China rests upon a solid foundation. The exhibition of such tremendous naval force, coupled with the proof of our generosity afforded by our return of the larger share of the indemnity paid to us by the Peking government for alleged losses in the Boxer rebellion, should, and will, convince the Chinese that we are the most trustworthy, disinterested, and useful friends that they possess upon the globe.

While, therefore, in the past, we have expressed some doubts as to the necessity, the opportuneness, or the expediency of the EVANS expedition, we shall follow, with the most lively sympathy, the progress of the fleet, now that it has actually started. For its safety and honor we offer our best hopes and wishes. We do not for a moment doubt that they will be fulfilled.

We observe, finally, that there is an aspect of the EVANS expedition which is sometimes overlooked, and that is the deep effect which it must necessarily produce on our sister republics of South America. When the Latin-American commonwealths behold the enormous dimensions and colossal latent powers of the first American armada, they will inevitably be impressed profoundly with the importance to themselves of the Monroe doctrine. Here, they will say, is a protector who is abundantly able to protect. The Monroe doctrine means something. Now, while the United States possesses such splendid naval resources, will any Latin-American state have to dread European aggression. The inhabitants of South-American countries will feel, perhaps for the first time, that under theegis of so mighty a protector they may work in peace. From this point of view the exhibition of sixteen American first-class battle-ships in South-American waters is a useful and possibly necessary supplement of the naval influence exerted by the mission of Secretary Root.

The New Year

The mistake of the average thinker is to believe that life is a finished product presented to us from some power outside us. On the contrary, life is a fluid set of circumstances into which we walk with full power to push, or shove, or solidify, or freeze, or boil, according to will. To begin to will, then, as soon as we take stock of surrounding circumstances, is the man's interest in existence. If we set ourselves to operating upon circumstances without a definite plan of action, without quite knowing whether it is boiling or freezing we want to do, we are apt to make but little progress. But even for the man who has frozen what he meant to boil there is still a hope; circumstances are so fluid, so willing to be dealt with, that all he has to do is to apply a greater amount of heat to his lump of ice, ultimately to reach the boiling-point. To will, then, is what we are to set about in this hot world we call life. We are ourselves compact of past wills, tendencies, and impulses handed down from generation to generation, but over and above these inherited tendencies there is ever something new, something individual, namely, the turn which this particular combination of tendencies takes, its will, its desire, its personal effort which is to awaken and set upon circumstances. For each man, though he is the result of the

selection and the shelling of thousands of minds through the centuries," is yet a new power, a new consolation, a fresh brain full of new seeds of thought; alive with desires and intentions which, liberated, shall add their quota to the unfolding drama of human consciousness.

A New-year is a likely moment to pause and take stock of our outfit and consult our will. Not that the New-year is really in any way different from any other point in the vast expanse we call time, but because any definite point upon which we can make a deeper impression than the habitual one is useful as a reminder, as a line of a mark in empty space to which we can tack on our further actions. It is a start from which we can get a sense of logical continuity. And so, despite all the journalistic cheap jokes about the New-year and resolutions, the New-year is a good point from which to look backward and forward—a kind of a cornerstone in the palace of life. If we dislike the material of which we are built, if we find the badness and ineptness which have been handed down to us are, on the whole, rather poor and futile stuff, we need not waste time lamenting the poor foundations of our forebears; but we can realize that will is the universal remedy, and we can set industriously about the business of restraint and reinforcement. For one thing is certain: no one can afford to go out of life without leaving some visible tracks of his passing for those who follow after. It is wholesome, from time to time, to take into account the second point in creation, and instead of dwelling on the fact that life was created in seven days and presented to man complete and perfect, remember that if ever there was an Eden it was forfeited, and man was driven out to re-create a life for those who should follow after. And it is this task we still have in hand, or by conscious or unconsciously, for good or for evil, by hook or by crook, with careful choices and vigorous willing, or by stupid carelessness and feeble drifting, we are creating life for the generations to come—life and its values and its possibilities, its joys and its griefs, its health and its sickness.

The pain, the suffering, above all, the spreading of despair, the epidemic of suicides that closed in upon us at the end of last year, do not speak very well for the work of our forefathers. A life in which money is a supreme power and pride of heaping up concrete things a source of solace speaks ill, indeed, for the values past generations have created. A journalist not ashamed to chronicle the minutest details in the lives of rich men simply because they are rich is a harsh criticism of our fathers. That is past, and what is created is created, but the world is still in embryo. Each man has his little plot to cultivate, and he can still weed and plant, and what is planted spreads and grows of its own will, once it gets a fair start. It is not necessary to have such a wide expanse; an invalid's room, where pain is courageously and cheerfully borne, poverty that forgets itself in work and helpfulness, the tiniest workshop where beauty and durability and honest craftsmanship are loved and fostered, is space enough for a better life than this to be built. For the real beauty of life, after all, is the quality we learn to put into things; and just now, when things are said to be rather more scant than usual, it is an excellent time to decorate death with quality. Whenever we are, however near the end of our running, it is never too late to resolve that high thoughts and brave qualities shall accompany us for the rest of the journey. Such resolves may be easier for those who have made them before and carried them out; they are, undoubtedly, more difficult for those who have made them before and then turned selfish and let them slide out of grasp, but what is worth while to bear in mind is that beginning again is never impossible; the field of effort is open, and who sets his will to work may achieve.

There is a good deal of writing, nowadays, that treats of life as if it were a *cul-de-sac*; as if men were caught here in a blind alley with no outlet, but surely, if there is one universally known truth, it is that life has beginning and end; as we have come in, so also we shall go out, and that after we have once waked up to our position, measured ourselves, and taken our endorsement and tendencies into count, it is pretty well left in our own hands how we shall spend the interval between the coming and going.

There is a certain play of *Imax's* which seems, at a first reading, to be largely an arraignment of nature; all the instincts play false; the wrong people are coupled together; the wrong influences emerge at critical moments from the outside; everything is working at cross-purposes; and finally the most innocent person in the play, a little lame boy, dies, leaving his parents childless and without responsibility; by his going the field is cleared for every evil impulse to hold sway, but it occurs to the parents in their grief to resolve that the child's death shall not go for nothing; all the care and the training and the help that they would have lavished upon him they decide to give to the poor and innocent children of the village, and as wherever we awaken, blind instinct hails, the play closes with the slow dawn of redemption breaking in the distance.

Sin and suffering, mistake and wrongdoing may also lay the foundations of a new building. Are we better? There is always some one looser upon whom we may lavish care. Are

we poorer? We are, all of us, marching the direct road to death; and whatever death may or may not be, it is, at any rate, divested of creature comforts and venuous things, and poverty is good discipline and preparation for their ultimate loss. Have we reached the further milestones of old age, to find the way behind us empty and ugly? Have we begun to feel the shakiness of the past, and to think that what we have been we are, and that new adventures are but futile dreams? But who wills may keep the flame of hope alive, and the little sparks of interest kindled. To fan alive the flame of life, to blow it into a glow, to keep it burning for our warmth and others', and to go down to death knowing that whatever was worth while in this life has in it the seed of everlasting life, is to have lived successfully, and one may begin to do this at any odd tarning in the course of life. Any New-year will do for a beginning. Life is still plastic; it waits for the mould we offer it, and whatever part in time we may have reached we are free to still the vessel into which life flows, of noble outline and generous purpose.

Personal and Pertinent

SOME entertaining news about Americans can be obtained from the London newspapers. For example, the *Evening Standard* announces that "UPON SINGULAR, latent on the exposure of the 'inabilities of the American millionaire,' secured a position as better to Mrs. VANDEBILT,"—which, isn't said. "He was, it seems, sacked because a fellow asexual reported the 'Christian [anon de douctique]' was in the habit of writing elaborate reports in his pocket-book every night before he went to bed."

They have a great Norwegian woman writer of fiction whose books are beginning to be translated into English in England; her name is Madame ALVIDE PETER, and some of her novels are named *The Heart of the Northern Sea*, *The Children of Hara*, and *The Promised Land*. England is waking up to her merits late. For America, Germany, and Russia have already had translations of her. On her father's side she is German, and her mother is the daughter of SWEDENBORG, a Danish painter. She is fairly advanced in years, for she intends to be sixty years old next year; she was born in the north of Norway in 1848. Afterwards she lived at Christiansia and on the northwest coast of Norway. FREDERIK IMSEX and BROMBERG called her so often and so impressively the greatest woman writer of Norway that the government made grants of money to her, and thus enabled her to travel over the Continent. The government of the United States does not do this sort of thing, and therefore Mr. HOWELL, for example, and MARK TWAIN and UPON SINGULAR have to pay their own fares. But then she is a woman, and they haven't got so many penuses in Norway as we have in America. There is more money in Norway per capita for penuses.

THE JOHN HARVARD house in Stratford-on-Avon has been saved from destruction and is now owned by Harvard University. The salvage was the consequence of the joint efforts of MARIE CORBELL, who has lived at Stratford for about seven years, and of Mr. EDWARD MORRIS, of Chicago. The business cost Mr. MORRIS between \$6500 and \$7000, and Miss CORBELL a deal of effort, far-labouring parts of writing of a vigorous and often wearing kind. THE JOHN HARVARD house was worth preserving for more reasons than one. He was not born in the house, and perhaps he never lived there, but it was built by his mother's father, THOMAS BOGARD, when his daughter KATHARINE, to be the future mistress of Harvard University in America, was twelve years old. It does not make much matter whether JOHN ever lived there; he probably visited there, at least, and it is the only bit of real estate in England which has a living interest to any one to whom the memory of the founder of our oldest university is dear. It was built in 1596. Besides being a relic, it is the best specimen of a timber house in Stratford, and one of the most beautiful in England. America may have waked up late to the merits of JOHN HARVARD, but that it has at last evinced a concern about this pious founder of the great institution which bears his name may be some evidence of spiritual and intellectual growth. Our fathers and grandfathers didn't think of putting up a statue to JOHN HARVARD at Cambridge, or a monument at his grave in Charlestown, nor would they have dreamed of saving his mother's house at Stratford from the auctioneers and other upstarts who were despoiling it. Perhaps this generation does these things because it has more money; but it is also true that money, who have the more money are wiser in it to express more respect for education, and for those who, like JOHN HARVARD, have made sacrifices for it.

The other day a new Washington correspondent stated that the Democrats would be greatly injured by the panic, because they were preparing such foolish banking and currency legislation in the Senate cloak-room. This is a strange misconception of the deep significance of a cloak-room. The cloak rooms are the

places where Senators indulge their fancies. In days when men told stories, Aves of Missouri was the king of the clock-room and Don Cameron was his lay figure. They rig jokes on men in the clock-rooms, and the last thing they do is to construct serious laws there. The Senators who spend most of their time venting their own clocks and those of their fellows with tobacco smoke are not often consulted on especially serious matters; they constitute the "army" of the day, and follow their leaders. Harvey did a good deal in the clock-room to foster the Philippines in this country, and the Washington letter-writers say that he has been alarming his anxious friends by talking over financial measures there that he thinks ought to be adopted. One of his most ardent supporters has been so moved by the words of the Nebraska that he took him over from the Democratic clock-room to the Republican clock-room just to have him talk it over with ALBANI and some of the others whose ideas needed righting. It is said that when HARVEY got through, ALBANI, or some one else, was very polite to him, and said that he hoped that HARVEY would be the Democratic candidate. But this aside, when a real bill is to be prepared it will not be thrashed out amid the chaff of the clock-room, but in some committee-room. ALBANI will do it in his little back office, in the apartments of the Finance Committee. ALBANI may help, if the lawyers do not think him too old. If LYNDENBERG has any amendments to offer he will prepare them at home. When GEORGE F. EDWARDS and THURMAN wanted to draft a bill or an amendment, EDWARDS used to rise in his place and blow his nose. Then he'd walk out of the chamber. Soon afterward THURMAN would walk out at another door. They'd meet down in the Judiciary Committee-room, and there the business would be done. The Senators or visitors who talk about legislation in the clock-room talk so much about it that they never find time to put down any thoughts, if they really have any, on paper.

Correspondence

LAS VEGAS CERTIFICATES

LAS VEGAS, N. M., November 23, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—We regret very deeply that before publishing your article on the Las Vegas clearing-house certificates in your issue of November 23, you did not make some effort to inform yourself as to the need and objects of these certificates, as well as to the security behind them.

The Clearing-house certificates were issued in Las Vegas only when the banks in reserve cities refused to ship currency to Western correspondents, and were issued solely as a substitute for actual cash in order that payrolls might be met, and the making of the change incident to ordinary business transactions might be carried on as usual, in spite of the tying up of cash in Eastern cities. At the time that the allied business interests of Las Vegas decided to issue clearing-house certificates to relieve the money stringency caused in the West by the action of Eastern bankers, the plan of the organization of the Las Vegas Clearing-house and the security of its issues were so thoroughly explained by the local press, and at two open meetings of the business men of the community, that it was not deemed necessary to again recite the provision for the security of the issue in the certificates themselves; particularly as they were intended merely for local use.

In order to obtain these certificates from the Clearing-house, each of the local banks deposited one hundred and twenty-five dollars of approved securities for every one hundred dollars of certificates issued to it. In addition to this security, there was a guarantee of \$300,000 pledged by the incorporators of the Las Vegas Clearing-house, whose private fortunes aggregate more than three million dollars.

We beg to advise you that since the incorporation of the Las Vegas Clearing-house, all personal checks or Clearing-house certificates sent out in payment of accounts have been, and will continue to be, promptly redeemed for in Eastern exchange as heretofore.

You stated that "No one is going to sell goods for printed bits of paper which will not buy food or pay rent." We beg to advise you that these certificates have been in circulation since October 21, and there has not been a single instance (barring the action of HARPER'S WEEKLY) where they have not been gladly accepted by the business men, merchants, and laborers in payment of any obligation whatsoever. You state further in your editorial that "Happily the example of Las Vegas will not be followed." We respectfully call your attention to the inconsistency of this statement, for it is an established fact that practically all important banking points in the Middle West, the Southwest, and the Pacific States are now issuing clearing-house certificates, in small denominations, for current circulation.

We ask you, in all fairness, if it would not have been better to have published your article only in the event you failed to realize on your one-dollar certificate?

Inasmuch as you have created the matter into print without inquiry or investigation, we trust that your inherent sense of justice will prompt you to vindicate Las Vegas for an action she has been forced to take, and from local circumstances, but by conditions entirely beyond her control.

I am, sir,
HALLUT RAYMOND,
Assistant Cashier.

The Las Vegas Clearing-house certificate upon which the WEEKLY commented was, Mr. Reynolds states, issued for local purposes. It was, however, sent to New York in payment of a debt. We were perfectly justified in our comment upon it because it contained no notice of security behind it, and because it was payable only if deemed advisable by the committee of the Las Vegas Clearing-house. For the purpose for which it was employed it was an absurd piece of paper. We had no doubt of the object for which it was intended, nor were we in error in saying that the Las Vegas example would not be followed. Other issues of so-called emergency currency, so far as we are aware, are not defective in the particulars mentioned.—EDITOR.

THE OLDEST FRATERNITY

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., December 1, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—The letter from your correspondent in your issue of November 20, discussing the question as to which is the oldest college fraternity, will bear correction.

Phi Beta Kappa, founded in 1776, was at first a secret society of a literary and social character, perhaps similar to the present triek, letter fraternities; it is now, however, and has been for many years, a purely honorary society, with no secrets and a merely formal organization in most of its chapters. Elections are based on scholarship, and women as well as men are admitted as members.

Kappa Alpha, founded in 1825 at Union College, has been from the first a close brotherhood of kindred spirits, of a secret nature, and is the parent of the present great system of American college fraternities.

Being a member of both of the organizations referred to, I may speak with some knowledge of their difference in character.

I am, sir,

TALCOTT MINER BAKER.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH

New York, December 13, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In justice to Mr. Pratt and myself, I may say that in my first letter (dated October 21)—as it was written—I based my characterization of Mr. Pratt's letter on his example and not alone, as he was misled into thinking, on his statement of "the sole issue" between the House of Commons and Mr. Bradlaugh. His first letter was, I said, in many of its assertions "villainous and imbecile abuse." I say so still. Moreover, I pointed out that the space afforded in HARPER'S WEEKLY was not adequate to permit correction of all Mr. Pratt's inaccurate assertions in detail, and I called attention (for those who wished to judge fully of the merits of the case) to that book, written with so much candor and devotion: *Charles Bradlaugh: A Record of his Life and Work*, by H. B. Fomer and J. M. Robertson.

Specifically I object to Mr. Pratt's statement of "the sole issue," as he called it. I denied the truth of this statement:

"Did Mr. Bradlaugh's atheism give him the right to defy the law of the land . . . before he could take his seat? This was the sole issue. He refused to do so." (Do what, Mr. Pratt?) "expecting the nation would rise in his behalf, and the nation took no notice of him."

I reiterate that this is (in so far as it is intelligible) false. Mr. Bradlaugh never claimed that his atheism gave him the right to defy the law of the land, either before he could take his seat or after having taken it. He claimed he had the right to affirm. The issue between the House and Mr. Bradlaugh—after he had been denied the right of affirmation—was this: Did the House have the right to exclude a regularly elected representative from the House because of his professed personal religious or irreligious views?

Mr. Pratt calls me "openly reckless" for saying that the House "backed down," and that its position was "indefensible." The House "defended itself" by refusing Mr. Bradlaugh either the right to affirm or permission to take the regular oath when he had expressed his willingness to do so under penalty of a supererogatory representative function. Finally, after years of unrighteous struggle, the House was forced to accept his oath as valid, in spite of the fact that it was perfectly understood that the theistic phrase in the oath was to Mr. Bradlaugh an absolutely "unmeaning" farce. In other words, the House "backed down," as I said. Thus it is shown that its position was morally and, in the end, legally "indefensible," which is what I claimed.

With this I rest my case. Charles Bradlaugh suffered greatly in life from ignorant misrepresentation and villainous abuse; in death the voice of slander cannot reach him. His fame is secure. "Beside the curious and merely judicial or clerical matters he stands out as one of a larger mould and greater fibre, a baffling and conquering Titan, sure of the sympathetic retrospect of happier days."

I am, sir,

RAYNE ADAMS.

UNRECONCILED

McKENNA, WIS., November 26, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Every one who reads your WEEKLY can easily see the fact that you are a confederate of the *graffias* and are paid for your steady work.

Abuse on the *thieves*. God will punish you all. The President is a great and good man. The bad men murdered Lincoln also. The President will show you yet.

I am, sir,

D. H. GRAHAM.

"For a Fight or a Frolic"

"Far-called, our navies melt away"

—*Recessional*



The Battleship Fleet saluting the President upon his Arrival on the "Mayflower"



IN the silence which follows the thunder of a hundred guns, the world-watched battleships of the Atlantic fleet have swung into line and steamed for the open sea. At the horizon the black pennants of smoke which fly from the sixteen steel-clad ships are travelling away to the northward. Strong eyes can still mark the white specks which so short a time ago were towering floating fortresses, thorny with guns, yet flowery with the speech-flags of the sea. Left behind are only the straining eyes, the wonderment, the anxiety of it all and the years of a deserted roadstead. And although the smoke is fast disappearing from the rim of the horizon, the watchers still stand with their faces seaward, as if perhaps just at the last they may be able to see into the future—only for the space of five or six months—which stretches away before the ships in endless leagues of sea.

Of the voyage of these ships nothing is known to the legion of watchers save that their destination is San Francisco. But wherever the sea track lies, to whatever point the course of this fleet of steel is laid, in whatever guise history rides upon the prow of

the flag-ship, it is known throughout the land that it will render its own fair and honorable account to the nation's first home flag.

The fleet which passed out from Hampton Roads is the most powerful massing of sea-fighters under a single command which has ever been seen accomplished in the New World. And when the signal of the Commander-in-Chief was flashed from the flag-ship, the sixteen great craft, with their fourteen thousand souls aboard, bore anchor and swung to place in line with the ease and precision of a drill squad. It was wonderful to watch that line stream past, to note the power of each ship as she glided by. Each ship so clearly indicated the strength, the reserve, the determination animating her, and yet the magnitude of the scene was not so impressive in this passing as in the later movements when one marked the length of the line, for when the last ship was close under the ramparts of Fortress Monroe the van-ship of the fleet was four miles away to the southeast and fast dimming on the horizon.

It was with a gripping patriotism that one watched the lines of ships respond to the Admiral's signal, leave anchor, ship by ship, and steam to proper and appointed place in the double column, each vessel four hundred yards behind its seaward mate. It was a time, too, to remember the last leave-takings, and had a last God-



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The Visit of the Fleet Captains in their Launches to pay their farewell Respects to the President on the "Mayflower"



From stereograph, copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood
President Roosevelt saluting the departing Warships from the Deck of the "Mayflower"



From stereograph, copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood
The Last Word—President Roosevelt giving his parting instructions to Admiral Evans

speed to some one standing unconsciously merged into the group at the rails.

Of late it has been a season of farewells, and up to the very last moments before dawn of the day of sailing, launches were plying between shore and ships, carrying belated officers who had lagged for a last goodbye. But practically everybody was aboard his ship before daylight, and when the first heavy glist of the sun struck across the waters of the Florida, it came upon a fleet as still and silent as so many white ghosts of ships. After the rain and gales and gloom of the last three days it was a relief to see the brightness steal across the waste of waters, and to find a kern and dry, although cold, north wind whipping the surface into ridges of white. There was not one wisp of cloud in all the broad blue sky.

As the last reverberations of the eight bells of eight o'clock died away among the most distant ships of the fleet, a signal was rigged from the *Conqueror*, Rear-Admiral Evans's flag-ship. Instantly from every ship in the fleet there was broken out from stern to stern, from masthead to masthead, the most gorgeous imaginable array of signal-flags, red, yellow, blue, white, black, and green.

Soon a lookout aloft on the *Conqueror* hailed the deck with a cry that the *Mayflower* was in sight. An order was passed, and instantly rows and ranks of men in blue were massed along the main-decks of the white fighting-ships. This was the ceremony of "man-of-war" in honor of the presence of the President, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy.

Thick double-breasted overcoats protected the blue-jackets from the biting wind that piped through the rigging and crashed the peasants like whips. On the bridge of every ship stood her officers, as erect and immovable as on parade, clad in full-dress uniforms which were eclipsed by heavy overcoats.

When the *May-*

flower, attended by two scumbe torpedo-boats, came up to the flag-ship there was a sudden burst of flame and smoke from the *Conqueror's* saluting broadside, and at the flash every ship in the fleet hoisted her batteries in a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the President, while all the bands, stationed on the quarter-decks beat out "The Star-Spangled Banner." The President's yacht dropped anchor halfway between the two lines of ships, and, according to a programme long before arranged, the commanders made their way aboard to give greeting and farewell. There was a sudden darting of launches from every part of the fleet, and all gave way at the starboard gangway of the *Mayflower* to the *Conqueror's* launch, from which emerged presently Rear-Admiral Evans. The piercing whistle of the boat-wala piped him over the side, the six side-boys raised their chuffy blue hands in salute, and the drums sounded three ruffles.

Close to the President Rear-Admiral Evans halted and stood at salute. The President saluted in return, and both men clasped hands heartily. Then the Admiral presented his staff and led the way to greet the other members of the President's party, while

captains after captain of the various ships, was piped over the side, honored with two ruffles apiece, and similarly greeted by the President and the group near him.

At last the President drew the Admiral aside and talked earnestly with him for five minutes. What were those farewell words of instructions—if such they were—no one may ever know. Both men were grave. Admiral Evans's replies were a series of emphatic nods of assent. Presently the Commander-in-Chief grasped the Admiral's hand and heartily exclaimed, "Good-by and good luck!" At the gangway, Admiral Evans saluted and started for his flag-ship, followed over the side by the captain in the order of their seniority.

The *Mayflower* then



Copyright, 1907, by Edwin Lewis

The Arrival of the President's Yacht "Mayflower" opposite the Line of Battle-ships

weighed anchor and steamed to the head of the line, where she made for the open sea. The *Consacient* immediately struck her gay array of signal-flags, and from all the other ships the lines of whipping bunting were drawn down and stowed—the first step from gaiety to grimness. Then cables began clattering through hawse-pipes, and the stripped stokers below caught up their shovels, for great clouds of black smoke arose from the funnels of the fleet, and blew darkly down the line.

Slowly the *Consacient* began to slip away from her anchorage, and, as if impelled by the same set of engines, all the other ships gathered headway in her wake. As silently as phantom ships the great fleet, which may make history on the other side of the world, began to move on its long journey, and as silently as shadows followed the trail to the sea.

With the *Consacient* in the lead, the armor-clads slipped into column and followed after the Mayflower. They passed close together, as near as possible to the Hotel Chamberlain, the long wharf, and Fortress Monroe. The balconies and windows of the hotel, the wharf, the ramparts, and the shore for a mile or more, were crowded with men, women, and children who seemed unconscious of the cold as they stood bercharded waving hats, handkerchiefs, wraps, anything and everything wavable. Many of the men on the ships not engaged in duties of ceremony waved their caps in reply. The bands on the ships began to play. Some of them favored "Auld Lang Syne," one played "Nancy Lee," but most of them with great tact piped merrily about "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Of course there were many crowded tugs and excursion boats in the Breeze following the departing armor-clads and swarming at a respectful distance all the way down to the Virginia capes, but they were hardly visible to the average observer, obscured by the great glory of the fighters.

For ten miles the *Mayflower* steamed ahead of the fleet, then turned at the tail of the Horseshoe Shoals, and waited to review the ships as they passed.



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President Roosevelt with Division and Ship Commanders of the Fleet on Board the "Mayflower"

On the bridge of the *Mayflower* stood the President alone, his hat removed as the flag-ship passed. His jaws were set, his expression serious, as he contemplated the vast and imposing procession. It was his fleet, assembled by his order, sent by him in battle line half way around the world. What the consequences of its journey might be neither he nor any other man could tell. Those who saw him say that he seemed deeply impressed by the gravity of the moment.

Admiral Evans and his officers stood at attention on the bridge of the *Consacient*. The blue-jackets manned the sides, and the marines on the quarter-deck presented arms. The saluting battery crashed farward as the great ship passed the *Mayflower*. Next came the *Annals*, saluting as she approached and passed. As the *Kentucky*, last in line, came aboard and began to fire her twenty-one guns the *Consacient* was vanishing over the rim of the southern horizon. And as the *Kentucky* and the gun-boat *Yankee*, which closed the file of fighting craft,

went on and on into the trailing smoke-cloud of the fleet, the wonderment, the unspoken inquiry arose anew, when were those great ships to be seen again, what were of them was to be flashed home from the singing wires spanning their decks? What was to come to them in their amazing adventuring? Their presence in the sunny roadstead, their boating flapping, their launches rocking back and forth, had aroused little thought save that of their power, their dignity, and not a little of their determination to carry the flag overseas; but with the sailing away, the doffing of the guns of celebration, and the marked silence about the saluting, the seriousness of it all was as quick in coming as the smoke cloud. The water became conscious that the eyes of the whole world were upon that fleet, that for months beforehand in distant admiralties the preparations for this day—the orders to dock, to provision, to take on ammunition and other paraphernalia of war—had been scrutinized and discussed to the minutest scrap of information. Also that in some of these naval cabinets had been—there must have been!—conjectures, if not prophecies, and that some



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The President and his Guests. The Group includes Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel Roosevelt, Admiral Cowles, Assistant-Secretary Newberry, and Commander Sims



The last Glorioso—the sixteen battle-ships steaming out to sea, as viewed from the roof of the Hotel Chamberlin

of those were favorable, encouraging, others not. The press of Europe and the Far East had also kept as close watch of the march of events, devoting much more space to comment than to the news, and here and there making bold to characterize the expedition in unequivocal language.

It had long been a world-matter, this sailing of the American fleet, and it was for this reason that the watchful shores who saw the long line form and stream seaward felt, somehow or other, that these ships must be going forth to some great deed, to something which would repay the world for all its interest.

COINED IRONY

By JOHN W. HALL



HE discussion which has been brought about by the omission of the legend "In God We Trust" from the United States coins has attracted attention to mottos which have at different times, and in different countries, appeared on coined moneys. It is a fact that in other ages certain inscriptions have given rise to such cynical interpretations as Providence feared of the legend "In God We Trust." The Venetian coin coined in 1474 bore the inscription *In te solo gloria*, meaning, "To Thee alone the Glory." In that day the motto on the Venetian coin was perverted in meaning, and made to apply to the coin and not in the Deity. In 1744 Cardinal Borgia coined a sequin on which appeared the words, *Veri Lumen Cordium*, translated, "Come, thou light of hearts." There was also coined a Venetian piece bearing an allegorical figure of Justice, accompanied with the words, *Nostra est Ane Frisities*. This inscription was irreverently treated as implying "Our happiness is in this" coin—rather than in Justice, as contemplated by the designer.

In 1573 the Papal coinage bore the arms of Gregory XIII. and the words, *Et Mager Hanc Petrus*. The inscription, literally translated, means, "And upon this rock," which the Pope and the artist making the design intended to apply to the Papacy. The secular-minded saw in the motto only the reliance of the Church upon the coin, a meaning so distorted that the issue was withdrawn from circulation as speedily as possible.

An opportunity for the malicious to see sinister motives in a coin motto was afforded in an issue of dollars by the Knights of Malta. On the coins appeared the Maltese cross, the sign of the order, together with the inscription *In hoc signo vinces*, meaning, "In this sign you conquer." As in the case of the Papal coin, the ribald contended that the coin and not the

sign of the order, the Maltese cross, was the inspiring motive. The King of the two Sicilies, Charles II., caused to be inscribed on his silver ducat the words, *Evas non Regis*. This motto meant, of course, "one is not enough," and was intended by the King to refer to a single seignior. This coin thus inscribed attracted the attention of the humorists of the day, and it had been in circulation only a short time before there was not one of his subjects who did not enthusiastically agree that some (ducat) was sufficient. The inscription on the small coin was so appropriate to its purchasing value that the perversion of the idea intended really enhanced its popularity in all the realm.

In the early part of the nineteenth century Louis de Bourbon, King of Etruria, caused the coins of the country to be inscribed, *Videtur Pauperes et Lactare*. The translation into English reads, "Let the poor see and rejoice." The circulating of this coin provoked ironical opposition from the great masses of the people, but there is no record that the King discontinued the issue. Then as now the poor could not see wherein they should rejoice at the mere sight of a coin, which was the meaning of the inscription as interpreted by the populace, whereas the idea of the designer of the coin was that the poor, beholding the coin, would be inspired to serious effort in the endeavor to possess and accumulate them.

Whatever irreverent and cynical comment may have been provoked by mottos, legends, and inscriptions on coins issued by any authority, in any country, or in any age, it is not apparent in any instance that the conceiver idea was not good—that there was not in the minds of the originators the recognition of some obligation, or the promulgation of some incentive to good, as was the case with the American Congress when it enacted that the motto, "In God We Trust," should be inscribed on the coins of our country.



Strictly Educational Mountains of Corned Corn and Triumphal Arches of dried Wheat



NOW that the Jamestown Exposition has closed, after meeting with a measure of success, the question seems pertinent: Have we not had enough expositions for some time to come?

For the earlier expositions there were reasons in plenty. There was splendid excuse for the Centennial, and that show was good enough to be worthy of the distinguished event that it commemorated. People were not surfeited by expositions in those days, and the Centennial appealed to them mightily.

There was a good deal of excuse, too, for the Chicago Fair in '93. It came quite a number of years after the Centennial, and none but a very minor show at New Orleans had intervened, while the country had grown wonderfully in the mean time. Electricity had developed from a mere toy into a marvellously potent commercial agent of man, and we had learned to build with something of the taste and dignity of older nations. So there was a good deal to see at Chicago, and the lovely White City made a deep impression upon the country; which, with the best will in the world, is more than one can say of its successors.

But Chicago developed a new factor in expositions: the side-show idea. From the strictly educational mountains of corned corn and thought-inspiring triumphal arches of dried wheat what a side line was thrown in which little naked savages and piquant dances from the Orient were introduced as a new means of intellectual development. From that moment the corned-corn pyramids and the sheaves of wheat had a formidable enemy. Persons who had the price began to seek the new form of diversion, and the Midway Plaisance was, by many, the most vividly remembered thing at Chicago. There were many who found it a good deal easier to be entertained than to be instructed.

The immense success of the Chicago Exposition was, of course, a great incentive to other ambitious towns. Half-forgotten incidents of their early histories were carefully taken down from the shelf, dusted, and "commemorated" with a greater or less display. San Francisco had an exposition, so did Nashville. Omaha fell into line, and it was a poor year that did not see an exposition blossoming somewhere in the country. In 1901, the Pan-American at Buffalo would have been a substantial success had it not been for the momentary tragedy that darkened its closing days. For one carried away exquisite impressions from the Buffalo show, Chicago had demonstrated the possibilities of electric-lighting, but the lighting of the Columbian Exposition was by gas-light, and it was crude compared with the incandescent glories of the display at Buffalo. The side-show features at the Pan-American were immensely developed, and it was in a large measure due to these that the show made its appeal, although architectural effects had not been equalled or approached since the Chicago Fair, which was the high-water mark of American expositions.

"I don't care about the exhibits," one would hear a visitor at Buffalo complain: "it's all very tiresome. Let's go over to the Midway and ride a camel." Then it was that the Exposition mania reached its extreme height. What were the pyramids of rained corn and the photographs of the new High School at Oskosh compared with the intellectual opportunities afforded by riding the ship of the desert, tramping on a steel scow, or drinking Andy beer at twenty cents the pitcher while a real imported German band (from Hamburg, Erie County, New York) diffused atmosphere and ragtime? Of course there were some who still went into the big exhibit buildings to see the wheels go round, and came out bulging with yard-sticks, catalogues, and other removable souvenirs; but these were scarcely in the majority. It was to be observed that even these went "the limit" back to the Midway—the limit of their purses. The Midway was the great thing, the Pan-American the lesser. The tail was already beginning to wag the dog.

So it was at St. Louis and at Portland, so it has been at Jamestown. From a mere side show at Chicago, intended to provide a slight diversion in the evening and at odd moments, this feature grew enormously in importance. Business men now lean and lope

The Exposition Mania

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTSMANN

reason for participating in the expositions, and big manufacturing and retail concerns have long since begun to realize that the making of an exhibit at an average exposition—with the tremendous expense and worry entailed—is decidedly not worth the candle. A good many substantial firms have been dropping out of the ranks of exhibiting their showings, and only Uncle Sam's remains in the front—and he has to.

People have a pious habit of referring to the government exhibits at these big shows as something half holy and altogether above criticism. But those who go from one to another of the expositions notice that it is the same old government exhibit which appears to each one of them. Suppose we grant that the government exhibit is profoundly educational, that the moving pictures of the overworked letter-carrier coming up the front steps with a bundle of duns for you is a stimulating demonstration; that the long rows of serious-faced secretaries of the something-or-other department are charming to look upon; that even the printing of the Presidential features by the Treasury Department upon a very ordinary variety of monochromes for retail distribution among the visitors at a quarter each is a popular bit; but is it worth while? People get to Washington pretty regularly nowadays, and all these things, besides a good many others, can be seen there, without an exposition schedule of prices all along the line.

Suppose Squashville wants an exposition. They may have forgotten that Squashville is on the map, and the Squashville correspondents of the metropolitan journals have found that the tele-



The Intellectual Opportunities afforded by Camel riding

graph editors have been turning down their clever stories of three-legged chickens and saturs-faking bears; so the situation becomes desperate. Something must be done. Somebody remembers that it is just a hundred years ago that Uncle Jonas Crabtree began grinding even down at the lower falls, thereby laying the foundation for a Greater Squashville; and that salient event is selected as the basis for an international exposition—noting smaller will suffice. The earnings of the town go into the show, which is to be built on a marsh back of the settlement. A Mayor of Squashville is elected this time with an oratorical reputation, a valet, an automobile, and a big house for entertainments. Intellect attains new levels in Squashville. Aldermen are elected who were valetotarians in successive classes at the Squashville High School, for certainty is to be pumped pretty freely during the twelvemonth. All Squashville drives out on Sundays to see the big "palaces" going up on the grounds, each "palace" having a lovely plaster exterior, and an interior re-creating the famous cow-burns that the descendants of the Crabtrees have built all through the county. The dear old government exhibit arrives, and on the eastern one can see "Chicago," "Buffalo," "St. Louis," "Jamestown," and other names which have been lettered and then erased.

So much for the official side of the Squashville Centennial Exposition. Various experts trained at preceding expositions are on the ground—publicity men-beggars, director-generals of concessions, of transportation, of music, of art, of about everything that can be imagined; and the fair will be complete some three or four months after the opening day, if some of its chief features are omitted. As for unofficial Squashville, it is to be one mighty procession, as our French cousins would say. Ordinarily you can rent a well-furnished room in Squashville for about \$2 a week; but this rate is altered to apply to a daily room, and the local hostilities stop serving dinner in the middle of the day and enter upon the European plan, while their room rates achieve a New York and London level. Squashville is on the make, and the *Evening Gazette* predicts that the great transatlantic lines will have to withdraw some of its steamers during the summer because of the rush of tourists that will seek Squashville instead of the more prosaic joys of the Continent. Delightful anticipation is rife in Squashville. Giant brick and wood structures rise on the marshes out toward the grounds, in the penitentiary style of architecture, with tiers upon tiers of tiny cells, only slightly inferior to those of the best prisons; and there are to be more hotels, with unfurnished bell-boys and tea-rooms and other metropolitan decorations.

The fair is opened on schedule time, which is about all that can be said of it. The Governor, certainly, and possibly the President, are snowed out and brought to the grounds; the militia makes a brave show in the rain (it always rains), and the valetotarians get off their oratory without a single casualty. The prose poets of the local papers do their part, and altogether it is the biggest day in Squashville's experience since the whole north side of Main Street with the K. and C. freight house burned in a single night.

But the second day at the Squashville Exposition! The treasure goes home with a truck headache after totaling the receipts; and, as it is still raining, you can hardly get across the Court of Honor without a canoe, while the carpenters are making such a din that you cannot begin to hear the Fire Department band at its afternoon concert in front of the entrance to the Commemorative Plaza to the Nations of the World.

The third day—the same.

Likewise the fourth day.

The fifth day shows an increase in gate receipts of \$1.50.

But this is offset on the sixth day by a decrease of \$1.50.

By the middle of the second week the gossip in the club are afraid that exposition stock may not stay at par, and the local newspapers are beginning to blame the railroad rates because people are not tumbling head over heels to board train-bound for Squashville. The railroads have nothing to say in return, for they are sure to be the only thing in and about Squashville during its memorable centennial year that is not "done." They have had experience.

By the fourth week the exposition grounds are fairly clear of underlying rubbish, but the foundations of several social frauds that are not to last into Squashville's second century have been not only laid but



Serious-faced Secretaries of the Something-or-other-Department

pretty firmly cemented. Mrs. Ezra Holden is a grandniece of Uncle Jonas Crabtree by his second wife, twice removed, and the Woman's Board of the Exposition placed her eleventh in line at its first official reception instead of ninth, the place she had counted upon as her genealogical right. Mrs. Ezra Holden has money, and contents a bank, and she disseminates some disturbing rumors about Exposition stock and bonds held by her bank. Mrs. H. Heyesophotel had her name mispelled in the engraved invitations for the same event, and so any man concerned with the Exposition management had better beware of the German vote if he ever decides to run for office in Squashville.

Squashville has Honeytown as its liveliest competitor. Honeytown has the cotton-poll and Zeke Pod's whiskers as its star features—Zeke made a vow in '96 that

he would not cut his whiskers until Bryan sat in the White House—and, being young, cannot offer the intellectual treat of a centennial show. About the fifth week of the Squashville Centennial Exposition the Honeytown papers begin to print spiteful articles about the incompleteness of the show and the "robber hotel rates," while Squashville papers come to the rescue with virulent leaders about the libelous jealousy of besecked rivals. Fewer folk than ever come to Squashville. "It's early now. Just wait till the schools close," sing the Squashville papers; but even then most of the people who alight from the train are of the thrifty sort who planned to come and stop with their relatives at home, as it was known that Squashville was to have an exposition. But the "Trail" is completed. The "Trail" is a delirium of unrestrained joy; it is the side-show feature of the exposition; and if you want to be altogether devilish you "Follow the Trail," which costs you about \$25.00 an evening. If you do not care to eat or drink, and wish you about forty-two cents' worth of actual pleasure, its educational value being roughly estimated at about six cents more.

Why prolong the agony? The "pull dress evening suits," the "plug hats," and the "Prince Alberts" that Squashville has endured throughout the hottest summer of the decade are growing rusty before the ordeal is over and the exposition has closed its doors. It is when Squashville that is now selling its festival garments at cut rates, for Squash-



It always Rains



The Commemorative Plaza to the Nations of the World

TWO THOUSAND MILES 'TO DELIVER A LETTER

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON



Many days ago a Canadian mail-carrier named Cornwall, started off from the town of Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan, on the longest, loneliest, and most hazardous mail-delivery route in the world. This hardy postman, when he waved good-by to the little group at Edmonton and turned his face to the Far North, had a journey of 1954 miles between him and Fort McPherson on the Mackenzie, and twice that distance before his return journey shall be completed.

The first hundred miles is covered by horses, the rest of the long way by dog-train. From Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, on the Athabasca River, consists simply of a hundred miles of wagon-road, which Cornwall can cover in three or four days if the roads are good.

At Athabasca Landing, with provisions, dog food, and the precious sacks of Christmas mail, the one man and the little team of huskies began the long journey north. The first stop will be at Fort McMurray, which is somewhat more than half-way down between Athabasca Landing and Fort Chippewyan, on Lake Athabasca. The rapids at Fort McMurray, which cause the yearly fur brigades to unload their boats and carry every piece of freight round the falls on the backs of the crew, are no hindrance to the midwinter mail-carrier, for his route is over a landscape of unbroken white.

Giving the people within the trading-post of Chippewyan their share of His Majesty's mail, and leaving Lake Athabasca behind, the postman pushes on due north, following the Slave River to Fort Smith, another Slough of Despond to the summer traveller, where almost sixteen miles of boiling waterfalls make navigation a burden. But all is silent here now, the one sound in the still air being the call of the driver hurrying his dogs ever northward, for Fort Resolution must be gained, the Great Slave Lake crossed, and those eagerly looked for letters delivered to the successive

village has had enough of formal entertaining to last it a second century. Prayer-meetings come into popular favor again, and people once more eat their dinners in the middle of the day. Oratory is a lost art in Squashville. The town elects a new Mayor in November who is tongue-tied. It takes ten years building the new High School it needed so much, and the big park that it planned to lay out down by the river is just pined for a generation. A lone cow munches her noonday meal in the Commemorative Plaza to the Nations of the World, and the Berra Vista Hotel, which stood opposite the main entrance of the show, has been made into a pickle factory. And a Squashville man out to dinner and tell him in sincerity that you enjoyed the Centennial Exposition in his city, and you lose a potential friend.

No Squashville has ever held a Centennial Exposition, nor is any likely to. But just take aside a fair-minded man in some of the big towns that have held exhibitions and ask him what permanent value they have had, and you are apt to find that Squashville's was only an average experience. In a word, the question resolves itself into two parts: If an exposition is to be a mere side show, what's the use? Luna Parks, Wonderlands, and Electric Parks are commoner than colleges throughout the land, and they offer constant and stimulating joys of a kind equal to those of the best exhibitions. If an exposition is to be an exposition, why not give the nation a fair chance? Why not space our exhibitions far enough apart to have each represent an era of national development, in manufactures, in science, and in the fine arts? Why not make our exhibitions real mile-stones of progress rather than mere street signs at every corner?

clusters of shut-in people waiting for them within fort-walls all down the course of the mighty Mackenzie. Fort Providence will be reached first; then Fort Simpson and Fort Snrman; at Fort Good Hope the Arctic Circle is passed, and there remains but Fort McPherson to reach, where, near lone Herschel Island, the Mackenzie disemboques into an ocean of ice.

Between Edmonton and the Arctic there are only eleven post-offices, but the mail-carrier is instructed to take little side-trips of a hundred miles or so off the main line to accommodate those settlers who may have Christmas letters consigned to them. This means practically a rural free delivery along the entire Mackenzie Basin.

The Postmaster-General of Canada has found it necessary to limit the mail-matter for these Arctic despatches to letters only, and so single letter may weigh more than one ounce, for every pennyweight counts on a 2000-mile journey. Letters may be registered, but not insured, and preference is given first to registered letters, and, secondly, to ordinary letters according to the date of posting.

This remarkable mail-service requires a picked man, and Cornwall's record as a fur-trader and adventurer in sub-Arctic fast-noses would seem to prove him worthy of his trust. It is no holiday outing. At times the thermometer drops to sixty degrees below, and the lone traveller faces for days at a time the blizzards and ice-winds from the great north. He will be beset with dangers of many kinds throughout the trip, and must for a greater part of the distance subsist on game of his own shooting. The dogs feed on tallow and fish, the weight of which is carefully calculated at the initial point of departure. As night comes on the postman will erect a small canvas protection between himself and the prevailing wind, feed the dogs, make a billy of tea from snow water, and partake of the spare meal which necessarily expends upon him.



Postman Cornwall and his Pack of "Huskies" on their 2000-mile Mail-route through the Arctic Wilds



THE PIED PIPER

DRAWN BY ARTHUR G. DOVE



"GOOD-BY ANE

ADMIRAL EVANS'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "CONNECTICUT," LEADING THE AMERICAN BA

WEEKLY



Copyright, 1909, by Edwin Smith

GOOD LUCK"

ATTLE FLEET FROM HAMPTON ROADS ON ITS 13,000-MILE VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC

Continued on Page 70

Picked Off

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



CORPORAL HERRING flattened his stomach against the ground. He had shifted his ammunition pouches onto his haunches, so that he might embrace his Mother Earth more closely, and the cartridges had dribbled out into a small metallic pile on either side of him. He had lost his pull through, and his shoulder arched visibly from the kick of his feet ride. With bleeding aalls he scratched at a small mound of earth in front of him, which he had made compact with stones. "If one of them things 'its me, it'll 'it me in me 'ead," reflected the Corporal.

Corporal Herring's world consisted of a dery ball, burning in a zone of blue, some distant bombers, horrid with roaring rifle fire, and the long yellow grass winks that beat under the stifled wind. Through these he could distinguish, on each side of him, familiar profiles: Dutsky, the squarehead; Scotty; and Oreguard Haynes. Coarse peasants were bawled before them.

Overhead the bullets were humming like honey bees. At times one whistled past him, or a little squirt of dust arose close by; then Corporal Herring's stomach throbbed to water, and he shouted some jest coarser than the rest. It was his first general engagement.

"Did you hear that one?" quavered Oreguard Haynes, with simulated interest, no something louder than the rest went booming by.

"Shut up, you fool!" said Corporal Herring. "That's a pompon shell."

Five miles from flank to flank, unseen by their invisible foes, five thousand men lay prone, held to the ground by that unceasing shower which booted over them. They knew that somewhere some directing mind controlled them, and they lay there, eager, as all recruits, in charge. Two hundred yards in front was a safety zone, from which, once gained, they might advance unmolested almost up to the enemy's trenches. Many had tried this perilous passage; it was strewn thickly with corpses, which made strange, irregular depressions in the waist-high grass.

High overhead, mere specks in the blue, the vultures waited. They had followed the trail of dead transport animals which marked the progress of the column. Corporal Herring shuddered as he squinted up at them. He had seen flocks of these sable

beasts ceaselessly, winking away the flies that clustered upon his staring eyeballs. Under its chocolate stains his face was whiter than a clown's. Some sucked the exact roots of grass-blades to relieve their intolerable thirst; some rendered ravenous through fear, crunched their emergency rations of beef and chocolate in their dry mouths, and could not swallow them. And everywhere Fear reigned, fear that would have driven them in headlong flight but for that sweeping sheet of nickel above them; fear that increased as the slow hours went by, while they lay helpless.

A hare leaped through the grass toward Herring, and sat, poised on her haunches, watching him. He saw her little heart thumping tumultuously. "Hey, puss!" he yelled, and flung his hat at her. "Berk! berk!" shouted the soldiers, as she sped swiftly down the line into the distance. "Berk, Berk, Charing Cross, Cheap side; all aboard, ladies, penny all the way." The hat twirled through the air and floated back, with a hole through the brim no wider than a lead pencil. "If my 'ead ad bin there, the corporal murmured, as he crumpled himself.

The wounded man suddenly began to shake and hammer on the ground; then his head dropped and he rolled backward. The flies descended on him. Oreguard Haynes stared at the corpse one moment and then sprang to his feet. "Advance!" he yelled. "Follow me, boys; to hell with them!" A storm of protest rose. The corporal pulled him down. "Easy; don't funk, lad; easy," he shouted. Oreguard Haynes sat down and burst into tears. He felt up his sleeve for his handkerchief, but before he had found it his head went down on his arms, and he was weeping.

Far to the left cheers arose, which were taken up along the line. "Hoarsey!" they cried. "Kee come the guns! Now we sharn't be long." The batteries rolled past in splendid alignment, the yellow muzzles of the guns black against the sky line. Suddenly a distant boom broke the deep silence, and with a vast a shell upon through the air and dropped among the horses. The batteries wheeled and disappeared through smoke wreaths, the drivers lashing their mounts furiously. Boom! sounded again; and with the slow roar of a train a shell plunged into the ground not fifty yards away, scattering a circle of steel fragments, and splashing up a shower of smoking earth. Another fell nearer; the enemy were getting the range, and now heaven was filled with them. They shrieked and howled on their long journey; they fell right, left, in front, behind;



"Berk! berk!" shouted the soldiers as she sped down the line

scavengers, clustered on dead horses, too gorged to rise, their bald heads whiter than leprosy, their curved beaks indicative of horrible rejection.

The sun's hot trail blazed in the zenith of the hazy sky. Mirages danced over the staring plain—houses where there had been rocks, boulders where trees had grown, rivers of gurgling water. Ah, those waters of the mirages! How they lured for them as they fattened themselves lemmeth that pitiless glare, the swollen tongues boiling from their panting mouths! They almost envied the dead who, with open jaws and clenched fingers lined the long slope behind them.

Dust whiffed their groins, unclean faces; dust had caked the moist necks of their drained water-bottles; dust clogged their eyes, their matted hair, and their sweat-stiffened shoulder- straps.

One man, shot through the brain, twisted and untwisted his

scrapes appeared miraculous. Sometimes the arid fumes hung overhead in a yellow, sickening cloud. Men rose up, shaking their fists at the mote sky. "Lie down, you blasted fools!" cried others. "You're drowning the fire of their 'ole blooming battery."

"If one of them things 'its me, I'm a dead 'un. Good bye me and put me out of 'em," prayed Corporal Herring.

"If this keeps up we'll orl be corpses, myte," said Scotty, moistening his cracked lips with his swollen tongue.

"Oh, I dunno," the corporal responded. "A bloke's a juggins if 'e gets 'isself killed in 'is first fight, thet's not I say."

"Ah! and wat about that bloke there?" asked Scotty, sneering.

"And wat about Fagin at Pandering? Nice ay to die, thet, ain't it? It's a pulke misson, thet's not it is, myte. A nurse and fivers for mine, thet's my tyne."

"Dad wat's the difference?" asked Corporal Herring. "It's orl one, ain't it? 'E didn't feel nofunk."

"Ow d'you know 'e didn't feel suff'ick?" Scotty persisted. "Ow do you know wat it feels like at all?"

The chorus of a song came rolling out of the distance:

"Buck the arms to meever,
Tell 'er that I love 'er,
Kiss 'er dear, sweet fyre for me, and sy I am no more:
Bake the news to meever,
Sy there is no other . . ."

On the flank a bugle pealed. "Advance—advance!" it called. Instantly Greenguard Haynes, who had snored through the shell fire, was on his feet, with a thousand others, stumbling forward

agonizing pain shot through him. He ceased to rub himself upon his hands and knees, but his hands turned sideways, and his feet had no more sensation than horsehooves. The distance seemed tremendous.

"I'll 'ave a bit of a nap, and proceed when it gets cooler," thought Herring, sinking back into the grass and watching a culture crawling over him. But a few moments later his strength returned. He clambered over the corpse and seized the water-bottle, draining it eagerly; then sprang to his feet and hastened after his troop, flinches whined overhead, but none touched him. "You told 'em that!" he shouted, waving his arms. "Follow me, boys!" The whole line leaped up with a roar.

"Fix bay'nets!" the corporal screamed, and led his men right into the trenches. A giant floor, with a patriarchal beard, leaped up with a pistol. The corporal had lost his rifle, but he seized his antagonist round the waist and grappled with him. The Dutchman's hat fell off, and his bald head looked exactly like a vulture's. They swayed backward and forward, until the corporal stumbled and fell full length into the burning sand. He gasped and spluttered, and opened his eyes; he was back where he had been lying, and the hideous leer of Dutchy confronted him. Overhead there passed the shadow of wings.

"Stop that, I say! Stop it!" he screamed, shaking his clenched hands at Dutchy. "You shomin' squashed, will you stop grinnin' at me!" He meant to take him by the throat and choke him, but Dutchy disappeared, and in his place stood the white teeth of the empanchement lying in the sand. The company cooks were boiling bully beef with compressed vegetables over a fire of wet wood. "Silly fools," yelled the corporal, "you're forget to put in the peptizers." The cooks threw down their utensils and advanced with threatening gestures, but the corporal ran and afraid. He knew that they were only phantoms. Something that he knew very well, had always known in the most intimate manner, was lying upon the void, thirsting with an unquenchable thirst, winking away the flies, and Dutchy was back again and grinning at him.

"Ow did you git back, Dutchy?" he thought he said, but only the rattling of air came through his open jaws.

A culture crept down from the blue, and now lunged poised directly over him, as though some hand had sailed

it to the firmament. Then, as by one cut of the dagger, pinpoints appeared, at equal intervals, grew larger, and lunged poised in their places, motionless against their background of cloudless sky.

"You'll 'ave to wait a long time for your dinner, myn," thought Corporal Herring, mentally apostrophizing the leader. As it in answer one simultaneous movement seemed to communicate itself to each. They swept downward and circled over him, their wings outspread, their claws contracted tightly against their breasts. He quivered and shivered.

"My God," he whispered, "what will I do! Suppose a snake should bite me!" The rustling grass seemed to become a snake's stealthy approach, and in anticipation he could feel the smooth contraction of the sleek coils around him. From where he lay he could perceive the mud-colored felt covering of Dutchy's water-bottle, which had been torn from its supporting strap, and rested between the corpse's knees. Only ten paces distant! He heard the breath hiss through his swollen lips as he strained his avid eyes toward it; but not a muscle would respond to his mind's promptings, and the corpse still lay facing him with its deriding smile.

Slowly, after uncountable epochs, his form subsided. And now he no longer suffered from that torturing thirst. His mind was clearer than crystal, but he could no longer reason inductively. For the outline of his consciousness had fallen at his post, and ideas, no longer adhered in with sequence, poured through his brain with quick, fantastic imagery. "We are my 'ands no wet!" he thought. "It must be ryzing—and I forgot to ask the old woman for yer umbrella."

Presently he was aware of companies that moved toward him. With them were prisoners, and all gazed at him morosely as they passed by. "Wy, there's Pagin," he whispered. "I saw 'im killed at Paardeburg." But nobody noticed him, only Pagin, as he passed, indicated two empty places in one file of fours. The corporal rose. Before him lay a hideous thing that writhed and twisted, beating out a tattoo upon the ground with hands and heels. "My God," he thought, "that's me!" The tattoo ceased suddenly, the thing fell backward, and with a swoop the cultures slighted.



Looking down he saw a crimson stain widening upon his tunic

over the uneven ground. Their lips were blue with fear, but the habits of the parade-ground held them and drove them on. Most of their rifles were still sighted to fifteen hundred yards. Fear verged upon fury; they leaped from among the scattering shell splinters, cursing the enemy and one another.

Sometimes a knot would bunch, and then the bullets blazed past them like hailstones; and all the while shells whined out of the distant sky and plunged, roaring, into the ground beside them. Greenguard Haynes's rifle stubbed Corporal Herring in the side, and he turned on him furiously.

"For tuppence 'alfpenny I'd bash yer blousing fyre in!" he screamed, as they raced neck and neck together toward the safety zone.

Men began falling thickly. Some, shot through the brain, would spin round and round, their features horribly contorted, their fingers clenching the air. Others, who had fallen down and could not get up again, stared wide-eyed at their wounds, in stupid resentment and astonishment.

"Git out of my way, damn you!" Corporal Herring screamed to Dutchy, as they lay down to breathe. An instant later the sky seemed to fall in on them, and everything was lost in a choking fog. A shell had dropped between them. As the smoke thinned the corporal saw Dutchy grinning at him. "Git out, you grinnin' swine!" he howled. Dutchy's grin widened, and his cyetech showed in the corners of his mouth like fangs. "Wat's the matter, Dutchy?" asked Corporal Herring. "I don't know," Dutchy whimpered. "My eyes hurts. I think I'm going blind." He stood up uncertainly, spreading his arms, and tottered forward.

"Lie down, you blasted fool!" Corporal Herring shouted. "Lie down, I say!" And Dutchy lay down obediently, but all his members reached the ground at the same instant, and he doubled upon himself like an acrobat. He was only the shell of a man.

"My God!" the corporal whispered, trembling.

"My God!" screamed Greenguard Haynes, painting and gibbering at him.

"Waster all staring at me fer!" asked Herring resentfully. "Wat's hup? Were 's all these flies come from? I fell down over a stone." He tried to rise, but his legs snaked under him, and, looking down, he saw a crimson stain widening upon his tunic. His mouth opened, and he looked at it in foolish amazement.

"I wonder were I'm 'it?" he thought. "I'll 'ave to lie 'ere till they pick me up, I suppose. They'll send me down to the big 'ospital, and then wet (I bet here!) It was very comfortable there in the soft grass, and he could have gone to sleep but for the thing which tortured him. There was another thing disturbed him, too, and that was the grinning face of Dutchy, lying in the grass, ten paces distant.

"Stop that. Keep your face still!" shouted Corporal Herring.

"Pore beggar, 'e can't 'elp 'imself!" he asked, reflectively. "They'll 'ave to splash 'im under pretty quick, or 'e'll swell 'errible. Thank God, I'm out of it."

Then it occurred to him that he might as well poison himself of Dutchy's water-bottle; but when he tried to crawl toward it an

The Theatre Cat

By JOHN S. LOPEZ

DRAWINGS BY HENRY RALPH



CAME across the Serious Student, late one morning, stretching his lank form along an area railing, a sprig of withered green held miserably between two fingers, and a huge tortoiseshell cat rubbing expectantly against his legs.

"Have you become a Dick Whittington of the Drama?" I asked.

"Precisely," he said; "a sort of talking plays makes me seek guidance of the dumb animals. There are theatre cats. Why? The answer may disclose unsuspected phases of the dramatic art. I shall begin investigation with a bribe—this rat-snip." Whereupon he dropped the green sprig, which the cat immediately seized and disappeared down the airway.

We followed, and found ourselves upon the stage at Wallack's. There was to be a benefit matinee, and stage hands from several other theatres had come to handle their scenery. They had

stopped for lunch, and were lounging picturesquely about a jumble of trunks and props piled at one side of the stage. The Student singled out a grizzled veteran.

"Why is there a cat attached to every theatre?" he asked, respectfully.

The old man extricated his teeth from an enormous sandwich and swallowed meditatively.

"Well, sometimes they're actors," began the old man. "I knew a cat—"

"You mean old Salt?" broke in a Wallack stage hand. "He began as an actor. They wanted a cat in a show called 'The Salt of the Earth,' and we had to furnish some as props. Used to send bags out to steal 'em, and I guess we got a dozen and had 'em before Salt was brought in and liked it enough to stick. He's an old-timer now; been around here ten or twelve years and is part of the place. He has the run of the theatre, and most every patron knows him. Never raised a bit of trouble; he's as wise as they come."

"Speakin' of wise rats; they've got to be trained to—" began the veteran again deliberately, laying down his sandwich.

"Yes," interrupted the Wallack man; "you've got to get 'em young. We had a cat, called Binky, down at the old house, afterward the Star. We found her one day way up in the fly gallery. She was a kitten with her eyes just opened. The mystery always was how she got there. But she grew to be a wise one—"

"Yes, they've got to be brought up in the business," a man from Daly's broke in. "There's old black Tom over at our house; he must be fifteen if he's a day. The Governor used to stand in the gallery doorway near Thirtieth Street and wait for a Broadway car most every night late after the show. One night in a snow-storm a poor little kitten rubs against Mr. Daly's legs. He opened up the theatre again and put it in his own office. Tom's too wise now to go on the stage—"

"Speakin' of rats goin' on the stage—" began the veteran again, hopefully.

"That's what," spoke up a quiet-looking man, catholically; "they got to be trained up from infancy. We got an old cat at the Belasco who has the proper notion of bringing up her kittens. We always find them first in Box B, the boss's private box; and we can't keep her out of there. It's funny, after the kittens run wild, to see the mother lead them back on the stage and march them around from one side to the other. It's a feat; she'll do it for hours, and never let them get outside the scenery. If they try to, she thumps them."

"Now, our old Tom," said the man from Daly's, "knows enough to keep off when there's anything doing; but he knows what the stage is for all right. Often after the show, if he catches a rat or mouse, he brings it right out on the stage under the gas jet and gives a performance with it, because he knows I'm up in the gallery chasing up and will see him."

"I'll tell you how a cat can get to understand about acting," began the veteran, determinedly, but the Wallack man seized the cue:

"That's another reason why these ordinary cats cause trouble around a theatre; they ain't got the real understanding of the stage, like old Salt."

"He appreciates drama, then?" gasped the Student, hopefully.

"Sure!" asserted the Wallack man, sweeping a defiant glance over the group. "Salt knows more about shows than all the actors and critics in New York mixed together. You'll see him camping in the private boxes? Well, he's not there to show off, like most people in 'em. No, sir; he's there to keep tabs from the front and see that things go right."

"Regular stage-manager," remarked the man from Daly's, sotto voce, with a comprehensive wink. The Wallack man heard him.

"Better's some around here," he said, pointedly. "Why, if I believed in this transmutation of souls, I'd think Jim Wallack or some of the old-time real ones was squatted in Salt's body. By watching that rat we can always tell whether a new show will make good. Sometimes in the middle of the first act he'll get up and leave the box, and then I never know it to fail that the show falls down. Sometimes he'll stay longer; and when he sits to the finish, the piece is worth seeing."

The man from Daly's laughed superciliously, and the other turned on him.

"Think I'm a nature-faker, do you? Well, ask anybody around this theatre; and most every actor that's played the house in



He brings it right out on the stage and gives a performance



The three white mice of the leading lady

wise to it. There was a comedian had an experience here with a musical show he won't forget. It had one good act in it, which Salt steps to see every night. The comedian has a song in it which was usually the hit of the show—don't always. Whenever Salt gets up and leaves, the song goes bad.

"He begins bringin' in all kinds of popular cat grub, but it don't make any difference to Salt. By and by, every show, there's a bunch of us in the wings, waiting to see what the cat will do. Then we begin to notice that the comedian actually slugs his song to Salt. Sometimes the cat'll rest comfortable to the finish, and the song is sure to go fine. But sometimes, half through, you'll see Salt get up and hump his back and yawn; and then it's pathetic to watch the comedian throw in the expression and gestures and work hard to make the cat change its mind. Sometimes he succeeds, but usually not; at which times he loses his nerve and finishes so bad that it's sure to be a frost.

"I hear the manager explain to him, one night, that if he didn't pay any attention to Salt, he would be able always to do the song the same. He offers to have Salt kept out of the private houses, but Mr. Comedian won't hear to it; says it would be the worst kind of bad luck."

"There should be more such cats as correctives of musical comedy," mused the Student. "Did the actor finally improve?"

"Well," explained the Wallack man, "the comedian hadn't been in good health, anyhow, and after a while he had to go to a sanitarium to rest up his brains."

The veteran assured himself elaborately that there was a pause. "Speakin' of a cat's brains," he began, "you've got to figure on mice, too."

"Yes," cut in a man from the Empire. "We had a blossom when I was props down at the old Lyceum Theatre. There were three white mice belonged to one of the main actresses. She was kissing and hugging them all the time. Had bows of the baby ridden on their necks and kept them in a padded brass bird cage in her dressing-room. Says I to her, very respectful, she'd better be careful as our old cat, Adolph, was strictly on his job."

"Why, how ridiculous," she says, with a laugh, "the dear little things are white mice."

"I tell her straight that in the matter of vermin, Adolph is color blind. I'm thinking, but she won't listen. I ain't worried over the mice's health, but I want to hold my job, and I know I'll be blamed if there's an accident. So I keep Adolph penned up."

"Well, one afternoon when she's on, I notice her door open a little, and see Adolph come out lookin' satisfied and flickin' his chops. I got sense enough to put the fancy cage back in place and straighten things up a bit before she comes off."

"By the time I'm sent for, I've been doing some thinking, and I says, 'The mice simply got out to have a little look around. When they get hungry they'll come back; sure, before the show to-night.'"

"What I do is to send the prop boy over to buy three mice that'll watch up. Say, it worked fine? Only trouble was tying new laces on their necks; worked an hour before the boy says let it go any old way, as mice cut on a hat would sure have their trimmings messed. The new mice was a bit nervous at first, welcomed home with kisses, but she blamed that and the ribbon to their wandering off and maybe gettin' in bad company."

"It's most always pets that cause trouble with theatre cats," spoke up the veteran, cautiously but on being heard.

"But a cat may be mighty useful when it gets a home-feeling in a theatre—"

"That's right," said another at his elbow. "I'll tell you what happened down at the Academy one night when we were putting on a big production of 'Ingomar.' The star had a pet cat that she called Vivien or something—one of those with a fluffy tail and bushy face like a chrysanthemum. Well, she gets one prep at our tough old house cat, John L., and she can't have Vivien associating with him. I tie up John L., and he's mighty sore. Vivien has the run of the place and is in everybody's way."

"Well, it's during the act where there's a big arched gate. The star is leaning against it and spicing some soft stuff with half lights, when all of a sudden I hear a low yowl that sounds familiar. She hears it too, and gets nervous. It's near, but I can't figure where, till I happen to glance up at the arch, which is a big one stretching three deep on one side and leaved with heavy scandling. On top I see John L., pointing my way, crouched and waving his tail. Between me and him is Vivien facing him. John L. has chewed his rope and is on the warpath. He's a wise one, and knew where

to blame for his belt's tied up. He gives another yowl, so I get in the entrance and hiss at him. He always used to mind me. Then I wave at him to blow, but he must have thought I meant to sick him on. Whew! There's a rowl and a screech that stops the show, and before the star has time to get away, down come the cats at his feet, spitting and rolling around so fast they look like one ball of fur with legs stickin' out all over."

"We sent John L. away till the show was gone. But even when



Down come the cats at her feet

he came back, judgin' from his looks, Vivien wasn't such a boss scrapper if she was high-class."

"Cats is important to a theatre, and they know it," spoke the veteran who had been waiting impatiently. "Why, if we hadn't had a cat once—"

"You can't blame 'em for being jealous of their job," spoke up another man. "Theatre cats, when they state out a solid claim, won't allow any buttin' in. Of course, though, they know what they're there for and will make allowances. Like an old cat we get

One night the boy holding the mouse lets it slip



The kid sticks one of the mice's heads out

up at the Broadway. Except when there's a mouse show on, he wouldn't let another cat hardly pass the stage-door."

"What's a mouse show—one with trained mice?" asked the Student.

"No, no," explained the Broadway man, impatiently; "one that has props and staff that draws mice and rats—more'n one cat can handle satisfactory. Well, in such cases our cat will stand for others being brought in, though he never gets friendly. But as fast as the mice get diminished, he'll run the rats out, one at a time, till there is only one left, and then he slashes it off in a big battle."

A gleam of deadly determination had been growing in the veteran's eye. He leaned forward and said, distinctly, significantly:

"There was a cat I knew become a star by accident."

He looks across and sees the logs burning, and naturally they appeal to him. First thing you know he starts over the stage with a dignified actor walk, and proceeds to make his toilet right down in front of the blaze.

"Say, the homelike effect is great! The two stars don't notice it and go right on. I'm looking for the house to throw a laugh, but instead of that, a few moments later, there's a burst of applause that almost knocks us silly. Luckily it's most time for curtain and we hurry it a bit. But the band keeps growing stronger and out go the stars and take several bows. Then we hear 'em out front calling, 'The cat, bring out the cat!' The manager gets wise quick and has the leading lady carry out Pete. When! You ought to of heard the cheering and stamping."

"Next day the papers was enthusiastic about 'the wonderful piece of realism,' and said the rat is the best actor in the cast and has made a success of what would have been a sure front."

"Of course you kept Pete in the play," said the Student.

"We did," said the veteran, reminiscently. "Luckily next day was Sunday, so an early rehearsal is called to look Pete in on that scene. The log-fire is set going, and Pete is carried down and his head pointed from the opposite entrance. But it's no go. He just turns and sneaks for the prop room. The boss thinks of a plan to open everything up and chill off the stage so that the heat will attract Pete. But it don't work; and, anyway, the ladies say they'll quit if we have to take chances on getting pneumonia."

"Then we put something to rat in front of the fire. Pete has been starved all day, and he'll chase over and grab a piece of meat and blow. Tying the meat on a string and pulling it through a hole don't do, because he sets up a crying and tries to claw his way after it through the scenery."

"It's about ten o'clock at night with everybody exhausted and sore, when the property-boy drops out the way. He's a bright kid, and knew a thing or two about rat nature. Says he:

"No rat ain't dumb fool enough to let itself be trained to do extra work. Lookin' after mice and rats is Pete's job, and we got to make him do the stunt along them lines."

The manager is down and out; he says go ahead and try anything. So the kid produces a trap with two mice in it he had set for his and Pete's amusement. Pete is immediately very much lit up, and if we held him off side and set the cage by the fireplace, he makes a beeline across. Then the kid cuts a little hole in one corner of the fireplace and sticks one of the mice's heads out from behind just far enough for Pete to see but not reach. After he gets onto the game, he'll sneak across the stage and camp in front of the fire and just sit there quiet, watchin' and wavin' his tail, same as any cat on the trail. After that, by keeping him hungry



The unfeeling critic at his post

He paused and glared challengingly around at the others as if to say, "Now, does that remind any of you of anything?" Amused at last by after silence, he went on:

"There was a play on in a house where I worked; it had a pretty good cast, but every one was nervous because it didn't measure up strong in lines and situations. On the opening night there's a crowded house, but the first act is a sad sketch. We know the second will be worse, because, barring a lot of quiet talk-talk, there's nothing in it but a swell setting with a fac upon fireplace and real gas logs down left."

"It's a cold sleety night, and Pete, our house cat, has been out visiting. He comes in while the act is on and walks down off side,

and always proks' out a mouse when the curtain drops, we manage to pull through a season of ten weeks with only one fall down."

"What was that?" asked the Student.

"Well," said the veteran, "one night the boy who is holding the mouse lets it slip. It jumps by Pete and reaches where the leading lady is sitting out some tender lines. Pete is right behind and makes a beautiful merry-go-round chase circling her skirts. The audience thinks it's great; and, by gum, the manager was fool enough to figure if we could possibly repeat it."

"Did you try?" asked the Student.

"Not on your life," said the veteran. "The leading lady said she'd quit on the spot if they ever pulled a rehearsal."



THE HENRY HUDSON MEMORIAL BRIDGE

THE CONCRETE ARCH WHICH IS TO SPAN THE HARLEM RIVER AT SPUYTEN DUYVIL

DRAWN BY VERNON HOWE HAILLEY



The Season's Plays

DRAMATIZED FICTION AND MUSICAL FARCE

By "I"



The perils of dramatization, or adaptation, to adhere to the programme announcement, have again been made manifest. Mr. Channing Pollock, with commendable temerity, has taken that excellent story of Agnes and Egerton Castle, "The Secret Orchard," and arranged it for the stage. To state the result frankly, Mr. Pollock's play does not touch the interest-level of the book, albeit he has equipped his version with several markedly good scenes. The thing in which the stage

The role of the Duke, which was given to Mr. William Courtenay only three days before the opening night, is more or less theatrical and surreal, and quite outshine by that of *Jacqueline Fawcett*, the staunch friend in the dual household. Mr. Edward H. Mason plays the part with a sincerity and forthrightness which, from time to time, force the Duke into the background. Among the moments which stand clear in the play are those in which *Fawcett*, who has always loved the Duke, demands that *Cluny*, the Duke, shall not confess the sin which is torturing him, requiring that he shall forfeit all honor rather than break his wife's heart with so dreadful a disclosure.

The more or less squalor-pompous part of the Duke's falls, unfortunately, to Miss Adelaide Prince, who deserves something better. Just as the tragedy in her life arrives the curtain falls in the last act, and the audience is groping for fate and wraps. The play is, by the way, admirably staged at the Lyric.

"A Knight for a Day," a "musical farce," so-called, which enjoyed a successful run of several months in Chicago, was displayed to New York a few days ago at Wallack's Theatre. It is a pot-pourri of the usual ingredients, flavored with a dash of *naïve* propriety in the shape of an exceptionally good chorus, and it is staged with considerable ingenuity. The piece resembles the curate's egg, in that it is "good in spots"; but the spots that are good come close enough together to insure fairly continuous entertainment for the audience. The humor is frankly of the home-play, kit-occasional variety; more often than not it misses, but when it hits it generally does so quite definitely and emphatically. The plot centres on the compulsory marriage of a certain man and woman who identify one another by means of two similar medals. This—so far as "I" understood the somewhat nebulous plot—is useful to insure their coming into the inheritance of large estates in Corsica. The first act shows us the grounds of a "young ladies' seminary"; Act Two takes us to Corsica. Miss May Adams, as *Tillie Day*, the "sacred lady," is the luminous star of the piece. Her impersonation is skilful and original, and it apparently pleases the audience. *Jonathan Joy*, who furnishes the wondrous element in the amusement scheme of the piece, is played by John Slavin. The pair provide many diverting scenes, notably when *Jonathan*, by a stroke of inspiration, conceals himself in a baby-carriage in order to detect his inamorous's flirtation with the ex-procurator; and again when he assists *Tillie* to slip down a ladder at midnight, and collapses, after the manner of contemporary comedy, under her weight and that of two jowels and a properly trunk. Nellie Fisher, who plays the part of the heiress *Marion Miller*, won numerous accolades upon the opening night, her songs, "Life is a See-Saw," and "My Very Own," apparently pleasing the house. But the chief excellence of the piece, without doubt, lies in the intelligent and well-trained chorus, a collection of attractive and accomplished damsels of whom the chief glories are the "Original Eight Berlin Dancing Madcaps," who strike a subtle combination between the dance and the circus. Two pretty electrical displays are shown—the swinging see-saw, glittering with colored lights, at the end of Act One, and the falling stars at the end.

Mr. Arnold Daly and his company recently revived that true "drama of ideas," "Camille," at the Berkeley Lyceum—a play which not only remains the best of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's multifarious stage-works, but which has served as Mr. Daly's most substantial asset since he first produced it some years ago. The performance is not quite so brilliant as was the original production. Mr. Daly remains, of course, inimitable as the stuporously wise and singularly misapprehended poet, *Eugene Henshaws*; but Mr. Holbrook Bliss does not give so felicitous a portrayal of *Camille's* husband as did Mr. Dodson Mitchell and *Camille* herself. In the hands of Miss Margaret Wyrley, fares less well than she did in the hands of Miss Dorothy Campbell. Herbert Standing's Mr. Barret is delicious.



May Vokes as "Tillie Day" in "A Knight for a Day," at Wallack's



William Courtenay as the "Duke of Cluny," Josephine Victor as "Joy," in "The Secret Orchard," at the Lyric

version falls short is in its failure to create the atmosphere of the written story, its failure to strike the profoundly tragic note which rings through the tale when the Duchess of Cluny becomes aware of the sin of her much-loved husband. Thus, too, the young girl in the play, *Joy*, lacks the attractiveness which enveloped her namesake between the binder's boards. Of course the grief of the wife, the desperation of the girl, and the killing apprehension of the Duke are shown in the play, but, perhaps, most appealingly to those of an audience who have not read the book. All this, however, is not to say that Mr. Pollock's "adaptation"—although it departs in great measure from the novel—lacks interest and force; it is, let us say, a rather different story, and as such, is fairly interesting, but it suffers by comparison with the work of the Castles.

The tragedy of the deceived girl, *Joy*, is the motive of the play rather than the tragedy of the wife, and it hangs like a pall over all four of the acts. A great deal of praise is due to Miss Josephine Victor for her portrayal of the girl, when she makes a compelling but attractive figure in the drama. Strangely enough, one does not experience much sympathy for her, strong as is her delineation of the horror which possesses the girl upon her realization that the Duke, in whose house she lives, and who coldly refuses to recognize her, in the man who betrayed her. In the scene in which she denounces the man whose name she has so closely guarded, intelligent, as a climax, to point him out to the household, but at the same moment constrained by the evidence of the sympathetic but unsuspecting wife, Miss Victor was tremendously convincing.

Bird Professors

"Professorism" among birds are those that are kept for the purpose of teaching their companions to sing. These professors have been taught by other birds, or by persons clever in the mimicry of bird-whistling. Years of experience have taught canary-raisers that, if they would get the best results from their songsters, they must use Mexican birds as teachers.

The industry of training young birds flourishes in the Harza Mountains, and especially at Andrewsburg. Nowhere else, it is claimed, are the birds so conscientiously brought up. Thanks to the wonderful patience of the German presenters of those parts, the birds learn to modulate their voices, produce silvery sounds, and introduce a variety of notes into the long trill, embellishing them with many a grace note.

For a great many years these results were obtained nowhere else, for the exported birds cease to transmit their vocal qualities in perfection after one or two generations. Now, however, canary education in both this country and England may be said to have fairly begun, where the musical education of these warblers is entrusted to "bird organs" brought from the Harza Mountains.

These instruments are in sound as they are in appearance. They consist of large rollers full of water. These slide one into the other, and are moved by a chain on a pulley attached to a fixed bar. The musical box is placed at the top of this arrangement.

The bird organ produces a plaintive and monotonous sound resembling that of water rolling over a bed of rocks, and of wind sighing through trees. It seems that these sounds have the effect of taming the birds, and of making them amenable to discipline.

The walls of the "class-rooms" are occupied by lines upon lines of cages. The pupils are grouped in classes, according to their degree of education. Those that possess weak or defective voices, or have false methods of warbling, are the objects of special attention.

Birds that have made a successful begin ning are put under the persuasive influence of the finest bird organs, which are worked by electricity and are remarkable for the richness and perfection of their tones. Whenever a pupil is considered worthy of it he receives individual tuition, the artists thus produced afterward becoming teachers to new arrivals.

True Rubies and Sapphires for a Song

The scientific sensation of the moment in Paris is the fact that Professor Frederik Bordas, of the College of France, has succeeded, after long and patient experiment, in producing precious stones by exposing the coarse ordinary form of crystallized alumina known as corundum, or adamantine spar to the action of radium.

The possibility that this process may be used industrially for the production of certain kinds of precious stones at a cost which will seriously modify the present market values of the natural gems invests the subject with much interest. At present, gems are in composition crystallized alumina, but through long exposure to varying conditions of heat and pressure during the slow cooling and development of the earth's surface they have assumed different colors, to which the names of ruby, sapphire, etc., have been given. The discovery of radium revealed the active agent through which various changes in certain substances, which had hitherto been of slow progress, might be intensified and accomplished in a comparatively brief time.

The present discovery of Professor Bordas was suggested by the fact that the minute glass tubes in which radium is confined kept for scientific use take on gradually a beautiful sapphire color resembling the sapphire. This was attributed by Professor Berthelot to the presence of traces of man ganese in the glass, which the marvellous projectile power of the radium reveals and reacts with varying grades and tints of coloration. Professor Bordas therefore placed crystallized corundum of several tints in contact with minute tubes of radium,

laid them away in a dark place not subject to changes of temperature, and found after a lapse of several weeks that the white corundum had become yellow like the topaz, the blue crystals had become green like emerald, and the violet had turned to blue like the sapphire.

Thus was overthrown the theory held hitherto by scientists that each of these precious stones has its own special coloring oxide, and that these several oxides—green, blue, red, or yellow—have no definite relation to each other. Professor Bordas took his newly created gems to a leading lapidary jeweller, from whom he had purchased the corundum crystals, who identified and tested them, and found that they had been converted into a topaz, a ruby, and a sapphire, which fulfilled all the tests and requirements of natural stones.

He then obtained from the same jeweller a new series of corundum crystals in pairs, each pair of an exactly similar color. One stone of each pair was exposed for a month to the action of radium, the other retained for comparison, and the result of this second experiment was the same as before. The light reddish corundum, valued in commerce at about fifty cents per carat, had been converted into a ruby valued at \$100 to \$150 per carat. The dark red corundum became a deep brilliant violet, the violet amethyst had become a sapphire, and the bluish corundum a topaz.

The possible effect of this discovery upon the trade in jewelry and precious stones can be readily inferred. Radium is as yet one of the rarest and most precious substances known to science, but the duration of its power is practically unlimited, and since corundum (al₂O₃) is a gem of sufficient value to convert several corundum crystals into precious stones within the space of a month, and since this process may be repeated indefinitely with the same stock of radium, it is naturally, though perhaps prematurely, assumed that this latest discovery may have an important industrial value and lead to serious modifications in the commercial prices of certain precious stones. Professor Bordas, however, regards his discovery as a mere laboratory experiment, and disclaims any intention to secure for it a commercial value.

The Decadence of American Shipping

In a report on the shipping of Hull, England, Consul Walter G. Hamm directs attention to the disappearance of American shipping at that port as follows:

Among the 10,000 or more ships that have entered the Humber River ports during the past seven years there has been only one ship of American register. This was the bark *Flowerdew Road*, from San Francisco, loaded with barley, which reached Hull in March, 1900.

In the years from 1885 to 1900, both inclusive, at least one American ship a year arrived at the port of Hull; but in the seven and a half years from April, 1900, to October, 1907, only the one ship of American register has entered the Humber River. No more striking evidence than this probably can be given of the decadence of the American merchant marine. Regular lines of steamships run from Hull to New York and Boston. Another line, to Galveston, touches at Glimby, the second port on the Humber River. Chance steamships also run frequently to Philadelphia, Norfolk, Savannah, New Orleans, and Galveston. Not one of them, however, flies the American flag. The trade must be profitable or it would not be kept up. It is to be regretted that Americans have no share in it.

Domestic Graft

CHANDLER. "How's that for hank getting about you, give you your money?"

CHANDLER. "Ene. I never had myself out of our fare now."

Willing and Able

MORRIS. "Are you ever impatient?"

WORTH. "No, waitress." "I'm willing to learn, an'am."

He Could Run Some

A COLLIER boy, shabbily dressed, applied to the foreman of a sheep camp one fall day for some employment. The foreman looked him over somewhat critically and inquired what he could do.

"Oh, I don't know much about ranch work, but I used to be on the track at college and I can run some," replied the youth.

"Well, go over on that hillside and run those sheep late in the coral, and then we'll see what we can do for you," said the foreman.

The boy was gone a long time, but finally returned and reported to the foreman.

"Did you get them all in?" asked the boss as he looked at the young fellow, who seemed somewhat out of breath.

"The sheep were no trouble, but the lambs were so nimble they took most of the time, but I finally succeeded in getting them in, too," said the boy, proudly.

"Lambs, lambs!" repeated the foreman; "why, there aren't any lambs; you must be crazy."

"Just come down to the coral and see for yourself," said the youth.

The foreman put on his hat and went to the coral and found two jack-rabbits. He looked at the boy.

"I told you I could run some," returned the latter.

A Literal Youth

"Wav, Johnny," said Mrs. Miggins, "what are you doing here? Is Willie's party over?"

"None," blubbered Johnny. "But the minute I got inside the house Willie's father told me to make myself at home, and I came."

Possible

"The trouble with our respected President," said the Commentator, "is that he jumps to conclusions."

"No," said the Philosopher. "You are wrong about that. He jumps to premises. He doesn't see the conclusions."

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Music and the Opera

IN VARIOUS KEYS

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



MR. WALTER DAMROSCH, in his interesting lecture-recital the other day on Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," observed—I repeat the substance of his thought—that Germany, so far as its creative musical art is concerned, has given us nothing fundamentally new since Wagner. Richard Strauss, he felt, had patterned after Liszt in his symphonic

poems and after Wagner in his lyric dramas. It is in the revolutionary and wholly novel music of such Frenchmen as Debussy and D'Indy, and such kindred temperaments as Loeffer, that we must look for authentically new development, for a quality of music genuinely self-sprung. Without committing one's self at the moment upon any definite and perhaps a question, it may nevertheless be said that Mr. Damrosch's dictum occurs to the mind in rather a beguiling way when one reflects upon so highly typical a product of contemporary Teutonic music as the symphonic poem by Ernst Boehe which the Boston Symphony Orchestra played upon its second New York visit the other day, at Carnegie Hall. Boehe calls his work simply "Taormina: Tone-poem for grand orchestra." There is no other description, no motto, programme, or other guide to the composer's intentions. There is on the score a picture of Taormina, the historic Sicilian town on the eastern shore of the island, on the Ionian Sea. Yet it has been truly said that, so far as any suggestion of local characteristics is concerned, the tone-poem "sings as well have been called Dortmund or Schenectady." As a piece of total delineation, therefore, it is not effective; it remains to be considered as sheer outside.

Boehe—who is one of the very young Germans he was born at Munich in 1880—wrote "Taormina" in his twenty-fifth year, and there is no question at all that he accomplished in so doing a rather extraordinary feat. It is a large score, and an elaborate one, and it is sumptuously orchestrated—that, indeed, is its chief virtue. But it is notorious that, in our day, a mastery of scoring is not only expected, but is prized a little too complacently by contemporary observers. Mr. Boehe exhibits an indisputable command of the art, and he deserves emphatic praise for it; but aside from this, it is difficult to understand how "Taormina" can have commended itself to Dr. Muck. One grows weary of finding the same delinquencies in an immense proportion of the creative music of our day—the inescapable faults of emptiness, of poverty of line, allied with the extreme of elaboration in the manner of presentation. Mr. Boehe is a striking example of these characteristics. He is most deliberate and determined in address—you would think that the message about to be delivered was of the utmost consequence, the deepest moment; the pose and the manner of the utterance of great things are admirably simulated. Yet how futile and dull, how pathetically meagre, is the actual deliverance! How often must we remind ourselves that it is as impossible to achieve salient or distinguished or noble music without salient, distinguished, and noble ideas as it is to create fire without flame! How often is it to be said that no genius for construction, no delicate or masterly of form, no diligence in contrivance, no subtlety of craft, can possibly



Gustav Mahler, who has just come to America

avail when the inner flame is absent? Surely a trifle odd, it would seem, a superfluous thing to insist upon; yet how deeply and commonly it is realized: how often are we made aware that the seed has ever been perished? How often is contemporary music—or music that is known and honored, for that matter,—

praised or rebuked in accordance with this requirement? Concerning our particular text, Mr. Boehe's tone poem, it is necessary to express one's conviction of its superfluity, of its ideas, and by ideas one means pregnant melodic, harmonic, or rhythmic conceptions—it is as devoid as it is rich and gleaming in outer investiture. But let this not be understood to imply the smallest disapproval of the performance of such music by Dr. Muck and the brilliant orchestra from Boston. How should we be sure that "Taormina" is some what less than a masterpiece if we had not had the opportunity of hearing it? Better the disclosure of a hundred lamenesses than the ignoring, through lack of advantageous liberality, of even a minor masterpiece.



Luisa Tetrazzini, who has been secured for the Manhattan

At the Manhattan Opera House Mr. Hammerstein, in the midst of arduous preparations for forthcoming novelties, yet has contrived to add to the season's list of effective performances Loeucomb's "I Pagliacci" and Massenet's "La Navarraise," which, in days gone, served as a vehicle for the diffusion of Mme. Crovi's artistic influence. The Manhattan forces give a very potent, very vivid reading of the perennially appealing "Pagliacci," a performance that is propitiously borne along on the current of Mr. Campanini's irresistibly vital exposition of the arch-trait score. Mr. Hammerstein, whom the Manhattan's audiences have learned to hold in fervent regard, is a superb Tonio—here is one of the best singing actors whom the public is now privileged to behold. Mr. Boed is a passionate and sincere Tonio. Mr. Crovi makes the indelicately anonymous Scarpia a wholly credible being, and Miss Zepilli as Violetta is uncommonly good to look upon, though she does not in this role equal her marvellously skillful depiction of Glycytis in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann."

In Massenet's turbulent melodrama, "La Navarraise," Madame Gerville Wrasche is playing the devoted heroine, Isola, with a true conception of the essentials of the role, and in the part of the avowedly beloved friend that unduly delightful singer, Mr. Dalmore, is, an always completely satisfying; and yet we need to be told that the name of French tenors of the first rank was extinct.

At the moment of writing, there is keen and widespread disappointment over the postponed performance, for the first time in America, of Giuseppe L'Angelier's "Leone," one of the most interesting and brilliant of modern lyric-dramatic scores, for which Mr. Hammerstein had prepared an elaborate production, with that remarkable and engrossing artist, Miss Mitty Garden, in the title-role.

Five years ago Massenet permitted us to hear, under his personal direction, the first American performance of his Japanese opera, "Iris." A good deal of water has flowed under the bridge since then, and not a little musical history has been made and recorded—among other things, we have heard another Japanese opera, Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," written, it is instructive to note, after "Iris" had been completed and produced. Now, in this current year of grace, there is opportunity to observe these two works in close proximity, for they are both in the season's repertoire at the Metropolitan Opera House. A deliberate and detailed comparison of these scores would be instructive, but it is not now possible. It may be observed, however, that that ingenious, probably and beloved work, "Madame Butterfly," would probably not be so warmly greeted and glory for Puccini if he had not preceded it, in 1898, the first performance of the "Iris" of Pietro Mascagni.



Richard Boebig, one of the Season's new Paragons

"DON'TS" FOR THE DRIVER

WISDOM AND WARNING FOR THE MAN BEHIND THE WHEEL

By HARRY B. HAINES

MANY useful hints can be given by the experienced automobilist to the man who has just bought a car and is unfamiliar with its operation. Most of these suggestions are simple and not difficult to remember, particularly if they are read carefully after a study of the mechanism of the machine, and during the period when the first attempts are made to run the vehicle. If such hints are memorized and

followed the novice will not only secure better results from his car, but will reduce to a minimum his bills for repairs.

The agent who sells a car is usually willing to give the customer "full instructions," and will send an experienced driver out with him for half a dozen rides or more. But, as the car is new and in first-class condition, it seldom gives trouble, and so the purchaser gains little actual experience, except in starting and controlling the engine, and in guiding and stopping the vehicle. The "expert" conscientiously tells him of a multitude of things that may happen, and what to do to avoid trouble or to remedy faults; but the beginner is so deeply engrossed in handling the car at the time that the things he is told regarding possible emergencies that may arise later on make little impression and are soon forgotten, if indeed they are heard and comprehended at all, so that when thrown upon his own resources the novice quickly finds that he has not learned nearly so much as he supposed, and when the engine stops and refuses to start again he suddenly discovers that he is helpless.

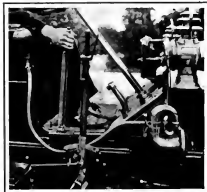
It is always advisable for the purchaser of a new car to examine a machine of the same make with the body removed, studying the relation of each part of the mechanism to the other parts, and moving the various pedals and levers to note their effect, and to fix them in his mind. He should have the agent, or a mechanic employed by the agent, explain all of the working parts, the adjustments that will have to be made from time to time, and locate all of the grease-ups and oil-holes. It is not sufficient that complicated or difficult adjustments be merely explained verbally;

the only sure way is for the novice to make the change himself and then reset the part to its original position, thereby gaining the actual experience in advance of the time when the knowledge will become necessary and ignorance might prove annoying and embarrassing. Knowledge of the location of every lubrication point is a primary essential, for if the cylinders and bearings are not allowed to run dry no very serious injury to the car is likely to result during the novitiate period.

One of the most important rules for handling a gasoline car is this: Never allow the engine to run at higher speed than is absolutely necessary to do the desired work. "Flogging" the engine does it more real harm than overhauling it, as it racks the bearings and joints and causes overheating. If this rule is constantly borne in mind and followed, much expense and annoyance will be saved, and the life of the car extended. In order to know when the engine is pulling its load properly and not racing, it is necessary that the driver should be perfectly familiar with the engine-controlling devices, and also with the gear-changing system.

The engine is controlled principally by means of the spark and throttle levers, which are always secured to the steering wheel or to the steering column just below it. There may be one, two, or three such levers, but commonly there are two—one for the "spark," and one for the throttle. The former varies the time of ignition with relation to the position of the piston in the cylinder, and the latter reduces or increases the quantity of gasoline vapor admitted to the cylinder up to a certain limit. An excellent guide to good driving is to bear in mind that the "spark" governs the speed, and the throttle regulates the power. In addition to the manual throttle-lever most American machines have a small pedal, commonly called an "accelerator," also connected with the throttle acting on the carburetor. A spring attached to this pedal holds the throttle nearly closed, save when depressed by the foot. When

(Continued on page 32.)



When leaving the Car, set Brake Lever right, with no Gears in Mesh



How to Sit—Steering should be done largely with the Left Hand



A wrong Position for the Driver—Dangerous and Inefficient

The Auto Goller

By Earle Hooker Eaton

AN auto devotee was Buggs,
He'd broken all his arms and legs,
And drunk of sorcery to the drugs,
He rode both day and night;
And in and out of his machine
He smelled so strong of gasoline,
None dared a match to light.

The game of golf he thought a bore;
Said he, "Why do theuffers rear
The idiots warning 'Fore!'
To those who go ahead?
I'll try the game this very morn.
And with a proper auto-horn
I'll hush 'em to them instead."

His driving from the foremost tee,
Quite wonderful, indeed, to see,
Evoked remarks of "Hully gee!"
"Twas straight as well as far;
For toward the hole, with steps for strokes,
Including fancies, jabs and pikes,
He drove his motor-car.

Though bunkered near the putting-green,
He drove ahead with his machine,
And landed in a deep ravine.
Then golfers came to coach.
"Twas not the place to drive," they said,
"The wonder is you are not dead;
You fouled your approach!"

Then Buggs, with gargoyle-like grimace,
His collar-bone slipped back in place,
And deftly rearranged his face.
Said he, "I like this game;
And though it's new to my machine—"
He glanced around the deep ravine—
"We holed out just the same!"

Perhaps

DE STILLE, "I hear Lakeside is so forgetful
he always forgets to put gasoline in his
auto."

LAURENTA, "I hear he bought a motor-boat
for his private lake."

THE STYLIS (cheerfully-sadly), "Yes, And
I suppose half the time now he'll forget to
put water in the lake."

When La Follette Played
"Iago"

SENATOR ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE, of Wisconsin, is said to have had histrionic aspirations in his early days, and it is related that when the actor McCullough visited Madison, Wisconsin, the future Senator prevailed upon him to listen to a few recitations. The great actor, who desired to temper his disapproval with diplomacy, bowed him in silence until the end, when he asked Mr. La Follette to play Iago to his Othello. Scarcely after scene was rehearsed, until it came to McCullough's turn to exclaim:

"Assault! beyond! then had set me on the rack."

FARRELL. Othello's occupation's gone."

Here he seized the diminutive future Senator by the throat, and shook him violently until his teeth chattered.

"No, Mr. La Follette," continued McCullough, as he released him, "You're too small to be an actor. In this scene, had we been acting together, the gallery would have exclaimed, 'Oh, let up. Take a man of your own size.' On the stage you must meet powerful combatants. You would but excite pity. No, Mr. La Follette, the stage is not for you."

Making the Poet Wittier

Remember, "John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, would have been wittier if he had been an Englishman."

Remember, "How do you make that out?"
Remember, "Because he would have dropped his 'h'."

Packard

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A sudden Stop can be made by simultaneously applying the Brakes and throwing in the Low-speed Gear

(Continued from page 36.)

the driver's foot is removed it will allow just enough gas to enter the engine to keep it "turning over" at very low speed without stopping. Thus, when the car is standing still, with the clutch disconnected, the engine will continue to run indefinitely without racing; provided, it should be made clear, that the throttle lever on the steering-post is shut off. The hand-lever and the pedal act independently on the throttle, which can be opened by either; but the pedal opens the throttle wider than the lever, and, as its name implies, is commonly used to increase the power and speed above normal, as for a flight along a good stretch of straight road or for reaching a hill.

Fair results can be obtained, in ordinary driving, by setting the throttle-lever on the steering-column at some intermediate position, and then advancing the spark as long as the car continues to increase its speed, stopping when the motor begins to slow down and labor. The sound of the exhaust is to the testator an indication of the correct timing of the ignition. Loud and prolonged exhaust indicates a "late" spark, while a very light sound, together with a tendency on the part of the engine to slow down and to "pound," is a sign of too early ignition. In the control of the spark lies opportunity for the exercise of the best judgment on the part of the driver. A large proportion of all engine troubles is due to indifferent handling of the spark-lever. Only by constant practice can the driver learn just what his engine will do at various relative positions of the spark and throttle levers; and in time he acquires the habit of moving these almost subconsciously, changing their positions as the road conditions alter, following no guide save the action of the motor.

It is imperative that the respective functions of the clutch, brake, and accelerator pedals, and of the change, speed and brake levers, be thoroughly fixed in mind, together with the location of each, before attempting to drive on the highway. A good precaution is to have the clutch and brake pedals covered with leather, rubber, or adhesive tape, so that there will be no danger of the feet slipping off of them. The beginner should assume an easy, comfortable position—avoiding a low, crouching, cramped posture—and should practice to do most of the steering with his left hand, using the right to assist in making difficult turns, and to

steady the car when running at high speed or over bad roads, and at other times to sound the horn, shift the gears, and set the emergency brakes. In driving the horn of either foot will be allowed to rest on the floor of the car, with the ball of the foot resting lightly on either pedal, from which position the feet will not be moved so long as the car is in motion; if the feet were taken from the pedals, and it should become necessary to stop suddenly, the novice might become confused and be unable to find the proper pedals with his feet. Very little practice is needed to gain sufficient knowledge of the pedals.

It is in the proper handling of the change-speed lever that the beginner will have his greatest difficulty. Once this is overcome, he will feel confident of the mastery of his car. When the car is standing still the change-speed lever should be set in "neutral" position, with no gears in mesh; and it is important to remember never to move the lever from this position without first disengaging the clutch, for such a mistake might mean the tearing out of gears or an even, more serious accident: with the engine running, and the clutch engaged, a movement of the lever from neutral might cause the car to shoot ahead suddenly or to reverse unexpectedly. On cars having the "selective" type of gear-change, in which the shift-lever moves in a "gate" or H-shaped quadrant, it is almost equally important to remember, after using the reverse, always to close the safety-catch that prevents the lever from accidentally slipping into the reverse slot when the driver is trying to shift to one of the forward speed-gears. It is evident that should the reverse be engaged by accident, when trying to change from high speed to intermediate with the car travelling thirty miles an hour, the strain would be tremendous, and the transmission gearing would probably be torn badly out of the car.

With practice the beginner will learn to start his car easily and without a sudden jump; many drivers of cars fitted with powerful motors start from a standstill on high-speed gear; but this is a bad example to emulate, at least until one has become very proficient. When the clutch has been disengaged, and the engine speeded up, the change-speed lever should be moved with a quick, steady thrust into first-speed position and locked there with the automatic latch; then the clutch should be engaged slowly and steadily, so that the car will start smoothly and gradually.



Before turning around on slowing up, Signal the Driver of a following Vehicle of your Intention

Turned Aside

OPPOSITE the Union Depot, on Canal Street, in Chicago, there is a line of cheap saloons devoted exclusively to the patronage of more or less undesirable citizens.

The other day, two Swedish laborers, looking for work, came to Chicago and landed—stumped—at the Union Depot.

As they started out the main entrance, one of them looked across the street; a huge red sign caught his eye:

WANTED:

1000 MEN TO UNLOAD SCHOONERS.

Greeting his friend by the arm, he dragged him across the street toward the enterprising saloon which bore the sign.

"I think we finda plenty work to do right here. Olef," he grinned, pushing his friend toward the door.

"One moment, Svedsky," said the other, who had lived longer in America and spoke almost perfect English. "that is only a sign to attract persons to the bar. The schooners mentioned are beer-glasses, not ships. Let us stay out and save our energies for real ships."

And so the oldest joke in the world failed.

Vindicated

"No Mrs. Ganson has only been married once."

"Yes; but she made another man of her husband."

Pie and Etiquette

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN, Norway's famous explorer, tells this story about a national guard encampment last summer:

"A new volunteer, who had not quite learned his business, was on sentry duty, one night, when a friend brought a pie from the kitchen."

"As he sat on the grass eating pie, the major sauntered up in uniform. The sentry, not recognizing him, did not salute, and the major stopped and said:

"What's that you have there?"

"Pie," said the sentry, good-naturedly.

"Apple pie. Have a bite?"

"The major frowned.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"No," said the sentry, "unless you're the major's groom."

"The major shook his head.

"Groom again," he growled.

"The farther from the village?"

"No."

"Maybe you're the major himself?"

"That's right. I am the major," said the stern reply.

"The sentry scrambled to his feet.

"Those gringos!" he exclaimed. 'Hold the pie, will you, while I percent arms!'"

Dangerous

"Where do they live, in South Brooklyn or Philadelphia?"

"I've never dared ask them."

Especially Little Brothers

RELLA. "Children should be seen and not heard."

RELLA. "I believe they should be compelled to give warning, like autos."

That Kind

"I WANT some cigars for my husband for Christmas."

"What kind, madam?"

"Well, I don't know, exactly; but he is a middle-aged man and always dresses in black."





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COMMENT

Labor and the Railroads

THE Georgia Federation of Labor has some sensible opinions, and expresses them, on the subject of the Southern war on railroads. For instance, the Federation remarks in the course of a recently issued address that the "subject is of tremendous importance" both to the general public and the railroads (fancy considering the railroads!), and should not be made the "subject of heated political campaigns where in the people, led by office-seekers, are apt to have their passions and prejudices unduly inflamed." The address goes on to declare that "lawmaking bodies are liable to be led into too drastic and ill-considered legislation under the impassioned harangues of overzealous reformers"; it seriously reflects upon the intelligence of the agitating radicals, saying that they know very little about the subject concerning which they are so glib of speech. The Federation is sanely conservative in this address. It is convinced that there have been evils—and who is not so convinced!—it wants evil-doers properly dealt with and evil-doing stopped, but it does not want the punishment to go to such an extent as to cripple the services which railroads, and railroads only, can render the public. Information is increasing to the effect that the people of States which have been most extravagantly and noisily hostile to the railroads are waking up, and are beginning to look at the situation calmly and with unfrightened eyes. The trade of the stump orators is decreasing, but so, unfortunately, is that of the roads. The persecution has gone so far that the cost to the country is already too great.

Why Bryan is Impossible

The *Charleston News and Courier* publishes an editorial with this heading. The inquiry which it makes is interesting and its observations are true. It asserts that South Carolina will vote for BRYAN, or for any other Democratic candidate, and what it asserts for South Carolina may be safely predicted of the whole South. This is a misfortune—a misfortune for the South, for the North, for the whole country, but the South is not primarily to blame for the evil condition. This, however, is too long a story. If the South were not solid, it might have more effective influence in a Democratic convention. As it is, we are not inclined wholly to agree that it must take what the Eastern and Western Democrats see fit to give it. It can probably divide some State delegations, and, doing so, may be of great assistance to rational Democrats of the East and the West who have no higher regard for BRYAN than the South has. Leaving the South, the *News and Courier* is justified in saying that New York and New Jersey Democrats will not vote for the fads

and follies which compose BRYAN's anti-Democratic platform. BRYAN is now, indeed, more unpopular in the Middle and Eastern States than he was in 1896 or in 1900. The BRYAN forces did defeat the Democrats in Massachusetts, but in doing so they enormously weakened their own cause and their own candidate throughout this part of the country. What success the Democrats had in New Jersey last fall was gained on a platform which was anti-BRYAN. What renewed strength BRYAN may have in the West is from the devotion to him of purely BROWDER votes in States that, nevertheless, are and will remain hopelessly Republican. The real reason for BRYAN's weakness can be read in HENRY WATKINSON's declaration of Democratic principles as set forth in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, as follows: "Home rule, sound money, and all men's rights; the interests of the few subordinated to the interests of the many, but the interests of the few respected; the complete separation of Church and state, and a tariff for revenue only; no clericalism, no class distinction, no caste discriminations, and no 'sanitary laws.'" "This," continues the *Courier-Journal*, "is Democracy pure and simple." And, indeed, although there may be some redundancy, it does include all sound Democratic principles. If any one is opposed to it, he is not a rational or "pure and simple" Democrat. Mr. BRYAN's platform is directly opposed to Mr. WATKINSON'S Democracy. Among what the *Philadelphia Press* calls the "BRYAN specialities" are "government ownership of the railroads, the initiative and referendum, and the government guarantee of bank deposits." No one can possibly be elected President who espouses these causes, and no Democrat can be elected President who does not substantially accept the WATKINSON platform.

The Trouble in the Navy

It is a great pity that there is war in the navy, but whatever may be the cause of it, the whole country is quite aware that Admiral BROWDER is a better sailor and officer and a higher authority on naval subjects than the President, or Secretary MERRILL, or Doctor RIVY, all three of whom are laymen. They may be intelligent in their own ways of life; they may even happen to be right on this question, but the chances are against this in a controversy with so able, so well-instructed, and so devoted an expert as BROWDER. The WEEKLY has no desire to join in the controversy, but it believes in the value of experts, and it presumes, as it ought, that the burden of proof lies with lay opponents who question an expert's judgment on a professional subject. There is here illustrated in a manner and with a vividness that ought to attract the attention of the country a significant and perhaps necessary feature of our two military services. In order to maintain the supremacy of the civil over the military power the real command of the army and navy is in the hands of civilians. It may be that this general command has degenerated into ill-advised interference by the civilian authorities with details that should be purely professional. There might well be a revision of this democratic trait, especially so far as the navy is concerned.

One Detail of Disagreement

As we understand the question which brought up the immediate issue on which Admiral Browder resigned, it was whether a commissioned officer of the navy should be put in charge of a hospital ship under the command of a surgeon. A hospital ship is a floating hospital. It is proper that a surgeon should command a hospital, but a surgeon is presumptively incompetent to command a ship. A surgeon in charge of a floating hospital is in the position of a yacht-owner aboard his yacht. He must have a sailing-master who shall navigate his vessel and take him where he wants to go. Then why not give relief ships civilian sailing masters who shall navigate under the general orders of the surgeon in charge? Colliers and supply-ships are not commanded by commissioned officers of the navy. Is there any sound reason why relief ships must have them? But the matter of the command of the *Relief* is only one detail of the war between staff and line in the navy.

Secretary Taft's Haughty Friends

It is not to deny Mr. Taft's fitness to be Republican candidate for President that we point to certain defects in the methods of his campaign. The truth is that we were born

before President ARTHUR caused the Republicans of the State of New York to nominate Judge FOLGER for Governor. No one can say at this time who would or who would not be a good Republican candidate. The answer to the problem depends upon the policy of the party. What is that to be? If the party is to renew the war on industry, on enterprise, on corporations which serve the public, without much regard to the interests of those who serve or of those who are served, Senator LA FOLLETTE would be the proper candidate. If its policy is to be the revolutionizing of the Constitution and the establishment of the Federal government upon the ruins of the States, then, we opine, Secretary TAYT might be the better man; he knows a good deal of law, and therefore could twist it—if, indeed, he really thinks that way. If the Republican party nominate Secretary TAYT, however, with these expectations, it must deny the constitutional doctrine laid down by the unanimous court in *Kansas v. Colorado*, by Justice BRANSON in his noteworthy address, and by Justice HALLAN in his recent speech before the Kentuckians, both these justices being old Republicans. In the mean time, as we have said, there is too much administrative work, no matter what the issue may be. With—besides other loads—Assistant-Secretary-of-the-Navy NEWBERRY and his Michiganians, and Attorney-General BONAPARTE calling to his Marylanders, Mr. TAYT has a serious handicap.

Taft in the Philippines

MR. THOMAS F. MILLARD has written some remarkably able and illuminating, maybe disillusionizing, letters from the Philippines to the *New York Times*. One of his letters of a few weeks ago has not attracted as much attention as it ought. In it Mr. MILLARD said that in his Shanghai speech Secretary TAYT's tone was bolder—much bolder—than that which he assumed at Tokio. He went so far as to threaten the East with the sounding snare of America if Asia's customs laws were not more liberal and civilized than the laws of the United States—in a word, if the open door was not respected. He did not put it so briefly and perhaps brusquely as our statement may appear to some people to be, but we have given the substance of the speech from our own point of view. In view of Mr. TAYT's candidacy for the Republican nomination, it would be well for the country to know whether with shot and shell we are to batter open the Asiatic door, while we keep our own shut with the DINGLEY law, which Mr. TAYT does not desire to have revised—at least not yet. Now Mr. MILLARD gives us another view of the Secretary of War. In a notable letter from Manila he describes the speech of a real statesman, or one who would be a more practical statesman if he did not disregard his limitations. In what must be acknowledged to be a large, even a grand way, Mr. TAYT set aside the Americans of the islands, and declared that it is the first object of this government to govern the islands with a view, first, to the interests of the Filipinos. This may be Mr. TAYT's view; it would naturally be the view of the generous American people; but it is not the view of Mr. TAYT's party, and it is not compatible with Mr. TAYT's own tariff policy. The first step towards such treatment of the natives as Mr. TAYT rashly promises is the passage of the Philippine tariff bill, and of the repeal, so far as they apply to the islands, of our navigation laws, which are of a Malayian barbarity. No one knows better than Mr. TAYT of the impossibility to secure this needed legislation from Congress. How can Mr. TAYT carry out his statesmanlike policy? Is it not an economic dream?

The Banks and the Reserve

It seems to be well established that the interior banks, as they are called, had much to do in creating the currency famine which has so greatly distressed business men through the country. It is worse than useless to specify the offenders, but it may be justifiable to commend, in passing, the unselfishness of the banks of St. Louis, which, like those of New York, permitted the depletion of their reserves in aid of the unfortunate situation. The action of the banks accentuates the point made by Comptroller RUGGLEY against the system. The reserves of all the national banks ought to constitute, all together, a national reserve which should in time of stress be at the service of the country. But the banks have no common head, and therefore there is no cohesion and only voluntary cooperation. It is now demonstrated that the banks

cannot be trusted to administer their currency accumulations for the general welfare. Mr. A. B. STICKNEY has likened the scattered reserves held by banks that are independent of one another to scattered military organizations under independent commanders. There may be many of them in the aggregate, but since they cannot be called to the standard by a supreme authority, they are of comparatively small advantage to the country. Mr. RUGGLEY recommends a central bank. The proposition that there should be such a bank will be assented to by many bankers, and it will also be agreed that it should in some way administer the issue of a credit currency that would be an addition to our bond-secured currency, so long as we must have that kind of currency. Mr. RUGGLEY does not believe in bestowing upon anybody—politicians or board of directors—the power to declare when and how much additional currency is needed. That part of the system should work automatically. The difficulty in working out his plan will be apparent when the attempt is made to provide for government control and at the same time to keep the bank out of politics.

Good Sense about Immigration

There has been some revival of talk about restricting immigration since Mr. SARGENT's report showed that more than 1,200,000 aliens came to this country during last year. This talk is aside from that about Oriental immigration, which is on a basis of its own. So far as the Japanese are concerned, their government have decided to do their own prevention, a step, probably, to refusing to be discriminated against in a treaty. So far as European immigration is concerned, it seems to be the general opinion of the country that something ought to be done, the question being what is to be done and how to do it. This question is not likely to be solved at this session of Congress, nor, indeed, is the solution likely to be attempted. None of the cures that Congress has applied thus far have seemed to work, and there is an increasing suspicion that the attack has been improperly directed—or directed against a wrong part of the line. The laws have endeavored to set up a property standard, and it is known that this effort has worked much injustice and has done little good. Labor votes have been secured by provisions of law against contract labor. Senator LOVER has spoken many times in behalf of an educational test, although it is well known that many useful wealth-producers and good citizens have been unable to read on coming here, while some of the most dangerous of our imported anarchists have possessed some learning. We have not only the problem of numbers, but the problem of distribution. The last is complicated. Many immigrants are needed in the South or elsewhere, but the problem of getting them there has not been solved, and not much worked upon. Of two things we are sure, however, and for them, for they are grievous evils, there are remedies that may be easily applied. Some of these immigrants are bad citizens and even criminals, like the members of the "Black Hand"; more of them are demoralizing voters, especially in cities. The National Liberal Immigration League, among whose members are President ELLER, President WOODROW WILSON, Bishop POTTER, and ANDREW CARNEGIE, have suggested two remedies. One is that any immigrant who shall become a criminal within a certain time after his landing shall be sent back to the country whence he came; the second is that an alien shall not become a citizen until he has been here ten years. These suggestions do aim directly at immediate evils and have no politics in them. They are sensible enough to be considered.

The Goldfield Predicament

The President had much the better of the correspondence with Governor SPARKS of Nevada which got into print on December 29. Having sent troops to Goldfield at Governor SPARKS's solicitation, the President gave notice to the Governor that he must convene the Legislature and put upon it the responsibility of keeping the peace in Nevada, and that unless he did so the Federal troops would be withdrawn. After much delay and farther poking up, Governor SPARKS at length replied by telegram on December 26 that Nevada had had a lamentable experience with strike; that the troops were much needed at Goldfield; that it would take not less than three weeks to convene the Legislature, and that he had excellent reasons (which he specified) to doubt whether the

Legislature, when it did assemble, would ask for troops or take effectual measures to keep the peace. To which the President replied by telegraph on December 28 that the Constitution of the United States imposed upon the Legislature of a State, if it can be convened, the duty of calling upon the Federal government to protect the State against domestic violence; that Federal troops kept in Nevada without the request of the Legislature would be kept there in violation of the Constitution. Therefore he gave the Governor five days to issue a call to the Legislature, and said that if the call was so issued he would leave the troops at Goldfield for three weeks, which would give the Nevada Legislature time to assemble and make known its wishes. This puts the responsibility where it belongs; on the Governor, first, to convene the Legislature, and, if he does so, on the Legislature, to say whether it wants the Federal troops or not. If the Legislature will not take measures to keep order and protect property, we shall see what we shall see; but it is eminently desirable that it should be disclosed to what degree representative government is a failure in the State of Nevada. The State is an absurd State, anyway. Its population is about 60,000, and includes probably very much the largest proportion of turbulent persons that can be found in any State in the Union. But being, unhappily, a State, it must be governed as a State, and not as a Territory. What may happen if it proves unable to take care of itself is suggested by the President's remark in his despatch: "Circumstances may change, and if they do I will take whatever action the needs of the situation require, so far as my constitutional powers admit."

A Brownsville Plaintiff

"Wealthy residents of New England, some of them prominent in the Republican party," are said to be behind the suit brought last month against the United States government by a firm of New York lawyers in the Federal court in New York, to recover \$122 35 claimed as pay due to OSCAR W. RICH, one of the negro soldiers discharged "without honor" at Brownsville. The purpose of the suit is to give this discharged soldier the day in court which hitherto he has never had, and decide whether the President had any legal right to discharge him. It has been a much-mooted question whether those Brownsville soldiers had fair play, or even legal treatment or not. To us it has seemed that, perhaps, some of them didn't. We shall be glad, and we suppose a great many other dispassionate observers will be glad, to have the matter threshed out before a competent and impartial legal tribunal.

Scholarships and Physical Training

That was an interesting proposition that was put forth on December 27 in an address by Dr. DEXLEY A. SARGENT, of Harvard, before the Society of College Gymnastic Directors at Columbia University. In the last twenty-five years, he said, there had been physical improvement in all classes of college men except those holding scholarships. Dr. SARGENT has long been the director of physical training at Harvard, and has had oversight of the physical condition of the students there, as well as more or less knowledge of the conditions in other colleges. He declared, and backed his declaration with data statistics, that the deficiency on the part of the scholars in our colleges is startling and worthy of grave consideration. Fifty years ago the average student was so feeble and physically feeble a creature that his sad condition led to the stimulated development of college athletics. From that development Dr. SARGENT found all classes of students to have benefited except the scholarship men. But they, the ones above all others most in need of physical training, he finds to have made little or no improvement in physique during the last twenty-five years. The trouble he finds to be in competition, which he calls "the arch-enemy of all true culture, mental as well as physical." Students (at Harvard at least) who hold scholarships must compete, first to get them, and afterwards to keep them. Being asked why they neglect exercise, they almost invariably answer that they haven't time. Dr. SARGENT considers that the real trouble is their fear that if they let up for a moment on the everlasting grind, the nearest rival in the scholarship competition will get ahead of them. To meet this state of things Dr. SARGENT proposes that as most colleges now require its notorious athletes to attain a certain grade in studies

before they can represent their college in athletic contests, so the scholarship men should be required to attain a certain standard in physical achievement as a condition of getting into the competition for scholarships.

A Likely Suggestion

What the practical difficulties may be of putting this suggestion to use we do not know, but it looks pretty sensible. What is naive for the goose commonly answers pretty well for the gander. Harvard alone distributes about \$100,000 a year in scholarships. The true purpose of this money is to educate men who will be useful; men worth educating. It ought not to go to bestow education on men who will be too feeble to make use of it after they get it. No doubt it goes in the main to the right men now, but surely it should be so directed as to make them healthier and more effective men as well as scholars, instead of leading, as Dr. SARGENT thinks it does now, to produce mawkishness for the sake of scholarship.

Relative Scholarship

Harvard finds, as nearly all the other colleges do, that high scholarship among her undergraduates does not bring its winners the popular distinction that eminence in some other field does. It is trying to cultivate more fervor of appreciation among its masses of the achievements of its student scholars. Accordingly, it has made an occasion of its annual award of scholarships and prizes, and has a public meeting about it, and some one to address it. Mr. OWEN WESTER was the distinguished gentleman who this year (on December 18) addressed the Harvard scholars at this annual meeting. To stimulate them to continued exertion he told them that there was not in the teaching force of any American college a single scholar whom the world of scholarship recognized as the highest authority in his branch of learning. "No American university," he said, "possesses one single teacher of undisputed preeminence." Our balance of trade in food products for the year (1907) he found to be 444 millions. Our balance of trade in scholarship, "minus 100 per cent." In discussing this European monopoly of preeminent scholarship he named many names. The American teachers who were most nearly preeminent he found to be BLOOMFIELD of Johns Hopkins in Sanscrit, RICHMOND of Harvard in chemistry, and MICHIGANSON of Chicago in physics. Five masters in their chosen fields he found in HENRY C. LEA, HENRY HOWARD FRANKES, S. WOOD MITCHELL, WALCOTT GIBBS, and CHARLES ELDER NORMAN, but he did not set count them in the world's group of "teachers of undisputed preeminence." Remarkable men, admirable in their various lines, and with international reputations he found in considerable number in the American universities, and he named them and praised their labors, but he urged the young scholars whom he addressed not to let Europe continue to win all the first places in the world-competition in learning. We presume that some of Mr. WESTER's assertions will be disputed when they come to the attention of persons competent to dispute them, but there are comparatively few of us who are informed about the relative eminence of the erudite. The mere dispute, the better. To have talked (and stirred dispute, perhaps) about the world's greatest teachers as though they were worth talking and disputing about, and as though their relative positions were matters of consequence, was a good work, and useful for the purpose it was aimed at. We have seen many columns of newspapers devoted within two months to determining the relative places in order of achievement of American student football-players, and have read some of them, but nothing before for a long time about the comparative distinction of scholars.

Ornithological Phenomena

American eagles are homing birds in these days; also double-eagles. From all over the world they have been on the wing, heading for mouths past for their home ports. A flock of eighty thousand of them came into New York on December 28 from Buenos Ayres, "as bright and new as though they had never been in circulation." Nice birds; and nice of them to show this old-home spirit. From Europe they have come by the million, but it is unusual for so large a flock to make the long journey from South America.

Personal and Pertinent

FITZ-GERALD thought little of his "Omar Khayyam" as a poetic success, and the publishers and booksellers, and the bookbuyers too, did not for a long time give him much reason to change his opinion. He might think better of it in one way if he were alive to-day, and even so he might be disappointed. He might regret that so many persons, among them Americans, loved deeply, sometimes in a maudlin way, the philosophy of the Anglicized Persians poet, persons who cannot understand, or at least enjoy, WILLIAM JAMES'S Pragmatism. We all know, at least, that FITZ-GERALD's poem is now a "seller." So widely known is the poet at present that the other day, when a slice of marriage of JOHN FITZ-GERALD, EDWARD's brother, was buried at Brooklyn, in Suffolk, there were "reporters present" to mention the fact, that across this new-made grave fell the shadow of the rose-tree planted over the neighboring grave of EDWARD FITZ-GERALD. It was planted by the Omar Khayyam Club in 1903, and it bears this inscription: "This rose-tree, raised at New Gardens from seed brought by WILLIAM SIMPSON, artist and traveller, from the grave of OMAR KHAYYAM at Nishapur, was planted by a few admirers of EDWARD FITZ-GERALD, in the name of the Omar Khayyam Club, October 7, 1903."

Not so long ago there occurred at Harvard an illuminating incident on the relations between science and mere education. They have a banquet at Cambridge of which the lower orders think a good deal; it is the ceremony of recognizing with academic display the honors won by undergraduates, and it is participated in by professors and people of that sort. It is an exhibition of mind, and it is attended by the fifty or so of honor-graders and by about as many more students who have grabbed in vain. The other day a distinguished Congressman was invited to make the address, and, being a Dartmouth man and having heard humorous innuendoes of the higher ideals prevailing at Cambridge, he was surprised that the evidences of mind in the ungrateful part of the audience were so inconsiderable. After his oration, which was, unfortunately, not directed to the legs or the arms or the chests of the students, he expressed to a neighboring gown his surprise that he hadn't a bigger audience: he thought that he could get a better one down-town. He even went so far as to express regret that his own son, who was an undergraduate of the university, had not seen fit to be present to hear his "pa." "Why," said the gown, "you couldn't expect him to devote any time to the concerns of the mind; he's on the 'variety nine!'"

"Wooten is out for McCall's seat in Congress?" Such was the startling announcement which appeared the other day in a Boston paper, not the *Tribune*, but JOHN M. WOOTEN is the man meant, and he is otherwise known as "Somerville's Strong Man." He has written a circular about himself, and he has proclaimed his own virtues at great length. He is the most recent of the "strong men" who have made up their minds that SAM is out for the district long enough, and that they will now take it away from him. Most of them have been more gracious about it than "Somerville's Strong Man," and have been willing that SAM should have another term or two before they turned him out, but every such term or two that they wish SAM has grown in strength and in grace, and therefore aspirant after aspirant has ceased to breathe defiance against him. The "Strong Man," however, expects to do the job, but it is tough. The other day a leading statesman, who has not liked McCALL's insistence in saying what he thinks, was talking about him to President KIDDER in a way that would have satisfied the "Strong Man's" soul. McCALL was this and that and the other thing, and this was small and that was smaller and the other thing was smaller. Finally, KIDDER wisely observed that if McCALL was such a little bit of a thing as all that, he wondered why the statesman should take the trouble to talk so much about him, and should bother himself so much with thinking about him. The statesman's wit saved him, for he answered, "because, sir, he represents Harvard." Well, that worked one way that time, and it may work another way another time. "Somerville's Strong Man" will probably not find it working to his advantage.

The Southern newspapers are just now talking more about JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON, the Governor of Minnesota, than about any of their own people for the Democratic nomination for President. JOHNSON is a good-looking American—for there is no Swedish peculiarity in his face—something after the fashion of Mr. ASQUITH, or of CHAMBERLAIN as he was, for they say in England that CHAMBERLAIN acquired an American look after he had invented the caucus for Birmingham politics. JOHNSON's father was born in Sweden, and he came to this country in 1852. He married a Swedish girl in Minnesota, whether he went when he landed. The old man wasn't of much use to his family, and so often left his togs—for he was a blacksmith—for the joy of drink that he died in an almshouse. The family had to struggle up by its own unaided strength, and, as it had a real mother and a real woman

at its head, the boy was stimulated by her. Somehow or other he got some degree of useful education, but, above all, he impressed the people of the State with his calmness and sound judgment. They sent him to the Legislature several times, and the Democrats ran him for Governor in 1904. He had a great victory. While JOHNSON carried the State by more than 100,000 majority, JOHNSON had more than 700,000 plurality. He had changed 84,000 votes. Then running a second time on a platform with one plank—"one good term deserves another"—he carried the State by 72,000. This made MRS. HENRY WATSON sit up and take notice. He is a modest man, a direct speaker, and believes that government should not undertake to do what one letter he done by private enterprise. The Gridiron Club would be astonished by his appearance in evening clothes. He seemed to fit them so well. Fancy thing to notice in this country, isn't it?

As all the world knows, a Danish sailor, Captain ROALD AMUNDSEN, succeeded last year in taking his vessel, the *Gjøa*, through the Northwest Passage, being the first man in all history to sail from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the arctic seas; and readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will remember Captain AMUNDSEN's extremely interesting account of this extraordinary achievement. Since he arrived at Bering Sea and then sailed southward past the Alaskan Islands, along the Alaskan coast, and so on to the Golden Gate, his little 73-foot sloop has been lying in the harbor at San Francisco. As this diminutive vessel made a voyage which baffled every other craft undertaking it for more than 400 years, it had been generally expected that the *Gjøa* would be taken to Denmark, and there be permanently preserved with the same rare shows in the preservation of the well-known Viking ship discovered long ago—thus forming an exhibit of which the Danish nation would be forever proud. We understand now, however, that the *Gjøa* may not go back to Denmark after all; and it might be worth while for one of our American museums to ascertain whether she could not be permanently preserved here, inasmuch as her achievement lay in coasting along the most northern boundary of the continent of North America. It should not be difficult to bring the *Gjøa* to New York or another Atlantic port, inasmuch as should not be obtained by one of the institutions of the Pacific slope. A crew of six or seven men could sail her through the strait and northward to the Atlantic, or she probably could be placed on the deck of some large sailing-vessel bound from San Francisco to New York or Boston. Unless Captain AMUNDSEN has made a definite plan for the disposal of his craft, the idea suggested above might be found to be entirely practicable.

A new Diary has been published in England. It is that of WILLIAM AINSLIE, who died in 1889, and these reminiscences of CARLYLE from it will interest everybody:

We learn that CARLYLE looked on his *Cromwell* as much the most important book he had written. *Heritor Rectoris*, in the retrospect at least, delighted him not, though it brought him much benediction. As to *Frederick the Great*, he said that it occupied him thirteen years, eight of them having been spent in writing the book, and that he had had mountains of dust and rubbish to swallow. "My mind was full of *Frederick*. I used to ride a great deal then, and when I came in I usually had an hour's bright talk or so (ah me!), and then after dinner sat down to *Frederick*—she silent in another corner of the room. Often I think she would have been glad to speak to me—ah dear. . . . Well, it nearly killed me. It was the desire and longing of my life to finish it."

Once the conversation turned to NAPOLEON III., CARLYLE had known him when he was kicking his heels about London in unhappy exile—"Met him at dinner—he made up to me rather, understanding as to be a writer, who might, perhaps, be a help to him somehow. His talk was a puddle of revolutionary nonsense. He was internally a mass of darkness. I used to meet him often in the street, mostly about St. James Square. His face had a melancholy look that was rather affecting at first, but I soon recognized that it was the sadness of an opera-singer who cannot get an engagement. When I heard of him afterwards as Emperor, I said to myself, 'Gad, sir, you've got an opera engagement such as no one could possibly have expected!'" WHISTLER, CARLYLE described as the "most absurd creature on the face of the earth." He thought that the painter was more concerned to depict his coat than his face. BROWNING he liked as a man to a notable extent, but he could not away with his poetry. "He ingeniously twists up the English language into riddles." BURNS, he declared, was the greatest poet since SHAKESPEARE—as for KEATS, he wanted to live in a "world of flowers."

They say that Senator WARREN, of Wyoming, is going to make ROBERT EVANS a vice-admiral. This is what the newspaper headlines say, at least; but when you read a little farther down into the sensible part of the column you find that the Senator has introduced a bill which provides that there shall be the grade of vice-admiral in the navy, and this must embrace the army, seeing that the corresponding grade of lieutenant-general has not so long since been abolished. The merits of the question, however, are too grave for serious discussion in this column, which has just political intelligence enough to be glad, if the grade is going round, with its

extra pay and gold here, that "Bon" will get it first. The last time there was talk about a vice-admiral the rank was to be for SAMPSON. EVANS wanted SAMPSON to be a vice-admiral, and so did CHADWICK, of course; so also did HARRY TAYLOR, EVANS's brother-in-law, and FOGGIE and ROBINSON and a lot of other first-rate sea-fighters. Then some civilians wanted two vice-admirals, the one to be for SCHLEY, but that couldn't go through, and so the whole thing was dropped. SAMPSON didn't expect it, and was so willing to give it up that he did make it impossible for the bill to live. SAMPSON was much more concerned about his officers and his men than about himself. He always told that the long and anxious siege which had been maintained at Santiago was the naval achievement of the war, and naval experts here and abroad, including the Spanish, agreed with him. The unfortunate controversy which had been engendered by certain politicians prevented the recognition which SAMPSON believed to be due to his officers and men. How perfect that blockade was is to be seen in the diary of the Spanish officer of the port of Santiago. Having noted that before SAMPSON's arrival the "enemy" disappeared to the south, and every day towards nightfall," he notes in one brief entry that after SAMPSON's arrival a close blockade was maintained until the end. It is further evidenced by PAGEY's exclamation—PAGEY, the British naval attaché—on going aboard the *New York* one day, and finding himself so close to shore and to the Spanish batteries. "How damned impudent!" he exclaimed. But SAMPSON grumbled because while HENRY's men had medals to wear when they went ashore, his men, who had watched the Spanish day and night for months, and who finally prevented their escape, had none; while his officers could not have the promotion that they deserved. So he wrote a letter to President McKinley, preferring charges against SCHLEY, in order to have the matter cleared up so that his officers and men might be rewarded, and renouncing any promotion for himself. EVANS and TAYLOR and some of the others didn't like that remembrance and protested, but the letter went forward and was pigeonholed—only the remembrance held.

CAMPBELL McIL. WINSTON is now, for a time at least—so long as the staff of the navy consent—the head of the Bureau of Navigation. He is young and only a Commander, but he is very near to being a captain. The daily newspapers have told the country that he married THEODORE HAYMEYER's daughter, and no one who knows him has any doubt that whatever he has he has by his merit. He is very good-looking as well as very intelligent, and he combines the talents of a modern officer (he is familiar with steel and steam and machines) with the genial and rather reckless character of an old-fashioned sea-dog. On the other side of him, he might, if he were as old as some retired admirals, a few specimens of whom are still extant and flying about at the club, be grudgingly forgiven when he is heard to say "can't see nothing when he looks aloft." But WINSTON is too young for that, and has too much education. He is of good New England—Massachusetts stock—and his folks are proud of him. So are his friends, warm among whom is HUGHES. The President likes him, too, but he also liked HUGHES. Root is very fond of him; he took the Secretary around in the *Charleston* on the South-American cruise. It ought to be said that WINSTON doesn't believe that a doctor can command a ship any more than a steam-engineer can fight a turret or shoot off a torpedo, or a locomotive sing a song. WINSTON's life has been pleasant of late years, but there was a time when it wasn't, but when the Department seemed to be doing its best to make it a burden and to fill it with pins. WINSTON was the first officer of the navy to develop the latent resources of the torpedo-boat; he was in command of the *Cooking*, and he made himself and the boat famous. He was said to be a naval cavalryman. He dashed about in the *Cooking* in a seemingly reckless and dangerous way. Sometimes passengers on board of Long Island Sound steamboats were vastly lightened when the *Cooking* would dash at them as if it were going to sail through their wooden or sheet-iron hulls; but WINSTON always knew how to stop the little devil in time. He was also employed to amuse Secretaries of the Navy and the like with the aquatic antics of his little boat. They had a good deal of fun out of it, and seemed to think that WINSTON had, too; and he did have professional fun, but it was nerve and body wearing work all the same. A torpedo-boat is not the most comfortable dwelling-place that the human mind ever desired, and in those days such a boat as the *Cooking* was a trifle worse than its modern successors. A man must be younger even than a Brutus—say about as young as a midshipman—in deep night after night in a partially submerged hulk, and to wake up to the splash of the icebergs dripping in his face. So when WINSTON had performed his hardy service and had gone ashore he had a bad case of nerves—and while it was temporary it was hard. There happened to be, at the time, at the head of the Bureau of Navigation a mind that knew not torpedo service, nor, indeed, much of any kind of sea service. In foreign service the command of a torpedo-boat counted for a good deal of sea service, but to this particular mind it did not count for any sea service at all. WINSTON thought that he had earned a little repose; the mind decided that he had been playing around the shore, so it ordered the young officer off to a leaky old tub

on the Pacific and scoffed at the doctors' protests. The doctors in this instance were doing staff duty. WINSTON had no consolation in those dreary days, except in the bosom of society, where he properly received much sympathy. This gave him some pleasure, but he never enjoyed the sympathy half as much as the mind enjoyed its unpopularity. In the end the President, this time also, took the side of the staff which was performing, as we have said, strictly staff duties, and WINSTON rested and recovered. Now we shall see the staff and the line again in action, and will be able to note the result. Not many days ago WINSTON expected to go to sea next May; perhaps he will go, notwithstanding.

Correspondence

IS A PRESS CENSOR NECESSARY?

PARK TOWER, December 25, 1897.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—One given to the newspaper habit, or even to novel-reading, must confess that the *crisis* for sensationalism is sweeping over the length and the breadth of the land.

In this Rooseveltian age, when we do our own thinking, we speak in glowing terms of the freedom of the press and yet we mothers burn the papers that date print the testimony in the Thaw trial and the Bradley case, that our innocent daughters may not be polluted.

And yet we have been "taken in" in our latest novel by a woman of deservedly international literary fame, the author of a story for children which is already a recognized classic, an author who has been held in such esteem that, heretofore, any book that she might write would be given without question, to sweet gradations, unswayed, by otherwise careful parents.

In *The Shuttle*, however, this author has stooped to conquer, and thereby has placed an indelible blot upon her literary credit by discovering us one last chapter.

At once the reader comes under the spell of this fascinating book, so full of "Americanisms," almost fearlessly narrating the two threads of the story—the American and the English. Pushing on to the climax (which is at the end of the book), what do we find? Pages devoted to the description of an attempted criminal assault upon the heroine by an English lord—a description so vivid as to cause his woman readers to shudder and to be filled with disgust and horror.

There are things too base to be written of or discussed. This final chapter needs expurgation. Is a press censor becoming a necessity? Most certainly, if the George Eliot of our day is to become a Guide: if the offense of the author is to go unrebuked.

In this particular case a liberal use of pen-knife is recommended if there are no buzzards in the neighborhood to relieve the stench.

I am, sir,

ESTITA T. KIRKPATRICK.

We think this correspondent's strictures entirely absurd and unwarranted.—EDITOR.

GO SLOW WITH TARES

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—In the parable of the tares is found—"But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them."—MATTHEW xiii, 29.

To be learned by "the man who reaped the host."

I am, sir,

F. R. W.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF PORTO RICO'S GOVERNOR

New York, December 27, 1897.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—In your issue of December 7 you publish an article by William Hughes, concerning the troubles in Porto Rico between Governor Post and the educational authorities and mismanagers of the island. It so happens that I visited that number of the WEEKLY, and have only just had my attention called to the article.

As your article well explains, the whole trouble and the present controversy grew out of a speech delivered by Governor Post in September to the superintendents of schools of the island and the officials of the Department of Education. For the past two years I have held the position of General Superintendent of Schools of the island. I was present at the meeting of the superintendents which was addressed by Governor Post. The indication meeting of the superintendents held after the termination of the speech and the subsequent meetings held to determine what action, if any, was to be taken by the superintendents as a body, were held in my home in San Juan, and I officiated as chairman. Taking into account these circumstances, it will, I think, be conceded that I am in a position to know and state the facts.

The remarks attributed to Governor Post in your article, first printed in the *Porto Rico Review*, and subsequently reprinted in HARPER'S WEEKLY, are a true and almost verbatim report of the Governor's speech. His abuse of the superintendents, his statement that the superintendents and the misdoings were responsible for the anti-Americanism in the island, his statement that the misdoings were the worst of all, his use of blasphemous language—these are all facts and have been correctly reported. It is also true that the speech was delivered at the private residence of Commissioner of Education Dexter, that Governor Post was Commissioner Dexter's invited guest, and that Commissioner Dexter attempted to excuse

the Governor's remarks by saying that Governor Post was "in his cups."

In your article you publish Governor Post's denial. In it he states that the meeting where the speech was delivered was an administrative conference. This is not in accordance with the facts, it being in reality a social occasion at which the Governor was invited to speak. He states that he called the superintendents together and talked to them further, after which they decided not to tender their resignations. This is contrary to the facts, for he did not call them together. They met of their own volition, and he went to their place of meeting. He states that he did not make any apology. Nevertheless, his remarks were so construed by those present who heard him, he states that the language attributed to him is distorted and garbled and most of it without foundation. I have already stated that the remarks as reported were actually delivered and the facts as given were correctly stated.

Since the publication of your article, and presumably because of it, Senator Garfield has called to Mr. William Sweet, editor of the *Porto Rico Review*, asking if he can substantiate the charges first printed in the *Review* and subsequently reprinted in the *Inglis* article in HARPER'S WEEKLY. In response to this called request, Editor Sweet, who is an ex-Congressman (he represented the State of Idaho), has forwarded to Secretary of the Interior Garfield an affidavit sworn to before the Clerk of the Federal Court of San Juan, and signed by the superintendents of schools, J. Warshaw and J. F. Packard, and mentioning as witnesses who were present and heard the Governor's speech seventeen other superintendents of schools and high officials of the Department of Education. This affidavit very positively states that Governor Post's remarks were correctly reported. Copies of the affidavit are being sent to the President, to Senator Foraker, and to other members of the Senate Confirmation Committee.

As your article has attracted widespread attention among those interested in the welfare of things educational and governmental in our West-Indian possessions and up to the present time has done our forward either to affirm the truth of your article or to confirm or deny Governor Post's answer in charges made, I trust that you will find place to publish in the WEEKLY this statement from one who is exceptionally well situated to know the truth of the affair.

I am, sir,

LEONARD P. ABRAHAM,
General Superintendent of Schools of Porto Rico.
(On Leave of Absence).

A FAMOUS EPIDRAME

New York, November 15, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As an Englishman who has been three years in your country you will allow me to say that I consider there is more common sense and sound judgment in your comments upon British politics than I can discover in all other American periodicals. I am glad to permit me to point out that you have fallen into an error in crediting Mr. Lloyd George with the famous epigram, "The more the British Empire expands, the more the Chamberlain family contracts."

The author of that witicism—it was the one lonely joke perpetrated through Britain during the dark days of the Boer war—was not Mr. Lloyd George, but Mr. C. K. Griffiths. It was made at the time Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, a brother of the ex-Colonial Secretary, had instituted an action for libel against the *Morning Leader* for publishing articles suggesting that the managing director of Kynocks, Limited, had endeavored to get contracts for his firm on the strength of his family connection with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

I believe the plaintiff sought \$250,000 damages. The jury awarded him a few hundred.

I am, sir,

H. COHEN-HARDY.

THE HOPI INDIANS

Pasadena, California, November 26, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Apropos of Mr. Jackson's sympathetic article on the Hopi Indians in your issue of November 20, I would like also to call attention to the little-known fact that these Indians are not "wards of the government." In the sense that the Sioux and Yon and Apaches are, but citizens of the United States; and being entitled to the rights which that condition implies, the corrective treatment to which they have been subjected is entirely unwarranted. The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona—of whom the Hopi are a section—were awarded those rights of citizenship by virtue of the treaty with Mexico ceding to us the southwestern territory over half a century ago. The Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed the Pueblo more than once. I believe in this status, "with power to own, control, manage, purchase, and alienate, and to exercise all the rights and privileges of citizens." As certain special Territorial laws have restricted the voting privileges of these Indians to matters pertaining to their own communities, the politicians have not had the particular fear for them that they have had for the colored brother, and so the fact of their citizenship has remained unobserved to the mass of Americans. It is shameful that our government, which professes to guarantee life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to all its citizens, should have allowed these humble red children of the Hopi nation to be disgraced and harassed as they have been of late years. If a Hopi chooses to wear his hair long, as his people have done from time immemorial, he has the same right to do so as I have

to wear a full beard or side-whiskers; and as to his dances, they are to him solemn religious ceremonies, to which he surely has the same right as the Episcopalian to the ritual of his Church or the Quaker to his silent meeting.

In common with all the Pueblo communities, the Hopi Indians are a peaceable, kindly, industrious people, who have attained to a marked degree of civilization through their own efforts, and have forced the desert to yield them a livelihood—a fact that in itself makes them worthy of American citizenship, even if the law had not already invested them with it. They are the practitioners of many beautiful native arts, notably pottery and weaving, and of quaint and interesting customs that make their picturesque villages a Mecca for ethnologists, artists, and travelers of taste. Instead of being stupidly and criminally forced into white men's clothes and ways, these Indians should be encouraged in their ancient customs; or, at the very least, they should be let alone, and allowed to exercise their own choice in matters pertaining to their own welfare—a right to which under the law they are clearly entitled.

I am, sir,

CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS.

HARD ON SUBSCRIBERS TO BONDS

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—On November 18 the Secretary of the Treasury issued a call for subscriptions to \$400,000,000 of the certificates of indebtedness authorized by Section 32, Act of June 13, 1898. The published notice may be referred to for particulars, among which I respectfully call your attention to the following, viz: a requirement that each subscriber should pay in at the Subtreasury nearest the point of subscription on or before December 1, 1907, the full value of certificates named in the allotment, etc., and a promise that allotments will be made as rapidly as possible, it being recited that for such subscriptions as are made immediately, the Secretary of the Treasury is prepared to deliver temporary receipts, etc.

Under the above call a friend of mine subscribed at the Boston Subtreasury, on November 20, for \$100,000 of the above-described certificates. As the statement at the Subtreasury in this city, and I presume at other Subtreasuries, was that each would be required on allotment, my friend made arrangements with his bank for cash deposited therein, and awaited the coming of December 1, on or before which date it appeared by the circular allotment would probably be made. Did not thousands of other ordinary citizens, without banking influence, do likewise? If so, such citizens are finding with my friend that, depending on the good faith of the government, and expecting a fair return, they have been not only discriminated against in favor of the banks, but they have held their money idle during the great uplift in the bond market, and must now pay from fifty points upward more for each investment bond and from ten to twenty points more for each intervening share of stock which they would naturally have selected for their savings had not the Secretary of the Treasury intervened with his investing office.

My friend finds that he has suffered an appreciable loss. I do not doubt but that he has many thousands for company. What is your judgment of this kind of national financing? Does it make for confidence?

Granted that the call was ill-judged and *ad hoc*, should not subscribers have been notified at once that they would receive no allotment? I sympathize with Mr. Cortelyou's desire to save his face after making a break, but submit that it is ill-judged for a fiscal minister to place his own interest before that of the people.

I am, sir,

CITIZEN.

CAUSERS OF THE PANIC

Boston, Mass., December 25, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 7, in an article entitled "Roosevelt and the Panic," you refer in a very commendatory way to a study which I have made of the panic of 1903, published in "National Problems." The conclusions, however, which you draw from the article in regard to the cause of the present panic do not seem to me to be justified. An academic student of economic affairs hesitates to pronounce a final judgment until all the evidence is in. But it seems to me that there are sufficient data already at hand to show that the present financial and industrial disturbance is logically occasioned by the working out of a variety of forces which cannot be attributed to the attitude of any one man, even if he have enormous executive power behind him.

In the interpretation of the present situation we must take into account the vast increase in the supply of gold; the dissipation of prices on an ascending scale; the rush of industrial enterprise to secure the profits which accompany the production of goods; the strenuous desire to increase capital and the consequent increasing rise in the rate of interest; the revaluation of old securities at a lower price with loss to their holders; the great strain upon banking capital as evidenced in the call and time money rates in the money market; the waste of capital by wars, earthquakes, and in extravagant living. If to these factors should be added bad banking practices, as shown more particularly in the unscrupulous methods of trust companies, and the backing up of loan capital in enterprises not immediately productive, there will be found a much easier explanation of the trials through which the country is passing than to make them attributable to President Roosevelt.

I am, sir,

DANIEL R. DREW.

Submerging Eight Villages in a Drinking Fountain

BY
WILLIAM
INGLIS

DRAWINGS BY
VERNON
HOWE
BAILEY

TOWARD the close of a sultry forenoon in the summer of 1914 a solitary traveller might have been seen up-pouching the ticket-window of the West Shore Railroad Company at the foot of West Forty-second Street. Tropical suns had deeply tanned his rugged face, and there gleamed in his piercing blue eyes the spark of eager expectancy which burns in those who return from long sojourn in foreign lands.

"Give me," said he, boldly, "a single ticket to Broadhead's Bridge."

"Don't sell to Broadhead's Bridge," said the ticket-agent, politely, after a start of surprise and a scrutiny of his rack.

"Yes, you do, too," responded the traveller. "It ain't on your main line. It's on the Ulster and Delaware road, and I change at Kingston."

"No; not here; never heard of it," declared the agent, still polite, but very firm.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the traveller. "Guess you're new on the road. You must have tickets to Broadhead's Bridge. It's the nearest station to Ulster Bridge, where I was born and raised, on the banks of the Esopus River."

"Non-sense," said the ticket-agent after another search; "no Broadhead's Bridge nor Ulster Bridge. We do sell over the Ulster and Delaware. There's Brown's Station, Cold Brook, Moosic Place—"

"One minute, there!" the traveller interrupted. "Give me a ticket to Brown's Sta-



Site of the Great Ashokan Reservoir, to be a Lake Twelve Miles long for supplying New York with Water

tion. That's pretty nigh Broadhead's, though I'll find my way home somehow when I get round to it. I've seen it been down in South America mining for a spell of ten years or so, and now I'm going back to see the folks and get some of that faded wool they all

ways have waiting for the feller that comes home with a bunch o' nuggets. And, you mark my words, nuster, I'll find Broadhead's Bridge up there, and Ulster Bridge too, 'less they've been and changed the map considerable."

The traveller questioned the young conductor on the journey up the line, but he, too, was positive that there was no such place as Broadhead's Bridge or Ulster Bridge on the face of the earth. He would tell the traveller what he would do: he would let him a good ten-cent seegar against a toothpick that there wasn't any such place on the map.

"Oh, shucks!" cried the traveller, a little peevishly. "You rail road people don't know much about Ulster County. Never mind! I'll show 'em."

Changing cars at Kingston, the traveller felt reassured when the conductor with C. & D. in gold letters on his blue cap gave the signal and the train began its journey northward. He rejoiced exceedingly when the familiar landscape of Stony Hollow unfolded itself before the flying car-windows, though shortly afterward he sat up and rubbed his eyes in amazement to find that the train unexpectedly whirled off to the southward and skirted the shores of a shimmering lake where, according to his recollection and in the language of the old song, no lake ought to be. He was still puzzled when the train stopped at Brown's Station, and he presently found himself on the platform, staring out upon a vast inland sea that extended for six miles on either hand both eastward and westward.

"Is that—is that real water?" he asked the boss of the station.

"Surest thing you know," replied that official. "Gosh! I've all beat out," cried the traveller. "Say, what d'ye call that lake? I never saw it before."

"Lake nothin'," replied the station agent, cheerfully. "That's Ashokan Reservoir, and it's full of one hundred and twenty billion gallons of water for New York city people to drink—both straight and mixed—and wash in and put out fires and run their factories with."

"Nukes alive!" cried the visitor. "You don't say! Tell me how I'll get over to Ulster Bridge? I've seen, I been away quite a spell, and I'd like to see the folks—higher walk up through the back yard past the old wheel with the milk-pans drying on it, and step in and hanez up my hat reel quiet—underground."

"Well, I'll tell you," the agent suggested kindly. "If you can do those stunts you're talkin' of you're the greatest submarine diving wonder of the world and you've got Laurine the Water Queen gurgling for help. Why, the village of Ulster Bridge is just one hundred and eighty feet under the surface of this water you see, three mile off there to the left."

"Dye mean t' tell me our old homestead's gone? Can't I even see the chimney?" the visitor insisted. "I'm Homer Magdore, I



West Shokan
TO BE SUBMERGED UNDER
FORTY FEET OF WATER



ASHOKAN RESERVOIR WHICH EFFACES EIGHT VILLAGES

WHEN THE WORK IS COMPLETED, AS HERE SHOWN, THE HAMLETS PROKAN, WEST SHOKAN, GLENFORD, BROOKHEAD'S BRIDGE, AND-
TON, OLIVE BRIDGE, WEST HURLEY, AND ROSSETT WILL HAVE BEEN BAZED TO THE GROUND AND THEIR SITES DEEPLY FLOODED

DRAWN BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

am, and my folks cuts considerable bread these parts."

"Maybe the superintendent of the reservoir 'll take you out in his power-launch," the agent said. "He can tell you pretty near where the old place was, seeing they have complete maps and charts of all the country at the bottom of the reservoir. Then, if you can see sixty yards down through solid water, you'll see where the old place used to be. Every house in the country that's under water now was clean burned up and the ashes carted away. Your folks have moved out to Standakes."

The incidents thus far recorded may well be considered to have taken place after the new Ashokan Reservoir shall have been completed. The creation of this inland sea is one of the greatest engineering feats ever undertaken by any municipality, and the changes to be brought are nothing short of marvellous.

The most casual lay observer needs but one glance at the great Ashokan basin to see how vast an enterprise is this latest effort to provide New York city with one more cupful of water—a cupful only figuratively, of course, for as a matter of fact this new source of supply is expected to send down to the thirty city five hundred millions of gallons every day. Americans are so accustomed to think in large figures that they are apt to overlook their full significance. But consider—one hundred millions of gallons of water would heat a good-sized fleet of war-ships. Multiply that volume by five, and you have a fair idea of the amount of water that the new Ashokan basin will give us during every twenty-four hours. And this, of course, will not be even half the amount of water consumed daily by the metropolis of the Western world. Half of the five hundred millions of gallons will be derived from the springs and streams in the Ashokan basin, the other half from the Catskill, Rondout, and Schoharie reservoirs, a few miles away.

Esopus Creek, the principal stream in the new basin, is not big enough to float a Hudson ferry-boat very far. There are deep pools, of course, as at Olive Bridge, where a yachting squadron might safely ride at anchor, but throughout most of its course the creek is a big, noisy, brawling brook, rattling over boulders and pebbles and dashing gaily down slaty rapids on its way to the Hudson. The stream is seldom more than eighty feet wide, and where it reaches this width it is shallow.

But careful analysis showed that the water was pure and free from any of the taints that might render it unfit for use as a beverage, and moreover it was found to be much softer than water—that is, not so impregnated with lime and silicious ingredients. The other stream in the Ashokan valley—Beaverkill Creek—is much smaller than Esopus Creek, and its water, although rendered

of sufficient volume to yield 250,000,000 gallons a day, they made accurate surveys of the Ashokan valley, and found that by erecting a great dam at Olive Bridge, one mile wide and two hundred and twenty feet deep, also a series of smaller dams extending for nearly three miles east and west of Brown's Station, they

Old Shokan

HERE THE WATER IS TO BE TWENTY FEET DEEP



could create an inland sea twelve miles long and two miles wide whose boundary crossings is a great are from southwest to east should be a wall of mountains, including several of the highest peaks to be found in the Catskills.

Now that all the surveys have been made, most of the surveys at the sites of dams and dikes completed, and the work of building the dams actually begun, it is interesting to view the great valley with its eight villages, scores of churches, schools, factories, and farms, as well as miles of railroad track, and bridges—all of which must be publicly swept out of existence to make room for New York's newest big cupful of water. Brown's Station, sixteen miles west of Kingston on the Hudson, stands on an elevation five hundred feet above sea level and ninety miles north of New York. It is from this point that the newly created inland sea will stretch away on either hand to east and west, in outline vaguely resembling the wings of a flying bat, of which Brown's Station would represent the body. The artificial lake, which the creators hope to have completed within the next seven years, will extend over an area equivalent to that of Manhattan Island, ranging in depth from a ripple to two hundred and twenty feet, and containing one hundred and twenty billions of gallons—120,000,000,000—of water.

The gallons, by the way, is such a tiny unit of measurement that even the picture of it in hundreds of billions gives but a faint suggestion of how vast the inland sea will appear, whether backing in silvery calm under June suns or roaring in white-mountain, sudden and when lashed by November gales.

From a high and windy hilltop a mile back of the station one can command a sweeping view of the entire valley. Far down the gorge at Olive Bridge the waters are crashing over rocks and plunging over a vein with a roar that comes but faintly to our ears a mile away. The low, flat, snow-laden meadows surrounded by mountains have the appearance of having been prepared for the very use they are to fulfill. As ranged in a far-flung are beyond them, their lofty heads wrapped in swirling-snow clouds, are the mountains which form the wall of the sea that shall exist obedient to the will of man. There is something Titanic in the very roll-call of these huge buttresses of rock and earth that have stood for ages patiently awaiting their turn of service—High Point, South Mountain, Banner, Baboon Cap, The Slide, Cornell, Wittenberg, Mount Pleasant, Tietz, Tietz, and Tietz, Spread

among the foothills and along the banks of the streams, with many a pleasant farmstead in between, are the eight villages which are to be destroyed—Olive Bridge, Broadhead, Bridge, Boisterous, West Shokan, Shokan, Standakes, and West Hurley. These are the characteristic and hitherto untroubled hamlets of the region which have needed many years to grow in that hill-girdled quiet.



Broadhead's Bridge
ONE OF THE SCENIC
POINTS, NINETEEN FEET
IN CHAIN WATER

hazy at times by vegetable stains from the meadows, is found to be excellent for human consumption.

So when the engineers and other experts had determined a few years ago, that these streams and their little tributaries were not only potable, but

If the capacity for taking infinite pains had not been long ago adopted as the definition of genius, it might have been ascribed to dam engineering. The work that has been done upon the Ashokan Reservoir project during the past year has been chiefly preparatory for what is to be done during the next seven, yet it is of great extent and importance. In establishing a reservoir

Two hundred acres of forest land must be cleared before the water is collected in the reservoir. Not only must the trees be chopped down and dragged away, but the stumps and roots must be cleared out, too, even the rootlets down to those one inch in diameter. Thirty small cemeteries will be eliminated, the skeletons decently reburied, and all the adjacent soil carried away to a safe distance. The houses constituting the eight villages will all be leveled to the ground and their ashes carted away. It used to be the custom to sacrifice these houses, in the days of building earlier reservoirs, but the thrifty owners formed combinations, and each man bid in his own without rivalry for the fixed price of \$50, then refused to move it off the reservoir site until after long and expensive litigation. So now, as a matter of safety and speed, the order is to burn houses and clear the sites. The most interesting house to go—from the historical point of view—is Will Avery's home at Shokan, which is very ancient, and stands upon the site of the old black-house from inside whose stout walls the earliest Dutch settlers took pot shots at the attacking Indian hordes.

As to how many miles of railroad-track must be removed, to make way for the reservoir, even the engineers do not know up to this date. The furthest eastern flow-line has not yet been fixed with certainty, and upon the determination of this will rest the movement of the tracks. This change will include, of course, the carrying away of the railroad-station buildings and side tracks, spurs, etc., from the various villages affected, and their reestablishment on sites higher up the mountainsides. Incidentally, thirty miles of macadamized highway will be built around the highway, and a strip of land, varying from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half in width, will be taken across the water-line to ensure perfect cleanliness of the intake.

The question of damages to be awarded for property taken for the Ashokan Reservoir promises to remain a burning issue for many years to come. The moving of the railroad will be a rather simple matter, and the settlement of damages not much more difficult, for the engineers have had a census made of the railroad business, including all the passengers who ride to and from the condensed stations in the course of the year. But for every acre of land taken, whether farm, forest, or water right, the most remarkable and famous claims have been made. One man who owns a seventy-nine-acre farm, part of which is on the dam site, asks \$150,000 for it because the water rights are so valuable. Of course the water rights were practically nothing until the city of New York began to collect water with its dams. The owner of a sixty-nine-acre farm modestly asked \$90,250 for it, saying that that was its marketable value, as distinguished from its market value. Men who have hitherto raised hoop-poles and hickories on their farms now hope to raise millions of dollars.

The entire Ashokan district will be clean as a baby's Dresden trumpet before the dams are closed and the reservoir flooded. Every sordid trace of the occupation of the 12,000 acres of land by man or beast will be wiped and swept away, and the site will be as free from animal contamination as it was at the dawn



The Head of the Reservoir
VIEW FROM OLIVE BRIDGE
AS IT NOW LOOKS

the faculty of accurate and infallible precision is absolutely necessary. Imagine what would happen if a dam should give way—the loss of life and destruction of property in the immediate neighborhood of the reservoir! These would be awful enough, as the Johnstown disaster of June, 1889, bears witness, yet only a small proportion of the loss that would ensue. For a break in such a great reservoir as this would mean a water famine in New York, and a water famine in New York would mean not only a dearth of water for drinking, cooking, and bathing, but a lack of water for flushing any sewer system, and that would inevitably mean a deadly plague of typhoid fever.

With such a dread calamity always in view, as the result of structural weakness, the engineers have groped deep in the earth to find a safe resting place for the dams that will resist the heaviest pressure of the water. The element of chance has been eliminated, so far as human foresight could eliminate it. Thin drops of borings have been made covering the entire site of the great principal dam at Olive Bridge through silt and shale and slate clear down to the great primordial rock which antedates the glacial period. Upon this immovable foundation will stand the core of cyclopean masonry which will form the backbone of the 3000-foot dam. And as even in this rock floor certain fissures appear, a series of traps and vents has been arranged to carry away the seepage and avoid the possibility of any erosion of the dam itself. The core of masonry will be 1000 feet long, 150 feet wide at the bottom, and twenty-six feet four inches wide at the top. The continuations, or "wings," stretching away for 2000 feet on either hand will be rolled and packed every four inches on the water side, and every six inches on the lower side, so that when the vast wall of stone and earth is completed, it will be structurally stronger than any of the mountains ever at hand. Of masonry alone the dam will contain 347,000 cubic yards. In the dam and all the dikes that supplement it 7,000,000 cubic yards of earth-filling will be used. A most careful survey has been made, so that the exact contents of the reservoir for every inch of depth is accurately recorded.



West Hurley
END OF THE VILLAGES AT THE EASTERN END OF THE
RESERVOIR TRACT WHICH WILL SUBSIDIZE UNDER
FIFTY-SEVEN FEET OF WATER

of creation. Even the underbrush and the alluvial deposits along Beaver Kill and Rat Vley Kill, the presence of which colors the waters brown every autumn, will be cut and dug and dredged away. In the two hundred acres of forest land which are to be degraded men are to-day chopping and hauling timber to saw.

(Continued on page 32.)

The Needless Peril of the Coal-mine

By GEORGE H. CUSHING



COAL-MINE explosions are increasing in number and severity in the United States. They are going to continue to increase unless measures be taken to effect new conditions that are constantly arising. Both miners and mine-owners are taking steps to find a remedy, and the government now purposes to give them valuable aid.

Within four weeks, beginning in the latter part of November, the nation was shocked by as many mine explosions. By the disasters at the Naomi Mine of the United Coal Company near Fayette City, Pennsylvania; at the Menomah Mine of the Consolidation Coal Company at Monongah, West Virginia; at Yolande, Alabama, in the mine of the Yolande Coal Company; and at the Darr Mine of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, in the Connellsville District of Pennsylvania—over 700 persons were killed. It is peculiar that the cause of each one of these explosions was a variation only from that of all the other three. In no sense could they be regarded as cataclysms, occurring suddenly and mysteriously. They were the natural expression of a certain disregard for natural and yet dangerous conditions.

The easy thing to do would be to say that grasping greed, on the part of corporations, had driven hundreds of men into a dark and dangerous hole, supposedly against their wills, to toil for the enrichment of the few. It would be equally easy to say that the ignorant class, carried away by the easy money-making methods of the day, had become careless. In haste and careless of the laws of nature, paying for their heedlessness the awful price of reckless conduct. Neither of these things will satisfy those who are looking deeper into the causes of mine disasters with a desire to understand how to avoid them in future. If one were looking for the real cause, it might be better to say that the rush of industrial demand had driven both employer and employee blindly into a trap, the secret springs of which neither was able to study beforehand.

The output of coal in the United States has been increasing with striking rapidity in recent years. In ten years we have mined more coal than in all the history of the country prior to that time. The production of coal follows naturally the line of least resistance. The upper seams, or those which lie nearest the surface, are mined first and, consequently, are soonest exhausted. The lower seams are developed more leisurely. It is one of the tenets of the geologist that the lower we go for coal the more gas we strike. In those days when so much attention is being paid to economical and swift haulage of this coal, from the bowels of the earth to the surface, the motive power is chosen which lifts the coal with the least expense. The use of electricity in mine haulage, consequently, has been growing more and more general. It is not set down as a point established beyond controversy, but, nevertheless, it is declared that sparks from these electrical appliances quite frequently touch off the gas that is liberated in deep "shaft" mines and the explosion begins. The coarser's verdict at the Naomi Mine gave such an explanation for the starting of that explosion.

It is scientifically established that nearly the whole of a pile of coal is combustible. An explosion, in the last analysis, is nothing more nor less than instantaneous combustion. To produce an explosion, in anything that will burn, it is only necessary to reduce the whole mass of combustible substance to such fine particles that the combustion will be instantaneous. For instance, if all the ingredients in a lump of coal could be broken up at the same time, coal would be equally as dangerous as dynamite or nitroglycerine. In a great many mines the roadways and shafts are exceedingly dry. In these roadways often consist of coal which has not been taken out. Constant passing to and fro of the system of haulage, the constant passing to and fro of the army of mine employees, the action of the air currents upon the loose particles of coal carried in the cars—all work to charge the air with infinitesimally small particles of coal which are really lighter than air and are, consequently, carried in suspension. This coal dust in dry mines is constantly arising, and, in fact, it seems almost impossible, despite every effort, to keep it down. So long as the temperature of the air is normal there is absolutely no danger, but let something happen which will raise the temperature in a room, or lighten some of these fine particles of coal dust, and the explosive power of coal is demonstrated in an instant. The explosion seems to travel almost like a prolonged round of thunder. It may start from a given point and travel from chamber to chamber until practically the whole mine has been involved in a terrible catastrophe. The result is that the mine-workers are often burned by the explosion or are killed by the falling material dislodged by the shock. Instantaneous combustion of this kind uses up all the oxygen in a mine chamber, and the men are suffocated because the force of

the shock has wrecked both the fan and the power-house and, consequently, has shut off the supply of fresh air. After one of these explosions comes the noxious product of the discharge, and then the death-dealing work of the explosion is completed. Thus, in fact, is what occurred at the Menomah Mine. Practically every known device has been used to keep down the dust, to keep the temperature lowered, and to avoid anything that would start an explosion of this kind; and yet, as seen in the four recent disasters, explosions do occur, and are likely to occur, with even greater frequency in future. Many, in desperation, have demanded, 'Why?'

Coal is only a changed form of some other substance having virtually the same ingredients, as gases is only a changed form of coal. The principal ingredients of coal are fixed carbon and volatile matter, or gas. In some places the substance from which coal was made (originally decayed vegetation) had more gas than the coal could contain. Practically everything that decays gives off a certain amount of gas. All this fermentation was subterranean, and when the gas could not all be held in suspension in the coal it sought some outlet. In places it formed in river voids, hence the natural gas belts. Where the quantity given off, by the formation of coal or the fermentation of subterranean matter, was not sufficient to establish one of these larger river voids, the volatile matter, or gas, collected in smaller spaces known as gas pockets. The coal miners, in picking down or shooting down, his coal, quite frequently open one of these pockets, or, as they are known in the mines, gas feeders. If the air is not pure, it is quite easy to touch off this supply of gas and an explosion occurs. Where the quantity is comparatively small, and where there is no accumulation of coal dust, these explosions amount to but little. Given a larger amount of this gas, rushing suddenly into an enclosed mine-chamber, or given even a small quantity of gas sufficient to start a fire in conjunction with a large amount of coal dust, and we have one such catastrophe as that at the Naomi Mine of the United Coal Company in Pennsylvania.

It is, I believe, generally conceded that the lower we go into the earth the better the grade of coal. At least this is the natural assumption, based upon theological investigations. It is known that coal, having a comparatively small percentage of fixed carbon and a comparatively high percentage of volatile matter, will begin to release this gas the minute the temperature of the coal is raised, even though the fixed carbon does not reach the point of combustion. This, in fact, is the underlying principle of the manufacture of artificial gas. It is, of course, mere speculation, and yet it has a groundwork of reasonableness, that the pressure, or whatever you will, deeper down in the bowels of the earth originally raised the temperature of the coal formations and caused the substance to give off a large part of its volatile matter, retaining only the more valuable ingredient of fixed carbon. Thus it is that we find in the lower strata the more valuable grades of coal.

The gas, given off by the coal under such pressure, naturally could not rise to the surface, the obstructions being too great. It had to collect somewhere, and so in the early upheavals of nature it found lodgment in small pockets at a great distance below the surface. If the theory is at all correct that the deeper we go the better grade of coal we find, it is equally true that the deeper we go for coal the more gas we are bound to encounter. By the same process of reasoning it is very easy to determine that the deeper we go for coal the more danger there is going to be of gas and other explosives, and, consequently, the more dangerous becomes the mining of coal.

Another point established is this: the deeper we go for coal the more difficult it is to force fresh air down into the shafts, and, necessarily, the mine-worker has not only to contend with the greater obstacles presented by nature, but also the greater difficulty of those on the surface in providing him with the natural means to combat the greater dangers in the deep mines. It is for this reason that the statement was made at the beginning, that mine disasters are going to increase in number and in severity in future, rather than diminish, unless some new means be found for overcoming those natural difficulties. If we are going to continue to consume coal at the present rate, it will be absolutely necessary to meet and overcome these difficulties, because the upper seams are every day becoming more nearly exhausted, and the resort must eventually be to deeper seams. The question naturally presents itself: How are the people of the United States going to stop this tremendous loss of life and property?

There are three ways which have been adopted by some coal-mine operators. The first of these is a careful selection of the explosives used in the mines. Initially, in the use of explosives is found one of the most patent causes of mine disasters. Unfortunately, in the United States the study of mining has never been reduced to a science—that is, such a science as has come to govern the same production abroad. Our methods here are extremely crude. To the average miner and to even the average

(Continued on page 28.)



IN THE SCHOOL-RING

DRAWN BY GEORGES VALLEE

The New Canal and Old Cape Cod

By REED CARRADINE

The Canal's Eastern Terminus



EMIT Cape Cod's seafaring and cranberry-raising folk, along with many of its historic spots and buildings. These cherished landmarks of American history are falling before the steam-shovel and gravel-train of the canal-builders, and the people living on the windswept acres of their grandfathers must move on. Every day further progress is made on the new Cape Cod canal. Work was begun last August for the much-needed improvement by William Barclay Parsons, the chief engineer of the undertaking.

The fame of the fearless fishermen and whalers who formerly inhabited this peninsula, which spread to every quarter of the globe, is even now a matter of history. The type disappeared and was succeeded by a generation of quiet, peaceful men and women who earned more in a single season by raising cranberries than their fathers could achieve on a five years' cruise. Now this generation must give way.

Along with many buildings connected with the early struggles of the Pilgrims there are also some celebrated modern buildings to be torn down in order to make way for the canal. "Gray Tables," at Buzzards Bay, which was the nation's summer capital during President Cleveland's terms, is one of them. "Gray Tables" is situated at the western extremity of the canal and soon will be torn down. A railroad station will be built near it, and when the canal is completed thousands of ships will pass annually over the spot where diplomats, statesmen, and politicians gathered and great public questions were decided.

A short distance from "Gray Tables," on Buttermilk Bay, is "Crow's Nest," the home of the late Joseph Jefferson. This beautiful house is directly on the line of the canal and must be demolished. The famous actor's grave, a short distance from the banks of the canal in the quaint old village of Sandwich, is far enough removed so that it will not be necessary to disturb his ashes. The old Perry homestead, built in 1632 by the ancestors of August Belmont, the president of the company which is building the canal, and which was for a considerable period the residence of the hero of Lake Erie, has already been destroyed.

The Tupper House, built in 1637, the oldest home on Cape Cod, which has descended in an unbroken line from father to son, generation after generation, with never a transfer or a mortgage appearing against it, will become khalid-wood. The great parking industry of the Swifts had its inception in the canal zone. Here in a picturesque little farmhouse, the several brothers composing that firm were all born, and Noble Swift, the eldest, still lives there.

The town of Sandwich, which is at the eastern terminus of the canal, was originally apportioned among the thirty-six town proprietors by John Alden and Captain Miles Standish. It is historic and quaint, and there are many points of unusual interest within its limits. Joseph Jefferson declared that he wished to be buried there because he considered it the most beautiful village he had ever seen. The appearance of the town is rapidly undergoing a change now, and will soon be unrecognizable to its admirers of another day.

It is a matter of sincere regret to many who love the Cape and

revere its history and traditions that in order to save the hundreds of lives and thousands of property which are annually sacrificed in navigating this dangerous and treacherous coast it is necessary to wipe out a place so picturesque. It is even more lamentable that the new conditions which must prevail on the peninsula will cause the disappearance of the simple and unadorned people who, though living in the State of Massachusetts, yet were never of it. But factories of various kinds are rapidly being built on the cranberry bogs, and the old residents are giving way before the coming of a more commercial and more ambitious population.

From the beginning of New World history the east and southeast coast of the Cape has been the graveyard of the Atlantic. Figures show that about twenty-five per cent. of the wrecks which happen on the eastern shores of the United States occur on this treacherous coast. Here never a gale blows but the inhabitants turn out in force and grimly watch the outer bar for the ships that are caught with a lee shore awaiting them. The bottom is covered with the hulks of hundreds upon hundreds of once splendid ships, and the bones of their brave sailors sink deeper into the sands with every tide.

This canal is virtually cutting Cape Cod at the shoulder. It will shorten materially the all-water route between New York and Boston, and enable vessels to avoid the hurricanes and fogs which are otherwise inevitable. This canal has been talked of for considerably more than two hundred years; but no intelligent or earnest effort was ever made to put the plan into effect until recently, when former Representative DeWitt C. Fleming obtained a charter from the Massachusetts Legislature and secured the cooperation of August Belmont, William Barclay Parsons, and John R. McDonald. On August 10, Mr. Parsons, the chief engineer, turned the first shovelful of earth, and the great undertaking was started fairly on its way.

The canal, which will have width and depth sufficient to accommodate the largest ships, will be twelve miles in length and will extend from "Gray Tables," Buzzards Bay, to a point near the town of Sandwich, on Barnstable or Cape Cod Bay. It will give a safe route to vessels of any size and in any kind of weather. It will be twenty-five feet deep at low water, thirty-five feet deep at high tide, with a bottom width of 160 feet at the narrowest part and a surface width of 320 feet at the same point. It is estimated that it will cost \$12,500,000, that it will require \$250,000 per year for operation and maintenance.

For operation and maintenance, and will be in full operation by 1910. It will be a sea-level canal, and ships will be able to pass entirely through in one hour and a half to two hours, thus saving six to nine hours on the voyage from New York to Boston. The saving in distance will be seventy-four miles over the Sound route, and one hundred and forty-two miles by the sea or outside route.

It is very hard to believe that a larger number of vessels round Cape Cod every year than pass any other one spot on the globe, yet the United States Light-house reports prove that such is the case. More than 40,000 vessels pass around the Cape annually, practically all of them 2000 and 4000 ships traverse the Cape Canal during the same length of time. The beginning of work on this public improvement has had a wonderful effect in stimulating public interest in ship canals, and it is now proposed to build a chain of inland waterways, which will furnish a safe channel for vessels of any size and type paralleling the Atlantic coast from New York Bay to Key West, Florida.

Many men who are acknowledged authorities on such matters assert that the only possible solution of the congestion in freight

William Barclay Parsons turning the First Spade of Earth



transportation lies in the construction of such a series of canals. The Cape Cod canal, the first link in this proposed chain of waterways, and the only one on which work has actually begun, is, because of its geographical position, the most important.

Tentative plans for this channel, as the only means of avoiding the dangers encountered on this coast, began almost with the Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth in 1620. The records of that colony show that in 1622 a party succeeded in getting a boat around the Cape, only to have it lost in Vineyard Sound. The year following, the settlers discovered that there flowed a river southward from Mansuet, an Indian town within twenty miles of

Federal government but for the fact that the Civil War put a stop to the undertaking. In 1884 the State of Massachusetts granted a charter under which for the first time work was actually begun, but the death of the man chiefly interested in the project resulted in work being abandoned, and the charter was allowed to lapse. In 1899 the Legislature granted another charter to former Representative DeWitt Clinton Flanagan, and it is in accordance with the specifications of this charter that the canal is now being built.

It is significant that when DeWitt Clinton gave to New York the Erie Canal his most intimate friend and closest adviser in this



The Swift Home

BIRTHPLACE OF THE FAMILY OF PACKERS



Steam-shovel at the Deerpont Cut



"Gray Gables"

WHERE PRESIDENT CLEVELAND LIVED

Plymouth, and the thrifty colonists established there a trading station, between which and the Dutch settlement at Fort Amsterdam there at once developed a brisk trade, which marked the beginning of the Boston New York water-born trade which has since grown to such huge proportions. The idea of extending this river not over two miles to the north, so as to make a continuous waterway and dispense with land portages, soon occurred to the thrifty colonists. Under date of October 6, 1670, Samuel Sewall records in his diary: "Mr. Smith of Sandwich rode with me and showed me the place which some had thought to cut for to make a passage from the South Sea to the North."

Initially, however, things moved slowly, and it was not until 1807 that a commission was appointed by the General Court of Massachusetts "to view the place and make report on the probability of effecting such a channel and what the charge of the same may be." So far as the records give evidence the citizens appointed on this committee have not yet reported, and the matter lay dormant until May 17, 1778, when another commission was appointed, who employed Thomas Marlin, the most eminent engineer of his day, who made a survey recommending practically the

project was Judge James Flanagan, the grandfather of DeWitt Clinton Flanagan, who has finally after more than two centuries of delay brought this new canal to a successful conclusion.

In speaking of his plans for the canal Mr. Parsons said to the writer:

"The plans that are under construction and which have been approved by the Joint Board of Railroad and Harbor and Land Commissioners of Massachusetts, contemplate a canal free from lock or dam. The law requires that the bottom width shall be not less than 100 feet, with passing-places twice as great, and with a minimum depth at any point at mean low water of twenty-five feet. In actual construction these dimensions will be greatly exceeded; in fact the passing-places instead of being three in number will be increased so that the canal will have everywhere a bottom width of 150 to 250 feet, and a surface width of 250 to 300 feet, depending upon the slope the banks will take. These dimensions can be compared with the bottom width of the Sag Canal of 147 feet, to the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal of 72 feet, and in the Manchester Canal of 170 to 200 feet; the depths of these canals vary from 25 to 30 feet."

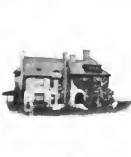


The Tupper House (1637)

THE FIRST BUILDING ON CAPE COD



The First Train-load of Earth



"Crow's Nest"

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S HOME

route which has been adopted by William Barclay Parsons, Mr. Marlin's work on the canal was interrupted by General George Washington, who wrote to the chairman of the committee: "The great demand we have for engineers in the War Department has obliged me to send Mr. Marlin hither to assist in that branch of the business."

Commissions were again appointed and surveys were made in 1791, 1818, 1824, and 1831, when the project again languished until 1899, when the Congress of the United States appointed a commission, and a canal would probably have been built by the

Work was continued on the canal until December 10, when further operations had to be suspended for the winter. As soon as the weather will permit the work will be resumed next spring. Four immense hydraulic dredges, which are now being specially constructed for this purpose, will be put to work, two at either end of the canal, and will go through on their own power. The soil, which consists almost entirely of sand and gravel, will be used to fill in the swampy marshes. This converting water land into valuable real estate, Mr. Parsons says that the canal will be entirely completed and in full operation by the fall of 1910.



JOHN'S

DRAWN BY JAMES



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

RIENDS

OMERY FLAGG

The Way of the Waiter

By
ROBERT SLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



W.W.P.

FROM the table just behind there came the rasp of a chair, accompanied by a snarl of rage. A waiter had spilled a glass of water over a neat old gentleman.

"I glanced from the irate victim into the face of my own waiter who was looking on with his peculiar smile, half appreciative, half contemptuous. He leaned over my table confidentially.

"You couldn't drive that old fellow away with an ax," he said; "he likes the place too well."

Fortwith he was off with that peculiar stride of his, emitting a sort of dignified dispatch; and I felt to myself, why I too, like the outraged old gentleman, would be hard to drive from the little subterranean café.

It was Joseph! I watched him bringing my coffee with that virtuosity he always employed toward me. It was undoubtedly Joseph! He was remarkable. And I reflected, he had come to be one of my familiars—in a way—in many more ways than in anticipating the crochets of my palate. Joseph knew me better than many a man to whom I had unbosomed myself. And yet, I had never even had to explain myself to Joseph. And, it occurred to me, Joseph had never explained himself to me. There was an undoubtedly something about him to be explained. He was possessed of an intelligent reserve singularly detached from his occupation. Although I had often admired, I had never penetrated his impenetrable philosophy.

"In your business, are you never discontented, Joseph?" I said. "Always," he replied; "but I can't afford to show it. I've had to get over that. I'm a waiter."

"But that is a worthy calling, Joseph."

"It's worth just as much as I can make out of it and no more," he said, dextrously wiping the polished table. "I might just as well be a second-story operator; that's a gentleman's business compared to a waiter's."

"But yours is an honest business, Joseph."

"Like lots of other jobs that depend on graft; but it's the only job where the way you get yours keeps you all 'round."

When I looked up with another question, he had effaced himself in that sudden way of his. He was truly remarkable! How could he remain to become so proficient in an occupation he obviously despised! And why did he think so ill of it?

"It's all due to tipping, you see," he said at my elbow, as if in answer to my thought. "It cuts a waiter off from the rest of mankind, stamps him as a grafter; and he knows it if he has any brains."

"He could change."

"No," he interrupted; "it gets a hold on a man. Once he is assigned, he becomes defiant, and then he begins to find his satisfaction in the very thing that unclassed him. He works for tips, and soon finds that he makes more money than he could at any other business he can get into. That's my case."

Joseph had forgotten some of his reserve, and as it was late there was nothing to interrupt him.

"That's why the waiter seeks his kind," he continued. "That's why he has his own clubs and organizations, and what is more to the point, formulates methods for getting tips."

"Not of unsocial high-waymen, eh?" I said.

"No, of course not. I can carry the personal interest so far," he continued. "There was Earnest, he had built up a trade of good regular tips. He came in about this time one evening and called for a certain meal. Earnest used to let him do his own

"Well, it's only self-protection," he rejoined. "The whole world's against us on that score, and although even Uncle Sam allows his traveling officials a certain amount each day for feeding porters and dining-car waiters, we have to keep up a running fight with 'tip-diggers.'"

"But it's the way some thick heads do it that brings us all into disrepute—that stout of Duv's there, for instance. That old fellow's been coming here for months and never gave any one a tip. Of course, after the first time, word was passed to every waiter in the place, and so he got the worst kind of service. But he just kept changing tables, and finally complained to the boss. Every one in the place got a raking over the coals. So you see what Duv's did to get out of him."

"He don't use good judgment, though. He could just as well have crumpled his table with strangles, kept him waiting, served stuff as cold as possible, and cut down on extra larder and other things. Old men, pig headed enough to defy a crowd of waiters, are sure to be facetious in other things, and it would make him more uncomfortable in the long run than spilling water on him. And then the boss couldn't kick."

He fell to straightening the chairs absently, as one who remembers many things learned only from experience.

"Is it often necessary?" I asked.

"Not here," I replied. "Most of our waiters are experienced enough to get what they want by diplomacy."

"Instruct me in the diplomatic code, Joseph," I said, trembling lest he grow non-committal again; "for you certainly are an adept at its application." I think he penetrated my subterfuge, but he was minded not to deny me.

"Well, showing personal interest in your customer is what pays in the long run," he began. "I don't care who he is, he likes to think that the waiter remembers his particular tastes. For instance, in comes a regular. 'Ah, Mr. Second-o, you greet him enthusiastically. I was just thinking of you; get your favorite dish tonight—lobster à la Newburg, and prepared just as you like it.'"

"Probably he'd rather have corned beef and cabbage, but he enjoys being singled out and publicly stamped as a favorite patron and a high liver. Men are as fond of beer and cake reputations as women are of department-store deference."

"What if your man is too quick for you and orders something he's had in mind?" I queried.

"Then," he said, "it sometimes pays to advise something else. Even if it is laborer. It proves your interest in his welfare. It helps in two ways, because maybe the dish he ordered is standing short, and there are instructions to work off what you suggest."

"Liable to slip up if you don't know them well?" I inquired.

"Not if you use ordinary judgment," he said, with finality. "You can pretty near tell the kind of stuff a man likes to eat. Suppose one of those lean, lanky chaps, who always wear high

chokers pushed open in front to make room for their Adam's apple, come in and brandish off his chair and table, when he thought no one was looking. Do you think I'd offer him green-turtle soup? But you bet I never try to anticipate

his order on the stout old boy with the red face, who's just beginning to get laid—you know the kind; he hasn't got everything, including rattles, figured down to a system, like the other fellow."

"I began to wonder how my portrait was marked for identification in Joseph's regrettably glib."

"Of course, you can carry the personal interest so far," he continued. "There was Earnest, he had built up a trade of good regular tips. He came in about this time one evening and called for a certain meal. Earnest used to let him do his own



The waiter had spilled a glass of water over a neat old gentleman

ordering because he was unreasonable. Well, he told the man he wouldn't advise him to have what he ordered, as it was not fresh-cooked. This was repeated on four dishes, and the man was puzzled. "Look here," he said, "what would you advise?"

"Well," said Earnest, meditatively, "come to think of it, I wouldn't eat anything here to-night; it's kind of late." The man was grateful; you could see that—his tip proved it. In about five minutes he got up and left quietly. Earnest followed, but not quietly. The boss had overheard him.

"I know by the way you nod your head you think it's pretty hard on the public. Suppose every waiter here got a regular salary with no chance for a tip. Do you suppose he'd be jumping hurdles for a lot of fussy people, all kicking about better things than they get at home? Do you think he'd present the glad smile to those he'd like to choke, break his neck making everybody comfortable, and then listen to their hard-luck stories or more painful facts? No, sir; he'd serve the stuff just as he got it from the kitchen. He wouldn't go back and fight for tidbits and extra-hot food. He'd be in a hurry to serve any one and pile up work for himself. The customer would wait because the waiter wouldn't; and probably he'd never come back, and that's where the owner would lose."

"It must take great ingenuity to make the system pay," I mused. "It does," said Joseph. "The stupid waiter stories. Do you know that in order to keep good waiters the cheap hash-slinging joints have to pay higher wages than the swell restaurants? There's not the opportunity for tips in the cheap places, and the waiter must follow opportunity like a blind of prey. He simply has to be clever enough to get tips, and he has no social standing to make him bashful. There are two methods: one is to get them spontaneously, the other to force them out. Most people tip only because they're ashamed not to. I make out better with the first method, especially in a place like this, where most of our patrons are regulars. It isn't the regular who does the complaining; he knows, and saves the exertion."

"Which stranger's it's a gamble. It may be a little party, and the things they order gladden your heart with anticipation. You try to be a gentleman with the service, and then at the finish you get nothing—or maybe a dime. You can't complain, you'd be discharged. But there are ways. You can't blame a waiter who is lunched if he administers a rebuke in a dignified way, such as: 'Ah, sir, you've forgotten a dime of your change.' Or he can call his helper, and without a word point to the coin for him to remove."

"Some waiters don't like parties, but I do. They're either very good or very bad, according to the way you handle them and the judgment you use in selecting them. If they don't tip liberally, it's best to lose to the waiter, because they lead around, and keep him from serving other live ones. It isn't the habitues of the big restaurants, or the after-theatre parties that come night after night with a big flash, that do spectacular tipping. They're used to the game. It's the party from Okla., in town on a visit, or the young clerk showing his sweetheart a good time, that produces the big tip. Their friends to the very know him to do the thing right. It's a wise waiter that stands in with his head-waiter, even at the cost of his prerogative, and has those parties stored his way."

"Those are the prices of the profession that even up things for you," I suggested.

"Yes, but they never can make it even at that," he said. "Take this through and through, it's the waiter who gets the worst of it. The customer puts up his tip after he knows what he's had; whereas the waiter may work like a horse, and even invest money, and then lose out altogether."

"Invest money?" I said, surprised.

"Certainly; you don't suppose a waiter can hustle up a quick order in a swell restaurant or in one of the big seaside resorts, unless he gives up to the cooks. Take you don't let any rascals slip, either."

"Most order cooks always have straws and chips and things cooking at the rush hours for special emergencies, but you don't get them unless you tip the cook according to schedule. Otherwise your stuff goes to the fire in its regular turn, and you wait. Well, it's up to you to do a little gambling on human nature. Sometimes, until you get experience, you'll lay out forty or fifty cents because the host of the party was in a hurry, wore diamonds, and was talking private yachts and trips to Europe. When they leave the fellow hands you a quarter, and of course you can't call it to his attention that you've been swindled."

"No, sir; give me the chips with big initial seal rings on waiter's fingers, whose brand new clothes and painful-looking collars remind you of 'up State.' Especially at the big seaside restaurants they struggle in bashfully, and the waiter who catches them first and pushes them to a table is treated with deep gratitude and respect, and usually ad dressed as 'sir.' I've seen waiters fight over such parties until the head waiter gives them to his best friend—the one who divides with him most generously."

"Of course, this party of, say six,

is dazzled, fascinated, helpless. All they can think of are steered oysters or ice-cream, or something which they suspect is wrong here, having got a Sunday-newspaper education in preparation for the trip. And so they thunder until the waiter takes a hand."

"Stinks," he suggests.

"Yes," gasps the relieved man, "six of 'em!" never suspecting the size of the portions. And so they go through the bill of fare clerking off a separate order for each one."

"And now," says the waiter, "in order to save time when you get your bill, you should mark down each item as you order, and count it up in advance! That's a reasonable suggestion."

"On his way to the kitchen, the waiter suddenly realizes that to order all that food would be wanton waste; so he orders just half as much. Then out of sheer kindness, and in order not to litter the table, as he explains to the guest, he carries the steaks and serves them and the sides from the pantry. Everybody has more than enough, and as the host has counted up what he owes according to the scheduled prices, he usually hands the amount to the waiter to pay the bill for him."

"But suppose he demands the official bill?" I objected.

"In that case," said Joseph, "it's up to the waiter to handle back get three more complete orders, and have them added to the bill. Then he shoves the stuff aside for future disposal, and carries back the completed bill for his. Of course, it is only a dishonest waiter that will go so far. A man that saves waste is entitled to something, but not

half, besides it's getting dangerous."

"Are there many opportunities for that sort of thing?" I asked.

"Summer-resort jobs are still pretty good, but not like they used to be, since the proprietors are playing for the goodwill of their patrons and don't care how the waiters make out. The real places for quick money are the big public halls in town. You see, some of the union-keepers whose places are rendezvous for waiters for the privilege of supplying men for the ball. There are applicants for every vacancy, and if you want your name on the list, it's necessary to make a bid with the union-keeper by spending in his place. As that list never goes through till the last day, there is always considerable competition at the bar."

"Of course the waiter gets a small fee for his services, but if he depends on that and the straight tipping to even up what he has invested, he'd probably be a heavy loser. Why, then, does he want the place so badly? He's going to wait on 'wise ones' so, obviously, he can't extract money by ordinary methods of the craft. But there is going to be just as much competition among the 'high rollers' as there was among the waiters to get the job. After midnight every man in the place starts to buy wine at once. Then opens the harvest for the waiter and the checker he is working with. It used to be that imitation champagne in convincing-looking bottles was safe to serve, but smart the wine agents got on it's own different. Now they get the real wine, but they pay for it twice."

"You've seen these joggins parties where there were bottles all over the table, and you've also noticed that the waiter continues to carry away bottles to make room. But he don't carry away empties, you bet, because two half bottles make one full, and when it's properly shaken up and the cork removed at a safe distance from the table, Professor Wiley himself couldn't tell the difference. You see, figure that with several tables like this going, it don't take long for a waiter to gather a considerable hunk rill."

"But one can't depend on these occasional grabs; it's the regular source that counts, and a wise waiter gets in a good place and builds up a regular trade as honestly as he can."

"Yes," I said; "and you seem to have a lot of friends. I've often wondered why you—"

"Please don't!" he said quickly, in an appealing tone. "I've always figured you in a different class."

Fearing I had offended, I hastened to explain that what I wondered was how he managed to become more popular than other waiters.

"Oh," he said in evident relief; "I thought you were going to ask why I don't start a restaurant of my own. That's one of the favorite jollies the duffers have for getting the extra dishes to that a waiter can put on the bill or not, as he sees fit; and to do that, they'll greet you like a brother, inquire after your wife and baby, and display the deepest interest in your welfare. But outside they're different—very different."

"It didn't take me long to learn how popular waiters are out of restaurants. My first real tip came from a young fellow who struck up such a strong friendship with me that he never thought of hurting my feelings by offering tips. He belonged to one



He doesn't carry the bottles away empty



Every one starts to buy wine at once

card cloth uptown that was going to give a dance. After he learned I had to work on that particular night, he invited me to attend, and left a card of admission. Well, it happened that I got off, and being young, I put on a dress-suit and hurried up to the dance.

"Even yet I hate to think of that night. By and by it began to strike me as queer that I couldn't get near my man in so small a hall; and then it suddenly dawned on me that there were others there who knew I was a waiter, and he didn't have the nerve to either greet me or turn me down. But he convinced me that I was a social outcast."

"Still, among people who didn't know your business—" I began.

"You're wrong," interrupted Joseph; "a waiter can't possibly adopt Jekyll and Hyde methods. The first summer after I was married, the proprietor's wife wanted mine to go with her to a swell hotel up in the mountains. I was making good money then, so off they went. The boss and I used to run up from Saturday to Monday. Somehow or other I became very popular among the gentlemen, who understood that I was in the restaurant business and took it for granted I owned one."

"One day I dashed out of the pantry with a tray of dishes, and before I had time to notice, I was unfolding them at a table at which two of my swell hotel friends had taken seats. I had been playing billiards and bobnobbing with them the previous evening."

"But if I felt bad, they felt worse, and even harrowed their souls by offering me a tip. But as I was done with someone, I took it and sent it on a telegram to my wife in the hope that she could leave the hotel before they got back."

"The boss took it to heart and offered to make me manager at twenty-five dollars a week. Dignity is a good thing. But I can make easily twice as much as that this way. No, you see, I am still a waiter."

"I had been playing billiards and bobnobbing with them the previous evening"



Mr. G. A. Redford, Play Censor

FORTY PLAYERS-HITS UNITED IN A PETITION TO ADDRESS HIS OFFICE. THE FIGHT WAS BROUGHT ABOUT BECAUSE PERMITS WERE NOT GRANTED FOR THE PRODUCTION OF "WASTE" BY GRANVILLE BARBER, WHO HAS BEEN CHOSEN AN DIRECTOR OF THE NEW THEATRE IN NEW YORK CITY

THE MOST ABUSED MAN IN ENGLAND

GREAT BRITAIN possesses an interesting survival of antiquity in the person of Mr. George A. Redford, the official Examiner of Plays. Not only an official of the Lord Chamberlain's household, Mr. Redford could in fact shut down every theatre in the land by the mere process of withholding his authorization for the production of new pieces. Mr. Redford was for many years assistant to Mr. Neville Paget, the late Examiner of Plays, a man who was equally abused, but his death Mr. Redford succeeded to the duties of the office. He is accused of having graduated to his present position from that of bank clerk, his accuser being George Bernard Shaw, one of the most implacable adversaries of the Examiner, whom he regards as the original Devil's Disciple.

It is possible that this galling dramatic censorship will be removed within a reasonable period of time, and the performance of all plays permitted which do not come within the scope of the police laws. For the purpose of effecting this change a petition has been recently addressed to the government, signed by all the leading playwrights. It is indeed difficult to discover any sane reason for retaining a dramatic censorship, an office originally established during the eighteenth century for political purposes. Nevertheless, there is a vague feeling abroad that the public morals must have some publicly constituted defender, and this many other authorities. Mr. Redford may long retain his office in spite of reason. Among the few defenders of the censorship is Mr. Bram Stoker, for many years manager to Sir Henry Irving. He recently advocated its extension to books as well.

Besides being the most abused man in the world, Mr. Redford is prohibited by the government from making any public defence of his actions. It is generally understood, however, that plays are prohibited which either deal with persons prominent in public life, expound Radical incidents (as Oscar Wilde's "Salome," which came under the ban), or are contrary to good morals. With the first two conditions playwrights separately assent; it is with Mr. Redford in his capacity as moral champion that they find fault.

Why, they demand, does he ignore adaptations of amusing French farces which would not be tolerated on the American stage; why did he tolerate a piece of stage play in Mr. Pinero's "A Wife Without a Smile," which had to be cut out before it was produced in Broadway, when he is so squeamish at plays such as "Mamma Yama" and "La Vie Parisienne"? Attempts made to discover some of these in Mr. Redford's decisions are invariably met with a refusal to assign reasons. Harassed by incessant attacks which he may not refute, this unfortunate gentleman has become a bureaucratic gargon, unflinching in his protection of the morals of his countrymen.

Germany's Ireland

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



THE Germans and the Poles are at odds once more. Prince Bismarck has taken another bold stroke along the road planned and surveyed by the Iron Chancellor. He has introduced in the Prussian Diet a bill devoting \$100,000,000 to the compulsory expropriation of Polish landowners in the eastern provinces. The bill has, it is true, gone nearly for the moment in the committee to which it was referred. But it will, of course, emerge. The check is only temporary, an affair of details, not of principle. German policy

is not about to retrace its steps: there are no signs, either, of weakening or enlightenment. The \$100,000,000 demanded by Prince Bismarck, in spite of the insatisfactory condition of the Prussian finances, will be granted and will be applied to the purposes for which he has demanded it. Prussia takes up her Siegfried task once more; a government renews its fight with a people; a system, a policy, plunges again into the old, barren, and hopeless struggle with a race and all that a race holds dear. It is an amazing spectacle. Were it not for the example of Ireland, one would call it an incredible spectacle; and even Ireland has produced nothing quite like it since the days of the great confessions and of the organized planting of English colonies. In one most vital aspect the Irish situation is, indeed, at this moment the reverse of the Polish situation. After seven and a half centuries of struggle for the land the British government has practically owned itself beaten, is helping to buy out the descendants of those whom it quartered in Ireland as a British garrison, and has passed a gigantic measure of appeasement, handing back the soil of the country to its original owners. In the Polish provinces of Prussia, the government is pursuing an exactly opposite policy. So far from abandoning the Prussian garrison, it is determined to extend it. So far from relinquishing the field to the Polish proprietors, it is more than ever bent on owning them in favor of German settlers. So far from being convinced that the attempt to Germanize the Polish provinces must end in failure, it is now prosecuting the attempt with renewed vigor and on an ample scale.

"I owe it to the labors of my forefathers," said the Kaiser, when he paid his state visit to Posen six or six years ago, "to see to it that this province shall remain irrevocably bound to the Prussian monarchy, and that it shall ever be a Prussian and good German." That has been the twofold aim of Prussian policy, since the partition of Poland became an accomplished fact, and in part, the most important part, it has succeeded. That is to say, no one doubts that the provinces of Posen and West Prussia, where the Poles predominate, and of East Prussia and Silesia, where large districts are exclusively Polish, are, in the Kaiser's words, "irrevocably bound to the Prussian monarchy." In that sense there is no real "Polish danger." The Poles, of course, are inactive dreamers and agitators. They still fondly imagine that some day, somehow, their ancient kingdom may be resurrected. But the mere fact that, before that ambition can be realized, not Germany alone, but Russia and Austria as well, have to be not only conquered on the battle-field, given the measure of its hopelessness. The dream of a reconstituted Poland stretching from the Black Sea to the Baltic must always, so far as human foresight can penetrate the future, remain a dream. Even supposing a revolution in Russia, a great racial explosion in Austria-Hungary, and some great upheaval in Germany, it is impossible to conceive that the ancient Poland, whose glories the poets and orators are never tired of chanting, could be welded together again into a political entity. To that extent Prussian policy has, doubtless, secured its main end. It has "irrevocably bound" those parts of the ancient Poland that fell to the share of Prussia to the empire of Prussia proper. But the further object which the Kaiser mentioned, that of making the Polish provinces "good Prussian and good German," is far more difficult of fulfillment. Nor has it been fulfilled. The Polish provinces remain to this day good Polish and good Slav; and the effort to Germanize them is what constitutes the somewhat sorry tale of Prussia's policy along her eastern frontier.

It was Bismarck, twenty-one years ago, who started the fight against the Poles by expelling some 50,000 Polish farmers who had flocked over the border from Austria and Russia. It was a shrewd blow. The consequent scarcity of agricultural labor ruined hundreds of the great Polish landowners. Their estates came into the market. Bismarck promptly appointed a Committee of Colonization, provided it with \$25,000,000 from the public funds, and ordered it to buy up all the Polish estates it could lay hands on and parcel them out among German peasants. When the \$25,000,000 was exhausted, another \$25,000,000 was ordered. Altogether over \$116,000,000 has been spent by the Prussian government in colonizing the eastern provinces. With this sum between 90,000 and 100,000 Germans have been settled in the country districts, and between 40,000 and 50,000 in the towns. Over 250 entirely new villages have been established, and nearly eighty are at this moment in course of construction. The example of these imported settlers has had an enormous influence for good on their Polish neighbors. The dreary and squalid disorder that characterized the

Polish rural communities of a generation ago has disappeared. Agricultural methods have been radically improved. There has been a great industrial revival. The whole standard of living in the Polish provinces has enormously risen. The spendthrift nobility that used to waste their substance in Paris and Warsaw are to-day hard-working patriots, who are in the van of the fight against German predominance. It is said that within the last forty years the wealth of the Polish sections of Prussia has been quadrupled. A Polish middle class, drawing its means from the best-sugar factories, the iron, coal, and salt mines, has sprung into startling existence. Few districts in Europe, indeed, show a greater material and social advance than Prussian Poland has accomplished during the past generation; and a large share of the credit of it must be set down to the benevolent prudence of the Prussian government in seeking new openings for German farmers and artisans, in building villages, roads, and railways, and in conducting on so vast a scale a state-aided scheme of exploitation.

But these, of course, were only subsidiary objects in the Prussian policy. Its key-note and raison d'être were neither social nor material; and it is precisely on its political aim that it has broken down. The Poles have met the German invasion by banding themselves together under the leadership of their nobles and their priests, and building up an extensive system of land-banks, whose purpose, of course, is to buy up estates and divide them among Polish peasants. There has thus been generated a powerful competition between the Prussian government and the Polish land-banks for the possession of the soil. The inevitable result has been an immense increase in the value of land. Governments always buy dear, and the Prussian government, though more business-like than most, is no exception. The Polish land-banks, on the other hand, have always been able to purchase at the lowest price. The imported German colonist therefore starts at a serious disadvantage. Whenever he settles he is remorselessly boycotted by his Polish neighbors, who, being used to a thriftier and more frugal style of living, prove irresistible competitors. The result has been that for every acre purchased by the Prussian government from Polish landowners, it has bought two acres from German landowners. In the last twenty years the Poles, through their land-banks, have formed more homesteads than the Prussian government has been able to form with all the resources of the state. The Poles have bought more German estates than the Prussian government has bought Polish estates. The result, therefore, is a drawn battle, it is a positive victory for the Poles—a victory which they are steadily pursuing beyond the confines of the old Prussian provinces.

But it is not only through the land alone that Prussia has sought to strike at the Poles. In dealing with them, as they lie on her eastern border, over two and a half million strong, she has duplicated all the mistakes England has committed in Ireland, and all that England would have committed if the Irish still spoke Gaelic. She has conquered, confiscated, and partitioned. She has tried coercion, and she has tried concision. The Kulturkampf showed her little if not her desire to respect the Polish religion, rather than to suppress it. A whole series of enactments has been aimed at the Polish language. There are, indeed, degrees of unquenchable and pettiness in Prussia's policy towards the Poles to which even the English, in their government of Ireland, have never stooped. The Germans have many admirable qualities, but tenderness towards those who are in their power is not one of them. They delight to prod, bully, and annoy. One hears accordingly of Polish children being forbidden to speak their national tongue within the precincts of the public schools, of Polish newspapers refused a place on the railway book stalls, of letters addressed in Polish delayed for days by the postal authorities, of boys and girls severely punished for wearing colors of the national colors of a Polish patriotic badge denied to Polish meetings, of Polish children flogged by government officials for saying their catechism in Polish instead of German. None, no doubt, it will be a crime for a Pole to own landed property, or to publish any newspapers without a German translation, or to seek admission to a university or the public service, Germany is obliged, and German tradition, laborers, doctors, and lawyers are settled in the midst of Polish neighborhoods, and preference in official contacts is systematically given to German leaders. But the Poles remain undismayed and unrecruegent. They are more polite than their rivals; they have a complete command of all the arts of agitation; they hold together more firmly even than the French Canadians in Quebec; their rise in industry, agriculture, education, numbers, wealth, the arts and sciences, has been one political marvel. The racial impulse, touched with the modern spirit of cosmopolitanism, and welded by Catholicism, gives them a driving power that the Germans in the long run will find themselves unable to withstand. Meanwhile, they remain the Irish of the Continent, brilliant, fascinating, indomitable, swiftly kindled by an appeal to their emotions, unhappy, oppressed, stung with a hopeless national ideal, indomitable. It would take little to make them contented, but that little is beyond the German imagination. Like the English in Ireland, the Prussians prefer a hot and toll-free union to an equal and fruitless union. There is the stupidity against which the gods themselves fight in vain.

New York's Gretna Green

ITS ROMANCE AND ITS PASSING

By KATHERINE GLOVER



NEW YORK has lost its Gretna Green. Dr. George C. Houghton, pastor of the Church of the Transfiguration, more famous as "The Little Church-Around-the-Corner," has inaugurated the custom of reading the banns of all couples that come to him to be married. In consequence, the little lawn church in Twenty-ninth Street will no longer be the scene of romantic runaway weddings. The stream of fluttering, frightened couples that used to turn in at its gateway has already slackened. Impetuous pairs

that one time hurried there pause now before the prospect of that reading amid the hushed silence of the Sunday morning congregation.

For years past each day has brought its procession of couples of every kind and type, the poor and the rich, the obscure and the famous, to the Church of the Transfiguration. Almost any hour of the day, from early morning to late evening, found a timid, wistful pair awaiting the benediction of the rector. It came to be the tradition that it was easy to be married at the Little Church-Around-the-Corner, because the newspapers were always recording some wedding solemnized there. But the many that went sorrowing away were never recorded, and it was only by experience that some learned that it was not so simple a matter after all to meet the requirements of the marriage service at Dr. Houghton's church. First there was a long and solemn blank with many searching and far-reaching questions to be filled out. And the rector, grown wise through long experience in detecting the look of the runaway or any suggestion of secrecy, sometimes had many serious questions to put besides those of the blank. Of the many that called upon him to be married, not all were chosen by any means. Even when the blank was astoundingly filled and the supplementary questions answered without flinching, couples were sometimes sent away. Every month recorded an average of a hundred would-be brides and grooms that the "marrying person" would not marry.

Only recently there came to the church a couple older than the usual couple in the daily procession. They received one of the regular marriage blanks to fill out, and to all its questions they wrote satisfactory answers, and replied unhesitatingly to the rector's own cross-examination. Dr. Houghton finding no possible

barrier, the bride and groom with their two witnesses were led into the little oratory in the home of the rector and the marriage service was begun. The minister, holding the marriage blank closed in the pages of the Bible, put the never-omitted query, "Do you solemnly swear that all the questions herein asked are truthfully answered to the best of your knowledge and belief?"

For a moment there was a tense silence. Then the man spoke: "No, they are not answered truthfully. I am a divorced man. I cannot go on with this service. As long as it was a matter of signing a blank and of replying to your questions I could do it, but when it comes to swearing to a lie on the Bible, I cannot."

The service ended there, the rector never swerving from adherence to the rule of his church forbidding the marriage of divorced persons. That was not the sole case of his kind. In the years of the present Dr. Houghton's rectorate the same occurrence has been repeated a half-dozen times. It is because of such cases, and because of a conviction that many young persons prevent themselves to him to be married without sufficient thought and without the knowledge of their families, that Dr. Houghton has resorted to the expediency of reading the banns of all couples that are married now in his church. It is with a heap of making young people

think a little more seriously of the tie that is to unite them, and of lessening the number of secret marriages. The rule of the banns is not avoidable, of course. Where there are arguents or convincing reasons for a marriage being solemnized without the delay involved in a formal reading of the banns, the rector acquiesces, and a dispensation is granted. But this seldom happens, and in most cases the custom holds. The new decree has checked the tide of those that came wishing to be married at moment's notice. The impulsive brides and grooms and the runaways no longer turn to the Church of the Transfiguration, but to the homeless couples of the great city the Church of the Transfiguration with its hospitable reputation, in a favorite place to wed, and to them the reading of the banns will be no barrier, adding only a note of additional reverence. The little lawn church bears the stamp of a noble heritage. Stories and romances have clustered about it as thickly as the ivy that clamber along its walls. Shut off by the tall buildings that hurdle closely in its neighborhood, it has saved for itself a bit of garden space that protects it from the too close intrusion of noise, and some splendid old trees that have stretched their arms in loneliness over many a shy couple. With its playing fountain in the yard and its quaint bridge and general air of aloof quaintness, it seems more like some little church in an English village than a scraping tenement and ambitious towers, and the exterior seems to merit the name "little" that is always applied to it. Within, the church ramifies far to the north, to the east, and the west, with old wings and unexpected turnings that make its capacity very large. There is a mystic haze of purple over everything. The light streams in through deeply tinted stained windows, such



The Interior of the Church of the Transfiguration, which has witnessed the Beginning and the End of many Romances

with its story to tell. As the church has ministered in life to men and women of every kind and calling, so in death it bears some memory of those associations. One of the most impressive of its pictures in glass is of a silent, meditating Bonito, exquisite in soft melting tones of purple and red, a picture by the artist Edwin Booth erected by the Players Club; and another, of almost equal beauty, representing a pikeman marching onward, is a memorial to Harry Montague, the actor.

The association of actors with the church is especially known because there is the element of the unusual and the picturesque in the tie. But of the half-hundred or more persons that come to the rectory doors for a night's



"The Little Church-Around-the-Corner," in East Twenty-ninth Street, New York, which has long been bound up with the City's most intimate history

lodging, little is known, as of the poor and the destitute, the homeless and the sick, that seek it, and those who come desperately for a place to rest their dead.

From the day the church came to life in 1850, under the rectorship of the Rev. George H. Houghton, who conceived the idea of it, and of whose aid and spirit it was born, the Church of the Transfiguration has stood for unquestioning welcome to all who came in the right spirit. The incident that gave it its name of the Little Church Around the Corner and endeared it to the hearts of the stage-folk is almost too well known to bear another telling, but its interest never grows old.

It was back in the summer when George Holland, the actor, died. His wife had been accustomed to attend a small church at the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, the Church of the Atonement. Joseph Jefferson, who was a warm personal friend of the actor, offered to go to the rector in behalf of Mrs. Holland and make arrangements for the funeral. When he had consulted the clergyman the latter regretted that he would have to refuse burial to an actor, as he could not stably himself in the minds of his people when he had so often preached against the stage and the actor's profession.

"But what am I to do?" asked Mr. Jefferson in despair.

"I think," the rector answered after a moment's pause, "there is a little church around the corner that might be willing to undertake the service."

"It will be a great honor to that little church," answered Mr. Jefferson, with a bow to the minister, and he made his way to the Church of the Transfiguration. There he found the rector, and soon made all arrangements for the funeral. Just before leaving, Mr. Jefferson, with some of that hesitancy of his Van Winkle when he found himself unrecognized by his old associates, said to Dr. Houghton, "My friend was an actor."

Dr. Houghton answered gravely, "I don't know why I should be told anything except that your friend needs burial."

The incident, in happening to a man like Mr. Jefferson, was like one of those seeds sown on good ground. He told it with great warmth to the first person he met and to many others. The story got into the papers, and so the link was forged that bound the people of the stage world to that little church around the corner. It has held through all these years. On the death of the old rector in 1897, his nephew, Dr. George C. Houghton, who fills his place, accepted the inheritance and holds out the same welcoming hand to the men and women of the play world. Yet the Church of the Transfiguration is not a church made up of actors and actresses, as some have supposed.

The idea never came into the association of the church with the stage as illustrated by an incident that happened not long ago. The rector was just leaving the church one day, after a service, when he met a woman in the vestibule of the church.

"Are you Dr. Houghton?" she asked.

Answering that he was and inquiring what he could do for her, the woman replied very earnestly: "I want to see you about a communique I have composed. It is the best ever presented to the stage. I thought if I brought these samples to you: I producing some hours from the depths of a black bag" that you would tell your congregation about it, and that would build up my business."

She was plunging into a dissertation on the merits of her commodity, when the rector, smothering a chuckle, interrupted.

"Maudie, if you will come this way," he said, "I will introduce you to our prima donna"; and he led her to a little room where a very grave old lady, who was one of his strongest allies in the parish work among the poor, was seated at a desk hearing the pleas of some foreign petitioners. To her he introduced the communique of the excellent communique, adding, "Mrs. F., this lady has an article that you may be able to distribute to advantage among your dancers and actresses."

Then the rector wisely withdrew.

THE MINUTE-MEN OF THE COAST

By LARKIN G. MEAD



THE saving of a quarter of a million lives along this country's coast has just been credited to some fifty men, as the result of a year's vigorous work in the solitude of the shore rocks and reefs. The eye of man seldom sees the Audubon warden as he plods his stormy beach, the focus of thousands of eager, trustful glances; yet the water-fowl over whom he watches number 250,000 more to-day than they did a year ago. That many human lives have been saved by the faithful services of these sea-birds as scavengers of the whole coast region is a fact which has long been recognized by sanitary scientists.

The record of this last year of bird husbandry on the breeding-grounds of the American coast lies to-day in the shape of a little pile of well-thumbed and pressed report blanks, down at 141 Broadway, where the National Association of Audubon Societies has its headquarters. The results of their day and night of beating up and down the shore and we have been scrawled into the cramped formulae of a dozen questions by the coast wardens. The rest of the story is known only to rare visitors on their steam-beaten stretches—and to the birds, whose ancestral homing-grounds they guard. The advent of storm tides, the equally disturbing visitation of human destroyers, and even estimates of the eggs laid, the young reared, and the increase or decrease of each species of their bird families are set down with brief, blunt comment by these shepherds of the sea flock.

The exacting work of covering sea and shore in every weather demands of the Audubon warden the sternest qualities of soldier, guide, scout, and hunter. These men are in fact picked from just these classes for their added qualifications of patience, gentleness, and sympathetic knowledge of bird life. Many of the guardians of the rocky Audubon reserves off the New England coast are veteran lighthouse tenders or captains of life-saving crews. Others are guides and trappers of lifelong experience and local reputation. It is essential that each should know every inch of his territory as well as how to traverse it with speed and safety in the face of storms or treacherous tides.

Dean of the Audubon corps of wardens, old Captain Halford lives in absolute solitude for ten months of the year out on Little-Boys Island, an important bird reserve in the Gulf of Mexico. In his scanty little craft, the *Albatross* tied, this skipper of three-score and ten years puts out nightly for his island through the treacherous passages of the Gulf. Provisions and night quarters lie in the hold of the *Albatross* dingy, snugly anchored to the shore of his de-solate domain, which the sturdy old man stamps from end to end in the course of his duty. One of the most valuable of the wardens, Captain Halford has become a practical ornithologist of no mean attainments, and his word on the racial developments, traits, or condition of his charges is accepted as gospel by authorities of note.

Captain Sprinkle is another sage among the Audubon wardens. In the *Boat* Tail, one of the best of crafters for which the association paid \$25,000 during the past year, the captain and his son make the rounds of the Gulf Islands within their province, living aboard their craft—the only human habitation within miles of nesting herds of sea-fowl. With only his ship and the skaters

year-old lad for company, Sprinkle has come to find society in the thousands of chattering gulls, herons, terns, and pelicans among whose homes he visits in closest intimacy.

It is this fatherly supervision of homing flocks about their breeding-grounds that constitutes the chief work of the wardens. The duties of sentinel and skipper afford a real and constant danger which makes the life thrilling and picturesque; but it is the keen observation of conditions surrounding the birds at their crucial mating period, as well as the humdrum labors of counting nests and eggs, that renders an inestimable service to the Audubon Association and to the country at large. "Are there more birds now than when you first became warden?" is an species degrading in number; if so, name them and give reason!" are two of the questions which each warden must answer after his year's patrol of his bird metropolis. In this way President Dutcher has from his minute-man immediate warning of important and often wide spread changes and developments in the national bird body, upon which the country must depend as an essential force in the great work of scavenging the whole coast. Plague and pestilence, it has been demonstrated, must follow any considerable depletion in the ranks of these birds, as rich in economy as in sentimental value to all Americans.

To just what extent the invasion of the human destroyer on their chosen breeding-grounds means murder to whole races of water-fowl, unborn or breeding, cannot be exactly determined; though students of bird life calculate human encroachment to be even more fatal than nature's devastating ocean tides. The Audubon warden has, however, succeeded this year in holding in check within his boundaries the raids of poachers and plume-hunters whose activities always threaten the extinction of many breeds of birds. This has been accomplished more by friends of farming than by force; and though the warden goes armed to his work, he leaves behind him signs and words of warning that are beginning to teach marauders that there is a power behind the helpless nesting birds. There is sequence in the fact that, while the birds perch and seek fastidiously about their wardens on those reserves which the Audubon Association has succeeded in procuring and maintaining, on other shores they fly at sight of man, while often their breeding-grounds show and evidence of the human destroyer.

It was the unmistakable indications of this sort, met in a recent exploring expedition through remote regions of the Gulf of Mexico by its ornithological expert, Koyama, that led the Audubon Association to appeal to the government for the reservation of the Shell Keys and other neighboring islands, and to every American citizen to help in maintaining wardens upon them. To-day the Audubon wardens stand guard over many of these islands, which the President has been ordered to have ceded for this purpose, and the association is trusting to private subscription for funds to purchase or lease perpetually others upon which this livery of birds still goes on unchecked. It is only by constant, expert exploration of such regions, where the Audubon workers have conducted hitherto the entire Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and which they are now continuing to cover, that the steady loss of nesting islands and the association we feel may be finally placed under the protection of the Audubon wardens. What New York city would be without its street-cleaning department, the whole coast of America must become if its sea-fowl are allowed to be exterminated.



The Season's Plays

PALMISTS, FAIRIES, GYPSIES, AND CIRCUS GIRLS



By "I"



THE zeal which Miss Ethel Barrymore displays in acting her stage husband from the position of jolly is as nothing compared to the zeal she employs in trying to save Clyde Fitch and Cosmo Gordon Lennox from the results of the title play they have provided for her use, "Her Sister," at the Hudson. The first act of the play is very good, very amusing, and very promising. The other two acts, the second especially, are not even half-sisters to the first. Were it not for Miss Barrymore, for her personal charm, and the ease with which she always plays her parts, it is only fair to say that "Her Sister" would soon be pushed gently aside to share the fate of the usual poor relation. As it is, Miss Barrymore endows the heroine with a grace and distinction which should provoke more applause from Mr. Fitch and Mr. Gordon Lennox than from the house.

Briefly, the plot of the play deals with the threadbare theme of mistaken identity, and the loyal sacrifice of the elder sister, who takes upon herself the misdeeds of a half-sister in order to shield her. Of course it all runs right in the end, and "they marry and live happily ever after." Not satisfied, evidently, with having dragged in the "mistaken identity" business, the authors have utilized the decrepit idea of announcing at the door the name of a person not there, but one whose presence at the psychological moment will either save or sufficiently compromise the heroine. Of course it saves her, and practically ends the play.

Miss Barrymore is deserving of every praise for her work in the play, which, although it does not exact of her anything particularly new, gives her every opportunity to be charming.

The first act discloses the reception-room of the actress, Madison Ives, the crystal-gazing, palm-reading role which *Eloise Alderson* (Miss Barrymore) plays to a credulous clientele in London. In this Miss Barrymore is delightfully humorous. The other two acts take her to the home of the Buckley family, where she is "on approval" as the bride-to-be of the son of the house. *Eloise's* sister, an actress, has been indiscreet enough in America to be sought for in a divorce action, and *Eloise's* picture is printed by mistake in an American paper with the half-sister's name under it. The subsequent complications are obvious.

The new leading man with Miss Barrymore is Mr. Arthur Byron, and although he is a good actor, and particularly good in some of the scenes, one cannot avoid missing Mr. Bruce McEwen. Mr. Louise Dyer as *Miss Minto*, the Cockney secretary to the actress, deserves hearty congratulations for her character-work. Miss Lucile Watson, as the mischief-maker, plays her part with a stolidity of voice which is unparagonable.

Peter Pan returned to town on Christmas eve more deliciously juvenile than ever; and for two hours and a half he delighted a packed and affectionate audience at the Empire Theatre. The play, as everybody knows, is by little Virginia Smith (now *de jure*, "Lina"), a talented lady of some seven summers; and from the moment when, stepping before the arch-aisle, she gave the signal for the curtain to rise, disclosing Mr. Charles If Weston as an intelligent shrewd mastiff with a blending of duckbunt, preparing the children's bath, one was ready for familiar delights. "I" followed the thrilling scene that ended with alternate hopes and fears, for was "I" not one of the band? When Mr. Darling chained the faithful Mr. Weston in the back yard, and the glow of a stage night descended over the sleeping children, we all, as before, shivered with an apprehension that was not decreased by hearing the muffled, warning barks of Mr. Weston below. When *Peter Pan* flew through the window, in company with merry, dancing *Faust* *Reid*, and took us to fly back with him to the Never, Never, Never Land, where *Wendy* *Moira* *Angela* *Dwight* was to be a mother to us all, we shared with breathless excitement the adventures of his intrepid band. We put to rout lions and ostriches and wolves. Far more insidious were the seditious schemes of *James Hook* (played, as before, by Ernest Lawford), the wicked pirate captain, with his infernal belt of rich, damp rick, crustacean with frosted sugar; how narrowly we escaped it! We fought our desperate battle upon the pirate ship, flinging the pirates overboard to disappear beneath the waves, to the accompaniment of huge splashes of spray. And yet we could almost forgive the captain for the sake of his slow, tick-tocking *Ymca*, a lovably eccedilic with vast red cavernous mouth and shining teeth. The pirate *Hook*, too, deprived wretch that he was, was washed after feelings when we learned that he had never had a mother. But we rescued the ship in splendid style, and then went home to Mr. *Dwight* and Mrs. *Dwight* and the faithful *Ymca*, addressed by the loss of *Peter*, yet cheered by the annual spring-cleaning made to him by *Wendy* at the end, where they part in the little house on the tree-top, surrounded by showers of shooting angels. Mildred Morris, as *Wendy*, made a very motherly young person. Bring her back, *Peter*, when you pay us your annual visit next Christmas tide.

Happy, janthier *Peter*, piping on your fate! We wish—*we* *Wendy* a new words to you—we wish you were a little bit further so that we could take you up and squeeze you!

She simply could not be the richest girl in England, was it packed herself off to a gypsy camp in the merry greenwood, at Miss Maxine Elliott, taking with her the family silver for the picnic, a bathing suit, and a couple of jolly play fellows, married and feminine, for good measure. What happened is all represented at the Garrick Theatre in Henry V. Edmund's new play "Under the Greenwood Tree."

Imagine, if you can, the gentle Whittier gushing his "very fair, pale daughter" with automobiles and automobile music.



Miss Maxine Elliott in her discreet bath-robe costume in "Under the Greenwood Tree," at the Garrick

useless, and setting her free in the forest; imagine *Peter Pan*, grown stately and beautiful, but retaining his glib detestable mind to grow up; imagine Mr. Shakespeare's Mrs. *Bonduick* frolicking in a greenhouse of a later day, and you will conceive some idea of the key in which Mr. Edmund has pitched his *Wendy* *Hamlet*. Thus *Wendy* was tired of people, of buzzing letters, of suitors, and of all the other ills of the idle hour. With her bosom friend, (Continued on page 25.)

Japanese Policy in Korea

By PRINCE ITO HIROBUMI



IN reviewing the record of what we have done in Korea in the past thirty years, there is something singular, not to say strange and striking. Instead of increasing in intimacy and friendliness, Korea and Nippon seem to have walked away, back to back, one from the other. This has been inevitable. Good reasons, and many, there are to explain this unfortunate condition of things. Also, it would be well for all of us always to keep in mind that the actual Nippon activities in Korea do not date very far back. Very few years have passed since we have taken over the Korean affairs. Through the course of the Russo-Nippon war, circumstances brought the two countries closer together. As a result of the war, we have come to see the conditions and situations which are prevailing to-day. These are not what the Koreans had prayed for. Simply, it is the natural outcome of the life of the weak that cannot cope against the strong.

At the conclusion of the war and the establishment of peace, we were compelled to revise our relations with Korea, and change our attitude and our policies toward her almost entirely. Our government took into its own hands the management of the foreign affairs of Korea. We have created a protectorate over her. Through this arrangement, the power of dictating the foreign policy of Korea has fallen into the care of Nippon. This, however, left us in the helpless condition of waiting upon the pleasure and sliding by the judgment of the Koreans, so far as their internal affairs were concerned. We have seen the practical workings of this arrangement for nearly one year. The result of it all makes us think of a man who tries to scratch his foot over his shoe.

Powerless to carry out its programme in matters of foreign dealings, the Korean government, nevertheless, has been active and aggressive in carrying out its wishes in its internal administration and in the realm of domestic politics. I have tried to offer them some advice, such advice as had a great and far-reaching bearing upon the governmental reforms and administration system of Korea. In order to bring about the practical application of such advice, I had to look very studiously into the education of the mass and the material progress of the country in their different stages. For these advice which I have ventured to offer affected the peace of the country and the happiness of the people. They had a vital bearing on the protection of person and property, and unless such advice were pertinent and well-advised, would not only be useless but harmful.

In all my actions, I have very carefully weighed the difficulties which were in the path of reform in Korea. I have felt the magnitude of such difficulties at almost every point. Above all things, I have made it my duty to consider the sentiments and ideas of His Majesty, the King of Korea, and his government and people. At such occasions as I have ventured to offer my advice, I have spoken straight from my heart. Sincerity was the keynote of all that I have tried to accomplish in Korea in behalf of the Korean Imperial family and of the people.

My efforts have been answered in a different manner. All manner of intrigue and questionable methods have been employed in nullifying the work that I have tried to accomplish. This has been carried to such an extreme extent that at last it compelled us to abandon our silent acquisitions. Among the Koreans themselves there were many who appreciated the magnitude of this affair. Without a single word from Nippon, they have taken it upon themselves to compel their sovereign to abdicate as a result of it. The abdication was followed by the presentation of a new convention. The signing and ratification of the convention brought about a new day for Nippon administration in Korea. The new convention defines the position of Nippon toward Korea very much more clearly than heretofore. It extends the power of Nippon to the administration of Korean affairs. This convention

also causes additional duties to devolve upon us. In the practical discharge of these additional duties, I have thought deeply and for many days.

Between the Korea of to-day and the Nippon in the first years of the Meiji, in the days when the clans were converted into gentlemen, there is no great difference. Those were the days crowded with affairs calling for reforms, pregnant with great promises, and full of problems. There were two things we needed in those first days of the Meiji—men and money. Korea of to-day calls for the same two indispensable things. Unfortunately, both money and men are beyond my power and control. That is the reason why I have thought it wise to pay a visit to our home government and to its ministers, and with them discuss the different phases of the Korean question.

In the solution of the Korean problem, a man always asks this question: What power is it that exercises the dominant control over that people? What force is it that is controlling the policies of the Koreans? Moreover, what is that invincible power (which one sees in every country controlling the life of a race) that shapes the destiny of the Koreans? Is it religion, or is it customs and habits?

In my judgment the majority of the Koreans are governed by the Chinese learning and the Chinese code of ethics. Beyond that, I do not see any influence that has a particular power over them. In the interpretation of virtues,—policiness, righteousness, truthfulness, faithfulness, affection, and so on,—they find their criterion in the teachings of Confucius and Mencius. Even among the highly educated class of Koreans, education stops with the Chinese scholarship. Beyond that there is nothing. Even those who style themselves scholars are by no means scholars in the professional and specialized sense. When you ask what are the thoughts and ideas which govern this class, you will find that they are much like those young men in the closing days of the Shogunate in Nippon, who were governed by a few pamphlets and patriotic poems written by the thinkers of the time. They look upon Nippon as a barbarian country, they regard themselves as the refined and enlightened race. As for the common people and the farmers, they have no education or culture whatever.

Such are the actual conditions of the people in Korea. You can see readily, therefore, what are the motives which are actuating the acts of violence on the part of the Korean insurgents of to-day. This must be thoroughly appreciated in order to understand the methods with which we solve the problem of meeting the lawless disturbances throughout Korea.

Whatever be the change in the thoughts of the Koreans of to-day, and almost independent of that fact, the time and the world have compelled the Koreans to walk side by side with Nippon. Both the Imperial House and the government seem to understand this fact.

In Korea there is no capitalist of any moment. There are many who pride themselves on their rank, but they are extremely poor, and anxious in influence. The one prime end and aim with the Koreans is to become a government official. A government position brings with it monetary profits. Naturally, those who are out of the governmental positions are exceedingly ill-content.

In bringing about the new regime in Korea, perhaps the most difficult question is to secure the proper men for the governmental positions. When you supply these official positions with the men of ability from the government officials, you are in opposition from the Koreans; they say of us, "They have come to rob us of the means of livelihood," and for this reason the appointment of the Nippon officers of unquestioned ability to leading positions in Korea, I think, is a matter of grave difficulty. I, for one, have determined to face the Korean affair with all my energy and spirit. The one prayer of mine is for the extension of Nippon's power in the Far East.

Lines to Louisa

By EARLE HOOKER EATON

(The Same Being Our Forty-seventh Maid Who Has Gone to Smash Eisenberg)

A WEEK ago we had a Maid,
Whose memory will never fade.
You should have seen Louisa!
She piled the plates on which we dined
So very high they called to mind
The leaning tower of Pisa.

At other times they did not lean,
When carried by our kitchen queen
(Whose other name was Dementia).
But rose as straight as apple or tree,
And then, her model seemed to be
The Campanile, Venice.

The leaning tower was first to go,
And when it hit the floor below,
The havoc was appalling!
At once another crash occurred,
And then, alas! we knew we heard
The Campanile falling!

I see its shattered remnants yet.
Twas half our wedding dinner set—
The other half was Pisa.
My throbbing heart protest! I do:
"Pray leave," she cried, "and I go wild!
For Pisa on Omea piled
Would be your next, Louisa!"

THE NEEDLESS PERIL OF THE COAL-MINE

(Continued from page 14.)

expert mine engineer, powder is powder. To the average mind the word "powder" connotes the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees; like the word "perfect," it admits of no comparison. Nevertheless, the powder in an ordinary keg contains a great variety of sizes which have about the same relation to each other as the minerals from one to mine. An explosion is never more than the instantaneous combustion of powder. If the smaller grains of powder, which compare with the mineral ore, are mixed with larger ones, which compare with the larger minerals, it is reasonable to assume that the smaller particles are going to burn first, and, consequently, the force of the shot will be simply the force of the explosion of those smaller particles, since the larger sizes do not burn until the main force of the explosion has spent itself. The mine becomes accustomed to a constant danger that the minimum amount of powder cannot always be relied upon to produce a calculated shock in breaking down the coal. He is disposed to make sure that he will have enough powder to do the work thoroughly. Very often he will overload the hole bored in the coal, and will give a greater shock than the amount of coal to be shot down actually requires.

Moreover, some miners are careless in drilling holes in the face of the coal. Under ordinary circumstances the miner begins to drill his hole about the top of the seam, or from three to five feet above the face. He drives this hole on a gradual slant back into the coal to a distance of about twelve feet. Then the charge of powder is placed at the extreme end of this hole; a face is attached, the opening is blocked up, and the fire ignited. Sometimes the miner starts by giving a sharper declination than customary to his drill hole. Instead of the shot being placed twelve feet from the face, it is lodged from two to possibly five feet back in the coal. When the powder is ignited the force of the explosion is much greater than the amount of gas to be done registers, and the smaller, which would exert itself some where, rushes out into the miner's chamber in a long flash of fire. This is called a "blow-out," or a "windy shot." If there is any gas in the room, or if there is any reflection of dust, this blow-out, or windy shot, the miner becomes accustomed to a constant explosion can very easily occur. Thus, in fact, is supposed to have been the exact cause of the mine disaster which occurred at Monongah, West Virginia.

Under the circumstances, it would have been comparatively easy to avoid any one of those four great disasters if the mine operators, or the mine engineer, had understood the use of powder, had selected his powder all of one size, and had determined before-hand the exact amount that must be used in each shot. It would have been comparatively easy, even with the present habitual use of powder, to avert these accidents if the laws had been so framed as to take out of the hands of the labor unions and out of the hands of the coal operators the disputed question of who should fire the shot, and had insisted that professional shot-firers be employed.

Before showing the next manner in which these explosions could have been avoided it may be necessary to explain to the lay mind a little about the modern mining of coal. The old method was for the miner, with his pick, to cut an opening under the vein of coal, drill his hole, place his explosive his powder, allowing the lumps of coal to fall to the floor. Later this under-cutting has been done by machinery in some mines. Where the labor unions have their own way and are able to prevent the use of machinery, and where easy-going workmen do not care to go to the trouble of

undercutting the coal, they have a way of "shooting from the solid." This means that the explosive is put into a hole drilled into the coal, which has not been undercut by either pick or machinery. Naturally, with such methods, more powder is required than when the coal is undercut. Some States have passed laws forbidding absolutely any shooting from the solid. This practice is dangerous because the miners are likely to miscalculate the amount of powder that is actually required and, consequently, are likely to have a blow-out shot.

A few years ago, following a number of disastrous explosions caused by blow-out shot, both Illinois and Iowa passed laws which demand absolutely the employment of professional shot-firers. These are not permitted to drill the holes into which the powder is placed, and are charged with the responsibility, first, of seeing that the coal is undercut, and, second, that the charge is placed far enough back in the coal to prevent a blow-out, or windy shot. Moreover, their work is done at a time when there is no one in the mine but themselves. Hence, with such a system, the wholesale killing of men, such as in any of the four recent explosions would have been absolutely out of the question. Attention for the employment of professional shot-firers has recently been carried on in all parts of the country. So far public sentiment has not been able to overcome the prejudice of the mine-workers' union against the employment of such professional shot-firers, because the miners are compelled to pay a part of their wages.

A third preventive of mine explosions is to keep the air perfectly pure. Up to now this has been one of the greatest questions confronting the coal-mining States, because the miners have been able to understand just what kind of work his union-laws was doing. It is realized that even the accumulation of dust is preventable, to a certain extent, by the free circulation of air. It is known, of course, that a liberal inflow of fresh air will do much good to remove, almost completely, the danger of an explosion. It has only been within the last few months that the study of air currents in mines has been reduced to a science, and this innovation was brought to the United States by an expert consultant from Germany, Fritz Scholz, now president of the Luck Island Coal Company of Chicago. The attention of Mr. Scholz was drawn to this important subject by a damage suit in one of the mines of his company in Oklahoma. There had been an explosion in his mine which had killed several men. The heirs of one had sued for damages, setting up the claim that the mine-fan had stopped, and the explosion had occurred almost instantly. The records showed that the fan had stopped that day, although a subsequent investigation proved that the fan had closed down after the explosion had occurred. Nevertheless, this started Mr. Scholz to studying the circulation of air in the mine, with the result that he has now established a pressure-gauge which will tell, by the record it keeps, exactly what had been the action of the air in that mine throughout the twenty-four hours of a day. The results of his study have been so important that they are being taken up by the coal-mine operators throughout the country.

An auxiliary preventive is to keep down the dust in the mines. The mine operators in Wales have gone much further, in this respect, than the people of the United States, as they not only sprinkle the floors and the driveways of dusty mines, but also the sides of the shaft or slope as well as the coal in the cars. They have also erected dust-proof doors, at the opening of the shaft or slope to prevent the drifting in of dust from the outside.

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

(Continued from page 28.)

Peggy Taggart, she forgets it all in the fun of living in a gypsy's wagon out in the open.

It's all whimsical fun, and there's a plot, too. Enter the man, Regis the magnate—Mary as a gypsy. The man, an English country squire, believes it, of course; and, furthermore, he believes that Mary has eloped with the gypsy. Then the climax of Act II. They fall in love. In Act III, if Mary only had a suitable dress—silver or no silver—she'd marry her. She produces a beautiful pink party-gown from the wagon. More plot develops here, because the squire thinks it's burglary. Then the hateful gypsies want more money to explode his powder, allowing the lumps of coal to fall to the floor. Later this under-cutting has been done by machinery in some mines. Where the labor unions have their own way and are able to prevent the use of machinery, and where easy-going workmen do not care to go to the trouble of

As Mary, Miss Elliott gives a charming performance of herself, with a keen feeling for the romantic and whimsical fun of the role. Miss Mary Jermoloff makes Peggy just a delightful girl on a romp. The company is mainly English; the leading man in Miss Elliott's company, Mr. Charles Perry, the only American, was kept out of the opening performance by an accident at rehearsal.

When the circus comes to "a small town in the Middle West," as the programme describes it, Polly, the most wonderful equine artist of a long line of circus riders, was thrown from her horse and badly hurt. They carried her to the nearest house, which happened to be the parsonage, inhabited only by the Rev. John Dowdell and Handy, his old black housekeeper. From the moment the doctor told us that Polly's ankles were broken, and that she must stay in bed for months, the end was inevitable. Miss Margaret Mayo, the author of "Polly of the Circus," now an

view at the Liberty Theatre, has provided nothing new in the handling of a conventional theme.

Nevertheless, the play is an effective one, and this is due to two things—the charm of Miss Mabel Talbot, whose girlish impersonation and stately manner are an irresistible appeal, and the striking effect with which Frederic Thompson, the producer of the play, has realized the circus scene. We see a representation of the circus, but the circus itself on the stage, in its actual human and material reality.

The delightful Polly has never learned of the world outside the tent until the minister tells her of it. Indeed, he instructs her not only in religion and the driveways of dusty mines, but also the sides of the shaft or slope as well as the coal in the cars. They have also erected dust-proof doors, at the opening of the shaft or slope to prevent the drifting in of dust from the outside.

It is almost with a pang of regret that one finds the fascinating child-actress full-grown, but Miss Talbot is as winsome as ever, and has grown in her art. It is difficult to imagine Polly played more delightfully than by the actress who has been the pathos of the part. As Polly Toby, the clown, John Finlay is on the stage for only a few minutes in the first act, but his impersonation of the poor old jester, still in the merry make-up of the ring, but conscious of his anxiety for Polly, is one that cannot be forgotten. Joseph Brannan, who plays Jim, the black man-servant, is as real as if he had always lived the life. Malcolm Williams, as the Rev. John Dowdell, seems to be inexplicably affected with timidity in the presence of his young charge, and his love-making is so awkward that it is almost comical. Polly's friends have been moved by such sincere and honest protestations as his.

Congressional Library Now Third

The contents of the Library of Congress at Washington for the year just ended closes it as the third largest library in the world. It contains 1,422,848 books and pamphlets and some 9000 other volumes. Its net gain in miscellaneous books and pamphlets during the year was 54,504. Among the very recent important collections is one on Russia and Siberia and another on Japan. These two valuable collections were written in the Japanese language. The most notable single acquisition is the celebrated Yudin Library of works on Russia and Siberia. This collection, though nominally a purchase, is practically a gift, since the owner parted with it for little more than one-third the sum expended in gathering it. This purchase is noteworthy as an indication of the broadening scope of the library and its increasing value to scholars. The Yudin Library consists of over 80,000 volumes, and there is probably no other collection of books on Russia and Siberia of such size in the world. These books are rich in local history, ethnology, and institutional history. The material includes certain manuscript records of the early Russian settlements in Alaska, which are most interesting. The portrait of Mr. Yudin and the photograph of the log house he had built for the collection at Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, are exhibited by the library.

Another important feature is a collection of some thousand works on Japan, mainly in the Japanese language. The books and manuscripts were selected in Japan by Professor Joakawa, of Yale, whose purpose was to secure a good working collection for the student of Japanese literature, history, and institutions. The library is also rich in Chinese works.

Among the most notable additions in the year are the Shoemaker and the Knuffmann collections, and valuable manuscripts and papers of the period of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. Among the most notable additions in the manuscript division by gift are the letters of Justice John McLean, of the Supreme Court; the papers of Chapin Joseph C. Thomas, of the Christian Commission in the Civil War; two Revolutionary orderly books; a series of twenty-five papers relating to the trial of Colonel Thomas Butler, and thirty letters addressed to Cyrus W. Field. The purchases include the letters of Judge Joseph Holt, of Washington, and of Governor William Plumer, of New Hampshire; the papers of Edmund McPherson; 300 letters of Frederick Stevens; and many other items of interest. Under the law of 1903 the Pickett Papers (diplomatic records of the Confederate States) have been transferred to the library from the Treasury Department, and interesting Confederate and other records from the Post-office Department.

The Division of Documents of the library shows an increase of 50 per cent in the number of volumes and pamphlets acquired, the total being 23,428. Special attention has been given during the past year to developing the collection of foreign documents by obtaining the volumes necessary to complete sets in the library, and to this end a list is kept showing the countries with which international exchange relations have been established.

Under the special collections to which large additions were made during this year is the maps division, which now has a total of over 150,000 pieces; the music division, which possesses a total of 200,000 pieces; and the prints division, which has a total of 225,000 prints.

Married progress has been made in re-labeling and classifying the documents and pamphlets, and an increase of over 14 per cent in the distribution of printed cards to subscribing libraries, of which there are now 1000 benefiting by this service, which is unique as well as national.

The total expenditures for the year amounted to \$124,000. Eighty-five thousand dollars of this amount was offset by receipts for copyrights, fees, etc. In addition to the above expenditures \$250,000 was expended for printing and binding.

If the Library of Congress continues to grow at this rate, within a few years it will not only be designated the most beautiful in the world, but the most complete, with the largest collection of books.

A Stroke of Luck

He was a speculator, and for a year past nothing had been coming his way except expenses. Misfortunes never came by themselves. One day his daughter informed him, in a cold and unfeeling manner, that if he did not give her a diamond tiara worth at least a thousand she would elope with the coachman.

"Come to my arms, my darling," he exclaimed, as the tears of joy streamed down his wrinkled cheeks; "come to my arms."

"Do I get the tiara?" she asked, hesitating as she accepted his invitation.

"Of course not," he smiled, delightedly, "you get the coachman. I owe him nine months' wages!"

Incontestable

A GRANDMOTHER was reproaching her little grandchildren for making so much noise.

"Dear me, children, you are so noisy today! Can't you be a little more quiet?"

"Now, grandma, your mother's word is law. You see, if it wasn't for us, you wouldn't be a grandma at all."

Correspondence Course for Editors

By George Herbert Clarke

It is generally agreed by the writing craft that the current magazine market is declining; manuscripts are throwingly mutilated. Editorial rejection slips are notoriously inhuman, and even in written correspondence the antecedents of the monthlies show nothing like the versatility and boldness of their contributors. Why, it occurs to us to ask, should not these dull persons freshen up a bit and attack the rejection problem in a way that will at least attempt to justify their own literary pretensions? Why, for instance, should they not undertake to define in brief, limberly with hierarchies, sonnets with sonnets, etc.? For their consideration, we venture to append a number of forms that may easily be printed in that nicely deceptive typewritten fashion, that looks so convincingly professional. Models merely, gentlemen—adapt them as you will:

Sir (or Madam), your versified trick is brilliant and witty and quick,
And yet you are under
(With heart torn asunder)
A bend to print no more—ick.

Dear Friend, your sonnet is the sweetest thing
That we have seen in sonnets for—a week!
We shall to-night with terror of it speak
When in our Harriet Hall we've taken drink
(The Misses likes to hear to have our ring
At all the wicky-wacky, wotul, wick
And wavy verses that our suffering seek),—
(Oh yes, we'll elude of your work, and sing!

Nevertheless, to our immense regret,
We find that in the moment we're on hand
So many contributions of this kind
That we can't use one single fresh sonnet;
With sorrow you can scarcely understand
We send you back, then, yours "With thanks," declined.

ABROT'S BITTERS

III
Your bright tablet
Has turned up duly:
Tis the Editor's pet,
Your bright tablet;
He almost—and yet
By a fate most surely
Your bright tablet
Is here turned down duly.

IV
Declined with thanks is your random,
Regretting that it must be so,
And making you not to infer
That it is void in merit, sir,
(Of course, it says he. He doesn't know!)

"Miss wants but little here below,"
Thus the old phrase of Goldsmith, O.
And that's precisely why we part:
"Declined with thanks."

You see, we've paid out so much dough
To Lawton, Stephens, and Higham
(Miss Tarbell, too—outside her!),
For making fly the festive fur,
That our exasperation's very low:
Declined with thanks.

Chapter One: Kipling wrote a story once.
Chapter Two: So you.
Chapter Three: Kipling's went the round of the publishers.
Chapter Four: So (evidently) has yours.
Chapter Five: Kipling's was not accepted for years.
Chapter Six: You, too?
Chapter Seven: Are you a Kipling, then?
Chapter Eight: That's another story.

A BONE COMFORT.
The merits of BROWN'S PAIN-EXPELLER BREAD EXHAUSTIVELY DESCRIBED IN THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL, recently posted. You are all invited to see it in person. Suitable for trials, courts, law, and medicine.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT, BROWN'S PAIN-EXPELLER BREAD, is a bone comfort.

THE BROWN'S PAIN-EXPELLER BREAD, is a bone comfort.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOUND A WAY

To Be Clear of the Coffee Troubles.

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit, and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work. His skin was yellow, and I hardly think there was an organ in his body that was not affected."

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee, and after some discussion he decided to give it up."

"It was a struggle, because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it, and then it was easy to leave off coffee."

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kidneys grew better, until at last he was able to work as well as before. As a result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it, too."

"Although I was never so bad as my husband, I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 85 lbs. before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs., and can do as much work as any one my size. I think."

"Many do not use Postum because they have not taken the trouble to make it right. I have successfully fed a great many persons who have drunk it at my table. They would remark, 'You must say a high grade of coffee.' The young men who drink in a very ordinary way are very enthusiastic about my coffee." When I told him what it was, he said, "Why? I've used Postum for four years, but I had no idea it was like this. Thank I did Postum hereafter."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pages. "There's a Reason."

Makes the best coffee! A delicious remedy for all who, spirit and colds, nervousness. A full cup of Postum is a bone comfort. It is a bone comfort. It is a bone comfort. It is a bone comfort.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.



Music and the Opera

THE TWO LISZTS

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



orchestral work which never fails to excite wonder and induce meditation had one of its too infrequent performances last week, at Carnegie Hall, by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Walter Damrosch. I speak of the "Faust" Symphony of Liszt, which the general public of this town as seldom hears in its entirety that its performance in full by Mr. Damrosch's admirable orchestra might well have been announced, after the pleasing habit of our local purveyors of opera, as a "revival."

More frequent presentations of this remarkable work in its complete form would, it is easy to believe, be of benefit to those whose interest in musical gnoseology is more genuine than superficial; for in the vivid and ardent pages of this wonderful score are the sources of much that, to-day, we sometimes imagine to be new and freshly wrought. It is as extremely salutary thing to remember that the "Faust" Symphony had been conceived, composed, and even revised before Wagner had put upon paper one note of his more characteristic scores; that this symphony of Liszt's had passed into its final form at a time when all that we know as the most typical product of Wagner's genius was still nonexistent. Yet in what measure has Liszt been recognized as the pioneer that he was: as an innovator of astonishing boldness and fertility; as, it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say, the source and mainspring of much that makes the musical art of to-day what it distinctively is? And the "Faust" Symphony is Liszt at his greatest.

I have called it "wonderful," this pathetic and much-maligned fairytale, and wonderful it is, from whichever of several angles one chooses to regard it. It is wonderful inspiration—for it was completed at a time when all that we know as the most typical product of Wagner's genius was still nonexistent. Yet in what measure has Liszt been recognized as the pioneer that he was: as an innovator of astonishing boldness and fertility; as, it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say, the source and mainspring of much that makes the musical art of to-day what it distinctively is? And the "Faust" Symphony is Liszt at his greatest.

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Copyright by M. G. K. Co.
Miss Gertrude Reache
CONTRALTO AT THE METROPOLITAN
OPERA HOUSE, WHO IS APPEAR-
ING IN BRUNO IN THE FRENCH
REPEREUSE.

ful in its vitality and freshness of completed fifty years ago, when "Tristan and Isolde," "Meistersinger," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," and "Parsifal" were still of the future; when Gildemark was twenty-five, Saint-Saëns twenty-two, Tchaikovsky seventeen, Rimsky-Korsakoff thirteen, and Richard Strauss still unborn. It is wonderful because of the fullness and definiteness with which it prefigures and anticipates a style and quality of utterance which to-day, half a century later, we call modern—like "Hamlet," as it has before been said, it is full of quotations: "In it speaks the voice of the Wagner of 'Tristan' (composed two years after), as well as the voice of the Strauss of 'Tod und Verklärung' (composed thirty-two years after). It is wonderful in its emotional energy, its passionate honesty, its subtle and powerful exposure of varied dramatic concepts, the width of its expressional range—its mastery of the accents of tenderness, ardor, innocence, irony, despair, exaltation.

It is scarcely needful to say that this music, in the degree in which it possesses these qualities, is not, in our time, overestimated; the wonder of it is that it should have achieved its kind, and degree of excellence at the precise moment in the history of art when it came into being. Why, one may ask, has not such a work prevailed? Why does it not count for more? Its defects are the unacknowledged defects of Liszt's artistic constitution. He was what Mr. Henley would have called "a convinced Romanticist." There was always in him a trend toward the theatrical in style and feeling—he seems always to be falling away from a form of expression that is truly dramatic toward a more theatrical one that is swollen, bombastic, rhetorical. He verges too often and too closely in his music upon vulgarity, upon commonness, upon affectation and sentimentality. He was, in fact, an amazing mixture of conflicting tendencies—tendencies toward authentic greatness, and tendencies toward triviality and pretense. He was greatly gifted, but not finely gifted. He had fecundity, great eloquence, and he knew how to compass grandeur. But there is always present in his work—as it has been elsewhere said—"a certain alloy: ideas of unquestionable power and beauty are tainted by conceptions which have their root in an incurable disposition toward

bombast and fusion. He never looked for ideas, per se; he was too ready to accept without close scrutiny whatever offered itself for his creative purposes. He never learned how to make his work as full of magnificent gleams; but how often the gleam and poetry of the idea is masked by a better that is clear and clear, by rhetoric that is ornamental rather than essential, a spontaneous." It is one of the tragedies of art that of the two Liszts the lesser should have, on the whole, prevailed; that to the innovator, the pioneering creator, the music-maker of notable genius, should have been corrupted and impeded in the conquering victories, the incomparable showman, the invincible power.

As for the "Faust" Symphony, that, as it seems, he will be come to share the destiny of those adventurous spirits of great art who have had to see the result of their pioneering work as a complete realization in the work of their successors; that will be realized with those whose apparent lot it was to see the work from which others should gather the harvest.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has issued to the public a letter of test, manifest—call it what one will—which deserves a more than its flippant kind of attention than it has attracted. Mr. Hammerstein claims that he is not receiving the degree of support of the opera-going public which his enterprise merits. If so, indeed, the case, he is justified in his belief. It is, of course, a thing to demand public support for an operatic institution at another thing to deserve it. To demand it, with an expectation that one's right to make the demand will be recognized, is probably a somewhat futile proceeding, but to deserve such support is a wholly different matter. For any one who appreciates what Mr. Hammerstein is doing and striving to do at the Manhattan Playhouse, his dissatisfaction will seem altogether reasonable. What the nature of his enterprise is, and why it truly merits the warm support of all who are concerned in it, is a matter of no small and worthy manifestations, was pointed out on this page a few weeks ago. Mr. Hammerstein is bent upon vitalizing an infusion of new elements, the stable and circumscribed opera repertoire which has long been, with few exceptions, the possession of the public of New York; moreover, he intends to accomplish this end by presenting certain new works which are usually certain to confer upon their producer nothing more substantial than artistic honor. Upon the support of whatever portion of the opera-going public there may be that is able to appreciate such ambitions Mr. Hammerstein has a right to depend; it would be lamentable if it were withheld.

Despite the triumphant sway of Italian opera at the Metropolitan, it is not after all impossible for Richard Wagner to make an occasional deprecatory appearance on that stage. There are still some who prefer, insignificantly enough, to hear even a second-rate performance of "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," and "The Flying Dutchman" to a performance of, say, Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide" or Gounod's "Adrienne Lecouvreur," with Mr. Caruso and the inimitable Miss Cavallieri in the cast; and these find at Mr. Conried's theatre infrequent compensation for their devotion to the gods of the past. For the manner in which the Metropolitan management produces, this year, the Wagner score named above is very far indeed from being second-rate. The performance, in particular, of that supreme masterpiece of the comedy, "Die Meistersinger," with Mr. Van Ruy, Mr. Knote, Mr. Goetz and Madame Giadzi in the chief roles, is so eloquent representative of Wagner's art at its best that it almost emboldens one to consider whether one's preference for the eternal kind of entertainment is not after all justifiable; and wonder if the alleged passing of Wagner and the revivification of Denzetti, Rosini, Fyodor, and the younger Verdi are as insignificant as they are said to be by those who fail to realize that eternal away of the gifted singer over the popular heart.



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The Valley and Hills which form the natural Basin of the Ashokan Reservoir
THE VILLAGE OF WEST NIDHAN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS BORDERING ESCOPE'S CREEK IS AT THE FOOT OF HIGH POINT, THE SUMMIT SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND. THE QUAIN OLD VILLAGE WILL BE AMONG THE FIRST TO GO

(Continued from page 13.)
mills and pulp-mills, to be framed into great timbers and planks, or to be ground into a wood pulp, which forms the vehicle for some of the most destructive explosive compounds known to man.

The last picture in the series illustrating this article affords a comprehensive view of the broad, deep valley whose deep, flat floor and wall of splendid hills seem to have been created for the very purpose they will serve.

The experts have calculated that the Olive Bridge Dam will cost \$12,000,000 to build, and that the total cost of the Ashokan Reservoir, including the value of land acquired and the legal expenses, will be \$30,000,000. Add to this the cost of the Escopus, Rondout, and Schoharie reservoirs, the cost of the new aqueduct to New York, and the filter plant at Kensico, and the total cost of the Ashokan and allied reservoirs, which will afford to the metropolis 500,000,000 gallons of water a day, will aggregate \$167,000,000.



THE YOUNG ONE: "He must have lived at a fast pace to have grown that old in a year!"

Setting Him at Ease

POWRYAN HUGGINS, of Grayville, Tennessee, had the misfortune to kill one of his neighbors in a hot political quarrel, and so paid the penalty on the gallows. The Huggins family removed to a distant part of the State. Twelve years later the eldest son, having been in the mean time graduated in theology, was assigned to the pastorate of the Grayville Church. Old Major Hickleigh, the rich man of the neighborhood, always entertained the clergy at his beautiful board. He was a kindly soul, though not overladen with tact.

Early on the Sunday morning of the Rev. Mr. Huggins's first service at Grayville, Hickleigh solemnly warned her husband.

"And where all, Major," she charged him, "no matter what happens, don't refer to his poor father."

The Major promised. Good would not let him leave the porch that morning; but he was anchored there in a broad armchair, a revolving statue of kindly, genial hospitality, when his wife and the Rev. Mr. Huggins approached after service.

"Major," said she, "let me introduce our new minister. He's going to dine with us."

"Right glad to see you, sir," cried the Major, heartily, as he wrung the young man's hand. "Right glad to see you. I hope you'll feel right homelike in Grayville."

"Thank you, Major," replied the young man. "I'm sure I shall. Indeed, I am at some ease. Our family lived here when I was a boy."

"Oh, yes, I remember!" the Major exclaimed, with enthusiasm still rising. "I remember you as a little slaver. I knew your father well!"

Mrs. Hickleigh's frowns and head-shakings of protest were all unavailing.

"Yes, yes; knew your father well," cried the Major with ponderous cordiality. "Your family moved away, but I knew your father well. Great friend of mine, your father. He had some kind of trouble, I believe. I don't exactly remember—some sort of trouble. I think they kind of 'brought him or something'—I don't remember anything about it myself!"

On the Contrary

EPH. GREEN. "Ah desires to purchase nh wader."

CLARENCE. "Safe?"

EPH. GREEN. "No, sah; dis am for social wader."

A Brilliant Plan

A MISSOURI man tells of an Irishman named Conghlin who lived in a shanty standing in a field near the main highway from Kansas City. The foundation of the shanty were better than the road, through which ran a big water-main. As the living-hour of the place was raised on posts to make it level with the highway, it left a large cellar underneath, where Conghlin kept a dozen hens.

One day the water-main burst, flooding the cellar and drowning the hens. Whereupon Conghlin took steps to enter a claim for damages against the city. After much delay influential friends succeeded in securing the sum of \$25 in settlement of Conghlin's claim.

"I've got me money!" shouted the Irishman to a neighbor sitting on the steps of his next shanty.

"It's glad I am to hear that," was the reply. "And how much was it, Conghlin?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"And what are ye goin' to do with the twenty-five, Conghlin?"

"I'm goin' to buy twenty-five dollars' worth o' ducks," said Conghlin.

Travel Comfort

"Hot and cold water, eh?" enthused the new arrival in the dressing room.

"No," was the answer. "I'm kind of cold."



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JAMES HOGENT, of the United States Circuit Court, handed down a decision a few days ago that no Espirou shall be sold in this country under the name "Chartreuse" unless made by the Carthusian monks, and that no one shall simulate the insignia put on the original Chartreuse bottles. Since their expulsion from France the monks have been manufacturing the Espirou at Tarragona, Spain, and have found it necessary to begin suit everywhere to guard their ancient monopoly.

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The Child: "Yesir, an' Ma doesn't know if it was the paint off the front gate, or some earth out of the flower-pots, or a collar-button that Pa lost."



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SEEING THINGS

"I Feel the Delusion Coming on Again."—W. J. BRYAN.

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COMMENT

A Winning Ticket

WILSON AND JOHNSON.

For President

(From the New York World.)

If the Democratic party is to be saved from falling into the hands of WILLIAM J. BRETAN as permanent receiver, a Man must be found—and soon. Disassociated opposition will no longer suffice. There must arise a real leader around whom all Democrats uninfluenced by populism, and thousands of disassociated Republicans, may rally with the enthusiasm which springs only from a certainty of deserving success and at least a chance of achieving it.

The Man's principles must be sound.

He must be a defender of the Constitution, but not the worshipper of a fetish. He must realize that "a return to the old ways" of government by Plutocracy, Privilege, Protection, and Plunder is impossible; that the moral regeneration begun in violence must be completed in sobriety. He must be opposed, as a matter of policy, to gross extravagance in the use of public funds, and he must detect, on principle, any taxing of the people beyond the actual requirements of their government. He must favor immediate reduction of the tariff. He must be a heter in equal measure of paternalism and socialism. He must set his face like flint against government ownership of railroads, initiative and referendum, government guaranties of bank deposits, and all other populist notions. He must demand from all corporations publicity, obedience to law, and recognition of the superior rights of the whole people, but he must also observe the obligation of the state to protect its own artificial creation in all legitimate and authorized undertakings. He must favor the singling out and rigorous punishment of individual wrongdoers, not merely the fining of an impersonal corporation. He must be a radical conservator, not a destroyer, of both public and private credit. He must be an opponent of imperialism, militarism, and jingoism. He must prefer too little government to too much government, and must insist unceasingly upon rigid application of the basic principle of government by the people through their authorized representatives in Congress in preference to any government by commission.

The Man's personality must be inspiring.

Certain personal attributes are essential to successful candidacy. Known fidelity to high ideals. Unquestioned integrity. Veracity. Courage. Caution. Intellectuality. Wis-

dom. Experience. Achievement. Breadth of mind. Strength of body. Clarity of vision. Lucidity of expression. Freedom from contaminating association. Universal respect and confidence of his fellow men. Simplicity in manner of living. Eloquence. Human sympathy. Alertness. Optimism. Enthusiasm. In a word, the rare blending of uncommon intelligence and plain common sense in what might be termed New Idealism. Finally and practically: Availability!

Such are the requirements—many and exacting. One Democrat who unquestionably meets these qualifications is WOODROW WILSON, president of Princeton University.

Dr. Wilson is primarily a scholar—an historical scholar—who in the course of his work and growth has become a statesman of breadth, depth, and equanimity, a true Democrat who, though steeped in Jeffersonian doctrines, asks not what JEFFERSON did a century ago, but what JEFFERSON would do now; an able theorist, but a no less competent executive, who has had much administrative experience as the head of a great university.

Not only is WOODROW WILSON qualified in every respect for the great office of President of the United States, but he is an available candidate.

Who else could surely carry New Jersey? Who would stand a better chance of carrying New York? Who would more certainly restore Missouri and Maryland to the Democratic column and eliminate all possible doubt of the result in any other Southern State? Who has a stronger personal following, fewer enemies, nothing to retract, no entanglements, no commitments to capitalism or demagogism?

Who would more surely command the individual support of the powerful independent press? Who would appeal more strongly to the latent moral sense which twice elected CALVEKAND? Who would inspire a more hopeful feeling of security and stability in the minds of all business men engaged in honest enterprise?

The World has already presented JOSEPH A. JOHNSON, Governor of Minnesota, as an available Western candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. It takes equal pleasure in presenting WOODROW WILSON as a Southern candidate, no less available and with Presidential qualifications exceeded by those of no man whose name will be presented to any national convention.

Bryan Is Not Inevitable

The New York Sun says in its article on the new year: "It is generally believed this New-Year's morning that the Democratic nomination for the Presidency will go by default to the twice-defeated Mr. BRYAN." It adds, "It is not absolutely sure, indeed, that Mr. BRYAN could get the endorsement of the Democratic national convention, for which a two-thirds vote is needed, if even at this late date a sound and conservative Democrat should be brought forward and pushed with energy." With this last statement the WEEKLY is in hearty agreement. This is not the time for sound and conservative Democrats to abandon the attempt to save their party from the killing frost of Bryanism. There is not an editor of a Democratic newspaper of the first importance, nor a Democratic politician of the first rank, who believes in BRYAN's policies, or who respects his fancies, or who has faith in his strength as a candidate. It is equally true that they all believe that the party has now a great opportunity if it nominates a man who, as the WEEKLY has said, believes in "the rights of the States; in the limitations upon, as well as the powers of, the Federal government; in the antique folly of paternalism; in the curveting influence of centralization; in home rule; in the liberty of commerce and of all business; in wise conservatism as opposed to imaginative radicalism." The Richmond Times-Dispatch, commenting on the paragraph from which the above is a quotation, says:

The campaign of 1908 will give the Democratic party the opportunity of its existence: and an opportunity is always a responsibility. Democratic principles have been defiled and assailed by the Republican party under the leadership of Mr. ROOSEVELT, and if the party has other resources or courage, it will resist the attack, carry the war into the Republican camp and win an imperative victory. It is the bounden duty of the Democrats both to fight and to win. To that end they should be careful to select a safe leader, then put on the atmosphere of Democracy and arm themselves with the sword of the Constitution; and so shall they be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. If the Democratic party does not take advantage of the opportunity of 1908, it will deserve defeat.

The Nashville *Banner* echoes these views. Nor in the struggle abandoned by other strong and influential leaders. The JOURNAL movement is at length taking form, and though it may be "belated," as the *Courier-Journal* says, active and forceful opposition is not too late, while abandonment of a cause is always too early. The Boston *Globe* asserts JOURNAL's availability and power. The Washington (State) *Herald* says that he is strong in the Northwest, where BRYAN is weak. The South is talking the language of both WILSON and JOURNAL, the strength of the former being recognized by independent as well as Democratic editors, as evidenced by the *World's* admirable editorial. Delaware has pronounced for Judge GRAY. Ohio Democrats favor the nomination of JESSE HANCOCK. The BRYAN man who would object to either of these three is a factionist and the slave of an individual rather than a party man and a believer in principles. The struggle, the war if you will, ought to go on until the convention decides—not meets, but decides. Let the Democrats thrust out their problem in the convention, and let others who do not believe in BRYAN, who do not accept his shifting kaleidoscopic principles, policies, purposes, and follies, and who do believe that his nomination will bring disaster to the party, disaster and deserved contempt, struggle for their convictions until the latest moment. BRYAN is not inevitable; he may yet be defeated.

Is Bryan Inevitable?

What gives its apparent strength to the BRYAN movement in the Democratic party is the timidity of Democratic leaders—a timidity leading some to apathy and hopelessness, and some to weariness, to an abandonment of the righteous contest, to an acceptance of what they deem to be the inevitable. There is fear of the BRYAN organization, too; a fear that too long continued antagonism to the Nebraska candidate will cost his opponents dear, will cost them, for example, all influence—influence which may still be exercised for the good of the party and the country, in squashing Bryanism—this centralizing policies, his paternalism, and his socialism—in Congress and in the State governments. It is felt that such an influence may be exerted, notwithstanding BRYAN and his success at Denver. Never was there made by rational man a more grievous mistake. Give to BRYAN what he demands at Denver, and not only is the party his, but it ceases to be a great national force, which it has been even as a minority party, and becomes a faction worthy entrance in what HENRY WATKINSON calls the "very little far-away province of the Rockies," whither it is retiring to hold its convention. There is a pitiable and contemptible as well as a tragic side to the proposed inundation of a once great party. Good men have thrown up their hands and abandoned the contest, and chief among them is HENRY WATKINSON with his potent *Courier-Journal*. He is not without argument, not without reason. He has fought a good fight. He proposed very early the name of Governor JOHNSON of Minnesota for the nomination, and his suggestion was emphatically, even flippantly, received. While he had reason for disappointment, no sincere Democrat has any reason to give up the fight against BRYAN until it is announced at Denver that he has received two-thirds of the votes of the delegates. It is not true, as has been carelessly asserted, that WATKINSON has surrendered to BRYAN. He is as strongly opposed to BRYAN as he ever was, and believes as firmly that he cannot be elected if he shall be nominated; but he is one of those whose spirit of combat has been stilled by the creeping sense of the inevitable. He believes that the Democratic party is doomed, and he has said as much. What ever the party does at Denver, WATKINSON will play his part before the country, but, in the event of BRYAN's nomination, with the haunting consciousness of defeat.

The Tariff Issue

The New York *World* has intelligently busied itself in presenting expressions of opinion as to what shall be the issue in the coming campaign. It finds that the Democrats are prone to take the tariff as the issue of the campaign. That this is the issue on which they should rely ought to be patent to all observers. It is the one issue which their opponents are presenting to them, and the one issue upon which there can be a union of all who would break up the existing pernicious and corrupt partnership between politicians and busi-

ness men who are willing to buy government aid from the politicians. This is the one issue, moreover, upon which the Democrats have won many substantial and significant victories since 1876. In the year when they obtained their great popular majority for TAYLOR, the tariff issue was the most important, but in 1892 it was the single issue, and the victory then won might have endured long if BRYAN had not turned his back upon it and sought to replace the substantial political question with his fads and fancies. Political wisdom now points to the expediency, if not the necessity, of picking up what BRYAN threw away. It is one of the traditions of yachting that you must hang to your opponent. There are two ways of hanging to your opponent in a political contest. BRYAN believes in sailing on the leeward side of him, permitting the antagonist to keep the wind from him—to blanket him. This brilliant political navigation he accomplishes by adopting for his own the policies which his opponent deems his own strong-suit. The way in which the Democrats may win the race, however, is by compelling the opponent to sail where they want him to sail; in a word, all probable Republican candidates have proclaimed that they do not wish to make their campaign on the tariff issue; they fear the result; therefore it is absolutely certain that this is the issue on which the Democrats should insist, and they may thus insist, whoever their candidate may be. The only Democrat who has shown fear of the issue is BRYAN.

The Republicans and the Tariff

Every leading Republican who has spoken on the subject has announced that the tariff must not be revised until after the Presidential election. Not one of them has said that it will be revised then in the interest of the consumer. The seeming intended to be conveyed—we have our opinion entirely on Republican tariff practice—is that no change shall be made in what is called the "readjustment" of rates that will injure the protected interests whose campaign contributions—confessed by both parties—have done so much both to maintain Republican power and to increase rates of duty. The President, Mr. FARMAN, Secretary TART, Speaker CANNON, and Senator BREWER in his recent earnest speech in behalf of his friend and leader FARMAN, have uttered the profound assertion that the tariff must not be touched until after the Presidential election. But will it be touched then? This is precisely the question that none of them will answer. They do not desire that the discontented element of their party shall think that their President and Congress will remain hostile to a reduction of duties; they do desire that the protected interests shall believe that, whatever the changes that may be made, they will be in aid of them. The Republican leaders are seeking to dodge the issue in order to save for themselves the votes of the protected and the taxed and the money of the protected.

Boncombe Bills

The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* has some wise words upon boncombe bills in Congress—bills that are introduced by Senators and Representatives who do not expect them to be passed, or even considered. The habit of national legislators to bring in measures "by request," or measures which they know will catch votes among their constituents "not which they also know cannot pass, and some of which they do not themselves favor, is growing with the loss of independence by the House of Representatives. Senator McLELLAN of Mississippi, for example, has introduced a bill providing for an issue of currency against seventy per cent, of the value of cotton to be deposited in United States depositories. Representative CANNON has introduced a bill providing for the sale of the Philippines. The *Times-Dispatch* might have added a long list of currency bills which have neither sense nor significance—in almost every instance introduced by men who have little, if any, knowledge of banking or of money problems. This extravagance in introducing bills is part of the boncombe habit which is further exhibited in the printing of speeches that are never delivered. The bills and the speeches are printed and distributed at the expense of the government for the purpose of assuring credulous constituents of the activity and industry of their Senators and Representatives. Men who are worthy of their places in the Federal legislature do not indulge in the practice of shooting off these blank cartridges for the noise there is in them, and men who do

practise it will be cured when the country becomes conscious of the trick and comprehends its motive.

Bryan's New Idea

BRYAN'S new idea was suggested to him by a Kansas Republican Congressman, who presented it to the President, who is said to have been impressed by it. The idea has been commented on by the WEEKLY, for it seemed to us to be especially one of those wiffs of an untutored imagination that have so often distorted the dreams of our distinguished amateur financiers. The idea is that the government should secure depositors in the national banks. The *Nashville American* is so perplexed by BRYAN'S versatility in constructing and launching issues that it helplessly asks, what are we to do with such a man? The *Indianapolis News* says: "No man ever had a more absolute reliance than Mr. BRYAN on the law as a remedial agent. No man ever trusted to Congress with more implicit faith." Thus remedy after remedy bubbles out of BRYAN'S boiling mind. Every one of them a government panacea; for government, to BRYAN, seems something different from the persons who compose it, something superhuman. The old doctor has no faith in the sense or the sanity or the self-dependence or the self-respect of the people. The people are children, "our children"; and, indeed, there is nothing better calculated to make the people infants, ineffective and im-provident dependents, than a government which shall relieve them of all responsibility.

Is Nevada Capable?

We gave briefly last week the chief points of the telegraphic correspondence between the President and Governor SPARKS, in which the President said that he had no constitutional right to keep Federal troops at Goldfield, as requested by the Governor, unless the State Legislature asked it. The Governor disclosed to the President his reluctance to call the Legislature, because he was not sure it would ask for troops. The President in reply gave the Governor five days to issue his call, and said that if the call was issued the troops could remain long enough to give the Legislature a chance to act. The next news was that Governor SPARKS would issue the call. The Legislature when it assembles will probably ask to have the Federal troops remain. As to that we shall see. Meanwhile let us take a look at the population of Nevada.

Law's Upholders in a Mining State

The census of 1900 gave the State a population of 42,335, of whom 3216 were Indians, and 1352 Chinese. Of the total population 25,693 were males. How useful the Indian and Chinese males may be in keeping the peace we don't know, but doubt their availability for sheriff's purposes. No doubt some of the 25,000 males are children. Altogether the number of able-bodied males in the State in 1900 could not well have exceeded 15,000, of whom one-fourth were foreign-born. Governor SPARKS'S estimate of the present population of the State is 65,000. If that guess is a good one, the number of the males available for sheriff's deputies and militia duty may perhaps at present reach 20,000. Of this possible 20,000 able male citizens, Senator NIXON tells the papers that 3200 are members of the local union of the Western Federation of Miners at Goldfield, at least 1000 of whom are "anarchists and rabid socialists, who march through the town waving red flags." There are other mining settlements in the State besides Goldfield. What proportion of the voting population of the State are miners and members of the Western Federation of Miners we do not know, but it must be very large. It is sufficiently evident from the figures given that when there are mining troubles in Nevada (there were 105 days of strike last year), and all the miners are either active or sympathetic on one side, the responsibility for keeping order that devolves upon the rest of the population must be heavy. Senator NIXON, who is a mine-owner, says the State must have a State constabulary. So it should; but can it elect a Legislature that will provide for one? Is it possible for a State having so small a population, of which so preponderant a part is concerned with a single industry and so quarrelsome an industry as mining, to keep order, protect life and property, maintain justice, and do the business proper to a self-governing State? Senator NIXON wants a permanent camp of United States soldiers at Goldfield. Their presence there is necessary, he says, to preserve order. If it is necessary

permanently, does not that indicate that Nevada is a failure as a self-governing State, and ought to give up and get herself incorporated with some competent neighbor?

Marriages Against the Blood

Plain people sigh when they read of a new international marriage between an American heiress and a European of title. What the title may be, or what they may happen to know about the contracting parties, signifies little. They distrust these marriages and are apt, when they hear of a new one, to think that another American girl is about to make a bad bargain. Mr. EDWIN KELLEY, lawyer, long resident in Paris and late the counsel of Madame ANNA GUINON in her successful suit for divorce, endorses in a general way this opinion of the plain people. He has seen a great deal of the results of international marriages, and is quoted as saying the other day to the law students' club in New York that they are being bargains in the long run, "because while not always formulated against the will of the flesh, they are invariably against the blood." "Races will not mix," he said; "there lies the fault"—a sentiment that has many exceptions, but is recognized by the instinctive estimate of marriages of Americans and English, or even Germans, as less speculative than marriages of Americans with Italians, French, Spaniards, and natives of western Europe. We must remember, however, that the international alliances that turn out disastrously and end in the divorce court are those that make the most noise, and also that our own divorce courts at home are kept pretty busy separating the mismatched in whose antipathies race differences have no part. Furthermore, some of our girls who have married titles have accepted with them men of such demonstrated worthlessness that there was no chance of living happily with them. Such women had no sense enough to make good marriages anywhere.

Web-footed Roosters

"Surg-on-General" is a good title, and has philological sense in it, as have the titles Attorney-General, Surveyor-General, Solicitor-General, and the like. But Surg-on-Admiral sounds funny, and always will. There is no doubt about the importance of the medical corps both in the army and the navy, though especially in the army. The great doctor, NICHOLAS SAYS, who died the other day in Chicago, was especially interested in military surgery, and was chief surgeon of an army corps of volunteers in the Spanish war. Such a man as he, or as Colonel GORDON, of the Army Medical Corps, who rid Havana of yellow fever and made the Panama Canal strip healthy, is worthy of any honor that military or naval titles could bestow. And it is important that the army and navy doctors should get their full due in the matter of rank and distinction, for both services need good men, and will not get them unless their merits are recognized. Nevertheless, Surg-on-Admiral sounds funny, and always will. In the economy of nature hens are about a thousand times more important than ducks, though ducks are good. But no hen, however important, ever looked really well with webbed feet. Webbed feet belong on ducks, and "Admiral" on sailors.

Almost Acquitted

CALVIN POWERS, of Kentucky, has been tried four times for the murder of WILLIAM GORREL. Three times he has been convicted, twice he has been sentenced to imprisonment for life, and once to be hanged. Three times a new trial has been granted him on the ground of political partisanship in the jury. His fourth trial ended on January 4 with the discharge of the jury, which failed to agree after three days of debate. It stood ten to two for acquittal. Is it not time to turn CALVIN loose again? Very few persons outside of Kentucky have any idea that he is guilty, and in Kentucky it seems impossible to convict him except by partisan juries whose verdicts cannot stand. His latest jury had eight Democrats on it, and four Republicans. It is seven years and a half since his first trial. He will be tried again next July, unless meantime the State of Kentucky, by a determined effort, can break itself of the habit of bringing him to justice.

Twenty-five Years Old

Our neighbor *Life* is twenty-five years old, and deserves it. We are glad to learn from its anniversary number that it is prosperous and happy. It is the brightest paper published anywhere.

Governor Johnson and His Views

THE *New York World* is looking up likely Democratic candidates, and finds at least sixteen that are likelier than Mr. BRYAN. First on its list is Governor JOHNSON of Minnesota. It printed his picture the other day (January 3), and a very interesting interview with him, and a couple of columns of biography. Governor JOHNSON's picture will make votes for him if he ever runs for President. Readers of the WEEKLY will find it, page length, in the issue of July 20, 1907. The face is very attractive—strong, reposeful, cheerful, and inspiring of confidence. His biography will make more voters—made them wonderfully in Minnesota, where it came out in the campaign of 1904. It was briefly told in the WEEKLY, six months ago, when the Presidential qualities of Governor JOHNSON were set forth. The *World* adds some illuminating biographical details, and the interview with the Governor which it prints is of much timely interest in considering his availability as the possible Democratic nominee.

Governor JOHNSON has always been, technically speaking, a "regular" Democrat. He voted for BRYAN in 1896 and in 1900, although he has never been a fanatical follower of the Nebraskaan. JOHN A. JOHNSON has views of his own, and at the present time they happen to be at variance in many points with those of Mr. BRYAN. He does not recognize the divine right of the Nebraskaan to lead his party a third time to defeat. On the contrary, the drift of JOHNSON's mind is disclosed when he acknowledges that he would regard Judge GRAY, of Delaware, as an ideal nominee for the Presidency, combining as GRAY does the experience of three branches of government—the legislative, the judicial, and the executive. We cheerfully assent with interest what JOHNSON said to the *World* interviewer regarding the possibility of his becoming the Democratic nominee. When the subject was mooted it seems that the Governor of Minnesota, like the present Governor of New York, remarked that he was attending strictly to executive business, conferring with no political leaders, planning no campaign, entering into no alliance, and neither spending a cent nor losing a minute's sleep because his name has been mentioned.

His Governor JOHNSON expressed definite views with regard to the principal political and economic questions before the country? That is an inquiry which the *World* interviewer was requested to press. The result was satisfactory. Governor JOHNSON expressed the conviction that it is not the province of the Federal government to assume the functions which belong rightly to the individual States. There are laws enough already, he thought, in the Federal statute-book to occupy pretty well the time of the Washington administration. He does not believe, he says, in legalized destruction and confiscation of property. He considers the individual's right to his property indefeasible, save for a State's exercise of the right of eminent domain. He holds all government, State or Federal, bound to give protection to property, just as it is bound to protect human life. He recalls that the right to enjoy property is guaranteed under the Federal Constitution, and declares that the man who has a dollar invested in farm or factory has a right to have his equity safeguarded from the attacks of the extreme radical on the one hand, as well as from those of the usurpation financier on the other. He recognizes in so many words that men who have legitimately acquired much property must be made to feel that there is safety in the laws of government under which that property exists, although, at the same time, the mass of the people must be defended from monopolistic exactions, and infused with faith that the law will protect no man because he is rich. Governor JOHNSON frankly admits that capital in corporate form can often do business more economically and successfully than that business could be transacted by individuals.

In certain particulars Governor JOHNSON does not differ materially from Mr. ROOSEVELT or from Mr. BRYAN. He freely admits that he, like Mr. CLEVELAND, favors an income tax. He would also, like the present Chief Magistrate, welcome an inheritance tax.

In the course of the *World's* interview, Governor JOHNSON went on to say that, as a native of Minnesota, far in the interior of the North-American continent, he could not see the necessity for a great army, much less for the biggest, or second biggest, navy in the world. He added, however, that to be perfectly fair he would concede that if we are to continue the policy of acquiring and holding colonial transoceanic possessions we must have a fleet to protect them. As he put it himself, if we have the Hawaiian west on the national nose, and the Philippine hump on Uncle Sam's back, we shall undoubtedly have to look after those excrescences. What he personally would have liked, he says, was to have seen a different kind of expansion policy inaugurated many years ago, when it was practicable, the policy of extending the boundaries of the United States from the Panama Canal to the Arctic Ocean. As it is, he hopes to live long enough to see the American flag flitting over Montreal, Ottawa, and Winnipeg; not, however, as the flag of a conqueror, but as a flag of friendship, alliance, concord, and amity.

There is one political topic as to which Governor JOHNSON, in

his interview with the *World's* correspondent, was explicit and emphatic. He requested his interlocutor to record the fact that he differed with the present Chief Magistrate of the United States as regards the necessity and urgency of an immediate and drastic revision of the tariff. He believed, he said, that the tariff, more than any other cause, has had a direct bearing on the abuses to which trusts are liable, and that it has placed a burden, direct and indirect, on the people of the republic which has benefited only a privileged few. Governor JOHNSON does not hesitate to pronounce the tariff the paramount issue of the coming campaign. It is about time, he thinks, that infant industries a hundred years old should be weaned from their alleged need of protection.

Assuming that Mr. JOHNSON's political convictions would command him to a Democratic national convention, can we say that from a narrow viewpoint he would be an "available" candidate? That is a question which the *New York World* undertakes to answer in an editorial article. That paper points out that no Democratic candidate for President has ever carried the State of Minnesota, but that, if we may judge from recent history, JOHN A. JOHNSON might perform the feat. CLEVELAND in his three campaigns lost the State by numbers ranging from 41,000 to 12,500. BRYAN in his two campaigns fell short of a plurality first by 53,000 and next by 77,000. ROOSEVELT's plurality in 1904 attained the enormous figure of 161,000. Yet at that very time a plurality of 6332 was obtained by JOHN A. JOHNSON, the only straight-on Democratic candidate for Governor elected on a straight-out Democratic ticket in Minnesota since 1858, when that State was admitted to the Union. Will it be said—can it be said with such facts before us—that the election of JOHN A. JOHNSON to the governorship of Minnesota in 1904 was an accident? If we admit the hypothesis, however, for sake of argument, how are we to account for the circumstance that in 1908, when JOHNSON went down before the people, and this time on the record of his administration, he carried the State by 70,000, the largest plurality Minnesota ever gave to any candidate for Governor.

Summing up the outcome of its investigations the *World* expresses the opinion that JOHNSON, with the aid of the Scandinavian vote, could carry four States nominally Republican, to wit, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana. It also ventures the prediction that JOHNSON would poll 100,000 more votes than Mr. BRYAN in New York and New Jersey. We believe this to be a fact; also that WOODROW WILSON would poll in those States 100,000 more votes than Governor JOHNSON. But that, as Mr. KIEPLING would remark, is another story. Let us first reach the Nebraska hour!

Punctuating Time

THE season is waning in which even the least reflective of the sons of earth tentatively makes his little punctuation marks on the great roll of time which flows over him. Christmas eve and Christmas morning, the last twilight of the year and the ringing in at midnight of the New-year, who is it that at such moments shall escape meeting his double, for a few seconds, at any rate? Who shall avoid hobnobbing converse with that other self who has been slowly taking note of the thoughts and impressions man gathers along the way—the loves and hatreds, the good things and evil—and who is there but must give account of himself to the self that has stood aside and watched the buying and selling, the loss and the gain, the rejoicing and the weeping, unmoved but inexorably registering judgments?

These points of pause in time are moments when the ghosts of the past come round so thick and fast, and happy is he to whom they "bend down and smile." A year has slipped by us, and we stand here, as we have stood before, remembering, regretting, hoping, demanding, questioning. A year and a year and many and many years have slid away, and when we pause we find life much the same, though the elements in it shift position. Things and people appeared and vanished, and new ones filled their places. There were friends we scarce should outlast a lifetime, but some of them died, and the impress of their lives upon ours faded faintly, and some forgot us, and lived beyond our reach or self; and others we forgot, and left behind us on the road. And our plans and undertakings, too, were doomed to destiny. Some were smooth, and we dropped them; and some we accomplished, and so forgot; and some met with a forbidding destiny, and were denied and we dropped them there; and some part of us went on living and a large part of us died. For we live under inexorable law, and law cuts off and builds up without asking leave. Life fleets past as, weaving its own great cosmic pattern which we never grow large enough to see; and the corner of the picture where we play is made of things good and things evil. There are honor and justice and fair intents there, and close beside thrive cheating and misery and agony and malignity. There are pauses of high harmony close against shrieking discords, and there are garish colors and cool stretches of twilight gray, and the flood of the moonlit sea and the black shadows of night and death. And

all these are composed for an instant like a picture, and then dissolve and vanish, and a new arrangement of like factors is before us. Standing to look back upon the years, how like it all is to the toy kaleidoscope we played with as children. We hold it to the eye, and under-out a beautiful, multicolored, geometrical pattern, and just as we begin to count the colors, to note the form, a tremble of the hand, a tilt of the arm, or a vibration in the room, and the pattern falls in pieces, and it all dissolves, and the bits of colored glass fall into a new combination. And so we live the kaleidoscopic play of life, and wonder if from the phenomenal mystery there is a thing a man may save from the transient discovery.

At any rate, man penetrates the limitless veil that covers him in this dreariest day of life by reminding himself of memory's *secret* memory. He probes the visions of the dreams that pass in his heart; he gives continuity to the swift happenings and changes; he peers into the past, and, unblinded by the dark and secrets ahead, he strains his eyes to see the future. He draws rules of wisdom from the fading and renewing of the fugitive adventure. He lays hold upon the poetry of remembrance, and proclaims human vibrations past death and where discord; he meets calamity with high courage, and pokes it full of his venom; he directs his deeds so that he may draw as much as possible the inevitable ill upon his own head and spares another; and he seeks a religion out of the chances of posterity, and deals with the world for the sake of those whom he shall never yet eyes upon. He teaches himself a strange, self-satisfactory creed:

Learn to water joy with tears,
Learn from fears to jumpish fears;
To hope, for there's day's no despair;
Kneel for that thou dar'st not grieve;
Plough then the rock until it bear;
Know, for then else cannot rest believe;
Lose, that the lost thou mayst recover;
Be, for none other way canst live.

And, there all, man looks out beyond his own wingless mortality into the regions of the whirling heavens, and watches immeasurable suns speed on eternal ways, and he says: "I, too, am up there. I, too, play a part in the wheeling of the stars through their orbits," and from the thought he drops in peace to his soul, knowing the smallness of his part in the great wheel, and knowing, too, that he cannot so much as pluck a flower but the movement will reach into the farthest, stirred way, and cause a sun to tremble in its course. No his soul, changing, looking for a breath and fading from sight, is yet a part of this matter he names eternal life, and he identifies his little momentary breath with all that is immortal.

These are the thoughts that rise to our hearts, as we make our little marks in time, to divide off a year from a year. These are what we stay our gaze to listen to, but life did by us unnoticed, and too little of its meaning and significance sink into our consciousness. For such calling of ourselves to account do we set apart days for reflection; days for preparation that nine single years may yet unfold, and we tell ourselves once more to take heart, however fleeting the present we call life may be.

For the dream of a world is a dream in a dream,
But the great One is, or nothing could seem.

Personal and Pertinent

W. T. STEAR, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, in whom the world is indebted for much that is interesting and for some things that are informing, has had his son, who is dead at the age of thirty-three. MR. WILLIAM STEAR, the son, the world knows very little; he belonged to the great, quiet, effective, unselfish army of men who transact much of the world's work, and much for which more obvious men get the credit. Among the beautiful possessions of many of these quiet ones—among whom is a whole white company of anonymous journalists—is the quality of charm. Not many men know them, but those who are fortunate enough to dwell in the small circle know them deeply. WILLIAM STEAR was secretary of JAMES MONROE when the *Life of GILBERT* was in the making, and any man who is good enough to be the secretary of JAMES MONROE must be a very good man. He was acting editor of the *Review*. No one can pay a higher tribute to such a man as WILLIAM STEAR was than his father has done in these words: "WILLIE was the only man in the whole world who knew me completely, who believed in me utterly, and he has now literally served me to the death. He was the most perfect human character I have ever known."

They have what the Chicago *Dial* calls a "Hall of Fame" in England. It is not like our own—or New York's, rather. The dome of the British Museum's reading-room has been reconstructed, and twenty panels have been marked out—one for a clock, and

nineteen for English worthies. In these spaces are painted the names, "the greatest and most representative in English literature." They are CHAUCER, LYNCH, TISSANDER, SPENCER, SHAKESPEARE, BAYLY, MILTON, LARKE, ARTHUR, SMITH, POPE, GIBSON, WOODHOUSE, SCOTT, BYRON, CAMPBELL, MACAULAY, Tennyson, and BURNSIDE. No many names are omitted? That had to be, and, of course, any one of us could have improved the list. We may excuse ourselves, however, because it was deliberately devised that no man, as such, should be recognized as entitled to have his, or her, name painted on the dome. What could be expected from a committee that preferred some of these people to some others? This list excludes so many kinds of writing from literature, besides authors of fiction, that the troubled journalist who has been so long trying to edge his way into the circle may now stay out contentedly in the company of novelists and writers on art, and talk at all over with the ghosts of JAMES MONROE and OTHER THOUGHTFUL and all the English women writers and other orators.

SENATOR HALE has as intimate a knowledge of the navy—as he has of the Senate, and he has very little patience with the idea that a staff officer, whether he buys food, or cuts off legs, or spoons out medicine, or pays out money, or says prayers and conducts funeral services, or gets up steam, run command a ship as well as a battleship. SENATOR HALE is one of the most entertaining characters in the Senate. He is a man of fashion, and loves all the pleasures of society. He is as unlike his colleague FAYE in appearance and in social habits as a hanker is unlike a farmer. FAYE is a great *fisherman*, and while HALE fishes it is not for fish. If HALE ever goes fishing he wears better clothes than FAYE wears as presiding officer of the Senate. It may be said, to emphasize the difference, that when FAYE is thinking or fishing HALE is quelling party—and he quotes with remarkable ability; he has both the accuracy and the wit for application. He likes to eat dinners and to give them. He is fond of breakfasts at the Capitol, where they are often enjoyed in committee-rooms. Only the unknown give breakfasts in the restaurant, and then they are called lunches. HALE likes to drop in to a cup of tea in the afternoon, and his intimate intimacies—those from one end of the continent to the other. He is, in a word, one of the most popular men of society in the country, largely because of his wit and his accomplishments. One day a somewhat obscure and—well, plain body, who was extremely political, spoke of him as "BARRY'S ball," on hearing which crude remark from a common friend, HALE expressed his regret that he had aroused such an emotion in a woman for whose "amplified beauty" he had always felt so great an admiration. On the other side of him, HALE is an intense worker, and, with the possible exception of ALDRICH, the most intelligent legislator in the Senate. He is always present at a session, for even when he is busy in his committee-room his keen and experienced old nose-peg is in the Senate gallery watching long swooning of interest to the Maine Senator come up. It is a something-like come up, the nose-peg disappears from the gallery and HALE appears on the floor.

THOMAS GRAY has always been the foremost Democrat of the old BAYARD kind in Delaware; at least, ever since THOMAS F. BAYARD put his political activity to sleep in becoming ambassador to England. It was a pleasant group that led the party from Wilmington, sitting in more or less harmony with the SALMONS of Dover. The BAYARDS and the SALMONS eyed Delaware in the Senate for many years, not succeeding father or brother following brother. There was no other reason why this should be except that the two families produced not fit to be Senators. There were no losses in those days, and whatever there was that might be called a machine was an every crowd that any one else had there. It got out of gear, but nobody seemed to want to. The Delaware Democrats were proud of the position which their Senators gave to the State, and the DE PUYCHES and the few other respectable Republicans were glad, so long as Delaware was bound to have Democratic Senators, that they should be men of minds and characters with whom it was a credit to any one to be on equal terms. THOMAS GRAY was the leader of them all, especially of THOMAS F. BAYARD, of whom he was the young admirer. He was the center who used to put BAYARD in nomination at Democratic national conventions. He is of the solid, conservative stuff out of which old Democrats used to be manufactured. He believes in individual liberty, the rights and powers of the States and the people, and is especially opposed to paternalism. He is a very good party man, and he worked with persistence to hold back harmony as she was disappearing from the Democratic household in 1893 when Mr. CLEVELAND was insisting upon an unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN silver act. He was a usual feature in Washington—he and his pleasant wife and his agreeable family—and it was a very same act, on the part of the President, when he appointed GRAY to the Federal bench. GRAY is one of the happy men, apparently, who have enough to get on with without worry, and yet not so much that they feel inclined to injure themselves by over-spreading. He and his future walk in the middle of the way where they are not jostled and where neither do they jostle.

Correspondence

A MIND COMPLETELY RELIEVED

BALTIMORE, Md., December 25, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir—It is with deep regret that I feel constrained to address you these lines announcing, as they do, the severance of my relation to you as a subscriber to *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, of which *Journal of Civilization* I have been a constant and inter-
mittent reader for many years, as the bound volumes upon the shelves of my family library. I can without desire to be egotistical, but with the purpose of establishing a point of view, conscientiously and truly say that I lay claim to being fitted by education and experience to express the informed, deliberate, sane opinion of one of your average readers upon the recent conduct of the editorial part of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*. I have to my credit a complete six years' course at one of our leading universities, followed by a two years' course of study in the leading universities of Germany and France, and followed still further by a sixteen years' experience in the practical study and eventual management of one of the large and successful manufacturing establishments of this country; one that grew from a retail store to a corporation of more than a million capital, without a cent of capital from without or without being a trust or enjoying any benefits from the protectingegis of the customhouse.

I have helped to build a successful church, am one of its vestrymen, am greatly interested in its work, and claim to be a Christian, and to be fair and unprejudiced in business, religion, or in judging others.

I have been an ardent admirer of Theodore Roosevelt from the time he first entered public life until to-day. I respect to veneration every line of him. I think no human being that has an honest heart beating in his breast can hesitate to say that as men are regarded in history, as men exist to-day, he would think his dead if he were as much a man as that would be a great deal. He is our beloved President. That Roosevelt has made mistakes no man will deny—least of all, he himself; but that he is free from them than any man who has undertaken and accomplished as much, I venture with perfect safety to assert. The versatility of Roosevelt finds no parallel in the annals of this country, and the universal education, extent, and respect which he has held all over the civilized world absolutely proves this statement. It is true, I grant that he is ahead of his time, as almost all great men in history have been; and you will find that the day will come, perhaps during your lifetime, sir, that justice will be meted out even by *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, to Theodore Roosevelt.

In all my reading, I do not think I have ever seen across an instance where a journal that claims to be "civilized" so outrageously misrepresented and maliciously assailed a public man. While you did and do heap anathemas and pile Pelions upon those of vituperation upon upon Mr. W. A. Bryan, these are, in my humble judgment, as nothing compared to the extent to which you continually go out of your way to knowingly and maliciously misrepresent any action our President may take. No extreme are your scurrilous for false interpretations of Roosevelt's acts that no doubt many of his political opponents must needs apply their backstairers to their noses when perusing your scurrilous distillates. I can stand and appreciate a great deal of honest, plain-spoken criticism, for it is healthy and beneficial; but your criticism is so palpably unjust, oftentimes so disgustingly vile, that with the best of wishes for the journal I wonder if *HARPER'S WEEKLY* really has any subscribers left. The way to stop such unfair, cowardly, and unparliamentary attacks are years in to cut off your source of revenue by working to reduce the number of your subscribers. That is the business man's method.

When Roosevelt did not proceed against dishonest trusts, wild-cat banks, dishonestly managed insurance and trust companies, and even jacking railroad managers or granting officials who our large monies from graft they obtain for passing honest, just privileges to the business man of this country, you carped and denounced that he had sold out to the trusts. When his execution of many large corporations could not be productive of all the results looked for by the people, for want of the necessary legislation to do so, you intimated that he was a failure and failed because he feared he would thereby lose some political influence here and there, and the like. When he did finally get his forces up, and his forces arrived, and was succeeding beyond expectation in throwing the line light of publicity upon the thoroughly dishonest and disreputable methods employed by many of our leading institutions and men of trust, this necessity shaking the public confidence, as it had to be shaken in order to root out dishonest and disreputable men from places of honor they most vilely abused and misused, what do you do? All the wiles and tricks of the desert could not set up a leader and stir him then you intimated. While you knew and know full well that this point was not the fault of Roosevelt, but was a natural result of the "dishonest honesty" that had been tolerated until it had reached its mounting point in the body politic, you spared no invective, no vituperation, no venom that your pen could muster to hold up the President of this great republic to dishonor and scorn. What a noble achievement, and how proud you must feel. The result to any of all this malice, vituperated, self-congratulation will be that of a housewife which while never touching even a hair of our President's head, will reveal on your pate with redoubled force, and leave you what I have long since concluded you must be, either the possessor of a diseased mind or the

slave of a disappointed or injured magnate. When the "Journal of Civilization" sees fit to return to the ways of its fathers, I will be more than pleased to again become one of its interested readers. In the mean time I remain, with best wishes for better things,
Yours very truly,

ALFRED H. L. DORRIS.

P.S.—I have never had the honor of meeting our President, but I judge him, as I judge every one, by what he does and what he leaves undone.

A. R. L. D.

FRANKLIN AND THE CONSTITUTION

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir—Who has not heard of the omniscient Benjamin Franklin, whose copacetic intellectual mind could contain both kites and constellations?

But who ever heard of Pelatiah Webster, an unsuccessful merchant, though successful schoolmaster and pamphleteer, of Philadelphia?

In spite of the very positive claims set forth by Dr. Hannis Taylor for Webster, Senator Knox begs to differ. At a recent New England dinner in Philadelphia, he spoke at length of the claims of Franklin to the honors so enthusiastically claimed for Webster.

Dr. Taylor states that Pelatiah Webster was the first man in the world to propose that the Federal assembly should consist of two chambers, and that the Federal government should have the power of enforcing obedience to its laws upon the individual citizens.

The Senator agrees that the one basic idea that made our evolving Federal Constitution possible was "the path-breaking idea of a Federal government operating directly upon the citizen and not upon the States as corporations," but the Senator asserts that Benjamin Franklin preceded Pelatiah Webster by twenty-nine years in his advocacy of this unique feature of the Constitution.

It was in the convention of the English colonies held at Albany, New York, in 1754.

John Pickens gives the credit to Franklin: "It was in his main features a noble scheme, and the great statesman who devised it was already looking forward to the immense growth of the American Union."

But Richard Frothingham, in his *Annals of the Republic of the United States*, more definitely credits Franklin in these words: "The Albany plan was designed to establish for all American one government based on the consent of the governed and limited to general purposes, while it left to the local governments their separate functions. It designed to render on the representatives of the people the power of making laws acting directly on individuals and appointing officers to execute them, and yet not to interfere with the execution of the laws operating on the same individuals by the local officers."

"The author of this plan intended to erect a public authority an obligatory on its sphere as the local governments were in their spheres. . . . The credit of this conception is due to the illustrious Franklin."

"It was original and American. It was comprehensive and grand."

The Albany plan was rejected by the colonies. The time was not yet ripe, and Franklin omitted it in his plan of federation submitted to Congress in 1775, and expressly provided that the general Treasury should be supplied through taxes levied and collected under the laws of the respective colonies.

I am, sir,

S. W. NIEBERHAUSER.

BEATIES OF THE SUNDAY LAW IN NEW YORK

New York, January 8, 1908.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir—The Children's Educational Theatre is closed Sundays. It has been closed since the first "Blue Sunday." It seems likely to remain closed.

The nature of the enterprise, its religious, educational, and law-protecting significance, makes impossible a resort to any subterfuge, or an opening under the "protection" of an injunction against the Police Commissioner, or an opening subject to closing by law.

Our duty to the hundreds of children we have kept from the streets, Sundays, the past three years, being stopped by law, we are trying to fulfill our duty to the young people who find the chief inspiration of their lives in the work of playing for the theatre.

Saturday, January 11, 8 p.m., we institute a series of evening performances, appealing to the mature taste. We shall play "Top o' My Thumb," produced by Munde Adams some little time ago, and two plays by the result of "The Road to Yesterday," Miss Evelyn Greenleaf's Sutherland.

Please send your representative to see this new work, and please let your public know what we are doing, and why we are not attending to our Sunday duty.

I am, sir,

(MISS) KIMBA SHEEDAN FRY,
Dramatic Director Ch. Ed. Theatre.

The First Page of The Battle Fleet's Log

• By CAPTAIN HENRY C. DAVIS, U.S.M.C.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" ABOARD THE BATTLE SHIP OHIO



Admiral Evans
The Trinidad Guard of Honor, Lieutenant Colonel Swain, Commandant, being Inspected by Admiral Evans

On Board U. S. S. "Ohio."



ELLO?"

"Yes, this is the Ohio?"

"Yes, I hear you perfectly."

"He's right here in the chart house."

"Captain, the Illinois wishes to speak to you."

"Hello, Illinois."

"Isn't this the greatest yet? By Jove,

it was like this a few years ago!"

"No.— No.— Is that so? Indeed I will. Yes. Well good by—"

"I wonder if we ring off?"

And indeed who would have thought of talking to a ship two miles away without any wires a few years ago?

"Captain Davis, one of the men wants to speak to you."

"Very well, send him in."

He comes in.

"Captain, sir, the first sergeant says them rubber clothes wet I had in lost and I have to pay for them and I want to tell you how it was sir you see it had been raining and I went in March and I says let me get my rubber clothes outen the box and he give me the key and I get my clothes then the next day I went on the sick list with my eyes and it was snowing or something and I sat. Adams wet to do wit me clothes and he says sir I'll cut 'o' here and it was rainin' or somethin' and I didn't know wet to do wit me clothes so I put 'em in a box where there was the rest of the rubber clothes and the sentinels was wearin' them and that fresh mail order from the Arkansas was always kiddin' me and March about the Ohio says 'sir you got no good clothes on that ship 'cause you see who's he took my rubber coat and my boots was the smallest in the lot and my hat had a split on one side where it rained on my head and it was raining or somethin' and he says to me why don't you get some good clothes so you see sir I ain't responsible for them clothes 'cause that fresh mail order from the Arkansas was always kiddin' me and March and I went on the sick list—"

But by this time Captain Davis was prepping for breath and nearly put down and out.

At twelve o'clock noon to-day (Thursday, December 19) the Admiral jumped us up a knot in speed, so we are now howling along at eleven knots. The strain of this comes on the fire crew force more than on any others, and when it is considered that

every day is growing hotter, it is easily understood how hard a job the men have down there. The burners run just as much and the heat gets more intense every day, yet these lolly lolly know that everything is dependent on them, and they make no whinger as they come out of the stove holes dripping wet from their four hours of hard work feeding the ever hungry furnaces. The man behind the coal shovel is entitled to just as much credit for everything as the man behind the gun.

The navigators of this fleet certainly have no slacker. Mr. Hubbard showed me a list of the compass reports which he has to submit at our different stopping places, and when and where he is to get the time to make them all is quite beyond me. The position of each ship is reported every day at noon, and again at night bells in the evening, and to the captain of the ship additional reports are made at eight bells in the morning and afternoon. This, together with the work of looking out for the electrical equipment of the ship, keeps the navigators a very busy lot all year.

It is a week before Christmas, and we are in white clothes, and the heat is increasing every mile we go south. It seems strange after the cold weather we have just left. However, we now have a laundry and a laundress on board, so we need not be so careful of our whites as we used to. It is quite a sight to see the decks in the morning watches alive with men scrubbing every sort of garment from a pair of socks to a hammock. In this connection I saw a sight, the other day, which reminded me of that old soap advertisement called "You dirty son." There was a big blacky sergeant, with sand and canvas, scrubbing a recruit until he was as pink as the proverbial baby. Such is the penalty for cleanliness in the modern navy.

Friday (December 20) the Missouri signalled that she had a man ill with pneumonia, and she was ordered by the flagship to make haste to San Juan and leave the man at the hospital. At sundown she was nearly out of sight, and going for San Juan about fifteen knots an hour. Just after this signal from the Missouri came one from the Illinois saying they had a man sick with pneumonia, and she was ordered to Cuba to leave him; so the second squadron is now composed of only six ships, but they will rejoin tomorrow as we go through the Virgin Passage.

"The doctor seems set on getting that officer bridge, and I believe he will get it." This was what Captain Bartlett said after Dr. Garson reported that he had a tuberculous patient whom he wished to place on the after bridge for open air treatment. The doctor had already put a man up there for isolation, the man having developed a case of measles on the second day out. So Captain Bartlett's emergency cabin on the after bridge is now



ROLLING DOWN TO RIO

THE PONDEROUS BATTLESHIP "ILLINOIS" RIDING THE SEAS ON HER VOYAGE TO TRINIDAD WITH THE BATTLE FLEET

From a photograph taken by English Maritime Officers of the battle ship Illinois



Admiral Evans and Staff landing at Trinidad for the Official Call on the Governor

turned into a ward for contagious diseases, and Dr. Garton has the after bridge.

Great preparations are going on forward in the crew's quarters for the event of crossing the equator. As all seamen know, when one crosses the "line," one enters the domain of Neptune, the king of the sea, and from all landlubbers and others who have not crossed is exacted the initiation into the mystic rites of this domain. Forward this means the actual passing through the ceremonies, while those aft who have not crossed are assessed in things which appeal to the taste of Neptune and his court. When we do go across, I will send a description of just what took place; but now it must be kept a profound secret, that no one may know what to expect. I have crossed six times, so I know.

To-day (Saturday, the 21st) as we went through the Virginia Passage, the *Maumet* and the *Rhinoc* came out from Culcha and rejoined. Their sick were put on the tug there, and are now on the way to the hospital in San Juan, and curv more we are hauling merrily along in double column at eleven knots. I asked the commander-in-chief for permission to send *Harper's Weekly* a wireless as we entered the Passage, and it was granted. The wireless man, after getting my message off, asked San Juan when it would be in New York, and San Juan said, "Eight P.M. this evening." Think of it! Here we are, far out at sea, and yet able to send messages to New York! Early this morning when we were forty-five miles from San Juan, we were able to hear the tick of the wireless telegraph station there over the receivers of the wireless telephones. It's difficult to get quite used to this sort of thing.

Saturday night at sea, and of course the time honored "Sweethearts and Wives," and after dinner a regular target range squabble. I say target range because then every one is at his best. Old songs, new songs, original songs, speeches, poetry, and all the wit of a wardrobe mess. Yet, after that "Sweethearts and Wives" there was something tingling at all of us, something which made us all say or at least think, "Gee! I wish I was back in Gee's country!"

At this songfest Hubbard, after a great deal of persuasion, sang his inimitable "Henry," and then, as it was part of the bargain, Edgar sang the "Mishlipmitie," and Davis sang an old fellow with whiskers on it called, "Just because they said he hit the boom." Sterling wound up the fun with his imitation of the professor in a *ryd* chantant in Algeria. I don't know what we would do without him to play the piano. We might fall back on McCullough, except that Mac has only two notes in the bass which he likes, and as time is something set to be considered—well, I'm glad Sterling is here.

We have just passed St. Croix and have changed course to S. 25 E. and now are heading direct for Trinidad. We expect to arrive Monday about noon, and I think we will. There is quite a sea running to-night and everything is battered aft, as we are taking water over the quarter deck every minute. The ship is wonderfully well ventilated, and if it were not for this the heat would drive all of us up on the superstructure. It's rather hard to think of this as being Christmas time when we are wearing white clothes and suffering from the heat. However, we are going to have a Christmas tree, and there will be presents for all the mess. I have had six out of seven Christmas in the tropics, and I wonder how it would feel to be cold and see snow at Yuletide.

Sunday at sea is always different from any other day. There is something in the air, even at sea, which makes one aware of the difference. After the Captain had inspected this morning we had a general order published, and all the crew were marched aft to hear the executive officer read it. It was a caution to the enlisted men of the fleet about shore leave. For the Admiral, as usual, has thought of everything. After the roll call had sounded the *Connors* cut made signal, "Disregard the movements of the flagship!" and went off to the command at full speed. We don't know what his object was, but it probably had something to do with the compass work. This afternoon there was a burial at sea. A man on the *Infante* died last night of spinal meningitis, and his funeral took place this afternoon. All the ships saluted their colors during the ceremony, and as the captain of the ship finished the reading of the funeral service, the body, seen in a canvas shroud with a grate bar to weight it, was led into the sea.

Hubbard says we will be anchored by two o'clock to-morrow afternoon and, as that is a day ahead of schedule time, we are not sorry. Christmas eve will probably be spent in getting ready for cooling, and as there will be no work on Christmas day it is likely that the men will be allowed a chance to howl their sea legs on the beach. This cooling will probably be a record performer as every one wants to "hit the beach," and of course no one can do so until all the coal is aboard.

Nearly every day a new dog or a cat puts in an appearance. The men are strong on pets, and we now boast four dogs, three cats, and a goat. Poor old "Bible," the goat, has never got out the bite which Admiral Enory's bull terrier, "Bum," gave him. His right fore leg was in *spinalis* at the knee for nearly six months, and now that it is out it seems useless to him; however, he gets around on three legs pretty well. The dogs are a wonderful collection. "Blink" is a Boston and belongs to Chief Quartermaster Dale. "Fritz" is one of those dogs who are raised under a barrel and only allowed to grow in a few and aft line, while "Bunk," who belongs to the marines, is just plain dog. He was born crazy and won't ever get over it. The fourth member of the dog crew is too young to know his name, even if he had one.

It is Monday afternoon, December 23, and we have just freed column preparatory to going through the Dragon's Mouth. We will anchor at about four o'clock this afternoon, and the fat ship has just signaled that the first division and the *Musson* would take colliers alongside this evening, and be ready to sail ship at daylight. The first division will probably finish to-morrow, and the second will sail the day after Christmas, followed in turn by the third and fourth. The *Ohio* has about a thousand tons to take on, and that means two full days' work.

The lookout has just sung out, "Land ho!" and the mail orderly is collecting the mail, so I must hustle to get this off. We are too far from land to tell much about it, but it looks very attractive and inviting from here. We are about three miles from the wharf, as the harbor is very shallow. The port medical officer is on his way to the flagship now, and the fleet surgeon will get postpaid for us all. There is some rumor about getting fever in the team, but I don't believe there is any more of it than they always have down here.

All of us wish we were at sea. Forty-second and Broadway for this Christmas, but that is not to be. However, we will be there next Christmas, and that is a great consolation.

There goes the last call for mail!



W. D. HOWELLS

MARK TWAIN

HENRY M. ALDEN

DAVID W. MATTHEWS

FOUR DISTINGUISHED LITERARY AMERICANS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT LAKEWOOD, N. J., WHERE A LUNCHEON WAS GIVEN TO MR. HOWELLS TO BID HIM GOOD-BYE ON HIS JOURNEY TO EUROPE

"The Gentlemen from Manila"

By PROFESSOR G. H. BLAKESLEE

TWO men who are sure to be prominent in Washington at this season are the Philippine delegates, The Hon. Benito Legarda and the Hon. Pablo Ocampo de Leon. Both men have interesting personalities and both are among the most prominent native-born men in the islands.

Benito Legarda, the delegate elected by the Commission of which he is himself a distinguished member, is very young, and received his education in his native city, graduating from the local university of Santa Tomas with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. After being admitted to the bar, he practiced his chosen profession for a few years, but soon found it necessary to devote his whole time to his large business interests. This he did with such success that he is now considered one of the richest business managers as well as one of the wealthiest men in the whole Philippines. His Manila mansion, which is almost palatially furnished, is a very hospitable home. Among those whom he has recently entertained are Secretary and Mrs. Taft, who were his guests during a part of the time which they spent in Manila.

Commissioner Legarda has travelled extensively in nearly all of the countries of Europe, and speaks several languages with fluency. Paris is his favorite city; it was here that the accompanying photograph was taken during a recent visit. On four different occasions he has been in the United States. In 1893 he and his whole family spent several months in the Chicago Fair; in 1904 he was a member of the Philippine Commission appointed to visit the St. Louis Exposition.

Personally Commissioner Legarda is of middle stature, with black hair and mustache which are slightly touched with gray. One is charmed by his manner and by his conversation. He is reputed to have many friends, but no enemies. It is fairly well known that of all the men whom the Commission was likely to select, he was the one most acceptable to the Assembly. Mr. Legarda, with his almost perfect command of English, and his partiality for American institutions and American life, will be a most acceptable delegate at Washington. He is an excellent representative of the wealth, education, and culture of the Philippines.

In politics he has been one of the earliest and staunchest friends of the United States. During the days of Aguinaldo's rule he was for a time Treasurer and Vice-President of the Malolos Congress, but he soon realized the hopelessness of the Filipino cause, resigned his positions, and became one of the foremost leaders of the Federal party, which tried to induce the insurgents to lay down their arms and accept American sovereignty. In recognition of the value of his services, he was chosen as one of the three Filipinos appointed to the Philippine Commission, when civil government was organized in 1901; this position he continued to hold up to the time of his recent election. He is now a member of the Progressive, sometimes called the Government, party. This is the successor of the Federal party, but while it has declared in favor of eventual independence for the Philippines, it does not wish for it at the present time, but only when the United States shall consider that the Filipinos are fully prepared for complete self-government.

In a recent conversation, after his election was announced, Commissioner Legarda said that, although the Filipino people had made striking progress under American rule, especially along educational lines, it was useless to talk of independence, or of any time when the present Spanish-trained generation should be in control of Filipino politics. "I want independence," he exclaimed, "but how can we have it? That's the question. I do not want to stand the risk of possible civil war or anarchy, for I have property to lose."

In the House of Representatives, he said, he and the delegate of the Assembly would work together for the same objects, provided the question of independence were not raised. Their chief aim would be to improve the economic condition of the islands, for, largely on account of the cattle-plague, which has killed off about ninety per cent. of the work-animals, the situation is worse than it has been for thirty years. "One particular object," he said,

Congress provided that the delegates from the Philippines should be elected by the new Legislature, the Commission and the Assembly voting separately. The result is that one delegate, Hon. Benito Legarda, practically represents the Commission, made up of four Americans and three Filipinos, and the other, Hon. Pablo Ocampo de Leon, the Assembly.



Hon. Benito Legarda



Hon. Pablo Ocampo de Leon

"will be to show Congress the great need of lowering the duty upon Philippine sugar and tobacco."

When asked what he would do to raise the Philippine Assembly should send a petition to Congress requesting immediate independence, he declared, with emphasis, that he would oppose it and would show reasons why independence at present is practically impossible. If the petition should ask that some definite date be set when independence would be granted, he could only answer, such a proposal, he said, provided the date were made so distant, "say one hundred years from now—that the islands then would without any man set of doubt be ready for independence."

"Would you favor a resolution of Congress pledging the Philippine independence at some unnamed time?"

"Yes. I think it would have a good effect upon the people, for many are now suspicious of the real purposes of the American government."

Pablo Ocampo de Leon, the delegate who represents the Philippine Assembly, belongs to an old and well-to-do Filipino family. Like Legarda he was born and educated in Manila, receiving his degree of Bachelor of Laws from the University of Santa Tomas.

Mr. Ocampo—for so he is to be called, and not Mr. De Leon—has played a prominent part as a Filipino patriot. In 1898 he was imprisoned by the Spanish government because of his insurrectionary tendencies. Two years later, when the short-lived Philippine Republic was organized under Aguinaldo, he was elected a member of the Malolos Congress; shortly afterwards he was appointed to represent the insurgent government at Manila. Here he displayed such activity that the American military authority, who had by that time captured the city, exiled him to the island of Iloilo along with forty other supposedly dangerous Filipinos. After two years he was permitted to return.

From the time he came back to Manila until a few months ago, Mr. Ocampo took very little part in politics, but devoted himself almost entirely to his law practice. He was, however, for a time, the director of *La Patria*, the forerunner of the present bold, radical, and intensely patriotic daily, *El Renacimiento*. By means of the campaign which he conducted for the Assembly, and because one of the most prominent of the Nationalists. The party, as its name suggests, is founded upon the idea that the Filipinos are a distinct nation, that they are capable of self-government, and that the United States should grant them independence at an early date.

Besides Mr. Ocampo's generally recognized integrity, business ability and soundness of judgment, there were two or three circumstances which greatly aided him in securing his election. In the first place, he is practically a pure-blooded Filipino, "Filipino in heart and in face," as the expression goes. The majority of the Assembly were anxious to have their delegate a true representative of their race. This fact alone was enough to cause the defeat of other strong candidates, who were in part of Spanish origin. Mr. Ocampo was further favored both by his individual patriotic record and by his present conservatism. The Assembly leaders considered it good policy to send a moderate nationalist to Washington, and Mr. Ocampo is probably the most conservative among the prominent men of the party.

In talking over his probable work as a delegate, he said that he would very likely receive written instructions from the Assembly which would direct his action in the more important matters. So far as he could express a personal opinion, however, he felt positive that he and Commissioner Legarda, though they belonged to different parties, would be able to work together harmoniously on practically all questions relating to the Philippines. The most important subject at Washington would be to do everything possible to improve the economic condition of the islands, for, on account of cattle-plague and other misfortunes, the situation was worse than it had been for many years. To this end both delegates would try to secure the reduction, or, if possible, the repeal of the tariff duties upon Philippine sugar and tobacco. Both delegates, also, are greatly interested in the Japanese question.



THE COOK

DRAWN BY GEORGE HARDING

The Passing of "300 Mulberry Street"

By FRANK MARSHALL WHITE



HE symbol "300 Mulberry Street," that for nearly half a century has been an emblem in the underworld of two continents, and, like "Scotland Yard," has figured in history and fiction, is about to lose its significance—the Police Department having more than quadrupled numerically since, in 1843, it moved its headquarters to the address familiar to all civilized criminals. In this new year of 1908 work is nearing completion on the edifice bounded by Centre, Broome, Grand, and Lafayette streets, which, doubtless, thereafter, will be given a name of its own to compare with among evil-doers.

It was the year that it took possession of the present headquarters—officially known as the Central Office—that the New York Police Department first demonstrated its capacity as a fighting force, by quelling the draft riots before the National Guard could be recalled from the front to assist it. The occurrences of the sanguinary three days and nights in July, 1863, that Manhattan Island was virtually in possession of the mob are almost as fearful as anything that is recorded of Paris during the Commune. The actual mortality has never been known, but it has been estimated that between 2000 and 3000 persons were injured, and at least 1000 killed, while the damage to property reached \$2,500,000.

More than fifty buildings were burned, including the Colored Orphan Asylum, two police stations, and three prominent "dark shade" offices, during this brief reign of terror. Negroes were beaten and stoned to death and hanged to lamp-posts, and other terrible atrocities were committed. The life of Florence Greely was persistently threatened, and desperate efforts were made to lure the Tribune building, which were frustrated by the police fighting against tremendous odds. John A. Kennedy, the superintendent of the department, who led the policemen against a mob overhauling their way of marching down Broadway with the avowed intention of burning 300 Mulberry Street, was dangerously wounded and shockingly disfigured, and many of his men were killed and injured. They routed the mob, however, leaving scores dead and dying in the street. "During that week," writes former Inspector Nicholas Broock, the historian of Police Headquarters, "there was never a moment but that the building was threatened with the torch, and was only preserved by the sleepless vigilance and hand-to-hand bravery of its defenders."

Eight years later Governor Hoffman came down from Albany and made 300 Mulberry Street his military headquarters during the suppression of the Orange riots. The members of the Hibernian societies of New York that had paraded on St. Patrick's day in the year 1871, considered it an affront when the Orangemen of the city announced their intention to march in procession on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, in July, and promised that no such demonstration should occur. The Orangemen swore that they would parade or die, and so threatening did the situation become that Mayor McKee Hall, through the superintendent of police, issued an order forbidding the procession.

When Governor Hoffman, in Albany, heard of the Mayor's action he took the Empire State Express (or its ancient equivalent)

to New York, where he put forth the following proclamation: "I hereby give notice that any and all bodies of men desiring to assemble and march in peaceable procession in the city to-morrow the 12th instant, will be permitted to do so. They will be protected to the fullest extent possible by the military and police authorities. A military and police escort will be furnished to any body of men demanding it, on application to me at my headquarters (which will be Police Headquarters in this city) . . ."

The Orangemen paraded, but were attacked by the Hibernians, and a mob along the entire line of march, and there was great loss of life. The police again won the day, taking the brunt of battle from the military.

Number 300 Mulberry Street has other associations than those connected with crime, however. History has been made within the walls of the old headquarters building. In the time of the Republican police commission, when two Democrats and two Republicans controlled the destinies of the department, the offices of the commissioners, who were always prominent politicians, were meeting places for the hewing of both parties. Indeed, in the '70s the newspapers frequently complained that the Customhouse, the office of the district attorney and the city marshal, and Police Headquarters were centers of party propitiation.

There are two entrances to the headquarters building; one is Mulberry and the other is Mott Street, the former being always under the surveillance of the reporters, who have offices in a building opposite. The Mott Street door is not as carefully watched, though newspaper men are continually prowling about the corridors, so that it is almost impossible for any one to enter or leave the building without being observed by the agents of the Fourth Estate. There are politicians who recall occasions when the reporters were decoyed into one of the commissioner's rooms, while John Kelly smoked in by the Mott Street entrance for a secret conference with Chester A. Arthur.

Arthur was a familiar figure at Police Headquarters up to the time that the assassination of Garfield made him President. Even while he was Vice-President he frequently called in Mulberry Street to discuss the local political situation with Stephen V. French, who, with Dewitt T. Wheeler, composed the Republican end of the Police Board of that time, the Democratic balance being preserved by Charles F. MacLean, now on the Supreme Court bench, and James E. Morrison. It was during the tenure of office of this Board of Commissioners that 300 Mulberry Street was the scene of one of the bitterest factional fights in the history of Tammany Hall. Election inspectors were then appointed by the Police Board, two Democrats and two Republicans being allotted to each election district. The Democrats were split into a Tammany and an anti-Tammany faction during the municipal campaign of 1879, and the contest that ensued over-estimated all-right ascensions of the board, Ellen Foot, now Secretary of State, and the late David Dudley Field being among the best counsel who left Police Headquarters after daylight in the mornings.

An earlier political fight that raged at 300 Mulberry Street was in 1874, when John Kelly attempted to force Governor Dix to remove Mayor Havermeyer, because he had himself refused to remove Police Commissioners Hugh Gardner and Oliver Charlack.



The famous Detective Bureau at Police Headquarters

who were under indictment for a technical offence committed in the removal of a Tammany election inspector. Gardner and Charlack finally resigned, and that the latter was not of the staff some politicians are made of is indicated by the fact that he died soon afterward, his death being hastened by the disgrace attendant upon his indictment.

A more recent political controversy at Police Headquarters resulted in the abolition of the bipartisan commission, and the establishment, in 1901, of the present single-headed one. The last four-headed commission was composed of Bernard J. York and John H. Sexton, Democrats, and Henry E. Abell and Thomas L. Hamilton, Republicans. That there is a single-headed commission to-day is believed in some quarters to be due to revenge on the part of the late Frederick S. Gibbs, Republican leader, directed against Hamilton and Abell, who had refused to do his political bidding. Whatever may have been his motive, Gibbs brought about legislation at Albany that swept his enemies out of place and



300 Mulberry Street"

Ex-President Grant and New York Governor Roosevelt rarely failed to visit Police Headquarters for the returns when they were in the city on the evening after an important election, and distinguished visitors from all over the country have been taken thither at one time or another to get election news from home. A person acquainted with the respective locations of the offices of the Democratic and Republican commissioners in the headquarters building might fix the result of an election—unless it should chance to be a very close one—by ten o'clock on any election night, merely in observation of the windows. If the windows of the Democratic commissioners

were dark it meant a Republican victory, and vice versa—for the members of the defeated party did not make a practice of remaining to congratulate the victors.

Many well-known politicians, aside from those already mentioned, have held the office of police commissioner at 300 Mulberry Street, not the least of these being Theodore Roosevelt, who was appointed by Mayor Strong in 1895, and served with General Frederick B. Grant, as the other Republican member of the Board, and Andrew B. Parker and Avery D. Andrews, Democrats, re-

(Continued on page 22.)



The new Headquarters Building, in the Block bounded by Lafayette, Centre, Broome, and Grand Streets

sacrificed Sexton and York with them. Incidentally the office of chief of police was abolished, and William S. Devory, who was corrupting that post and was no friend to Gibbs, also lost his job permanently.

Before the improvements in telegraph facilities made it possible for the newspapers to issue early bulletins, and rendered the introduction of private wires into the various political headquarters throughout the city a simple matter, 300 Mulberry Street, where the first official returns are received in New York, was a rendezvous for the big politicians of both parties on election nights,



THERE IS NOTHING THE MAT
DRAWN



ER WITH THE OTHER CHAIRS

& KING

The Man Apart

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST HASKELL



WHEN I was born, I know it was just like step-pie out of a mirror, for the first thing I remember was blinkin' into somethin' very bright, and hearin' a sound like breakin' glass. Then instead of fadin' like a shadow, I was somethin' real, and laughed into the dark dark face of old Jern.

Once since then I mentioned it to Jern, and he said that the sea and sky were very bright that day, and the shingle grated like glass when he drew up the boat he found me adrift in.

"There was a schooner went down out there the night before," he added quickly; "but, mind you, I ain't sayin' you're not right about bein' born so; just like the reflection o' somebody else. God knows."

Perhaps bein' born is all you can think of at one time, for I had lived till I was pretty old before I noticed the white sails out at sea, and the lighthouse on the rocks, where we lived.

Then long afterward came the first evening when I felt the storm and wasn't afraid, as I looked up at the brave, friendly light shinin' out over the reefs where the Atlantic beat. I walked slow and sideways, facin' the wind, till I got to the door Jern had opened as if lookin' out for me.

"The Nor'easter comes down like a reaper," he said, as I stood by in my drippin' clothes, "though, of course, you needn't be afraid of it."

He said this in a very solemn tone, and his eyes, that were all ways slow and dreamy, glittered a little bit.

We ate supper as usual without sayin' hardly anything, though he watched me as if thinkin' over somethin' he had to tell. Afterward we both sat listenin', till Jern made up his mind, he turned around, holdin' his pipe in his hand, and said:

"You are Solomon strange."

I had never had any name, except just Boy, up to that time, and he looked at me anxiously as to how I would take it.

"I like it," I said after thinkin' a while, for somehow it sounded like a part of that night, with its wild sea and hail.

He smoked his pipe a few minutes, before sayin' as if to explain, "I have my idea about you," and I nodded that it was all right. We were always very friendly, just like this.

"Would you mind readin' all them books over there?" he asked then.

Jern had taught me all he knew about readin', so I promised though I knew it would take a good many years to spell out the dictionary and all the other books left by the lighthouse inspector.

"Particular, anything about spirits," he added; "you ought to know that."

"I believe so, too," I said, and the next day I found one in the dictionary, though there was not any in the other books except a ghost.

I grew sadder after that, and began to feel I was somehow important with a name which was all my own, and spoke of it to a very wrinkled oyster, that I'd picked up at low tide, and was keepin' in a little cove for company. Of course there was plenty of other things to play with, but there's nothin' like a live one.

I loved to play ing with the waves, up and down the beach, and would hoist sail on an old wreck half buried in the sand.

I would do this whenever I felt noisy, because as I couldn't see my crew o' spirits, I took lots of shoulin' to make 'em hear, and Jern always looked worried if I laughed too much about the house. He never was cross, but seemed to think it didn't look well in Solomon strange.

After the lamps were trimmed in the mornin' we would break out every bit o' dust, and then he would sit smokin' and lookin' out to sea, sometimes talkin' in a low tone.

I often wondered who he spoke to, but could never see 'em, no matter how hard I looked. I guess his crew was a good deal like mine, only they must have understood better, for he would sometimes talk with eyes chinin', as if listenin' to their answers.

With so many things to look after, I didn't have a chance to get home-ome; besides, for a long time, I thought I had to tell the tide not to come any higher, which made Jern open his eyes.

The inspector came out to our rocky island twice a year, and his boat would bring supplies and some clothes, but once he forgot the tobacco. After wanderin' about very uneasy for several days, and talkin' to his crew a good deal, Jern pulled the old life boat down to the beach, and said we were goin' over to the mainland.

We could see this from our lighthouse, settin' low and blue in the water, but it took most of the mornin' for Jern to row over, and when we got there I was surprised to find how big it was.

We went up into the village, and never havin' seen many people, I took a good deal of notice of them, speakin' to each other on the street, or shakin' hands when they met.

They all knew Jern and nodded, but it seemed to me that they looked at him in a queer way, and I felt they whispered about him when we got past.

Not a word did he speak to anybody, so I could tell he was different from mainlanders, and didn't like them. When Jern went into a store, I stood outside, and saw a man carry another little box out of a yard across the street, and put him when he set him down upon the walk. When the man walked away I crossed over and asked:

"What did he do that for?" for I thought maybe he didn't know how to walk.



We ate supper as usual without sayin' anything

"Papas always put their little boys on the head," he said.
"No," I told him, "they put dogs on the head. The inspector has one."

He puckered his face at me, but Joro came out of the stope just then, and I had to follow back to the boat, though I thought of that little boy all the way, and found my feet doubled up when I got there.

Of course this trip gave me a lot to think about, and the next mornin' I started out from the lighthouse along the beach, through comin' to the end of it, I didn't stop as I'd always done before, but kept right on clamberin' over the rocks till I could see the mainland. There I sat and thought about all the things I could, but kept comin' back to one thing in particular, till I said:

"Well, he can pucker his face: I don't want anybody puttin' me on the head." As I sat there wonderin' why Joro should be so different from other people, with nobody to shake his hand, I heard an old gull scream above my head, and saw one of its ledges tumble down the rocky cliff almost to my feet. I know it had fallen out of its nest far above, but as I couldn't reach to put it back, and the old gull flew away to sea, I took it carefully in my hand.

Though very ugly, and scathed and ragged, I can't tell you how glad I was to put its head, and feet that, all warm and alive, it was my own to keep. I looked out again to the far, blue mainland, and from somewhere came a word I had heard, or read in a book.

"I shall name you Freeing," I said, and from that time on kept him shut up in a wooden cage that Joro made for us.

This made me more busy than ever, for he was always hungry, and I had to dig in the sand for blood worms all the time I wasn't eatin' my own meals. We were good friends at first, and he would stretch out his neck and squawk when he saw me comin'. For he thought I was his mother. I did dig my arms a little for him, but was afraid to try flyin' at that time.

One day late in summer I took him to the high rocks opposite the mainland, as I had done many times before, and was about to tell him again what I'd seen over there, when, giving his first great scream, he began beating his wings against the bars of the cage.

I was a good deal troubled and tried to pet him, but he kept beatin' his wings till he was almost dead, and fell down in a heap with his eyes shut.

Then all at once it came to me that it wasn't any joke for Free to be shut in a box on an island, when he had wings, so almost cryin' I took him out.

I was miserable to think he'd fly away, for I felt I just couldn't go back to the oyster now, but I held him on my wrist till his eyes opened, and then he gave a little flutter that carried him into the air. I watched, holdin' my breath, but after flyin' in a little circle, he settled down on my shoulder as if afraid, and tucked his head under his wing a minute.

Then as if his mind was made up to risk it, he suddenly screamed more shrilly than before and darted far out over the sea, with wide white wings. I watched him till he wheeled behind a point, and

then went home, feelin' very sad that he should fly away after all the sand-worms I'd given him.

I didn't look up till I got home, and then hearin' a little squawk raised my eyes, to see Free sittin' on the rail of the lighthouse platform, with his head on one side.

"Why, he was only jokin'," I thought, and when I coaxed him, he came to my shoulder with his wings beatin' my cheek, and opened his bill.

Joro said he'd never seen a gull haunt a person before, and shook his head, but I understood how Free felt about it, and was gladder then ever to have him for my friend.

"I'd like to mark him for my bird," I said, and Joro, who was very strong, cut into an old silver ring and bent it around Free's leg just above the claw.

"Wherever you meet him, high or low, he can't deny you now," said Joro. "Do you know all about spirits yet?"

"Not quite," I answered, and I knew he thought Free was one of them.

On bright days when I sat on the rocks, Free would visit me darlin' down the wind, or beatin' up against it with his wings flashin' like silver, as if to show me how good it was to be out of a cage, which I began to understand more and more.

He had a habit of flyin' around a pole and hidin', and I got the curious notion that somethin' caught and held him there; so one day I sailed along the narrow ledge of the cliff till I got to a broader space, high up and overhangin' the sea.

Free was sittin' on a stone that stood at the head of a little mound. This stone was very old and weather-worn, but lookin' close I could see letters on it.

As I read them, somethin' gloomy and cold seemed to wrap around me.

"Solomon Strange lies buried here," said the stone.

I looked up, for the daylight was growin' pale and a great fog from the ocean suddenly came over, and the muffled lightness he'd begun to tell out of it.

The stone now seemed only a shadow, and Free rise' with a hoarse creak flew straight away toward the mainland. As I could not see any thing, I thought for a while, and then understood everything about myself at once.

"There is nothin' else to it," I said; "I am the ghost of Solomon Strange," then I slipped back along the ledge, for I was not afraid of flyin' any more.

Joro sat in the lighthouse tower and reached out both hands as I climbed the steps to him; then he dropped them to his side without any word.

I felt so large and solemn that evenin' and walked aroun' so soft, that I know he suspected what I was, which I didn't mind a bit, though I said nothin'.

But the next afternoon he must have felt sure of it, for swift as a spirit, Free flew in out o' the mist with his head under his wing and a little paper that rose aroun' his leg with a thread.

I took it off and found it printed over, a little lap-sided as if I had done it myself.

"Whose tame gull with a silver ring comes to our cottage on the beach? Are you a little boy? I am a little girl who loves her paps. Pa caught the gull."



I sat and thought about all the things I could

Jorn watched me read, but when I offered the paper to him he shook his head and said, in a knowing way:

"No, Solomon, that's your business, and would have notion to do with it."

I went to sleep thinking about the little girl, and all night could see her with bright blue eyes and yellow hair playing on the beach.

Though I was afraid she'd feel put out about it, I felt she'd better know the truth, and the next morning printed:

"I am not a boy, but a strange ghost, on a piece of paper and destined to die. Free. I wanted to put in 'Solomon,' but there wasn't room."

Then I loosened the bird, who had been in the house all night, and he rose in circles after circles, his eyes coming to me bug after he was out of sight, for the fog was still heavy over the ocean.

I afterward knew he was telling me the truth.

Later, it lightened a bit, and I made my way down the beach and over the slippery rocks till I reached the cliff. Then suddenly the fog rolled back, and the day shone through hard and frosty, with a high windy sky, for the fall storms were on the way.

I walked along the ledge to the tombstone, for I wanted to see what else was written there, and after a while studied it out like this:

"He was a man who knew all about spirits, and if it hadn't been for his limp and a blind eye would have gone far in the world, what means his sudden death?"

I nodded my head then, understanding why Jorn wanted me to know about spirits.

For a long time I sat there, taking out the little girl's letter and reading it over and over. I remembered Free and somehow didn't even care to see him again. I wanted something else that couldn't be explained, and for the first time thought the island small and mean, and felt very much alone.

"I wonder if he puts her on the head?" I thought, and even pulled my own hair to see how it would feel.

Then growing in the same mind as I was during the evening I first feared the storm, I read the epitaph again.

When I got home the lamps were lit and a brown wind was flying up before the gusts, while the sea beat hollow, as if a great bell rang underneath the water. It was all of a night for show.

In the evening we sat together a while, Jorn not talking to himself, though he appeared to wait and listen, with the faint glitter in his eyes.

"Was I drowned when you found me in the boat?" I asked.

"No," he answered solemnly, "not drowned." He seemed about to say something else, then waited.

I went out and wandered over the lighthouse tower, and when the wind shook it like a tree, came back into his room. And I limped, and had one eye shut tight.

Jorn looked at me and held his lips tight, which had gone out.

"I had my idea about you," he said.

"Ghosts have to haunt," I told him, and walked straight on through. But I stopped at the door and said, "I miss you far in the world, like the words on the tombstone, for I wanted to see the little girl on the mainland."

Not once in his life was Jorn ever afraid, though his voice shook and he seemed pale as he leaned forward and spoke.

"Your time has come to go."

I drew back into the dark and went to bed, afraid of myself. I did not go to sleep, but he still, listening to Jorn's footsteps as he walked slowly back and forth, and for some reason troubled by what he had said.

He came to the door and looked in, holding a candle; his face

was still pale, but his eyes no longer glittered. Instead they seemed as deep and soft as the little girl's. I lay as if asleep, and he stood by me a minute, then took my hand that hung over the side of the couch.

"Boy," he whispered, but I was half afraid to answer, and he went on talking to himself.

"I see Solomon Strange out of the world, but I send this Lord-giver boy back into it to take his place; knowin' all about spirits, as 'davin' with 'em, too, which is a merthin' Solomon as never could."

He signed and stood by quietly for a while. "What will become of old Jorn, now?" he went on in a tremblin' voice. But who could have me? Since that time I live a man apart, with none to take his part."

I felt him put my hand over as softly; then the light faded from my eyelids and he was gone.

All that long night the picture of the mainland seemed faded from my mind, and even the face of the little girl grew dim, while I listened to the storm, and thought of Jorn's lights shinin' far out to sea.

Morning came with a blue shiny sky, like the day when I was born, and I walked out of the lighthouse looking for Jorn. Though the waves ran mountain high, I found him pulling the lifeboat down the beach with a new-like breakin' gloves. Still, I felt it was a bad day for ghosts.

He stopped when he saw me, and after a long look turned away his head. I took hold of his hand, something I'd never done before, and felt his big fingers close softly over mine.

"Jorn," I said, and as he looked down at me, held up my arm, he raised me as if I were dead, and I asked:

"Did Solomon Strange hate you?"

He considered a few moments, then seemed to think I should know all about it and touched an old scar in his throat.

"He drove at me here with a knife, and I struck him with my fist; that was all. People said I was right, but I am a stained man. You should take his place, though, and I'll owe the world nothing when I leave it."

He bent over as to put me down, but I clung around his neck. "I will not go away to be his ghost," I shouted. "I believed I wanted to go to the mainland to play with the little girl, but I know better now. I'm going to stay with you forever an' ever."

He thought it over as if not quite understanding, and then started to walk far down the beach with me in his arm.

Something led him to ascend the rocks where Free and I had thought of many things together, and we came in sight of the point that held the grave of Solomon Strange. There the rollers were breakin' in with wild spray and a noise like thunder, and my heart gave a great beat as I pointed before Jorn's eyes.

For the base of the point, long crumpled, had been shaken by the storm, and the strange cliff with the grave of Solomon Strange was far scattered in the sea.

"This is a sign, I think," said Jorn, quietly.

"Solomon Strange is gone," I told him. "Now any name is Jorn, and you shall be my papa," and I knew it was true, for he put his hand on my head.

From then till to-day he has not talked to himself, nor have his eyes glittered, for he looks on all that trouble no more and likes to have me laugh about the house.

Next morning, when we rose over to see the little girl in the cove, I believe people will shake his hand, as I do every morning, so he will get used to holding it out again.

I do not know about spirits any more, and believe it is sheer not to have ghosts in your family.

AMERICAN NAVY SECOND IN THE WORLD

By NEWTON FOREST



THAT the United States is the second naval power in the world today has recently been recognized by authorities on naval affairs abroad. Henry, who compiles the *Naval Yearbook* in England, each year, declares that the United States' step to second place among the naval powers is one of the most remarkable incidents relating to naval affairs of the past year.

Great Britain, United States, France, Germany, and Japan, is the order in which the list of the world's naval powers begins.

Great Britain alone exceeds the United States in fighting force afloat. To attain its position the United States, during the twenty last years which have elapsed since the building of the modern navy began, has expended \$309,359,150, or an average of nearly \$15,000,000 a year.

A comparison of the naval strength of Japan and the United States is doubly interesting in view of the recent departure of the American fleet of battle-ships for the Pacific, and its absence from which has been attached to this event. The American navy has on its list 29 battle-ships of 10,000 tons and over, while Japan has 13; our navy has 11 coast defense vessels, Japan 1; we have 15 armored cruisers, Japan 13. But in the number of torpedo-boats and torpedo-battle destroyers Japan is far ahead. She has 79 torpedo-boats and 57 torpedo-battle destroyers, while the United States has only 33 torpedo-boats and 21 torpedo-battle destroyers. On the other hand, Japan has only 9 submarines while we have 19. In the cost of battle-ships of our navy the *Colorado* and the *Kansas* lead the others, the former costing \$7,967,000, and the latter \$7,671,163. The cost of maintenance of each type of war-

ship is as follows: Battleships, \$406,587 12; armored cruiser, \$753,134 47; protected cruiser, \$353,002 20; gunboat, \$113,383 12; torpedo-battle destroyer, \$77,354 22; torpedo-boat, \$53,650 08; submarine, \$26,434 10.

The total number of ships in the American navy is 104; in the navy of Great Britain, 154; in the French navy, 569; in the navy of Germany, 210; and Japan has 194. It will thus be seen that while the United States has the least number of ships of these five powers, she is still second in rank by her comparative strength in battle-ship tonnage. Great Britain's tonnage is 821,200; United States, 406,140; France, 708,461; Germany, 348,461; Japan, 101,078.

The crews of the vessels of ships in the French navy is found to be the least that she has 221 torpedo-boats and 19 submarines, while England has only 71 torpedo-boats and 48 submarines, and the United States only 32 torpedo-boats and 19 submarines.

The personnel of the United States navy has always been considered high in standard, but in number it falls below those of England, France, Germany, and Japan. But the United States is one of the three countries among the five mentioned which maintains a marine corps. The other two countries which have this branch of the service are England and Germany.

The total number of officers in the American navy today is 2322, of which one is an admiral, 20 rear admirals, and 84 captains. The total number of petty officers and enlisted men is now 38,996, whereas in 1905 it was only 8726.

At present we are under construction for the navy seven battleships, two armored cruisers, three coast cruisers, five torpedo-battle destroyers, two submarine torpedo-boats, two colliers, and two tugs.

British Holidays—and Others

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND



HAT there should be any such thing as a winter resort in England sounds almost like a contradiction of terms. Most English people, I am bound to admit, scout the very idea. When they wish to hibernate they go abroad, to Pau, to Biarritz, to the Riviera, to Egypt, or to the snow and sunshine of the Engadine or Austrian Tyrol. It is an altogether British characteristic to be faithful in devotion both to places and people. The English change their habits very slowly. A man who has once won their affection keeps it to the end of his days. England is a land of old favorites. They more than hold their own on the stage, and in every branch of music, art, and politics. One of the differences between England and the United States is that while it is easy in America to make a reputation and difficult to keep it, in England it is difficult to make a reputation and impossible to lose it. And the same constancy which the English display towards individuals they also show in regard to places. Millions of them go to the same seaside resort for their summer holiday year after year, with



New Year's Circus at the New York Produce Exchange where Baskets of Food were given away to the Poor



One Phase of New York's Celebration of New Year's Eve—Broadway at Midnight filled with Noise-making Crowds

an discernible longing for a change. It argues, therefore, no deliberate choice or canvassing of this and that spot that all Englishmen who can afford it, and many who cannot, spend the winter months on the Continent. It is simply the result of habit. The idea that their own country could furnish them with all they need has scarcely yet occurred to them. It will no doubt in time. They will ultimately realize that the climate of southern Europe is changing, and that its bit of influence with none of the compensations of home is not worth shuddering at. The days when the good people of Cannes blushed at the sight of a frost are dead and gone. For blistering winds and driving showers San Remo is beginning to rival a Yorkshire moor. It is quite on the cards that the battle of the roses in Nice will ultimately be fought out with snowballs. Egypt, it is true, shows no climatic falling off, but Egypt is far away, horribly expensive, and overdone. Austrian Tyrol has not yet come into its own; it remains, unaccountably, a region to summer in merely, and still awaits the realization of its rare and real charms as a winter retreat.

Perhaps, however, the time is not far off when the English hibernated classes, having "done" Egypt and voted the Riviera

played out, and learned the Engadine by heart, will make the amazing discovery that right at their very doors, in this island which is assuredly one of the windest and rainiest corners of the globe, there are nooks which in their own way make as delightful resorts during the winter months as any they will find abroad. On the south coast, in the Isle of Wight, and in Devonshire there are many such nooks. They are not fashionable; they do not attract visitors from the Continent; those who patronize them are drawn mainly from the English upper middle class. But they are well worth going to, the particular one from which I write, Bournemouth, is also well worth staying at. A quarter of a century ago there seemed a chance of its becoming a really fashionable spot. The present King, then Prince of Wales, shared no great liking for it that he kept a suite of rooms in one of the hotels. But not even that attraction availed to give Bournemouth a permanent place among the reverberations of the aristocracy. Its reputation, as I have said, is still exclusively British and predominantly middle class. Possibly now that the Kaiser has drawn attention to the neighborhood—it was only five miles from here, at Highcliffe Castle, that he spent his recent holiday—Bournemouth may attain to a European renown, and become a rallying point for the great world. But for the time being it remains a purely British middle-class winter resort, and it is as such that I propose to consider it.

I find it, briefly, an altogether creditable performance. Any sort of holiday place depends at least as much on man as on nature. In the case of Bournemouth nature and man have formed a very happy combination. Each is worthy of and has assisted the other. The human element, so far as my present purpose is concerned, is represented by the members of the Bournemouth Corporation. I

(Continued on page 22.)



Scene in a New York Restaurant of the First Class thronged with Holiday-makers to welcome the New Year

Francis Thompson: Poet-Journalist

By C. LEWIS HIND

Former Editor of the London Academy



I KNEW Francis Thompson before the year 1897, when he came to write poetry and after that to write prose. It is of the after that I wish to speak here—those ten dragging last years of his life, when he made no more poetry because the making of it was no longer an impulsive joy. His Muse had flickered out, and he was too feeble an artist to try to fan fire from her ashes.

But of the before, the period of his illimitable dreams, a few words must be said. I met him first, it must have been about 1890, at the only house in London that this vagrant and exclusive poet ever visited regularly, the house of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, one of the few homes where poetry is regarded as a constant noise against the bar of the world. I had heard the name of Francis Thompson mentioned two years before his grant, ill-stirred, ill-nourished figure, crowned by an eager, unhappy, startled face that grew yearly more and more like an El Greco portrait, first passed those hospitable doors. Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who was then editing a Roman Catholic magazine called *Henry England*, told me that he had discovered a genius called Francis Thompson; that this unknown poet had sent to *Henry England* a remarkable poem, with an easy treating of the relations between the Soul and the Body; that the poem and essay had been pigeonholed for six months; that he had recently published them, but that he wished to pay and commend the author, and so, as the only address on the envelope was the dirty scraps of paper upon which the poem was written was, "Post office, Charing Cross." You might as well seek daffodils growing in Broadway as the address of an obscure British poet from the harassed officials of Charing Cross Post-office. But Mr. Meynell did not despair. He hunted and found the poet's address at a shop, where the miserable and despairing outcast poet bought his landman, retrieved him from the unwise Thames arches where he slept, and from the night Second, where he sat in a few penny holding board's hands, with a Latin classic crumpled into one of his coat pockets and an Elizabethan masque into the other, and brought him into light, warmth, recognition, and such love as was possible. Perfect love, I fear, Thompson never knew. Mr. Bernard Shaw's poet in "Casidius" voices the feelings of all such wanderers and star-gazers who, dazzled by infinity, miss the human fire-line of earth.

Mr. Meynell is too modest a man ever to tell the whole story how he saved a great poet and made the world richer. It was through him that Thompson enjoyed periods of peace as a guest of the Promethean of a distinguished magazine, the *Century*, and the *Pantheon* and *Crawley*. Thompson was willing to write his autobiography. A year ago he told me that he had begun it; the fragments may have been found among his possessions. Possessions! He never owned anything but the frayed brown ulster that he wore with summer, one suit of clothes, and a dreadful pipe—his constant companion.

Thompson wrought his poems, but there his impulse and energy ceased. He was a babe in the business of the world, or, rather, he was supremely indifferent. Not only did his friend food, cloth, and harbor him, but he also found a publisher, and saw that his books were introduced to the few and fit. Some of the poems in these volumes were inspired by the poet's dumb love for the beautiful children of his host and hostess. The muses will never cease for Thompson's poetry. It is too strange, too gorgeous, too unworldly, too secret, too overcharged with imagery and the symbolism of his faith. But another it, and the soaring, plunging, uncontrollable Thompsonian song becomes a possession forever. Mr. George Meredith, Coventry Patmore, and Henley fell under his spell, as Thompson himself was dominated by the mystic personality of Coventry Patmore. I have heard him speak of no other man with the reverence that he whispered the name of Coventry Patmore, unless it was some great English recluse. That was one of the strange hints in the mind of this genius. One day I discovered, to my chagrin, that he had sent about the details of English cricket than the sporting editor of a sporting English newspaper. He would talk cricket by the hour; under certain conditions he would quote poetry by the night; but he would rarely speak of his own verse. It was too sacred to him. He had taken the tongueless vows.

His *Nine Poems*, published in 1897, may be regarded as his poetical swan-song. From that year onward it seemed to him that he was earning his living by journalism. Anxious, I think, the right word, to escape, that he had given the poetic impulse ceased, life was really ended for him. He had swept triumphantly down the mighty river, and he must now paddle in the gritty, brackish Delta until the ocean be ready to engulf him.

It was in that Deltaic period that I knew the poet intimately, seeing him two or three times a week during the seven years that I edited *The Academy*. It amused him to write articles, and to know that his landlady was being paid, although such matters were of no real importance to him; but the weekly wage gave him pocket-money to buy the narcotics of his choice, and that was important. It was useless trying to cure Thompson of the drug habit. After a while we gave up the attempt in despair. That wretched fume, distracted by all the narcotic ills of which the human body is capable, could not sustain the fire of his fierce poetic spirit. He took one of his body, and I do not believe he ever thought about it. The decreencies of civilization bored him; his thoughts few to

"Where seven-voiced psalteries meet;

"And all the gods move with their hand in hand,
And eyes that knew not trouble and the worm."

In memory I see him one miserable November afternoon commencing with the Seraphim, and frolicking with the young-crowned Cherubim in Chancery Lane. The rain was steady and cold; a thin, icy rain was falling; the yellow fog swamped the pedestrian's marching down the lane; and, going through them in an armor-pat, I saw Francis Thompson, wet and mud-spattered. But he was not unhappy. What is a day of unpleasant weather to one who lives in eternity? His lips were moving, his head was raised, his eyes were kindled with emotion, for above the roof of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company, in the murk of the fog, he saw his visions. They were his reality, and the visible world.

He was on his way to the office of *The Academy* with the manuscript of a book review, and on his damp back was slung the weather-worn satchel in which he would carry away volumes for the evening work. In the first year his monthly cheque was posted to him in the ordinary way, but that method did not work. When I was in funds he contrived to deliver his articles; so I adopted the plan of sending a weekly cheque to his landlady, and giving him, whenever he called, a small sum in cash. That suited him; it suited us. A Thompson article in *The Academy* gave distinction to the editor, and the editor's price was considerably less, even as his concern with cricket. No the match was filled with military manoeuvres, and retired generals concerned in the armchairs of service clubs—wondered. There was a man who manipulated words as they manipulated men.

I reviewed Henley's *Collected Poems*, and Henley, who was living at Russell Hill, asked me to bring the poet to him. That was a memorable afternoon, but it did not begin auspiciously. Thompson was an hour late in calling for me at the office; when we reached Russell Hill rain was falling, and he was drenched. He was a stout, solid, well-built man, and he was alarmed by my guiding him to a train. Suddenly he became rigid, his body averted, and a film came over his eyes. It seemed as if his soul had fitted temporarily from his body. A minute or two passed; then he recovered, lighted a cigarette, and did not refer to the episode. We arrived at Henley's house two hours late. The elder man was a little brusque at first, but Thompson, who was much excited at the prospect of meeting Henley, seated himself at his feet, and they talked—till half-past eleven should have been present. Flattery to the soul of the poet, and the elder man's mind recovered last afternoon, perfectly sincere flattery, for Thompson was a Husky in intellectual recitance.

Once or twice in those seven years of our intercourse a flame of his old poet fire blazed out, and once I was able to divert the flame into the pages of *The Academy*. When Cecil Rhodes died—that great dreamer and great man of action—I telegraphed to Thompson to hasten to the office. That was on a Monday. He appeared on the Tuesday. I asked him point blank if he would write an ode on Cecil Rhodes for the next issue of the paper, and without waiting for his refusal talked Rhodes to him for half an hour, roused his enthusiasm, and he departed with a half promise to deliver the ode on Thursday morning. Thursday came and nearly passed. I sent him three telegrams, but received no answer. It was necessary to go to press at eight o'clock. At half past six he arrived, and proceeded to extract from his pockets a dozen and more scraps of crumpled paper, each containing a fragment of the ode. I placed them together, sent the blurred manuscript to the printers, sent him money for his dinner, and excited him to write the ode. He would begin in an hour to read the proof. He returned dazed and incoherent, read the proof standing and saying as he read, and murmured: "It's all right." It was all right. I am prouder of having published that ode than of anything else that the *Academy* ever contained.

In 1904, when I resigned the editorship of *The Academy*, we no longer met regularly; but I saw Thompson at infrequent intervals at Mrs. Meynell's house. He would come to dinner at any hour that suited his mood, take his bite and sup, and pace the room with his back in his hand, striking inaudible measures, never keeping his pipe alight, rarely taking part in the general conversation, but ever courteous and ever ready to laugh at the slightest pleasantry. We did not encourage him to talk. Never an exhilarating talker—except on the few occasions when the need of the friend and the play were prepotent—latterly his talk became almost intolerable. He would labor a minor point until our heads ached, pause politely when the general conversation turned to another topic, and at the first opportunity, he was to tell us for the tenth time something that was not worth telling more. But that was the Thompson of that better year—poet and temper-tossed devil, waiting for dissolution. The real Thompson as he of the poems made in secret—him to his forbears, the mystical English poets.

After his death, from our sight, leaving great verse said a little clan. We who knew him and tried to love him, are glad, for his own poor sake, that his release has come, that at last "his little trouble is ended in a little peace."



Music and the Opera

CHARPENTIER'S "LOUISE"

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



USTAVE CHARPENTIER'S "musical romance," "Louise," was produced at the Manhattan Opera House on January 3, for the first time in America, with these principals in the cast: Miss Mary Garden as Louise, Mr. Dalmores as Julien, Madame Brasseur-Gianoli as the Mother, and Mr. Gilbert as the Father. Mr. Caspennini conducted.

In this brief record there is matter to inspire several homilies; but one must, for lack of space, forbear. Let it suffice to observe that New York, one of the half-dozen great centers of operatic activity in the world, has for eight years been ignorant of one of the most successful, widely discussed, and noteworthy of modern music-dramas; a work that has been in the active repertoire of the Opéra-Comique at Paris since its production there on February 2, 1900; that has been produced elsewhere in France, in Brussels, and in many cities of Germany. Yet we have had to wait for a performance of this remarkable work upon the enterprise and the courage of an unshelving impresario, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, who has now presented it as one of the series of new operas the production of which is constituting the most important feature of the Manhattan activities.



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Mr. Dalmores as the "Louise," Julien

In "Louise" is embodied the Paris scene intimately to Charpentier, a confirmed and militant humanist. Its story is a simple one—the text is Charpentier's own—yet it may be briefly outlined: Louise, a pretty sewing-girl, is used by Julien, an artist whose studio adjoins the attic home of Louise's parents. There are an amiable bourgeois and his shrewish wife, who are far from looking with favor upon their daughter's speculations and supposedly dissolute suitors. Unable to gain their consent to the desired marriage, Louise consents to Julien's reiterated proposals to sleep with him, and she leaves her home and her company of the workshop to take up her abode with her lover in a little house on the *Rue Montmartre*. They then for a time know happiness, which achieves its climax on a night when Louise is effused and crowned, amid frolicsome revels, as the Muse of Montmartre.

Charpentier here reverts to a picturesque custom of the *Rue Montmartre* celebrated by him in his "Couronnement de la Muse," composed in 1897 for a Montmartre festival and produced at Lille in June of the following year. But the felicity of the pair is short-lived. Louise is visited by her mother, who pleads with her to return to their home, as her father is ill and can be comforted only by her. Louise consents, on condition that she be permitted afterward to resume her life with Julien. One again in her attic home she meets with reproaches and exhortations. She remains deaf to the entreaties of her father, who pleads with her to re-join her lover, and seeks to reawaken in her the filial devotion which she can no longer feel. At length the growing exasperation and genuine grief of the father culminates in an outburst of vindictive rage, and he drives her from the house. In quick repentance he would summon her back, but she has gone. Heart-broken, he anathematizes the seductive and pitiless city which, even through the attic window, spreads its reefs and avenues in the moonlight.

Charpentier has himself set forth his poetic and philosophic intentions in this opera. "Centring about a dramatic treatment that is, in its essence, drawn from life," he has written, "I have tried to write the poem of our youth, the youth of its poets and artists; to paint the desires and the enthusiasms of our twenty years, when we dream of conquering the great city, and the heart of the damsel over the way, whose curtains are opened sometimes to show her smile. 'Louise' is the little world of the humble, the suffering, the hard-working, seen in passing; the curious gaze of the wretched listening to the sounds of the city in its joy. 'Louise' is the heart of the children who forget, for the sake of a passing stranger, all the affection of parents. It is likewise the heart of the father who cannot bring himself to see in his daughter a woman, a being who is not his property, for whom he is no longer all-sufficient, and who demands the right to choose freely her portion of sunlight, her portion of love. 'Louise' is, further, the dancing, magic city, the great city that fascinates Louise and Julien with all its promises of unknown happiness; the city destructive of the heartache, that, through the symbolic voice of its streets, celebrates by turn the hopes, the distress, the triumphs of love, creates the atmosphere of the piece, intervenes directly in the action, bewitches Louise, vanquishes the family."

Such, in outline, is the drama; and such its philosophic burden, which there is not the smallest need to stigmatize as morbidly odd. Charpentier in this work is no more sent upon making vice lovely than upon making virtue detestable; his attitude is an indistinctly detached and impartial one. For the play he has found a musical investiture that is at times both vivid and fitting. His experimental apparatus is that of the modern music-drama—here are the symphonic orchestra, the system of representative themes, the detailed enmeshment of moods and situations, gestures and events; the apparatus of the uncompromisingly romantic music-drama of Wagner applied to a dramatic action of entire modernity and thoroughgoing realism. The result is striking, and, if one is prepared to concede that a music-drama which derives its inspiration from contemporaneous life is a viable thing, it is aesthetically successful.

Charpentier is a musician of parts. As a composer he has vivacity, fancy of a fresh and occasionally poetic order, aesthetic fecundity, a definite feeling for harmonic effect, and admirable constructive skill. He writes ingeniously and often brilliantly for the orchestra, and his sense of drama is lively and acute. His manipulation of the texture of the play is throughout effective and sincere—always faithful to the text, and often piquant and surprising in detail. On the other hand, his inspiration, his specific ideas, have, it must be admitted, little distinction and less originality. He is often indebted to the inimitable Wagner; again we are reminded of Puccini; and the voice of Massenet is also heard. Despite his undeniable refinement of thought and style, he lapses easily, especially in passages which call for a desecration of amorous exaltation, into a manner that is both sentimental and banal. The note of sensuous ecstasy and allurements, no less than the note of sincere passion, he seems to be incapable of sounding. His love scenes, as such, do not sway one, do not (can must say it!) "convince." In such music as that of the opening scene of the second act, where the street cries of awakening Paris—the call of the ragsmen, the rattle of chairs, the vendors of artichokes, green peas, potatoes, brooms, bird-seed—are caught up and transformed in a kind of tonal apothecosis which seems to Julien to be the "Sang of Paris," Charpentier is delightful, individual, truly and admirably poetic. Also in his voicing of the humbler, as well as the more poignant and



Mme. Brasseur-Gianoli as the "Mother"



Miss Mary Garden as "Louise"

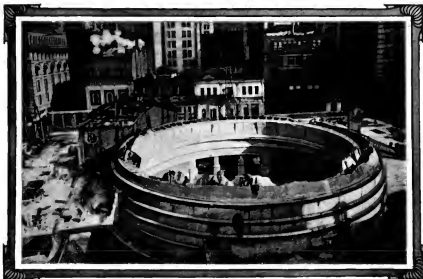
(Continued on page 33.)

FORGING ANOTHER LINK BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN



Following the Blackwell's Island Bridge work is now being hastened on the next one to connect New York and Brooklyn, which will span the East River at a point between the Brooklyn and Williamsburg bridges. It will be known as the Manhattan Bridge.

TAKING THE LID OFF THE OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE



The historic old Custom-house, at the corner of Wall and William streets, New York city, is undergoing the necessary alterations for occupancy by the National City Bank. The cupole has been removed to allow for repairs in the great dome.



The Season's Plays

NAZIMOVA AND MRS. FISKE IN NEW ROLES

By "I"



ALl of the hopelessness and tragedy of the world seem concentrated in the three-act drama, "The Comet," in which Madame Nazimova recently appeared at the Bijou Theatre. The play is the work of Mr. Owen Johnson, and its action takes place in the brief season between morning and evening in the house of a physician in the Spanish Pyrenees. With the physician live his son, a young man all adre with poetry, self-love, and assurance, and the physician's adopted daughter, who is the poet's sweetheart. The youth rebels against the narrowness of his life and its obscurity in the small Spanish village, and is possessed with one idea alone, to fare forth into the world and prove what a great genius he is. He feels that it is selfish of him to remain cooped up in the mountains. And just as he is picturing in the liveliest way how he intends to take flight at once and show his talents to the world, *The Comet* flashes in upon his life. He sees her rush by upon the highway in her coach, the postillions flogging the horses into a whirlwind run, and she, "The Woman of a Thousand Years," sitting crumpled in the swaying vehicle, her limbs resting in her hands, crying, "Faster! faster!"

She comes to the physician's house—she is, in fact, the long absent sister of the adopted daughter living there. Once the youthful poet sees her face to face, he loses head and heart, and so complete is his smothering that he emphatically renounces everything else every one saw *The Comet*. To her he pledges his ever-sustaining love and love-words that she fly with him. She, whose life has been devoted to revenge upon men, and who has both dragged herself in the mire and climbed to dizzy eminence to accomplish her ends, plays with him and simply caresses him the more sweetly. However, she accepts her youthful devotee, and just as they are about to leave the house the physician returns. Instantly they recognize each other; it was he who first set her feet upon the evil path. He demands that the woman shall not take his son away to destroy him, and orders *The Comet* from the house. The boy is determined to follow her, whereupon his father lays his own life bare and the son totters upstairs to his room and blows his brains out.

The role of *Luna, The Comet*, is one which in its intensity, its tragedy, and its mysticism is admirably suited to the remarkable dramatic talents of Madame Nazimova. She endows the character of the "Woman of a Thousand Years" with a weariness and hopelessness which are striking in the extreme. She presents, too, the diabolically curious fascination which had made *The Comet's* name a by-word and a curse in Europe. It is decidedly surprising in its suggestion and doubly powerful in its repetition. There is, now and then, something which forever recalls Madame Nazimova's *Heide*. It should be said, too, that the English of this actress has much improved since last season, and her voice has lost much of its occasional stridency.

The role of the young poet, *Francis Armand*, is taken by Mr. Brandon Tynan, who effectively meets its requirements, although he lacks a certain convincing quality in the first act. *Dr. Rosseau*, the physician, is played by Mr. Dodson Mitchell, but there is little to the part.

Mrs. Fiske has come back (i. e., returned, not retubulated) with the hozen gloom of "Roosersholm," and New York has submitted willingly to hypnosis. The deep, dark, gloomy thing in four acts has been played here before, and although Mrs. Fiske and her company shed all possible light into the foreboding crevices, it is to be heartily commended to those who are in the depths and expect the worst.

It is a pleasure to say, at the outset, that as Madame Nazimova's English has improved, so has Mrs. Fiske's, and the latter now can be readily understood. She has put away from her the unfortunate mannerism of running all her sentences into one another.

"Roosersholm" deals with a dead mislabeled wife, a scheming woman in the household, a husband whom she loves, and ends with a double suicide. The only sunlight is the electrical kind which shines through a window on the seaway.

Mrs. Fiske is *Rebecca West*, and she is by far the happiest person in the cast. She goes about very quietly for three acts, he cause her time does not come until the beginning of the fourth act, when she confesses that she poisoned the mind of *Rosauer's* wife and drove her to suicide in order that he might be rid of her. Then Mrs. Fiske really does a bit of good, convincing acting.

Bruce Meliss as *John Rosauer*, who had never been known to smile, is utterly smothered in his role. The tragedy of seriousness does not sit well upon him, at least not the "Roosersholm" kind. He is an excellent actor, capable of giving strong parts, as every one who saw his *Joan in "The Silver Bow"* will remember, and it seems a pity that he must be let down into the darkness of "Roosersholm."

The best acting in the play is done by George Arliss and Fuller

Mellich, the first as *L'Eric Arandel*, the outcast; the other as *Rector Kroll*, the vice crusader of the piece. Mr. Arliss's part is little more than a brief character sketch, but it is expertly done. Mr. Mellich is really *Kroll*, than which no more can be said.

"*Miss Hook of Holland*," a "musical comedy," has come from overseas freighted down with a full cargo of names that receive adequate display in the Criterion Theatre bill. The musical millinery is by Paul Rubens, and it reproduces the Amsterdam fashions in wooden-shoe melodies with the faithfulness of all things



Madame Nazimova as "The Comet" in Mr. Owen Johnson's Play of that Name, at the Bijou Theatre

English. For Miss Hook was born in London, and the delightful George Hinton started her there on a prosperous career.

The sedate looking and the pretty angles that made the performance a hit on the other side should make it a mildly pleasing success on this. Thelma McDonald helps, and so do Georgia Vaine and Florence Nash.

The piece is mounted handsomely, and in the scene of the last act, a distillery tap room, the bottles in their diamond framed racks suddenly take on an illumination that is suggestive of New Year's eve on a certain well-known street.



Speedy Autos for Use of Chief and Officials. These Machines are a great Convenience, and are quicker than Horse-driven Wagons

THE RIVAL OF THE FIRE-HORSE

A FIGHTER OF FLAMES, THE SUPERIOR EFFICIENCY AND ECONOMY OF WHICH MARKS THE PASSING OF THE HORSE-DRAWN ENGINE OF PICTURESQUE FAMILIARITY

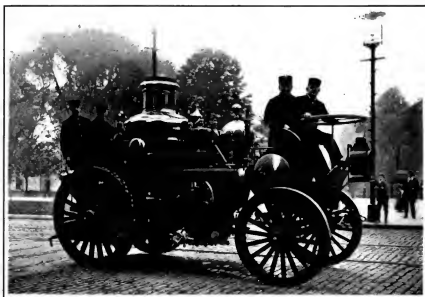
By CHARLES A. SIDMAN

THE automobile fire-engine is making no uncertain progress in its work of banishing from city streets their most thrilling spectacle—the splendid fire-horse, galloping three abreast before a glittering machine. Self-propelled fire-extinguishing apparatus has been developed to so high a degree of power, speed, and reliability that its use is spreading throughout the chief cities of this country, and it is a matter of only a short time when the plunging fire-horse shall gallop off the stage forever.

There was much lament from lovers of the picturesque when the red-shirted ramps of the old volunteer fire-fighting organizations, who dragged the ancient tubs with hand pumps, gave way to the trim, alert, efficient firemen of the paid service with their horse-drawn steam apparatus; and at the first glance one is apt to think that now the banishment of the horse will destroy the last element of romance in the hazardous game of fire-fighting. Yet there is a fascination in the sight of the new horseless engines. One feels a

thrill on beholding the advance of one of these beneficent, glittering monsters of steel, weaving in the narrow confines of a street as big as a locomotive, gliding as smoothly as an airship, and at twice the speed of the best horse. Each one of these new engines has at least four times the power of the horse-drawn machines that they displace. No wonder the chiefs call them their heavy artillery.

The type of engine now in use in Boston, Portland, Hartford, and other large cities, is regarded as the most powerful in existence. The latest style of engine weighs 18,000 pounds, and has a pumping capacity of 1420 gallons per minute. It will develop nearly 100 horse-power, and has a speed of about twenty-five miles an hour. Fed from boilers situated in the cellar of the engine-house, steam is kept continuously in the engine boiler. The instant an alarm comes in, this steam connection is automatically broken, the fire under the engine-boiler is lighted in the same manner, and by the time the fire is reached the steam gauge



One of Boston's self-propelled Fire-engines

regulators one hundred and twenty-five pounds pressure. By simply withdrawing a key from the driving gear the engine is made ready to throw floods of water upon the flames.

The first engine of the self-propelled class was introduced in New York in 1840. This machine was unique. The boiler was of the tubular type with a steam dome, and in appearance conformed closely to the locomotive of early days. The steam and water cylinders were directly connected by one piston, made of one solid bar, and were arranged horizontally along the front end of the boiler, much as in the locomotive of today. When the engine reached the scene of action the rear wheels were jacked up from the ground and acted as balance wheels for the engine. This machine weighed about three thousand pounds and was efficient.

Several types of steamers were then experimented with. In 1870 the City of Hartford placed an order for a self-propeller which is still in service. As the city grew, the fire-commissioners conceived the idea that an extra large steamer was the ideal in view of the growth of the city, and in 1890 an order was placed for an extra first size self-propeller which should weigh 17,000 pounds. New problems confronted the makers. A stronger axle and a stationary one was necessary to withstand the strain of so great a machine. A new type of differential located on an intermediate shaft and geared directly to the main shaft was adopted. Double endless side-chains engaged sprockets on the rear wheels, the whole driving mechanism resembling closely that of the automobile of today. There have been but few changes in the machines since then, the newer machines having a capacity of only one hundred gallons per minute more than the older machines.

To keep the engine from shuddering when turning corners, or swerving suddenly to avoid obstructions a special life, with ribbed shafts, was devised. In severe weather, or when the snow is very deep, the steering-wheel is taken out and a pole is substituted. Hoses are attached to the engine for the purpose of getting and holding water, as the engine supplies its own power. In such cases when responding to alarms, the horses have to keep moving or be pushed along by the impetus of the machine.

The best method of extinguishing fire is by the copious use of water. The driver the fire, the greater the quantity of water, fought with maximum force, that is necessary to extinguish it. Until the successful invention of the self-propelled steam engine, the maximum amount of water and pressure that could be obtained with the horse-drawn engine was limited to the weight of an engine that two or three horses could haul quickly through the streets, thus limiting the handling of very large streams to the amount of pumping-power that horses could drag. With the steam-propeller these limitations are obviated, for there is no reasonable limit of weight that can be propelled by its own power. Owing to their great weight, their parts are of such strength that constant wear of certain parts, involving an expenditure of time of water per minute, can be maintained for any reasonable length of time, no the particular conditions may demand.

These self-propellers can be named—that is, in case of a very large fire, when a powerful body of water is required at any point, two of these engines can throw the water from four lines of hose into one stream of almost any reasonable size of nozzle, and receive the benefit of the amount of water that these two engines, with a combined capacity of 2000 gallons a minute, can give. Slightly, there can be ejected from three to four tons of water per minute for a considerable length of time. The force of these streams was shown at a big elevator fire in Boston several years ago, when a sliding door was torn to fragments wherever the water struck it, and holes were dug in the sides of the building, through which tons of grain escaped and were saved in a damaged condition.

These propelling-engines are under perfect control in the street. When going at their greatest speed there can be stopped in their own length. They can be turned around in a circle, their own length being its diameter. They take up less room in the street, in both length and width, than those drawn by horses, and what is better still, by their great speed, can be driven to a fire in much less time.

Many motor fire-engines are in use in Europe, and Hannover, Germany, was the first city in Europe to install a complete system—motor engines, motor hose-carts, and a hook and ladder unit. This system has passed the experimental stage, as the apparatus has now been in service in Hannover for a period of five years or more. It



Combination Chemical and Hose Wagon. Carries 2 Tanks, 1000 Feet of Hose, 200 Feet Chemical Hose, Hand-extinguishers, one 52-foot Ladder, and one 20-foot Extension Ladder

has given entire satisfaction, and is more economical than the horse-drawn engines and carts formerly used.

Streets in European cities are better kept than those in this country. Strict construction laws have been enforced to guard against fires. Labor, fuel, and alcohol are cheap; coal is moderate in cost and of fair quality. Most of the buildings are comparatively modern, a large number of them being of the "slow-burning" type, while many others are "fireproof."

The automobile equipment in Hannover consisted of three machines: a carbonic-acid machine, with a crew of five men; a hydrant wagon, carrying seven men; and a steamer, with a crew of six men. The carbonic-acid and the hydrant machines are driven by electricity, while the steamer is driven by steam. The relative cost of the horse-drawn equipment and the automobile-service in Hannover has shown a balance in favor of the automobiles of over \$14,000 for the five years in which they have been in service.

The carbonic-acid machine, which weighs when loaded, including the crew, over 10,000 pounds, can make a maximum speed of about nine miles an hour, one battery-loading sufficing for 15.5 miles. The machine carries two hose reels, each with a crank on the side, and above these a hook and ladder hit. There are fitted to the machine solid ladders that are guaranteed for over 6000 miles run. The cost of running to each fire is figured at \$3.75, including carbonic acid, spirit, and vinicout.

The hydrant wagon or hose-car also has a speed of nine miles an hour. The battery is under the lengthwise seats, but well back. The front-end box is used for tools. There are four ladders forming the backs of the seats; the wagon box has also a double bottom in which there are two hook ladders and a pole ladder. Below the wagon box is a chest for coal for the steamer.

The steamers of the European type are very different from ours. There are five seats, besides standing-room for one. Their best speed averages about twenty miles an hour. The pump and its engine are each double cylinder, vertical, inverted, double acting. The motive power is a less horse-power reversible engine for the drive. This is controlled from the driver's seat, and is driven with sprockets and chain.

When an alarm is rung, the engine is run by compressed carbonic acid gas from two cylinders of twenty-two pounds pressure. The boiler is heated by denatured alcohol, sprayed into the fire-box into compressed charcoal briquettes, so that on the arrival at the fire full steam is up.

This steamer does splendid service for short distances, but its radius of action is shortened by lack of capacity for coal and water. Experiments were carried on with a view to overcoming this difficulty. A tender was provided which carries about 220 pounds of fuel and 7500 gallons of water. The great objection to this steamer is that the capacity is so small (only 264 gallons per minute) that it would be of little use in a great fire.

Some of the foreign cities have located engines whose capacity was "the largest in the world." London has declared that its 500-horsepower engine is without doubt the largest. The machine is of fifty horse-power, and can throw a stream of water to a height of 150 feet. Over ten years ago we had in the United States a self-propelled fire-engine that could throw a stream upward more than 300 feet, and had a capacity of over 1300 gallons per minute.

But to say a final word for our own type. Not only is the self-propeller quicker to get to a fire than a horse-drawn engine, but it is cheaper to run.



Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, one of the Leaders of the English "Suffragettes," speaking on "Women and Socialism" at Labor Hall, New York, under the Auspices of the Socialist Party



Mrs. Borman Wells, another Englishwoman who has come to this Country to carry on a Propaganda for "Votes for Women," addressing an Open-air Meeting in Madison Square

TWO ENGLISH VISITORS WHO DEMAND "VOTES FOR WOMEN"

ee Years with the Lamas

BERTHOLD LAUFER, formerly lecturer Columbia University, New York, has been appointed Assistant Curator of the Ethnology in the Marshall Field Museum, Chicago, and will organize there a department entirely devoted to this branch of anthropology. For this purpose now making preparations for a three-year expedition in Central Asia and Tibet systematic and extensive investigation of numerous native tribes inhabiting little-known areas, and a study of their ages, daily life, manners and customs, and religions. Special attention will be paid to the flourishing epic poetry of the people, and to the history of Lamaism, its peculiar developments of mystery, painting, sculpture, and architecture, rich harvest in the way of new research.



Dr. Berthold Lauffer

ctions, and photographs will come to him.

A fund of \$50,000 has been contributed by Chinese women for defraying the expenses of this expedition. One of the chief features of which, besides the anthropological investigation of the inhabitants and their life history, illustrated by mental and industrial objects, will be collecting of an extensive number of tea books, ancient and modern, to form first and most comprehensive Tibetan library for the United States. The prehistoric and Tibetan books are nearly a yard and four to six inches in width, being read from wooden block type. Many are real hundred years old. Each of the manuscripts in Tibet possesses a preface, together with an immense library. These, which contain a great number of volumes relating to the history and times of Lamaism, many rare and valuable, will be obtained which will throw new light on this hitherto obscure life and their culture. Besides exploring and collecting in northern China for a year, and also in India, special effort will be made to penetrate the sacred capital of Lhasa. If successful, Dr. Lauffer will be the first foreigner since the British armed force. Here valuable information and early art, ceremonial and religious objects at present almost unknown to the world, which, being desired solely anthropological purposes, will be secured, and doubtless will be allowed to leave country. Dr. Lauffer is a Tibetan scholar, and he writes the language as well as Chinese, and has previously travelled and

carried on ethnological explorations in China, Siberia, and the Amur region. Going on a purely peaceful and scientific mission, and to spend money in the country, and being able to fully explain in their own tongue to the Tibetan officials the exact purpose of his visit, Dr. Lauffer thinks he will not meet with the usual armed interference which has been the fate of previous travellers. Dr. Lauffer sails this month for Europe to begin his journey to Central Asia.

The Henry Hudson Bridge and its Remarkable Features

In the issue of the WEEKLY dated January 8 was published a full-page drawing by Mr. Vernon Halsey Bailey, of the proposed new Henry Hudson Memorial Bridge which is to span the Harlem River at Spuyten Duyvil. In this drawing it was intended to call the attention of our readers with particular emphasis, since the building of the bridge will not only constitute one of the most interesting engineering feats ever undertaken, but will be of great architectural importance to the city of New York.

This bridge is planned to unite the Island of Manhattan to the mainland by the spanning of Spuyten Duyvil Creek with a single arch of armed concrete measuring 303 feet from center to center, and with a 147-foot rise, thus greatly surpassing the largest span now existing in the world, which measures 255 feet.

The Bridge Department, under Commissioner J. W. Stevenson, is to be congratulated upon the masterful handling of the problem, and the integrity with which it is to be carried out, under the staff in charge, consisting of C. M. Ingersoll, Chief Engineer; W. H. Burr, Consulting Engineer; L. S. Morse, Engineer in Charge; and Whitely Warren, Architect.

Transplanted English

If language is a true measure of conquest, as has been contended, then Anglo-Saxon speech is rapidly conquering the European continent.

It is a matter of interest to many to observe the increasing number of English words incorporated into colloquial French. This new but solid and fertile form of English invasion has led to the publication in Paris of a list of words that have become more than "acclimated" and naturalized by general use in France. Many refer to sports and sporting, and in this group words adopted from the English into French are turf, trotting, Tattersall, race, maiden, milord, carriage, and gentleman rider.

English drinks have no great vogue in France, but the French have adopted several of the English words that distinguish them: gin, putch, and grog.

They have also taken the following English words:

Lightweight, lawn-tennis, Irish stew, home, handkerchief, etc., "all right," cocktail (which the French define as American, not English), bridge and bridge whist, bull-fight, mock system, ballet, blacking, event, dining car, destroyer, drag (mail coach), dandy, escort-com, commissaire, full hand (speaker), flyer, featherweight, five o'clock, lochee, hunter, jockey club, keepake, kickersawker, lunch, macadam, mutton chop, outsize, outrider, paddock, pedigree, peckles, potter, pudding, quick beginner, racehorse, eagle (overcoat), rocking-chair, rice beef, sandwich, self-made man, shaker, sleep-car, smok, train, tipster, trout, top weight, tramway, troley, tree, hamlet, tub, wallflower, waft, water-proof, and whiskey. Some of the English words adopted into the French language come by way of the United States, and one of these is the word "buff," of which in Paris this original description is given:

"An English word to which Americans have given a particular meaning. It is used in the American game of poker to designate the position of a player who wishes to discourage the continuance in the game of his adversaries, and to induce them to disregard the chance to recoup their losses or to add to their winnings by 'raising.'"

A French verb has been formed from English: the verb *lever*, i. e., to exert without the forms or authority of law. This word has been scarcely adopted in French, but golf, grouse, guarded-party, and gentleman have been.

In Italy, too, may be seen the influence of the English tongue. "High life," pronounced "big beef," has long been in use in that country. "Lo sport" and "il verbi" are every-day terms in the Italian kingdom; the press talks casually of "il globe-trotter," and "il reporter," and "meetings" has usurped the place of all Latin synonyms; and in Italy gets its plural regularly—"meetingi," like any other good language. No enterprise showing itself "The Handy Things Company," advertiser an ice-cream-freezer "The Easy."

An Angliken introduced into Italy a few years ago created little short of a literary tumult in Rome. The first subway in the Eternal City, a short passage under the Quirinal hill, was opened to the public, who promptly christened it "il tunnel." Patriotic indignation was awakened. "Tunnel" had been accepted, but angry professors and students besieged the Roman papers, demanding to know what had become of "trifoglio," or "galleria," good Italian words, and where this English madman was to end. Nevertheless, "il tunnel" thus far holds its own.

A writer to an important Roman journal not long ago published an article bearing the singular title "At Fiat" in which she described the meaning of these two mysterious words, among the less familiar of these English phrases relating to domestic life, such as "home," "comfortable," "cozy," "luxurious," "five o'clock tea," and the like.

"At Fiat" she explained to mean living "a pitto," like certain trimmings placed "a pitto" upon a gown, and she discovered the term to have a deep psychological significance implying a mode of existence in strata which English people delighted in. "They were continually talking of living 'at fiat.'" The writer, on the contrary, found far greater charm in English country life, especially in the flowering vines planted about the simple "low window."

THREE GENERATIONS OF HEALTHY BABIES

have been successfully reared on BROWN'S FLYING BRAND Cough Syrup. It is the best remedy for all acute and chronic coughs. Thousands of unweaned infants have recovered from phthisis and gained perfect health by the use of BROWN'S FLYING BRAND.

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Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

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BRITISH HOLIDAYS—AND OTHERS

(Continued from page 22.)

gladly and gracefully take off my hat to them. I suppose that like other elected bodies they have troubles with their constituents, and are possibly divided among themselves. But of all that the visitor knows nothing. What he is concerned with is the general result of their municipal work; and it does not take a day's acquaintance with the plans for him to pronounce it admirable. Everywhere he sees the signs that the local government of Bourne-mouth knows its business, has recognized and accepted the fact that the neighborhood's main source of wealth is its visitors, and has laid itself out not only to attract visitors, but to give them the pleasant, most varied and comfortable time they have ever had. That clearly is the policy of the local politicians—a policy wisely conceived, and carried out with an enterprise, foresight, liberality, and sense of the artistic effect that puts the mayor and corporation of Bourne-mouth on the highest plane of municipal efficiency. Complete success in any undertaking is always a refreshing spectacle; it is one that visitors to Bourne-mouth may contemplate and enjoy at leisure. The problems that had to be solved were not, of course, so intricate and exacting as the problems of a big manufacturing city. None the less, they cannot have been without their own peculiar difficulties, and the triumphant solutions that have been found for them argue a very high order of executive ability and a very natural capacity for looking ahead and planning in advance.

Bourne-mouth stands on the south coast, close by the Isle of Wight, and a little over a hundred miles from London. It is the creation of the last seventy years. When Queen Victoria came to the throne the land on which it stands was scrub, heath, and pine wood. Even as late as the thirties Bourne-mouth, which is now a town of over twenty thousand people, was little village of some 150. In its mild climate and its pine woods the assurance of future leisure, and it has been the great merit of the aldermen and councilors of the Bourne-mouth Corporation that they have developed the place without destroying a single one of its natural beauties. They have encircled the village, but they have preserved the pines. They have sanctioned hotels, they have built innumerable roads, they have provided over the growth of a town and have equipped it with all the latest conveniences, but they have done so without sacrificing its essentially rural character. This is a very great achievement. The crime of crimes in Bourne-mouth, in my opinion, is the cutting down of a pine-tree. Here is a conservation of natural resources such as would satisfy even Mr. Roosevelt. And its results are exceedingly agreeable. Even the shopping streets are tree-lined avenues, while the residential roads make to the eye an appeal as of veritable forest glades. Wherever you turn, the fresh green of the pines meets your sight and their fragrant health-giving aroma is wafted in your face. The corporation set the example of preserving them; private builders and

residents have followed it. There is not a garden but has been reclaimed from the forest or the scrub, and keeps the characteristics of both. The drives up to the private houses are fringed with pines; the public squares, the public gardens, intersected by faultless pathways, are otherwise remnants of the forest primeval, and the careful planting of the arbutus-tree, holly, laurel, gladiolus, dandelion, arbutus, and other evergreens gives to the whole place a warm and cheerful appearance that Winter cannot destroy.

One of the features of the place is the number of little ravines—ranches is the local name for them—that run from the water's edge half a mile or so inland. The corporation has done no better work than in taking hold of these, and in planning them with evergreen, in setting an infinity of walks up and down them, in turning them into little lawns of its beautiful and beauty. One comes to be excessively grateful for its thoughtfulness and efficiency. It has laid out roads along the cliff's edge and skirting the ravines, and it keeps them in perfect repair. It has watered its lawns and shelters with a prodigal hand at every season of want. It has built a magnificent pier. It owns and operates one of the most convenient and smoothest-running trolley systems I have encountered in England. It maintains an admirable orchestra that plays and plays well, every day in the year. The public gardens, which are kept up with a carelessness that would put many a private garden to shame, occupy, I should think, a larger area in proportion to the size of the town than in any other municipality. The corporation also owns and operates two golf links, both of them thoroughly sporting courses, and except that it has not yet risen to the height of allowing play on Sunday, considers them as efficiently as any private club in the country. Moreover, the restrictions and charges it imposes on hackmen and bath-chairmen and the presence of public navigators engendered themselves in the judgment and approval of every visitor who has occasion to profit by them. So that Bourne-mouth, with its mild air which the pines never allow to become enervating, with its amazingly low death rate (some 7.00 among the residents), its generous spaciousness of beauty, its admirable situation, a base from which the neighboring country with its wealth of historical associations may be explored, and its complete provision of all the pleasures that go to the making of a seaside resort, has little difficulty in establishing its claim to be a first-class winter resort. I can confidently recommend it to Americans who wish to see how England does such things. There is a hotel, too, the excellence of which almost revives my faith in English inns, or rather would do so if its manager were an Englishman, which, happily for the success of its establishment and the comfort of those who visit it, he is not. There, besides an admirable situation and a well-trained service, Americans will find what outside of the best London hotels it is almost impossible to find in England—they will find food that can positively be eaten.

THE PASSING OF "300 MULBERRY STREET"

(Continued from page 17.)

signing in 1907 to accept the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy. It was at Police Headquarters that Roosevelt made his acquaintance of Jacob A. Riis, which, while it has been of advantage to that staunch friend of the submerged tenth, has been an infinitely greater blessing to the very poor of the city. From the association of these two at 300 Mulberry Street grew the Tenement-house Commission, and it is an appeal as of veritable forest glades. Wherever you turn, the fresh green of the pines meets your sight and their fragrant health-giving aroma is wafted in your face. The corporation set the example of preserving them; private builders and

Other names, well known for good or evil, on the register of police commissioners serving in the present building are Fitz-John Porter, George Moore Smith, Joel H. Ehrhardt, John E. Voorhis, Sidney P. Nichols, Frank Miles, Francis V. Greene, William McAdon, William F. Smith, James J. Martin, and John C. Sheehan. There are fewer ex-police commissioners of New York alive to-day, in proportion to their number, than ex-Presidents of the United States, and there are one or two of those former officials the average citizen might attend with some degree of cheerfulness.

It was at 300 Mulberry Street that Thomas Byrnes, at the head of the Detective Bureau, made an international reputation as a thief-taker, and here that he originated the mysterious "third degree" that has been the undoing of many a criminal since. At

least two words have gone into the vocabulary of crime from 300 Mulberry Street. To give a prisoner the "third degree" carries a meaning in police circles throughout the English-speaking world. A "gold brick" means a 60-63 bargain, and "to gold brick" a person is synonymous with tricking him wherever man has risen above the level of the savage. The original gold brick is to-day, among other relics of crime, in the museum at Police Headquarters, and it is the memory of the grotesque Nat White, who invented the "game" in which it has long played its part. Specimens of the copper badges worn by the old municipal police are among the curiosities at 300 Mulberry Street, and from those policemen of to-day gets his nickname of "Upper." Among other mementoes of the past are the old belt buckle, upon the shape of those worn by the firemen of to-day, with a big leather label on the front, wherein was inscribed the rank of the policeman of sixty years ago, whose our forebears consequently called "Leather-heads."

Some tens of thousands of criminals have passed in and out of 300 Mulberry Street since the building was opened for business in 1863; and while a few have names that will live in the annals of crime, the great bulk of them have already had too much written about them.

THE SEA-FIGHT OF THE FUTURE

By EARLE HOOKER EATON

(Surgeon-General Riis insists that Certain Ships of the Navy shall be Commanded by Doctors.)

HE stood beside the running ladder,
The surgeon in command,
And sternly gripped, with show of power,
The scalpel in his hand.
Upon a distant smoky blur
The doctor's eyes lighted,
And in a trice he shouted, "Sir,
The enemy are sighted!"

The doctor, glancing over the sea,
The eyes were leveled,
"Don't be then get too near," cried he,
"Till we've been vaccinated!"
His chief of staff, with flashing lance,
And other of carabin,
At once exclaimed, "We'll take a share
In either fight or frolic!"

"They're coming down, our hated foes,
This time for consultation,
What remedy would you propose?"
He asked, then took his station,
The doctor clenched and shook his fist,
"We'll use our shining spoils,
And when that's done," he grimly bowed,
"We'll give 'em iron pills!"

In half an hour the hostile fleet—
Which needed change of air—
Had beat a swift and safe retreat
That made the doctor swear,
"I'd like to charge the foe this debt;
But such a call is it?
Tis not an office visit, and yet
"Is surely not a visit!"

Music and the Opera

(Continued from page 25.)

gle, emotions of the play, as in the first I had acts, he paints with a stroke that deft, vigorous, and more, is not profoundly strong—for that he never is. He is at the summit of his power in the concluding act, the scene in which the father of wine, in the blindness of his rage and anguish, rejects his daughter into the midnight sets of the deserted city. But here, it is added, the potency of the moment, overwhelming alike in its tragic force and its deep and elemental pathos, resides more in the contrivance of Charpentier the dramatist than in Charpentier the composer.

If the performance of this singular work the forces of the Manhattan Opera House is an opportunity now for only the brief transient that it was three admirable recital beyond hope and expectation, for a work of its accomplishment was a similarly difficult and trying one. Also when's *Louise* was truly conceived and executed rendered—this delectable singing now is here at her best; Mr. Dalmores as Jovet-Julin was, as he always is, elegant and delighted in song and action; Mme. Broderick as the mother was so very skilful and vigorous, while Mr. Ibert lifts himself into a region of interpretative art to which he was hitherto stranger by his superb portrayal of the part of the father, whom he made a figure of id and communicative vitality. Mr. Ibert's orchestra has provided for the opera an propitious and harmonious setting. Mr. Ibert, who had prepared the performance with scrupulous care and entire devotion, exercised over the representation a control that was both masterful and adroit.

One Way

A story, said to be characteristic, is told on Arkansas judge. It seems that when removed court out of the town on a circuit it was found that no post, ink, paper had been provided, and, upon inquiry, it developed that no county funds were available for this purpose. The judge received himself somewhat forebodingly, then he saw money from his own pocket. He is about to hand this to the clerk, when a sitting lawyer, a high-priced, imported one, brought on to defend a case of some importance, spoke up, in an aside plainly audible over the noise.

"Well," he remarked, with infinite contempt, "I've seen some pretty bad courts, but this—well, this is the limit!"

The old judge flushed darkly.

"You are fined twenty-five dollars for contempt, sir! Hand the money to the clerk!"

"Said, and when the pompous visitor had fully complied, he continued:

"Now, Mr. Clerk, go out and get what you, ink, and paper the court may require, if it there is anything left over, you can give the gentleman his change."

Willing To Do Likewise

LAWYERS. "Remember that you agreed to have the treatment in the same condition as you found it."

TUNNEY. "All right, I understand that a man who occupied it before I did left it in three months' rest."

Helped Him

A PHYSICIAN out West was sent for to find a small boy who was ill. He left a prescription and went away.

Returning a few days later, he found the boy better.

"Yes, doctor," said the boy's mother, "the prescription did him a world of good. I left beside him, where he could hold it in his old most of the time and he can almost hold it now. You didn't mean for him to swallow the paper, did you, doctor?"



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jolliest best right
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PLAY THE PINK FOR

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TEN BOYS FROM DICKENS

By Kate Dickinson Sweetser

Ten boy characters in Dickens tell their stories
for themselves, and interest young people in the
author.

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Seats two—that's all. Goes fast enough—that's all. Costs less to run than a horse.

Speed up to twenty-six miles per hour; goes twenty-five miles per gallon of gasoline. Vertical motor and other appliances under hood—a coat of invisibility. Wonderful hill climber—goes anywhere wheels will go. Heavy-duty, reliable, low maintenance, almost automatic, almost vibrationless and makes the only carriage. Sold three standard, portable Klean cars.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

for

NEXT WEEK

IS NEW YORK EQUIPPED TO FIGHT FIRE?

By WILLIAM INGLIS

Recently a 12-story factory and office building in the heart of the city was swept by fire. Three firemen lost their lives, and the property loss was estimated at from one to five millions of dollars.

The fire was marked by the failure of water pressure and the bursting of rotten hose.

Incidentally, two great street transportation lines were crippled for days.

The reasons for this disquieting state of affairs are given in detail in next week's

HARPER'S WEEKLY

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY

THE SEARCH FOR A NEW CONTINENT

An expedition, backed by The Royal Geographical Society, HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and The American Geographical Society, started out last year to discover a new continent favored by many scientists to exist in the arctic circle. Mr. V. STEFANSSON, of the scientific staff of the expedition, has recently returned, bringing with him an interesting account of the unusual adventures of the expedition, together with many striking arctic photographs, which appear in February.

MR. HOWELLS IN YORK, ENGLAND

One of the most delightful of Mr. HOWELLS's sketches of travel in England. A charming picture of places and people in the famous old cathedral city of York, one of the most picturesque of English towns. Illustrated with drawings by Ernest Haskell reproduced in tint.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE PARTS OF SPEECH

Another of Professor THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY's invaluable papers on the usage of the English language. The pronoun, says Prof. LOUNSBURY, is the most exclusive of the parts of speech, and it is with the history of the pronouns that this paper deals. An article full of new information and unquestioned authority.

IN THE HOME OF THE HABITANT

HOWARD E. SMITH, a young Canadian painter, writes of the quaint life in a Canadian village not far from Quebec, where many of the picturesque customs and manners of old France survive to-day. Mr. SMITH has made a large number of striking pictures of these unusual scenes, some of which are reproduced in color.

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS

President CHARLES P. THURGOOD, of Western Reserve University, writes of the University of Paris, one of the great institutions of learning of the Continent. His views as an eminent educator and a keen observer are of great interest and importance.

THE NATION'S BREAD

Professor HARRY SWINDE, of the College of Agriculture of the University of Minnesota, has made a study of the bread we eat. His studies were made for the government, and the results are most interesting. He shows that the patent flour which we all use is, after all has been said, the best. It does not, perhaps, contain as much apparent nutriment as coarse flour, but it contains it in such a form that we can more easily digest it. This is only one of many interesting points.

7 COMPLETE SHORT STORIES

Variety of type, high literary quality, and great interestness are the notable qualities of HARPER'S short stories. Take those in February for example: "Dona Victoria," by PERCEVAL GERON, is a love-story of Portuguese Africa, a romance with a tragic conclusion; GEORGE HIBBARD's story, by contrast, is a love-story of to-day, of a delightful American girl and a contrary young man, and of a kindly old ambassador who settles their difficulties by his diplomacy; ELMORE ELLIOTT PRARE's story is a love-story, too, but of still different types—of a mountain girl and man in the South, and of the girl's reformation; FREDERICK CHESLEY writes of a boy's curious collision against his mother, and GEORGE SCHNOCK, whose stories have already put the author in the first rank of American story-writers, tells a strange, grim, yet happily-ending tale of some quaint Pennsylvania country people; FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON contributes a touching and uplifting story of a young man's heroism and self-sacrifice and his father's loveless selfishness; and OLIVIA HOWARD DENBAR, in her story "A Prophet Honored," tells of the return of a humorous writer to his college reunion, and of his vain endeavor to assert himself as a man of serious purposes. The humorous story of the murder is THOMAS A. JENNINGS' "The Moon-Mirror Light & Power Co." a tale of another remarkable invention of the versatile Beverley.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Great Serial, "The Testing of Diana Mallory"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

New York, Saturday, January 25, 1908

No. 2888

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GOOD BUSINESS!

MR. BRYAN IS SAID TO HAVE MADE \$52,000 LAST YEAR FROM HIS LECTURES

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COMMENT

Is Bryan Defeated?

IN the light of to-day no one can any longer believe that BRYAN is the inevitable Democratic candidate for President. There has not been a moment since his opening speech on his return from Europe when the majority of Democrats have really desired his nomination, or when any intelligent and well informed member of the party has not believed that he would, if nominated, lead the party to a defeat more ignominious, more humiliating, more contemptuous, even, than the overwhelming disasters of 1896, and 1900. There have been apathy, hopelessness, almost despair, especially in the South, and predictions of BRYAN'S success in the convention have been general. The listlessness brought about by the feeling that the old candidate was inevitable, that he was to be personal, gave tone to Democratic utterances, and deprived of hope many citizens, Democrats and Republicans, who have desired the return of rational government, of dignified observance and administration of the law, and who cannot expect or hope for either from the Republican party. But as the inevitable seemed about to be accepted by those who had contended longest against it, the great, though scattered, opposition aroused itself. Strong voices spoke, and they have awakened Democrats to an activity that is full of promise. It seems now as though BRYAN could not possibly be nominated at Denver, as if the party had suddenly determined to assert its unquestioned power, and as if it really intended to take advantage of its opportunity. In every State of the Union there has long been strong Democratic opposition to BRYAN. It is now a matter of elementary knowledge that BRYAN cannot obtain the votes needed to elect a Democratic President. That he would be defeated at the polls has been admitted by men who have intended to support him if he were nominated; that he will be defeated in the convention is now the expectation of hosts of Democrats and many others, who for months have been gloomily looking at him as inevitable and at his covering party as doomed.

What Are the Facts?

BRYAN had his day in court, and it has been a brighter day for him than he can possibly enjoy again. Of the two trials of BRYAN by the American voters, the verdict of the election of 1896 was the more favorable to him. Then BRYAN carried ten Northern States, of which Kansas was the largest and most important, and his own State of Nebraska the

second. Of the eight others, most of them were what have been familiarly known as "mining camp States." The ten together gave to BRYAN in 1896 forty-five electoral votes and a popular vote of 692,000, as against a popular vote for McKinley of 400,000. In 1896 BRYAN received from the whole country 145,000 more votes than he received in 1900, and twenty-one more electoral votes. In 1900 all the Northern States voted against him, with the exception of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, and Nevada. Losing his own State of Nebraska, he secured only thirteen of the forty-five Northern electoral votes which he had received in 1896. The best that BRYAN could now do in the North would be to recapture the small States that left him in 1900, and which since then have become peculiarly Rooseveltian. The recapture of even these is not probable, and no practical political forerunner would count upon any of them. Even if by some chance BRYAN should recover them, he would obtain only about twenty-seven Northern electoral votes, while he needs about ninety. The wildest BRYAN visionary cannot specify any Northern State from which any part of this lack is to be made up, and sustain his dream by any reasoning that would appeal for an instant to any rational man.

Recent Protests Against Bryan

THE WEEKLY quoted in its last issue a notable editorial from the New York *World*, presenting the facts and arguments which demonstrate that WOODROW WILSON would be an available Democratic candidate, and would be strong where BRYAN is weak. A few days before, the *World* reviewed the career and presented the opinions of Governor JOHNSON of Minnesota. He too, it was shown, would be a stronger candidate than BRYAN. In the mean time the Ohio Democrats have announced that they will send to Denver a solid delegation in favor of the nomination of JESSE HARRIS. Delaware is committed to JOHN GAY. There are other States, especially Southern States, that will probably attend the convention with candidates. MARSH HENRY WATKINSON is likely to awaken to the fact, and it will be a happy awakening for him, that opposition to BRYAN is not belated. The *Charleston News and Courier* reiterates its opinion that "with Mr. Bryan as the Democratic candidate there would be no possible chance for success at the next election." At the dinner of the National Democratic Club of New York the chief speaker of the occasion was one of the most respected and one of the most loyal Democrats of the State—MORRIS J. O'BRIEN, formerly Chief Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. Amid the applause of the company he gave judgment against BRYAN'S claims. He declared that the party should cease from endeavoring to promote the fortunes of one man, and should find a leader who would stand for "sound and sane" Democracy. At the same dinner there was read a letter written by GROVER CLEVELAND, who has come to be the symbolic figure of the reviving party. His pronouncement against Bryanism was received with cheers. His assertion that the country needs "conservation, revivification from nervous prostration, reinstatement of constitutional observance, buoyant but sane the less safe and prudent Americanism, scrupulous care of every person and every interest entitled to care, and a 'square deal' that incurs exact and honest equality before the law and under constitutional guaranty," was accepted as a criticism of both ROOSEVELT and BRYAN. Some of Mr. BRYAN'S most intelligent friends, notably Michigan Democrats, are beginning to doubt his strength, and will they say, for the opposition thus far developed on the mere surface commands a sufficient number of votes to prevent his nomination. At present the Denver convention promises to be a real party council, and whenever the party sits down to talk over the matter, BRYAN cannot possibly be nominated. Men do not commit suicide as the conclusion of a deliberation.

The Aldrich Currency Bill

THE ALDRICH currency bill was reported on time, and, so far as the Senate is concerned, is scheduled to be passed. As Speaker CANNON is said to favor the measure, it is likely that it is also to go through the House of Representatives, and, this happening, the President is certain to sign it. It is a bill prepared for the purpose of meeting and overcoming heretofore insurmountable objections, especially from the West

and the South, and is probably as sound a piece of financial legislation as can be passed through the two Houses of Congress at this session. It is well, however, that its real value be understood, and that the country should comprehend that the bill does not provide for a scientific currency, nor constitute one that is as elastic as this country ought to possess. The reason is that its movement out of and back into the banks will not be automatic. Whether the whole or any part of the \$250,000,000 emergency circulation provided for is to be issued at any time depends upon the agreement of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Treasurer of the United States, and the Comptroller of the Currency. This is better, of course, than that the power to determine when the emergency has arisen shall rest with one man. The currency provided for is still to be bond secured paper, which is a system in which very few, if any, bankers, and no economists, have any faith. The bonds which may be employed for securing the issue of notes are not to be United States bonds alone; there are to be included with these municipal and State bonds and other first class securities, such as the laws of New York and Massachusetts permit the savings banks to accept. A tax of six per cent. is to be imposed upon the currency in order that the banks will be eager to surrender it when the emergency is passed. There will be a contest against the bill when it reaches the House of Representatives, for Mr. FORDE expects to counter with his own bill. This measure provides for an asset currency and for the redemption of bond and faith secured notes. Notwithstanding its defects, the ALDEN bill, if enacted, will be a valuable addition to our banking laws. With it we shall at least be relieved of the necessity of resorting to expedients, illegal and doubtful, for the relief of such money famines as we had in 1893, and as we have just experienced.

The Supreme Court vs. Roosevelt

The United States Supreme Court has declared the Employers' Liability Act unconstitutional, and has thus upheld the judges of the lower Federal courts who offended the President by disagreeing with him. On this important legal (or is it political?) subject Mr. ROOSEVELT has been very active and aggressive in demanding this now overthrown law, so aggressive, indeed, that he has invited a good deal of censure by his attitude and his words. He has warned the railroads, for example, that it would be bad for them if they criticized the law, and by lecturing, even hectoring, judges who have differed with him on the constitutional question involved, he has outraged the sense of propriety of all men who comprehend the significance and the value of an independent judiciary. He has further unconsciously betrayed his own incompetence to deal with such a question by insisting that such a law should be upheld unquestioningly and without regard to its constitutionality. Now the Supreme Court has decided that the law is unconstitutional, notwithstanding that the President has said that it "must" be passed, and must be made "drastic" and "thorough." It would be of great value to the country if the decision should result in compelling Mr. ROOSEVELT to recognize the supremacy of the law, and of the judges as the interpreters of the law.

The Decision

Seven of the justices hold that the Federal government has not the power to regulate the relations of employers and employed unless they are actually engaged in interstate commerce, and unless the law seeks to affect their relations when they are so engaged. Five of them hold that the law under consideration was so broad and general in its terms that it included persons not engaged in interstate commerce—as, for example, persons employed on an interstate railroad, but working solely on a local branch; persons employed by the same or a like road, but working in a repair or a construction shop, or in a clerical capacity, or in an elevator or a warehouse; or a person employed by a telegraph company to deliver or transmit both interstate and local messages; or persons employed by an express company engaged in both interstate and local business, or on a trolley line moving almost wholly within a State and for only a short distance in another State. It was assumed by the seven that such employment would be wholly without the jurisdiction of Congress. Two of the seven, however, believed that the net under consideration

could be divided so that it might be made to apply to persons engaged only in interstate commerce. From this view of the statute the five justices differed, and so the court held that any Federal law which directly or indirectly seeks to regulate or affect the relations of employers and employed engaged in any but strictly interstate business is unconstitutional and void. On this general proposition seven are agreed, while four of these, and perhaps five, seem to hold that Congress may not regulate any such relation as that of employer and employed engaged in interstate or any commerce. The court has thus rendered a very important decision—a decision which, joined with that in *Kansas v. Colorado*, upholds the legitimate rights of the States with the power and clearness with which MARSHALL upheld the rightful power of the Federal government when that was attacked. Justice WARREN's opinion in the latter case deserves to stand alongside of Justice BRADLEY's in the earlier case. It will be very difficult, in view of this decision, for the President and his advisers to frame a constitutional employers' liability act.

The Riding Test

It may be thought that the army riding tests are objectionable to officers of the line. They are far from being so. Officers of the line are eager to be fit for any military duty which they may be called upon to perform. With staff officers, like engineers, quartermasters, and others similarly situated, the case is different, but the line officers believe that they should know how to ride and that they should practise riding. They also believe that they should know how to shoot and to fence. They object to be called upon to endure a practice ride, however, when for all the years of their service the government has given them no opportunity to keep in practice. The President has advised the making of some provision for better army mounts, but better still would it be if Congress should give to all officers who may be called upon to ride, including infantry company officers, an allowance for forage. This is done in foreign armies, and if it were done here, officers would keep their own horses and would ride them. To call suddenly upon a poor captain in rick from fifteen to forty-five miles presupposes that he has kept in condition and in practice; but, as a matter of fact, the government has refused to make any provision that would enable him to maintain a horse; nor has it kept any horse of its own for his riding. The President might as well call upon all officers to display skill in revolver shooting—an essential accomplishment for officers—although there is not a revolver range in the army; nor is there much, if any, provision for fencing outside of West Point.

An Argument for Wilson and Johnson

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* is convinced by Governor JOHNSON's insistence upon the tariff issue that he ought not to be President. It asks if he is fit to be President of the United States? The question and its answer are applicable to WOODROW WILSON or Judge GRAY or JESSE HANCOCK as to Governor JOHNSON. The answer of the *Inquirer* is: "He is not. He is convicted out of his own mouth." He is "a rank tariff revisionist." The *Inquirer* does not seem to know that the national Democrats are seeking a candidate who will be cursed by none of the essential Republican sins, but, on the contrary, blessed by non-Republican virtues. Therefore some "rank tariff revisionist" who has never faltered in his faith is precisely the kind of a candidate for whom Democrats are looking.

The President and the Admiral

The documents in the case of the President vs. Admiral BROWDER, so far as published, have been interesting reading. Very few compliments have anywhere been offered the President on his handling of the Admiral. By something closely approaching general consent it is held to be a defective feat of castigation, more harsh than the occasion warranted, not altogether dignified, and mistaken in some of its assertions. It is even a question whether the Admiral had justly incurred a Presidential rebuke at all. The President said in his letter of reprobation that there was "no room for difference of opinion as to the gross impropriety of the Admiral's conduct in resigning sooner than carry out the orders of his superior officer in such a matter." But there certainly is room. The lay intelligence the issue was one on which the Admiral

might properly record his divergence from the Presidential decision by asking to be relieved from his office. His retirement upon no plan, hindered no official purpose. The only bad effect it had was to make the President mad. Possibly the manner of his getting out failed to conform in some particular to naval etiquette. Perhaps he should have issued the order, and then asked to be relieved without stating his reasons. As to that, we do not know, and if the method the Admiral actually followed is not entitled to all the sympathy we give it, still it was not "grossly improper," "childish," or "in the highest degree reprehensible," nor was it inspired by "personal pique, wounded vanity, or factional feeling." The Admiral undoubtedly had the good of the service quite as much at heart as the President has, and resigned his appointment because his sense of duty constrained him to. Of course his resignation should have been accepted, and in accepting it the President might properly enough have disabused his love for him, but we cannot see that the good of the service at all required that he should be kicked downstairs.

A Hard Nut to Crack

The President is not a good sealer. He is too hearty and miscellaneous about it. His weapon of reprobation is a blunderbuss and seldom makes a nice job. Too bad! His position on the question on which he and Admiral Bessieux differ is quite a different matter. He says a hospital ship is a hospital and a doctor should command it. The Admiral (and the navy generally) says a hospital ship is a ship and a navigator should command it. To landmen like us the President's view commands itself, especially as set forth in his letter on the subject to the Secretary of the Navy. But the truth is that a hospital ship is an amphibious beast, of a mixed moral nature, in the sea but incompletely of it, contrived to further the ends of war, and yet consecrated to works of peace and mercy. It ought to be commanded by an amphibious officer, and that is what the Department is trying to invent by conferring maritime and military rank on surgeons. Yet the difficulty of making the invention work is bound to be very considerable. The two most signal professional autocrats that our civilization has produced are the ship captain and the doctor. Each of them, in crises, has life and death powers in his own domain. How to make a single ship hold two such fountains of authority is indeed an awful problem. Even if the doctor is put in command, as seems to landmen so reasonable, his rule is incomplete, since the President's order prescribes that the hospital ships in the navy shall be placed under the control and command of the navy doctors, "their navigation being exclusively controlled by a competent sailing master and civilian crew, the sailing master having the complete responsibility for everything connected with the navigation of the ship." If it was necessary, then, to navigation, to put the doctor in irons, the sailing master could do it. It is a hard nut to crack. To our mind the President's method of cracking it is as good as Admiral Bessieux's, but we presume we are wrong about it, and we are pretty sure that Congress, which is going to try to crack the nut, will crack it wrong. There seems to be no way about it that is theoretically perfect, or will dispense with common sense in operation.

The "Thunderer" Changes Hands

The sale of the London *Times* was a piece of news that approached pretty closely the dimensions of an event. Some trials the "Thunderer" has had, beginning with the Parnell trial, when it paid a huge price for the privilege of being obstinately and somewhat credulously wrong. Its sortie into the book-selling business was doubtless actuated by emulations resulting from the expensiveness of this experience. Whether its book-selling ever was profitable has not been disclosed, but it got the paper finally into a row with all the publishers, and into a loss of book advertising, which cannot but have been a very substantial financial grief to it. These were fairly grievous woes, but might have been digested by a concern of unimpaired constitution. But lack of every other tremble of the *Times* there has been, we suppose, the fundamental difficulty that too many people have learned to read. Being readers, they have to have newspapers and want cheap ones, which get enormous circulations and harvest the profitable favors of the advertisers. It is elsewhere set forth in

this WEEKLY of how large a family of busy periodicals and newspapers Mr. C. ARTHUR PEASEON is the parent or proprietor. It is to his string that the *Times* is now added, though he is only one of the buyers, and the new directorate includes a representative of the WALTER family whose own the *Times* has been for three generations. It is given out that though the business management of the concern will be renovated, the paper will not be changed in form, price, or character, nor tied up to any party, though it is credited with a disposition at present to advocate Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S protection schemes. Very possibly, therefore, the *Times* is good for future doings as great as any in its past, though to have it pass from its traditional WALTER associations into the new PEASEON guidance is a good deal like having steel armor fade out before firearms, and stone embarses take their dismissal from modern guns.

Newspapers and their Prospects

The last quarter century with its improvements in printing presses, its typesetting machines, and its cheapening of white paper has been a nerve-racking period for the old established newspapers. Any paper that had formed habits has had to keep them in a constant state of revision, and very few of the older papers are there in the world to-day that have more than a faint family likeness to themselves of twenty-five years ago. There may be changes just as violent and disconcerting to tradition in the quarter century to come, but in some particulars the pendulum seems to have swung about as far as it is going. Existing newspapers are hardly likely to be so much exposed as they have been to the competition of newcomers at a lower price. The one-cent paper's field must be fairly well filled by this time. Most journals that had anything to fear from that competition have already had their fears realized, and news and general wisdom can hardly be successfully offered for less than one cent a copy unless our government can be induced to issue a half-cent coin. White paper seems likely to be cheaper pretty soon, and the chances are rather favorable for a return to two cents of many papers that now feel constrained to sell for one. Size, too, seems to have got all past the point of greatest expansion. Newspapers are not trying any longer to issue as many pages as they can. The price of paper and a recurrence of common sense have checked that nonsense. Our papers are not likely to be bigger or cheaper than they are now. The effort to improve them, which never flags, is likely, therefore, to be directed to betterment in their quality; getting better brains into them, writing and editing them better, and providing them with more reliable news.

The Smokey Automobiles

MAYOR McCLELLAN in his annual message made some good recommendations as to the regulation of automobiles. He would have all automobiles equipped with adequate mufflers which should never be cut out within the built up parts of the city, within which also he advised to prohibit the use of the confusing acetylene headlights. More important than either was his recommendation that, "except for the first ten seconds after starting the engines of an automobile, no smoke should be allowed to come out of the exhaust pipe." The smoker, said the Mayor, is wholly unnecessary, and is simply an evidence of carelessness and incompetence. That is quite true. It is due to a careless use of lubricating oil. It is very objectionable and offensive, and in the streets of a crowded city is an impudent nuisance which should not be tolerated. To keep the air of cities as pure as is possible is only less important than to furnish a pure water supply. Paris and London both prohibit smoke from automobiles. New York should do the same, as should all American cities where there are automobiles enough to make their habits in this respect a matter of moment to the public health and convenience.

New Jersey Is Awake

An editorial copied elsewhere from the Newark *Morning Star* attests the growing fervency of New Jersey's interest in WOODROW WILSON as her candidate for President. New Jersey has no other candidate, nor has any State a Democratic candidate who appeals for such persuasive reasons, and on such conclusive grounds, to so many indispensable sections of the country.

A Candidate from the East and South

THE New York *World's* commendation of Governor JIMMISON of Minnesota to the attention of the next Democratic national convention was followed a few days later by an editorial article setting forth the special eligibility for the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson of Virginia and New Jersey, now and for some eight years president of Princeton University. After a concise and effective exposition of the facts in Dr. WILSON'S life that make him at once a fit and an available candidate for the Democratic nomination, the *World* proceeded to cite as vouchers for his political opinions and statesmanlike abilities a number of extracts from his writings, the best known of which are *Congressional Government*, a *Study of American Politics*, *The State*, *Elements of Historical and Practical Politics*, *Democracy and Efficiency*, 1885-1890; *A Life of George Washington*; and, finally, an elaborate and comprehensive *History of the American People*. As we said two years ago in this journal, no one who reads understandingly the record of the country's extraordinary growth, which in the last named work flows with apparent ease from his pen, can fail to be impressed with the belief that Woodrow WILSON is, by instinct and education, a statesman. We repeat what we then said, that the grasp of fundamental principles, the seemingly intuitive application of primary truths to changing conditions, the breadth of thought and the capacity at reasoning exemplified in the pages of that book, offer conclusive evidence of sagacity, insight, and elevation of intellect and feeling worthy of Virginia's noblest traditions, as was also the eloquent appeal addressed in 1905 by President WILSON to his brethren of the South, in which he called upon them to arise from the ashes of prejudice and lethargy and come back into their own.

There is a good deal more to be said for favor of Woodrow WILSON'S candidacy for the Democratic nomination than was brought out in the *World*. In the first place should be noted certain considerations suggested by the facts that he is by birth and rearing a native of Virginia; that he was admitted to the bar in Georgia, and practiced in Atlanta until he received the law for the calling of an educator; and that the lady whom he married was a native of Savannah. There is no doubt, then, that he would be accepted all over the country as a genuine representative of the South, although, like JAMES MADISON, he was sent as a young man to Princeton, and is now the president of that university. Is it not expedient that the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency should be a son of the South? Is it not admitted by many large minded Republicans, as well as by all Northern Democrats and all Independents, that the South, although nominally restored to the full privileges of States in the Union when she was allowed to send Senators and Representatives to Congress, still partially discriminated against so long as her sons are practically debarred from the highest honor in the gift of the Republic? Shall we ever witness a veritable union, not of law, but of hearts, until, with the cordial concurrence of a large part of the North, a Southern man becomes Chief Magistrate?

Another truth that cannot be driven home too often or with too much emphasis is the complication of the question of nominating a Southern man for the Presidency with the imperative necessity that the first post bellum Southern administration shall be indubitably successful. To insure such success it is indispensable that the temper of the Republicans, if beaten in 1908, shall be resigned and acquiescent, for they will remain masters of the Federal Senate, and, if vindictive and defiant, could paralyze all the efforts of a Democratic Chief Magistrate and a Democratic House of Representatives. Once more we repeat what we said in another place nearly two years ago, that if a Southern President is to leave behind him a bright record of constructive statesmanship and useful legislation, he must have the good will, if not the active support, of the whole country; and such good will is only to be gained from a devotion, deep implanted at the North, as well as at the South, that both sections can count upon his sympathy, and, above all, upon that intimate acquaintance without which sympathy is fruitless. Such a conviction unquestionably exists with reference to Woodrow WILSON. Is such all embracing sympathy, such intimate and comprehensive knowledge of the views, wishes, and interests of all sections of the Republic, just now possessed by any other distinguished son of the South?

There is another point of view from which the nomination of Woodrow WILSON might not only exercise a healing and unifying influence upon the sections, but also have a treble and invigorating effect on the whole electorate. The American voter is pretty tired of military men, professional or amateur, considered in the light of candidates for the Presidency. He is also just a bit tired of lawyers, and even of judges. He has become alive to the fact that, as things are now, the intellect of the nation does not flow solely or mainly through military, forensic, judicial, and legislative channels. He knows that in our day industry has its great captains, and education its field marshals. Now will any man now deny the right of eminent and fruitful workers in the educational field to challenge the highest office in the gift of the American people on the score of merit and of availability. As a matter

of fact, even in the past may be found precedents for the selection of such men for distinguished functions under the Federal government. GEORGE EASTMAN, who was Secretary of the Navy in the peak administration, and subsequently represented the country in London and in Berlin, was by profession a college tutor and a schoolmaster. EDWARD EVERETT left the presidency of Harvard College to become Secretary of State. ANTHONY D. WHITE, formerly president of Cornell University, has been invited more than once to occupy the highest posts in the nation's diplomatic service. As we pointed out twenty months ago, no one has ever disputed that the statesmanlike duties assumed by these organizers, directors, and inspirers of the higher education were admirably discharged. Why, then, should not the Democratic party in 1908, when seeking a nominee for the Presidency who will not only do better, but command, sooner, turn its eyes in the same promising direction? It certainly could find in Woodrow WILSON, the president of Princeton University, a man richly qualified for the headship of the Federal government by great natural ability, by long and distinguished administrative experience, by the illuminating and invigorating trend of his studies, by his exceptional popularity, and by his unique power of securing the confidence, the sympathy, and the support of all sections of the Union.

There is still another point of view from which the name of Woodrow WILSON deserves careful consideration in connection with the next Democratic nomination. He is the only widely known and eminent American citizen who at the present time is a resident of New Jersey. Now there is not a State in the Union, not even Virginia nor Massachusetts, that has so much State pride as New Jersey. Perhaps for the reason that unmodified New Yorkers sometimes speak of her with condescension, New Jersey passionately covets the recognition and appreciation which she believes herself to deserve. New Jersey has never had a President of the United States, and if one of her native born or adopted sons should be nominated for that great office by a national convention, the difficulty of his appointment would vanish, not in averting his ennobling of the State, but in preventing him from securing a unanimous vote. In 1908 only a Jerseyman will be absolutely certain to carry New Jersey, though we do not dispute the *World's* assertion that Governor JIMMISON would run considerably better than would Mr. BRUNN in that State.

What is true of New Jersey is measurably true of New York also. There is a multitude of Princeton men in the Empire commonwealth and its metropolis; and wherever you meet a Princeton man you meet a stately, devoted, and indefatigable champion of Woodrow WILSON. He could rely with almost equal confidence on all college graduates who are alive to the magnitude of the services rendered to the nation by the organizers and administrators of our great universities, and who believe that the time has come for such services to receive due recognition. For this reason, and because the breadth and warmth of his human sympathies, together with the soundness and equity of his political and economical views—he is a tariff revisionist—would commend and endear him to the great mass of the people, we believe that Woodrow WILSON would be more likely than any other Democrat to carry New York by a handsome majority.

We scarcely need recall the effect of nominating a son of Virginia for the Presidency on the States which in state affairs days were spoken of collectively as constituting the "South." There is not a doubt that Woodrow WILSON could win back for the Democracy every one of the Southern States now or lately lost, namely, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. All the rest of the Southern commonwealths he would hold in a vice of steel. On the score, then, of availability, equipped with the qualifications of high character and eminent ability, what Democrat can possibly vie with the President of Princeton University?

Conversation as an Art

CONVERSATION as an art, and not as the haphazard indulgence of an instinct, has been a subject much mooted of late. Lord RIBblesdale in *The Nineteenth Century*, Mr. PRICE COLLIER in *The North American Review*, and that felicitous writer of "mildities" for the *London Spectator* have all offered their quota of criticism and comment upon the art, while a book by Mr. FRANK WATSON, *Culture by Conversation*, adds to the data gathered that "the study of books for a specific purpose never yet formed the mind of any man." Lord RIBblesdale was weary over any one who prepares conversation, believing that only those should attempt it, apparently, who baffle as naturally as a champagne bottle when the cork of solitude is withdrawn. Mr. COLLIER pleads somewhat wearily, and with a melancholy undertone, of much suppressed emotion and foreboding for a half hour's preparation for the dinner table talk, saying, "A comment upon one's reading may be a cup of cold water to men and women thirsty and drowsy with their own tasks and trials"; leaving out of account that large tract of

society where the mention of a book would set somewhat as a bomb exploding in the middle of the table, with disaster and silence and disintegration resulting after the explosion. "It was once at a dinner," said an accomplished diner out, "apparently of undertakers hired to mourn over the jolts and birds in the dishes, when the crilling fell, and we all sprang up as merry as crickets." If you could not provide an incident to break into the decorum of the regulation dinner party, conversation might well be left to take care of itself—indeed, as the ready DIANA remarked, being *prime* shots at dinner.

Talkers, however, like poets, are born and not made, and it is a question whether the art, cultivated as Mr. CORLIAN suggests, by an arduous course even as cranting from old magazines a half hour before the ordeal, would bear fruit. A cheerful countenance and a gay voice will carry off much futile comment, and the wisdom of Solomon would possibly have failed to lighten the weight of a melancholy mood where talk is tedious.

"To be able to furnish pleasure that is harmless, pleasure pure and unalloyed, is as great a power as a man can possess," said the pensive doctor, and it is just this that the best good talker accomplishes. These words murmur back to the dim, æthereal figure, the pale face and long silver hair, the prophet Alcott ran vouch for this, no less than those who have dined with MARK TWAIN and the late ROBERT LOOMIS.

But dinner table talk, apart from genius, which cannot always be had at dinners or in magazines or in the world at large for the asking, is more a matter of practice than of cramming. Conversation requires not so much manners as a manner, and who dines amongst strangers three times a week is more apt to carry away the conversational graces than who does so once in three weeks. The main thing is to know the tastes and tendencies of the fellow diners. Argument is fire, most competent to burn as a rebel, as it has been called in a famous bore, and wounded susceptibilities and hurt prejudices are disastrous to any sense of pleasure. Wit, that pure fire from heaven, lessens all difficulties, but it is as rare as a rare tree on genius. Tolerance, kindness, and simplicity go a long way toward making general conversation a bearable evil; conceit and *ex cathedra* speech are the surest damper.

Constant and region talkers, such as exercise a prolonged predominance over the whole company, do not commend themselves gracefully to the memory, as witness CARLYLE's grumbling recollections of CORRIEHO, or the girls that still are current about poor MACAYLAY, who it seems was so determined to hear his own voice at all times and at all costs, that he visited a book of MITHRAS's "Paradise Lost" alone on a stormy channel crossing. All monopoly is offensive, and he is certainly the most graceful and gratifying talker who can take up our little hint or suggestion and develop it fully, aggrandize and amplify it until it returns to us a crown and a credit.

At the same time it would be difficult to concede to the author of *Failure by Conversation* that the best minds are formed by conversation, or the profoundest minds given to discourse. Who that has wandered through the CARLYLE house on the Chelsea Embankment can forget the anecdote which the old Scotch keeper rehearses so punctiliously day by day, and yet ever with fresh gusto? "In this room it was, sir, that Mr. CARLYLE and Mr. TENNYSON spent a long evening, each smoking his pipe and neither of them speakin' a word. And after three hours, when Mr. TENNYSON rose to go, Mr. CARLYLE said to him, 'It's a grand evenin' we've spent, ALFRED, a grand evenin'.' And Mr. TENNYSON, he just said, too, 'A grand evenin', and went out.'"

One can but fancy MITHRAS or DANTE adding to the gaiety of a dinner table; KEATS was impossible at table altogether, and SHILLER was distinctly a *table talker*, as Mr. HENSON, the essayist, is some of his intimate disclosures, proclaiming himself to be. It has been said that to hear Mr. HENRY JAMES talk is much like hearing proof corrected aloud, though one or two of his comments at a ban dinner while he was last in this country shed illumination and delight upon his female hearers. On being demanded some comment upon American women as compared with those he dined with in England, he first said that they all looked as if they did their own hair and did not take time enough over it, and later that they lacked "mystery and magic."

The most brilliant talkers in fiction are doubtless those who walk through the pages of GEORGE MEREDITH's novels, and in the dearth of knowing whether Mr. MEREDITH's own powers more nearly match those of the witty DIANA, or are of the epigrammatic caste of ARTHUR HADLEY, it is pleasant to be in the secret of a manuscript volume, called *Days and Hours*, lying in hiding in England, which is as near as less than notes taken by two frequent guests at MEREDITH's table of that great conversationalist's utterances.

PATER had a manner and a method, and has left behind him a glowing track of delightful anecdotes. RUSKIN seems to have had the social gift up to a certain point, but one never could quite tell when a storm was imminent.

On the whole, the conclusions to be drawn from the subject are as various as life itself. It is fair to believe that if one have wit

or genius or reason one can win through the ordeal of the most awe inspiring dinner talk, but if one belong to the class of Mr. HENSON and MERLEY and require but one listener, and that a sympathetic one, one is still in good company, and Mr. HENSON WATERS to the contrary, one need not relinquish all claim to culture.

Personal and Pertinent

CYRIL ARTHUR PEARSON, being born an Englishman in the English parish of Wuskey, the son of an English clergyman, came to the United States eighteen years ago, when he was twenty-four years old, and was inculcated with a kind of Americanism which has its virtues, and like its view. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is reported to have asserted that PEARSON was the greatest hostler he had ever encountered outside of America. To be a hostler is to be, in the minds of some Englishmen, one of the greatest of human products. In England perhaps they have too few hostlers. In America it may be that we have too many. At any rate, PEARSON is a hostler. Being born in 1866, he came into existence in a place which, in order to be definitely placed, has to be spoken of as near Wells. He is not a university man; but he had schooling at William of Wyckham's fine and ancient school at Winchester. After coming out of there, instead of "going up" to Oxford or Cambridge, he went at life with glowing courage and practical sense and became the proprietor of a large share of public opinion. He started *Pearson's Weekly*, and then brought into existence *Home Notes*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *Trade's Review*, and other periodicals. Then, in 1900, he started the *Daily Express*, a halfpenny morning paper. Since, there have sprung from his brain the *North Mail and Evening Mail* at Newcastle-on-Tyne; the *Gazette*, *Express*, and the *Evening Dispatch* at Birmingham. He controls the *London Standard* and the *St. James's Gazette*, and he has edited this with the *Evening Standard*. He has recently said that he owns "nine daily newspapers, four weekly newspapers, and eight—or is it nine?—yes, also weekly periodicals, and six monthly things." Now that, with the aid of a syndicate, he has taken from the historic WALTER family the management of that particular section of the British Constitution which is known as the *London Times*, he and HARRINGTON express about the whole of British public opinion. A year or two ago it might have been doubtful if money could buy any one of the institutions of the British Empire, but PEARSON has done it. Things are changed, but the changes are going to be greater. PEARSON is vice-president of the Tariff Reform League, and so one may count on the *Times* becoming the advocate of "CHAMBERLAIN'S tariff policy." It is said in England that PEARSON is "not in possession of his health," on the other hand, the WALTERS used to believe, and many believed with them, that they were in jeopardy for the health of the nation. PEARSON is very rich, and seems to be on the way to be richer.

WOODROW WILSON AS CANDIDATE

(From the *Newark, N. J., "Morning Star."*)

The imposing personality of WOODROW WILSON, president of Princeton University, looms up larger on the Democratic horizon as the date for the national Democratic convention approaches. And it is now certain that this commanding figure will be a formidable, and maybe the winning, candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination at Denver. The growing favor of thoughtful Democrats for WOODROW WILSON is evidenced in the constantly increasing number of representative Democratic newspapers that are turning to Princeton for the *Man* who shall lead the Democratic hosts out of the wilderness of false doctrines and social lies. To a man who can as President give to the country a sane and safe administration, as well as a progressive one, with neither a tendency to the dangerous radicalism that imperils our national institutions nor a relapse into reaction to restore conditions the nation has now been released from, WOODROW WILSON represents the kind of conservatism that distinguished the fathers of the Republic. The judgment of history is that these men of pure and lofty ideals, who humbled the power and pride of the British monarch, embodied a wisdom and foresight and a progressive conservatism almost without example in the annals of the world. Of the same type is the great educator, historian and publisher who presides over the great college of New Jersey, and whose interest in public affairs is that of a statesman, scholar, and, prominently, the patriot. WOODROW WILSON is a descendant, of Virginia birth, and his shining personality therefore belongs to both the great sections of our country. We know him, and honor him, as a Jersey man. The Democratic party of the country is confused by the alternative of nominating a twice-defeated candidate, thus inviting a third defeat, or naming a man like WOODROW WILSON, whose candidacy would solidify the party and win over many Republican voters. New Jersey will, in all likelihood now, present WOODROW WILSON as its candidate, and it will be affirmed that the Democracy of this State could not make a better appearance in any national convention.

Correspondence

THE GOVERNMENT GUARANTEE OF DEPOSITS IDEA

Bureau Agents, Boston Bureau, December 11, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Some legislation should be passed by Congress at this season protecting the American people against loss of deposits in national banks. If the government would guarantee the payment of deposits of national banks there would never be another run on a bank. If a bank anywhere should get into trouble through some misadventure, or otherwise, the people in that locality, instead of clamoring and falling over each other to get their money out and hide it, they would naturally support the bank and put more money in it. If the depositors knew that the government was standing behind the banks.

If there was such a law and any bank should fail, the Secretary of the Treasury could order a bank examiner, or other official, to immediately draw on the Treasury and pay the depositors, wind up the affairs of the bank, and whatever assets the bank had could be converted into money and placed back in the Treasury. Should the government lose a part or even all of the money paid out to the depositors of such a bank, then the people would be away about, as millions of dollars are lost every time there is a panic. Payment of deposits should be guaranteed by the government just the same as national bank currency, and then we would never have another panic. Of course, gamblers, speculators, and plunders would fail occasionally, but the banks and the people would take no interest in it, and panics would be like the old wild west movie, a thing of the past. I believe the country would stand for such a law, as it would protect millions of big and small depositors and it would give great stability to national finance.

Our government does not think anything of spending millions of dollars on ship canals, battleships, public buildings, exhibitions, sea walls, and civilizing the heathen, and yet Congress seems faint hearted about passing laws to protect the bank deposits of our people.

We will appropriate a million for any old thing. We even appropriated \$850,000 for a bridge across Rock Creek in Washington, D.C., a little stream that a thirsty cow could drink dry in a few minutes, but we get tender footed when we are called upon to legislate on a subject that is of great importance to the people, for fear there might be a small loss from the Treasury.

We make appropriations of millions of dollars for the protection of our river fronts. We put in the riprap in the fall, and they are washed away in the spring, and yet we scort if we have to insure depositors from not thinking anything of it.

We have been known to appropriate \$1,000,000,000 during one sitting of Congress to pay national expenses, and yet we shake in our shoes at the bare thought of placing our finances on a sure and stable basis.

The money in the public Treasury belongs to the people, and it could not be put to a better use than to protect the people from loss. Deposits being considered absolutely safe, there would be very few bank failures and the few that might occur would, as a rule, be able to reimburse the government in full after their affairs were settled. But suppose there was a local, small difference from what it made? Like fire insurance, we should, if necessary, pay for protection. If a bank fails no one looks to see if he has a ten dollar bill bound by that bank, as the government agrees to make good, and it would be the same way if deposits were guaranteed—no attention would be paid to the matter and business would go along as if nothing had happened.

The Shaw plan of issuing more currency, or having an elastic currency, is times of trouble by national banks, would not help the matter a particle. Suppose a national bank with a capital of \$100,000 and deposits of \$1,000,000, and that bank should issue \$250,000 more currency, how long would it last if depositors were making a run on that bank? Not more than twenty minutes, providing there were clerks enough to pay it out, and it would all be hidden in an hour. That is not the remedy. This is no time for palliatives; strike at the root of the trouble and settle the matter permanently for all future time.

Mr. Bigley's (Comptroller of the Treasury) idea of patterning after Germany and France, and having a central bank to issue money, is no good. The same objection applies. We have plenty of currency now if the people would not hide it, and the only way to protect them from hiding it is for the government to guarantee deposits. Should the people lose a million a year in protecting deposits in national banks no one would feel it, as it would not be one dollar per capita for a hundred years' protection. According to the history of losses sustained by depositors since the establishment of national banks would not amount to a hundred million dollars in a thousand years.

We voted \$50,000,000 in fifty minutes and placed it in the hands of President McKinley to rescue Cuba from Spain, and incidentally incurred an expense of several hundred millions more.

We pay out millions yearly for life and fire insurance to protect our families and property, and yet we get cold feet when we think of protecting our bank deposits, which is of the utmost importance to the people and of the greatest consequence to the commercial and business interests of the country.

We have been wrangling over having national banks to secure the people against loss of deposits for fifty years, and nothing has come of it. We should not depend on the honesty or clarity of national banks. We are no paupers. We can protect ourselves with our own money.

I am, sir,

E. J. DEBOLL.

This is old Dr. Bryan's new idea—this of a government guarantee of national bank deposits. Our correspondent has disclosed effect-

ively the whole attitude of mind from which it gets support. It is paternalism of the most preposterous kind. It is not hard to start a national bank and does not take very much money. Start one; it should be easy to get depositors, if the government will guarantee them against loss. They will not care who the bank officers are, they need not. They will not care to whom their money is loaned; they need not. Let the bank examiners attend to that. Let the money go where it is needed; the government has plenty more. Our correspondent does not see that the power that guarantees the deposits should also—must also—control the loans, and that the only intelligent way out of it would be to have the government own and operate all the national banks. Very likely he and thousands of others would be glad to have the government do that very thing—and own and run the railroads, and buy the cotton and tobacco, and sell the beef, and make the soap, and employ folks out of a job. All these services, and most others, belong in the same category with this proposed governmental duty of guaranteeing bank deposits against loss through bad loans by bank directors. Lose a million dollars a year by such a guarantee? Why not a thousand millions? It would not be an imprudent loss in a year—like 1907—of contraction of credit after a period of huge expenditures, inflated by the government guarantee.—Editor.

PROPER LIGHTS OF THE ANTI-RUM MOVEMENT

One, December 15, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—As I see the local option movement it reaches too far into absolute prohibition, and is no better than enforced State legislation, as it is in some Southern States. I do not think the majority should decide that a minority must not be able to buy intoxicants at retail, and use them in their own way and at their own homes. I think every man should be master of what he wants to drink, as well as what sort of food he wants. Some temperance reformers, who always say so, would not want rum under bars because there are too drunkards in England and Ireland. Of course, tea and coffee both are intoxicants, I think; not as alcohol is, but, used to excess, tend to seriously affect the nervous system. If the temperance movement was narrowed right down to the issue which the open saloon presents, I would, to my humble view, be better than to clamor for absolute prohibition, against make and sale in any form of intoxicants.

Wipe out the saloon everywhere, for that is what has played havoc and fed in every town and city, leaving the right to buy intoxicants as any other commodities.

With the reason extenuated, the question "does prohibition prohibit" will not be discussed.

I have patronized saloons all my adult life, and do now, some, but I am in favor of their utter extermination; they are a menace especially to youth.

I am, sir,

A CIVIL WAR VETERAN.

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN A NORWEGIAN

New York, January 8, 1908

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Among the notices in the "Personal and Fictional" column of the WEEKLY, dated January 11, there is one in which you comment on "a Danish sailor," Captain Roald Amundsen, who survived, etc.

Captain Amundsen is a typical Norwegian sailor, born and bred in the land of Leif Ericson and Norsemen. His 13 foot ship of Northwest Passage fame, is "made in Norway," like the "well known Viking ships discovered long ago," and recovered today—not in Denmark, but in Norway. Roald Amundsen is an ardent and highly devoted patriot, and he never tires of telling with what proud emotions he and his hardy crew looked up to the old Norwegian flag that fluted under the gaff of tiny *Tjos* on that historical voyage. And of course Norway is no less proud of him for the home he has reflected on that country.

Honour's Wraxley certainly always intends and wishes to give "honour to whom honour is due," and will not, I hope, brand this natural correction as immaturity.

I am, sir,

TOM W. SCHREINER.

PROHIBITION IN THE SOUTH

Lexington, Ky., December 28, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—I am greatly surprised to read in your correspondence column in today's issue the letter entitled "Prohibition Movement in the South." Such sentiments seem to have but one purpose—the awakening of old North and South prejudices.

Prohibition in the South wishes aims at our surpluses our governmental revenue. I refer you to our \$87,000,000 surplus of the last fiscal year.

The movement started and has continued, as a measure of self-protection. It has been strengthened by the fact that the people are realizing that the liquor business diverts land, labor and capital—the three factors of production—from producing articles which would be good for the country, into producing articles which have a harmful effect. The people see that liquor revenue is collected from the consumer without offering a solution to the question of intemperance.

I am, sir,

A KENTUCKIAN.

The Work and Play of the Fleet

By ROBERT DUNN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP "RHODE ISLAND"

OFF PORT AU PRINCE, TRINIDAD, December 27.

FIFTY unadorned songs from give me the British Crown Colony. At home, some per sons washed their selves up almost to the point of sunburn over the cruise of this Armada; but its entrance through the

Dragon's Mouth to anchor five miles off Port au Prince has made less ripple on the surface of life in this metropolis of the outer islands, than a band of tourists on a sixty three days' cruise—"63 and up"—could have caused. You see, only lately the *Breadbasket* took a practice run over here (at seventeen knots average speed, by the way); and the British Colonial, who likes his lion taming so hard that even the Londoner will put cotton in his ears, respects a Yankee fleet no more than a squadron of tramps and luggers. Why (thinks he), none of their ships mount more than four 12-inchers, or is more than 16,000 tons, or can steam better than nine-knots, and you have no discipline, because smoking is allowed on the quarter deck.

Trinidad carries the cosmopolitan lion of the tropical seaport to the point of weary consideration. And what a slumgullion of peoples it be!—black men, African, and East Indian; remittance men and thin bank clerks from Liverpool who play billiards at the tourists' hotel; and police inspectors with rooster feathers in their hats; and effeminate little Venezuelans, suspiciously sneaky, and rich American consuls from the arid rubber beaches of the Upper Orinoco. It is the Newport of hot South America. And on top of all comes a very green Christmas—in open trolley cars—with the mercury at 85°. But the streets, half like the foreign quarter of an Eastern treaty port, and half like the backdrop of a comic opera scene in Spain, are filled with shoppers just as at home, who buy Panama hats at cut rates over the wildest counter with imitation spruce Christmas trees dyed a most poisonous green. And Jack, the sailorman, drives around six deep in the town's best hotels, trying to make the more thrifty Colonial sit up and take notice of him.

Yet Christmas with the fleet was a very homelike, family affair. The day before, Jack had looked the port pretty well over, the *Wassermann's* ball team had sampled the race course, which is the first thing any three Englishmen gathered together in one place construct; and the officers had sung rag time in the parlor of the tourist hotel. For some days before we received many messages like these were flashed from ship to



"Cleaning Ship after Coaling" on the "Rhode Island." One of the last Rites before leaving Trinidad

bridge supports councils concerning the comparative merits of Ritz and Alderbrook in working out latitude. It has been dire to imagine how we alone of all the fleet, though we follow our two squadron flagships so lamely, ought to founder if a midshipman made a ship in his time-sight formula, and loosed us on the Avea Hook. In the Strait of Magellan-of Matilda, as the jokers have already renamed it—we expect to annihilate all snow peaks and get our position with the artificial horizon.

So the navy man is the last to snail or anticipate trouble, or to borrow it in the form of ideas of leaving the Atlantic seaboard unprotected, or of springing shattering fuel bottoms on the lone Pacific drydock at Bremerton. His life on the battleship of a fleet is being less never been justly shown; few outsiders have the chance to observe it, and exposition is dull writing. But, continuous, irregular, monotonous, precise, it is a revelation of the soldierly credo, the day spirit of work,—one only less striking than the self immolation of the men who sacrifice it.



"General Police." Regular Cleaning of Mess Tables and Benches. In the Navy, "to Police" means "to Clean."



Raceboat Crew practicing on improved Rowing Machine

"I hope you don't mind this shop talk," you hear across a mess table deep in the devising of schemes for making turret ammunition belts safer; "but I'm afraid it will be a good deal like this the whole trip."

An orderly brings in the coal report, showing how many tons each ship has burned during the previous twenty-four hours. This is signalled to all at noon. Which uses the least coal is a matter of sharp rivalry, and the figures vary from some seventy to one hundred and thirty tons. (We are generally third, with a bit over ninety.) To-day, for example, the — has won with sixty-eight.

"Oh, well," comes consolation, "they haven't had their fresh water condensers fired. They don't bathe much, over on the —."

And it is something to learn that it is better for the engines of a ship to travel all the time at about two knots less than top speed, than at the ten knots (lately increased to eleven) which coal economy and the older and slower ships demand, and that a midshipman, somewhat rusty in navigation, found that his observation landed him in the middle of Wisconsin.

Just so much does this cruise, in its spectacular or political aspect, affect those who most closely bear its responsibilities. But way back on the day we left Hampton Roads, when the President's farewell was read, that after a short stay on the Pacific coast we should return to the Atlantic rim the Mediterranean, the navy man cheered; that is, who of him are not married, cheered. The news likely meant visiting Japan. Well, the Philippines will be very

hot when we get there, and later at Calvo the season will not yet be on. Still, and after everything, the navy man cheered; and take my word for it, he did so simply because he was glad of the billet, glad as any stay at home would be, to take a look around the world. Perhaps.

As for the alleged danger of risking our ships on so long a hike, it is a mystery to all of us why a battleship should not be considered as much master of itself while going to Botany Bay as to Cape Cod Bay—if it is fit for inclusion in a fireless navy. And I gather that the only difference, so far, is every mind aboard, between this cruise and the annual trip to the Cuban ranges, when standard time is kept, is that now we change the clock every day—which is very annoying if you forget to set your watch, because it makes you late for dinner!

Most of the way we have travelled in line of squadrons, natural order, which it appears will be our customary formation for deep

sea going. All the way around the Horn. Part of the second day out of the Roads we moved in line of divisions, open order. We would change to column formation, open order, which simply places one squadron behind the other. It is easier to keep than the closed column, in which each ship points exactly bow to stern. On the third day out, Wednesday, the 18th of December, the Commodore ordered that every command (travelling in natural order) dip its red and white position pennant whenever it varied, by more than forty yards, the 800-yard interval from the vessel stern on ahead, and keep it dipped until right position was regained. Evidently even this did not succeed in keeping us all properly symmetrical in the admiral's eye. Sometimes a division assumed the indented column, usually an anchorage formation, in which the relative distance between the ships is an equilateral triangle, four hundred yards on a side. And all maneuvers would be most beautifully made by the "rectangular method."

This is too bewildering to describe in detail or illustrate by diagram. Everywhere lines of blue pennants flutter to the mastheads.

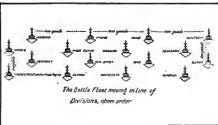
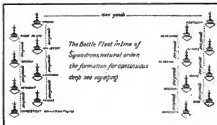
Each vessel turns majestically, as if on a pivot axis, and the sixteen fold together, with eagle calculation, into a wilderness of pious and sterns that seem to search for new points on the compass card, of great funnels and dilute Porcelain coal. On the bridge, a midshipman with "Commander Fife's" stadiometer, keeps warning the navigator our distance from the Georgia. Then, out of the chaos gradually, is some such way as magic lantern slides dissolve into obliteration, a new symmetry is wrought. At any rate, we are pointing with and after our flagship, and find ourselves suddenly part of a column. Now, at a certain point on the ocean, each vessel turns sharply, like a man going around a corner; the whole column swings as a trained chorus wheels up stage.



Signal Boy "Shooting" a Flag Message



Life would be Dull without the Band



The Fleet Formations which were Maintained with extraordinary Accuracy by Admiral Evans's Ships

But sometimes our flagship displays the grace of a playful sea lion; or we, being the latest to the fleet, or at least thinking we are, try to "walk aboard" (run down) the *Yves Jersey*, which is sent us in line, and often so near that you could talk across. The engines pause, we pitch in the wash from some sister ship (stronger than the swell of the tropic sea), and finally, far down at the end of the overly perfect line, you can spot the *Kearsarge* by her old faded-red ensign. But hardly once has the fleet refused its turn last rate, or a black speed cone sunk from its yard arm; and were the wake of each vessel in definite, some curved, symmetrical design, maybe like interlaced parabolas, would be left etched upon the waves.

Every morning, from your port hole, you see, in quite the same position as the day before, the *Kearsarge* at sea, exactly ahead, 1000 yards away. At "quarters" (general muster at 9.30 A.M.)—if the jacks are all lined up on one side of the deck for inspection, look across to the *Yves Jersey*; there unobscured are the same men, gathered on the same side of the deck, under the eyes of the same officers with the same little notebooks, all at the same task. Such regularity, such reduplication, running through the fleet as one knows it does, begins to seem uneasy. Then you see the second squadron, unchanging in its position relative to us, and it seems you suddenly that all those eight ships there must be anchored, and

that we have our back down, too. Of course, such similarity was broken on the afternoon of that unlucky December 20th when the *Missouri* hit out by herself for San Juan, having a mass drawn with peritonitis, and the *Illinois* followed her with a pneumonia case during the night, and diphtheria broke out on the *Louisiana*.

In the agreement signed by the nine civilians who accompany the fleet you promise among other things, to refrain from ever giving out for publication "any military information that might be of value to a possible enemy, such as detailed descriptions of mechanisms or method of drill, method of handling fire-control, scores of target practice," etc. Ever since this agreement was signed I have been anxious to learn just a slough military secret, in order to keep it as a touch-



Lieutenant Cole Lieutenant Commander Gies Captain Davis

Captain Davis, in command of the "Ohio's" Marine Corps, one of "Harper's Weekly's" Special Correspondents with the Fleet, sends this insight on the voyage through the tropic seas:

"Six of us in the 'Ohio's' messroom: Gies, Gorton, Mayers, McKeefield, Cole, and Davis, have formed a Bald Headed Man's Club. We have had our hair clipped as short as the barber could get it. Gorton has a wonderful hair tonic which we are all using, and he says by the time we reach Prince we will all be *Climacian* beauties. We are certainly beauties now. Three of the Club had their hair when it came to having a photograph taken, but the three bachelors, free and irresponsible, faced the camera with glie."

the ordinary hot-holder; and among the bundles of white pipes, each bonded with a separate color according to its use—which have always made a battleship appear to me less a floating fortress than a masterpiece of open plumbing—you see some certain broken joints with projecting skins of gray incalculable size.

Concerning the motives and the purposes of this much debated cruise the navy man has, from the first, kept his mouth very tightly shut. The reason grows plainer as the days advance; he has never permitted himself to regard the cruise as anything out of the logical order of his day's work. It is all the same to him—all part and parcel of the day's work. He is not, naturally, impressed by the spectacular aspect of the race, since fleets are a familiar phenomenon to him. As for any question of "danger" or "risk," why, that too is part of the day's work.

Well, tomorrow we go out to sea to regulate our compasses, which, as every one knows, has been a most mystic rite ever since the days of Columbus.

Gun Drill for Marines Sword Drill for Sailors



Each Man opens his Kit for Inspection



Bedding lashed to the Rail for Airing





Building the high Fence around the Druce Grave and Monument, Highgate Cemetery, preparatory to opening the Casket



The Coroner's Court Session in St. Paul's to fix the Date for opening the Grave



Police on Guard at the Gates to keep out the Public



Witnesses leaving Highgate after the Grave was Opened



Crowd outside Cemetery Gates awaiting the Result

THE FIGHT ACROSS A GRAVE FOR A DUKEDOM

WHEN THE DRUCE COFFIN WAS OPENED IN LONDON IT WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN NOT 200 THOUSANDS OF POUNDS, AS WAS ASSERTED BY THE DUCE CLAIMANTS OF THE PORTLAND ESTATE, BUT THE REMAINS OF A BOY IDENTIFIED AS THAT OF PRINCE THE DUKE OF



Under the Eye of the Speaker

BY AN OLD MEMBER

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

A last we are moving. Nearly two months of this session have passed and we have done nothing, but now we are going to do nothing. How much—read the answer in the Speaker's eye, which Representative Jerry Sullivan, the new member from Kansas, true to his Milesian blood, says holds the House. In the hollow of his hand. Well, the metaphor is a trifle mixed, but it's illuminating. The Speaker has his hand on the House, and his eye, like the wind, roves where it listeth. The member unable to catch the Speaker's eye—and the extraordinary facility with which the Speaker can look straight at a man and yet not see him is remarkable enough to serve as a clinic in an ophthalmic hospital—might as well be doing the morning milking into a sieve, as a philosopher murmuring for all the legislative tricks he can hope to get.

And what a genial, overflowing with the milk of human kindness and the honey of good nature Speaker this is to be sure! And how polite the members are to "the eyes and ears" of the House. The philosopher's stone of the era of political good feeling (so far as the House is concerned) has at last been discovered. Recipe: Take a Presidential year, whisper into the ear of an old gentleman that he is to be the next President, and gently let him simmer in the decision of his own vanity. He will keep fresh and sweet for at least six months, or until the end of the session. After that—but who cares what happens the day after tomorrow? In politics there is only the present, and the future may care for itself.

A very popular man is this Speaker of ours, but if he is half as philosophical as he is credited with being his popularity must arouse his sense of ironic humor. For popularity in Washington is as evanescent as a blush on a coquette's cheek. This time a year ago there was a man whose popularity was so all-pervading that we stumbled over it at every step, and he had only to raise his little finger for us all to dance—yes, I'll confess it, I was one of them; and we told each other how much we delighted to dance. This year the wind of popularity has veered. Now we are dancing to another tune. We listen to the voice of the people, and the voice of the people isn't so tumultuously unanimous in its swelling Rooseveltian chant as it once was.

Life was easier for us then than it is now. We wouldn't confide in our constituents, but it is the truth that members of Congress, like women, need a master, some one to whom we can look up to and for whom we can have a little fear, even if it is mixed with a little affection. We had it last year. We knew we had a boss. No faithful wife ever quite admits that—does she—but she is conscious of it all the same, and so long as the snaffle doesn't press too hard she rather enjoys feeling the gentle pressure of the rein and takes pleasure in the firm hand that guides it. But if it bears too hard, then it generally guides straight to the divorce court. We are about to sue for divorce, which is easy, but after that—there's the rub. We all want a place on the band wagon, but which one? Are we to ride with Taft, or Cannon, or Hughes, or Fairbanks, or Knox? A plague on all those candidates. Why can't they settle it among themselves and leave us members at peace. We haven't turned our backs

on the White House. Deliberately. So far as Congress is concerned the President's power is broken. We are as brave as an army in lockram. We have banded together to fight Executive usurpation. We have come into our own again. The House of Representatives is determined to exert itself—provided the Speaker permits it. It has been many a long year since we have had a Speaker who is an accused candidate for the Presidential nomination. It has been an equal number of years since a President of the same political faith as the Speaker has attempted to dictate the choice of his successor, and that choice is the Speaker. And history also has to run back a good many years to recall the time when the Senate has offered four candidates for the Presidency and the cabinet two. Well, we don't see that that's our

We have begun a political session when legislation and the welfare of the country will give us far less thought than how we can advance the fortunes of the candidate to whom we are tied by personal considerations of the belief that he is the winning man. I may just as well be frank about it. Few of us care a button for the individual. The great majority of us would just as soon have Taft as Cannon. Fairbanks as Fairbanks, Knox as La Follette, because it really makes little difference to the average member of Congress who is in the White House. The one thing is to be right from the beginning, or at least not to have gone so far wrong that there is no way open for retreat. That is why most members of the House at the present time are shouting so lustily for Cannon. To a man we are against the President. We have had enough of him. Nor do we particularlyanker after Taft, although we'll all be very enthusiastic for him the moment it can be mathematically demonstrated that he has a bare majority of the delegates to the convention. We don't ask for anything more—just a bare majority. Surely no one can accuse us of insisting upon the pound of flesh.

Whether he wins or loses, Mr. Cannon makes the first move. It is a great thing to be Speaker, to have a man in nearly every Congressional district in every State in the Union proclaiming your virtues and your abilities for that is what we have all done. We had it. Mr. Cannon makes up the committees. His power is autocratic. He can promote or degrade a man by a simple nod to his clerk as he inscribes that man's name on the committee list. From that nod there is no appeal. It is as swift as death and as remorseless as fate. And committee phases mean so much, so very much more than any person outside Washington can conceive. Men have been made at a bound by landing on the right committee, while others have had to struggle for years to overcome the stigma of having been placed on an obscure committee.

Hence we have all been exuberant over our "Uncle Joe" since last March, although, to be truthful, we have done it with a lag. We like him. He is our kind of man. We never took kindly to Tom Reed; intellectually he towered head and shoulders above us, and he held us off at arm's length. Nobody ever saw Reed slap a member on the back and tell him what a fine fellow he was. That's Cannon's way. His way is good enough for us. If he lands in the White House, I suppose we shall have to call

What the new Member sees—with
a Mixture of Fear and Affection



him "Mr. President," but it will seem much more natural to call him "Uncle Joe" and to see him putting a cigar with his vest unbuttoned. That's another of his ways to which we are accustomed.

One of the cloak room stories relates an incident that happened about Christmas time. A member who had a grievance against

And the Members think they are playing the Game of Political



the Speaker because of his committee assignment insisted that Mr. Cannon had displayed something more than partiality for the Illinois delegation and for "others whose names stood for material help in the coming campaign."

In his most perfect case of the soil manner he whined:

"Well, out in my country it isn't considered a crime to buy your own children pants before you put neckties on your neighbor's Christmas tree."

Some news are born to trouble. There's Mann, of Illinois, as a shining example. The Speaker delegated him to allot the committee rooms in the new million dollar office building, and now Mann reveals a story of his boyhood.

An elderly lady, on a boat for the first time in her life, timidly asked the captain if there was any danger of the vessel going down.

"Not a bit," he replied, cheerily.

A little while later she again asked the same question. "I told you there was no danger," the captain answered somewhat testily.

"Oh, I hoped there was; I'd rather die than suffer in this way."

Mr. Mann thinks it would have been less trouble if he had been defeated. Most members object to having their committee rooms moved from the Capitol to the annex office building because of the inconvenience, but Congressman Southwick, of New York, presented the most unique objection to the new quarters of the Committee on Education, on which he has figured as chairman for years. He ended the Speaker's thundering demand for order the other day and, standing in the aisle, addressed himself in ordinary conversational tones to Congressman Mann.

"You've got to find me a new room," he demanded.

"What's the matter with the one I gave you?" questioned the long suffering office building manager.

"It's big enough, but—" began Southwick, a little embarrassed. "I should think so," returned Mann. "I always wondered how you managed to hold a meeting of your committee in the smothering draught here."

"Oh, that was a special dispensation," grumbled the boyish Southwick. "You see, whenever a new man was put on the Committee on Education he'd look up the room and stick his nose in to ask whether this was the headquarters he'd been assigned. Then I'd wheel around from my desk and growl: 'Yes, but this committee only meets on the call of the chairman, and I'm the chairman, and I never call a meeting because the room's too small! Look around well, as you'll never see the inside again.' And they'd go away and not bother me and the knights of my backroom."

"Your backroom?" questioned Mann, curiously getting the better of his impatience.

"Yes, my backroom," emphasized Southwick. "It hasn't any shelves nor books—just as few lux inside, and that's the reason I don't accept my present accommodations over in the new building, unsatisfactory though they are."

"Are you crazy, Southwick?" asked Mann, somewhat abruptly.

"I'm not as foolish as you are dense," the New York Congressman retorted. "What do you suppose I keep in that box, a piano or manuscripts? Nothing as dry as that. The boys couldn't do without the comfort and courage they find in that pet backroom of mine. Well, you have given me a room next to Littlefield, won't fight, M'ed, and tore up the State of Maine in the cause of prohibition."

That's a long and eloquent speech, Southwick; better than anything you've ever done for the glory of your constituents," smiled Mann. "And I'll see what I can do."

Talking of rooms, most of us are satisfied with three or four in a hotel and look with unsatisfied longing on a house, but there's one of my colleagues who requires three houses to shelter himself and his family.

"You look as happy as a man who had never gone into politics," said Daboll of Pittsburgh to the always smiling Frank London, of Illinois, the son in law of the late George M. Pullman, which is perhaps reason enough to make any man smile.

"I ought to; I've got my family with me this year," replied London. "It took three houses to do it," he continued. "First we rented Mrs. John A. Logan's house for the family. Then when we found there was more room than partitions in the place, we rented another house across the way for the servants, and then we found we had forgotten the children's tutor and his family, so we again searched for the neighborhood and annexed another three story property, and there we are as cozy as can be. But perhaps it's just as well there are only three children in my family. I wonder what I should have done if there had been half a dozen!"

We are a free show and always draw an audience. The diplomats, when they have nothing better to do, come to look us over as a matter of duty rather than as a diversion. Sir Michael Herbert, who was British Ambassador here a few years ago and had a pretty turn for wit, shortly after his appointment was a guest of the Tantalus Club, which was composed entirely of members of Congress. As he rose to reply to the toast to his health he was greeted with applause. "I am glad I am known," he said, "but you are equally well known to me, by name at least. You see, I read the Congressional Record every day."

There were two diplomats in the House gallery the other day, and as they went out one said to the other, quite apropos of nothing, "My dear colleague, do you remember what Voltaire said—doctors are people who pour drugs, of which they know little, into a body, of which they know less?"

His companion laughed. "Do you remember," he asked, "what a countryman of Voltaire's, a very distinguished physician, said to a patient who had a slight attack of indigestion and was convinced that he was dying of heart disease? 'I haven't as yet made the diagnosis, but do not alarm yourself needlessly, for we will be able to discover everything at the autopsy.'"

Then they both laughed. They had been listening to a man expounding a scheme for currency reform.

Trying to "Get Right"



Uncle Joe's Make-up

Uncle Joe looking up the House for the Night





A Crowd of evicted Tenants outside a Henry Street Tenement

"Low Rent or No Rent"

THE TENEMENT DWELLERS' REBELLION IN NEW YORK

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

FOR six weeks New York has been in the throes of a rent rebellion. Starting among the crowded tenements of the lower East Side, it has spread like a fire wherever the poor are clustered: northward along the river front to the new slums of Harlem, eastward across the Williamsburg Bridge to Brooklyn. It has leaped over the business section where sporadic outbreaks have occurred. In Jersey City and Wiesbaden, tenants are organizing in Chicago. Two years ago the idea of a rent strike was first mooted in the crowded slums of the East Side. Spasmodic attempts were beaten down by the landlords. They pointed to Manhattan Island upon the map, narrow and overcrowded. Homes were to be had almost upon sufferance. For every tenant who might depart fifty came crowding through the gates of Ellis Island. The landlords could afford to laugh.

Today the landlord laughs no longer. He thinks of the new Williamsburg Bridge, the tunnels under the East River and Hudson, the Brooklyn Subway, opened almost simultaneously with the climax of the rent rebellion. He knows that in the Bronx stand rows of new, empty apartment houses, desperately offering one and two months' free occupancy to tenants who will move in. Houses have been built more quickly than can be found carpenters to move into them. The population of Manhattan Island has burst its chains.

That is why the people have gained many notable victories in this struggle: why in many instances landlords and "leasers" come humbly to the Committee of Ten at the Socialist party's headquarters and sign agreements for a reduced rental. This positive resistance of half a million people has been carried to a partly successful conclusion by sheer inertia of numbers. You cannot physically dispossess five hundred thousand of New York's inhabitants and fling their goods into the gutters.

Partly successful only, for it is the "leaser" or sub-landlord who has surrendered rather than the owner of large blocks of tenement houses. The leasers have come to the headquarters of the Socialists to the number of about twenty daily. In addition they have often compromised privately with their tenants. In some instances, frightened by their threatening demeanor, they have surrendered even in the courtroom.

The landlords themselves acknowledge the justice of their tenants' grievances, but lay the blame to the economic conditions which exist on the crowded East Side. They say that a rental of twelve or thirteen dollars a month for two small rooms, or sixteen for a suite of three, scarcely more than recoups them for their investment. In Clinton, Cherry, and Muldoon's Elmdrider streets whole families exist in tenements of two or three tiny rooms. Many of these are compelled, in addition, to take in lodgers. For such the only possible accommodation is upon the floor: attempt at privacy is out of the question.

"We pay thirteen dollars a month for these," says a young Hungarian woman, crowding against the wall to allow us to pass between the table and the cooking range.

"These" are two rooms together about the size of a median hall bedroom; or rather one room, divided into a major and a minor portion

by means of a curtain. In the smaller section there is just room for a bed, but one could not fall out on the farther side on account of the wall. Nor could one step round by the foot of it. The air is foul and stagnant. There is no place through which it could escape unless one used a suction pump from the outside. If you stirred it up with twenty electric fans it would only beat against the surrounding walls and ceiling and subside once more into its capacity of six by five by seven cubic feet. The larger section contains a lounge, a table, a small chest, four chairs, and a cooking range. Through the steamcoated windows one can see a few feet of courtyard shrouded with rows of draped clotheslines; and beyond, the dingy, dripping walls of the next tenement block.

"They are just married," says the interpreter. "She says thank Heaven there are as yet no children. Her husband is sick with consumption. The doctor told her that if he sleeps in there"—pointing behind the curtain—"he is going to die. She does not know what they will do."

An infant's wall comes from the adjoining apartment. We enter; nothing is visible till we have taken off our glasses. The air, saturated with moisture from the exhalations of its inhabitants, dims them as quickly as they can be wiped clean. Water drips from the lens of the camera when it is opened. A whole family lives here. The father displays with pride his youngest, a pale, anemic infant, already debauched from its surroundings. The atmosphere is filled with a mixed odor of soapy linen and cabbage, and one suspects that there is a pickled herring inside the closet.

The greater part of the East Side's earnings goes in the rent. He pays more, inch by inch, for his wretched, insanitary rooms than the inhabitant of the brownstone district. If he moves out he must allow for subway fares; and as a rule his business begins at daybreak and ends at bedtime. So he remains—and strikes.

So long as prosperous times cut their faint reflection over the East Side, these people were content to struggle along, living on stale bread, fish, and the produce hawking round by the poor man. Then the panic came. Business fell off. In the falling and far trades alone some fifty thousand men were thrown out of employment. A no rent agitation was mooted.

Who are the leaders and inaugurators of this movement?

In the beginning there were none. It sprang into being full fledged from the misery of existence. Then the Socialist party, which numbers nearly all its adherents in the slum region, called a meeting at the headquarters at 313 Grand Street. A Committee of Ten was formed, under the direction of Eugene Secretary Kaplan. Kaplan is a typical young Socialist leader, clean shaven, flat, and suave. Another of the committee is Miss Florence Margolis, a school teacher. Other women have organized meetings and led the cheap rent crusade—Zella Arkon; Pauline Newman, who works in a shirtwaist factory. When you attempt to exploit these as Juana of Arc everybody laughs at you. "It is the Socialist Party," they answer. "We have no leaders."

A general strike was urged. Landlords were notified that they must reduce their rents or none would be paid. Dispossess warrants were taken out. The nearest that the city marshal had deposited the tenants with their goods upon the sidewalk, these were taken back into the rooms of other tenants in the same building. Pickets were stationed in front of tenement houses to warn away inspec-tor's inspectors. To meet such tactics demanded wholesale evictions or compromise. Many landlords came to compromise and ended with submission.



A typical Group of rebellious Tenants applying for Advice at the Headquarters of the Socialist Party, in Grand Street



This Eldridge Street Family of Nine pays Sixteen Dollars a Month for three tiny, dark, and unventilated Rooms

"Exhausted by toil in dark and ill ventilated shops," reads the Socialist manifesto, "we turn for our short rest to homes that are small, dark, and loath, unfit for cattle, much less for human beings. For these miserable holes in which we are forced to live we have to pay rent which takes the greater part of our wages. . . . The quarters provided for horses and dogs are in many cases superior to those in which we raise our children."

It is not in the courts, nor in the crowded tenements, that the battle is being fought, but at the Socialist headquarters in Grand Street. Every morning one may see this small room filled with a dense throng of jostling humanity. Here and there some man or woman is addressing a little circle of auditors with frantic gesticulations, and these form vortices among the human ebb and flow, constantly changing as some newcomer gathers to himself a crowd of listeners. Tobacco smoke hangs in a gray haze under the ceiling. Crude pictures cover the walls. Women sit on the benches round the apartment, some wearing hats, some having their ritual wigs covered with shawls or mantillas. Men move hither and thither excitedly, gazing alternately at the empty desks along one end of the room, where the committee will shortly meet to confer with all and offer arguments for signature, and toward a closed door behind which the Ten are now conferring with landlords.

"You must take off two dollars," says Executive Secretary Kaplan. It is clear at a glance that the case of the tenants lies altogether in the hands of the committee.

"I give one dollar," protests the landlord, glancing into the hostile faces around him. "I cannot afford more."

"Two dollars," says Secretary Kaplan.

"Two dollars," says Committeewoman Margolies.

A moment later the door is opened and a messenger runs into the larger room. He forces his way through the crowd to a blackboard on one wall, which bears, in large letters of chalk, the words "Petition Free," and beneath them a long list of landlords who have capitulated. Yankele Iukowita, of 303 Eldridge Street, is added to this. He has slated two dollars. An excited crowd gathers around.

Presently the committee files out to the door, and the vortex rages dissolve into a tidal bore. A barricade of chairs and boxes is formed in front of the door to keep the human inundation back.

"Shall the leader turn out my children?" screams an aged woman in Yiddish, clutching the secretary by the arm. Her shawl has fallen from her head, and under her wig, grotesquely black, a few gray hairs straggle out over her forehead. Beside her a bent old man with a hooked beard gesticulates furiously, but his voice is lost in the uproar, and nobody can hear him. He seizes the

secretary's left wrist and strokes his head bloodily. Another drags at the officer's coat, and presently he is submerged, still struggling in this flood tide of humanity. Everybody is shouting at once. And then these individual men and women, hitherto pre-senting the appearance of a blind, classic aggression, begin to strike the observer rather as a completed picture, a homed voiced entity—the mob, rushing up from its secret, subterranean world of toil and suffering in futile vindication of the right to comfort, flung into the light by some volcanic fury of protest.

But they are not united. They are not organized. That is why the strike, spasmodic in its inception and sporadically controlled, resolved itself only into a series of local battles. Therefore the landlords, those who could afford some losses in order to hold out, resisted successfully the claims of the Socialists, which could be refuted only by moral suasion and the imposing but specious threats which they put forward. The landlords organized and the strikers began.

There was the same absence of unity in the attitude of the residents during these proceedings. A futile demonstration in Rutgers Park, ordered, then countermanded, and finally dispersed by a dozen policemen, was followed by leaderless demonstrations against the city marshals who had charge of the dispossessions. All day the streets would be filled with little groups of excited men, interspersed with spots of bright color formed by the women strikers' red shawls. One felt a sense of something impending, some outbreak which might but never did arrive. Somebody spread rumors of an eviction; the groups coalesced, and from all parts of the network of mean streets between Williamsburg Bridge and the Elevated men came running in the same direction until stopped by the crowds in a choked street. A family was being evicted from the top story of a tenement. A red flag which had waved defiantly in the air was torn from the pole, flattered into the street slowly, and became an old red petticoat, stained and torn in a dozen places. Between two files of police a marshal was carrying out the impediments of the family—a stove hissing and spluttering from the effects of an overturned jug of water; a table which stood unsteadily upon three legs; two broken chairs; a heap of garments and bedding; a bed, and then its four brass corner knobs; some crockery; a copper samovar, probably some relic from Russia. The family came out of the doorway, the woman gesticulating and shouting at the marshal, her children clutching at her skirts, and the men, seemingly cowed, and hurried out by the police in attendance. The crowd surged forward uncertainly; the police raised their clubs threateningly; and then everybody was rushing down the street again, leaving only the people at the windows of the neighboring tenements. Later it was reported that the neighbors had looted the family and their furniture. And so the war went on, gradually feeding out in a series of compromises.

But the rebellion has had some measure of success for its justification. It has jolted the landlord system, perhaps beyond recovery. Then, again, there is the new Brooklyn Strategy.



The Socialist Committee of Ten in its Headquarters on Grand Street supervising the Details of the East Side Rent Strike



IN HIS PRO

DRAWN BY JAMES M.

Published by the Century Co.

WEEKLY



JAMES H. MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ER PLACE
GOMERY FLAGG

The Band of Beau François

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY FROM THE DOCUMENTS
OF THE CRIMINAL COURT OF CHARTRES (1798-1800)

By STODDARD DEWEY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM WOODCUTS IN A RARE FRENCH PERIODICAL PUBLICATION OF 1833



INTO the Horse-Market of Chartres on the 4th of October, 1800, through a crowd kept back by troops of the National Guard, the gendarmes led forth twenty men and three women to the guillotine. The condemned were robed in red shirts cut low at the neck. They were executed by sentence of a single criminal trial, which also sent seven men and thirteen women to penal servitude for terms varying from two to twenty-four years, and two more to a house of correction, while eight men and ten women had died between sentence and execution.

These were the first "batch" of Citizens Napoleon Bonaparte, the new military First Consul, who was restoring civil order to France. They were a small fraction of the Band of Beau François.

This had been a name of fear up to the gates of Paris from the beginning of the Revolution. Since 1790 more than one thousand arrests had been made in connection with the band. At different times and places forty of these criminals had already been guillotined; three had been shot in Paris; many had escaped, a few had hanged themselves in prison, and the unassisted civil authorities had set loose as many as they dared. The unnatural summer heats of 1798 and 1799 made a further

a French Claude Duval and the last of his kind, who robbed only on horseback and armed to the teeth. Poulailler was taken in 1783 in one of his raids near Paris and strung up on the city gibbet.

His steersman was own son of Jean Bonard, a youth little over twenty, brought up by hand in the wild, and a Hercules in strength, as befit his post. After the fashion of his kind, he took a name of the "plain"—Fleur d'Épine (Thorn Blossom)—a name already borne in 1760 by a famous companion, who was perhaps his relative and whose tradition he revived. Within a year he brought back a band more numerous and united than ever to the paternal Forest of La Motte.

Fleur d'Épine found Beau François one day striding across the plain with the fresh rabbit-skin he was selling during over a week on his shoulder. The two were now the same age, and Beau François soon became the chosen comrade and trusted lieutenant of Fleur d'Épine, whom he more than matched in strength. His good looks, another important element of his success, gave him his name of the plain; his real name was never ascertained.

Among the ancients whom Beau François found in the band and kept with him to the end, there were one dragon of the Queen and several of the King and a cannoner. There was Itron



The President and the Pie

sorting by pestilence among the seven hundred wretches huddled together within the narrow, grimy walls of the three ancient prisons of Chartres.

A sort of grand jury—a new institution which did not last in France justice—finally presented its indictment on the 20th of September, 1799, after a seventeen months' sitting. For ten months more, until rendered and sentence on the 29th of July, 1800, the trial jury listened to more than four hundred examinations on ninety-five different crimes imputed to members of the band.

The first mention of this band of brigands—one of many existing in France under the old régime—dates from 1770, when they were led by Jean Bonard, a young man of twenty-five, born near Chartres. His good greynose was the Forest of La Motte, close by Méreville, where tourists now visit the château. He was captured and broken alive on the wheel. His lieutenant, Robillard, moved the headquarters of the band fifty miles eastward to the Forest of Montargis, where he too was taken in 1783 and London on the wheel, while seventy of his men and women were either broken on the wheel or hanged or sent to the galleys. Many escaped to crop up in the band of Poulailler,

the half-drunken Robillard of the family of the last leader; one of them, a widow Brigitte, had been twice branded with a V for volence (steal) and shut up for life, as was supposed, after the Montargis affair. Then there was La Grande Marie, who went with the men and dressed like them when robbery and murder were in the wind.

Beau François's chief rival in the band was Charles de Paris, whose real name was something he was an old worker of the plain, proud of the nickname of "Ménier" bestowed on him by the band after he had invited them to rob his aged mother at a time when business was slack. He was Fleur d'Épine's lieutenant for the city of Paris and surroundings, and played a part of his own in the Revolution.

Fleur d'Épine allowed no marrying in the band without his consent, and he had an invitation prior to make the contrary binding by a ceremony. When the happy day came for Jean François in 1788, the curé of the band was François Lejeune, an old man and tiller from Normandy.

The bride was the sister of two sisters named Hugon, the prettiest girl of the band; her name of the plain was La Belle Rose. She was a few years older than Beau François and short, while he was tall; but, with her trim figure and black hair and eyebrows, she matched well his tall form, frank blue eyes, and ruddy good-natured face. The marriage was celebrated

in the Forest of La Motte. Before the assembled band Beau François stood up in his blue, brass-buttoned coat and waistcoat, gray ruffled breeches and white stockings, with silver buckled shoes, his cocked hat and switch in one hand, while with the other he grasped the little finger of La Belle Rose; she kept to her favorite gown of gray finesse with blue spots, falling in long folds to her feet.

In front of the couple Fleur d'Épine, with one of his lieutenants, held sticks towering ends a few feet from the ground. The curé donned his black robe, pretended to read from his book, and then put the question of mutual consent to Jean François, *avez-vous de la guerre?* (Tramp man, will you have the tramp woman?), and to the bride the other way about—*Gardez-vous de la guerre?*

To each, as soon as the sacramental yes had been answered, he cried, *Monte, garce!* (Jump, you tramp!); *Sente, garce!*

Beau François leaped over the sticks and they were received gallantly that La Belle Rose might step across. This was the traditional marriage rite of the wilderness, and the obligation had always been held lasting. But one of the band said at the trial, "After the Republic brought in divorce, man and woman among



The Marriage of Le Rouge (Redhead) d'Aunee and La Belle Victoire

us left each other when they chose." Beau François and La Belle Rose stuck together to the end.

The day of the marriage a president of the Parlement de Paris, against all advice, wandered from his neighboring chateau into the forest fastnesses. He was seized by the sentinels of the land and brought forward to enliven the feast. With great good humor and ceremony Fleur d'Épine made him sit down on the ground and levited him to eat of a monstrous meat pie.

"It is made of a mounted police sergeant and a child of eighteen months. The sergeant is tough, but you'll find the baby tender."

The magistrate slunk back, and Fleur d'Épine, with terrible voice, commanded, "Eat, or I'll have president's patties made on the spot!"

The president ate, and later boasted to his friends that he had lifted a leg in the *brigande* dance.

To these "Pingers," as they called themselves, the common people gave another name. All over France they were known as the "Chamfrours," from their use of fire. Five flinty taught the trick to the band when Beau François was a new recruit, at a general meeting called by Fleur d'Épine to consider ways and means.

"It's all very well to go buttering in the doors of lonely houses at dead of night to the cry of 'à la bougie!' But what if you don't find the yellow boys when the door is down? When Louis XV. was king, and I was young and tramping with the old men of Cartouche's band, this is how we managed the individual who wouldn't tell where the money was hid. We began by holding a lighted bundle of straw to his legs, and if that didn't work we slit the soles of his feet with a knife and fired the wounds."

The Revolution came and Fleur d'Épine showed himself a man of the times. The band shouted with the crowd and plundered all parties impartially. All over the grain country of La Beauce, in the vast triangle from Chartres to the left of forests round Orleans and back to Etampes, it spread out its network.

Charles de Paris went in for politics professionally. In 1791, while the revolution was still playing with the king, he began dressing up as a police commissary, followed by a clerk with bundles of the papers dear to all *républicains* in France, and accompanied by a dozen members of the band on horseback in the uniform of National Guards. With ease in gathering up the spoils they pillaged conscientiously the farms and châteaux nearest Paris—in the name of the law.

Fleur d'Épine met a fate satirical of his topiary times. He was coming up one July day from Angerville to Paris to get rid of some broty, and stopped to drink like an honest man in a country inn. It was only a few days before the final downfall of the king, and the men of the new order, masters as they were, had gone crazy with greed and suspicion. Fleur d'Épine was arrested as a "suspect" and thrown into prison. There, in September,

the friends of Danton—"men of prey" as Camille Desmoulins's secretary called them at the time, victims of the *adverse* *révolutionnaire* as their defenders now say—manacled him quite as if he were an aristocrat with goods to plunder, along with priests and courtiers and noble ladies.

Beau François now ruled alone in the plain, and the band was too happy all through the years of Terror, down to 1793, to have much of a history. Soon after the massacre of Fleur d'Épine, in 1792, an old brigand, Franche Montagne, with a lifetime's experience of bloodshed, was seized with the panic fear which was epidemic in all France. He ran madly from the band in the midst of an expedition, and Brother Cul-Sac and a squad were charged with making an example of him. They caught up with him in the Forest of Boissecourt, cut off his ears, which they sailed to a tree as a warning for the others, and then burned him alive.

About this time there is passing mention of the band scurrying up to Paris to share in the Commune's free distribution of bread and in Danton's two frames a day—in depreciated money of assignats—given to "all citizens living by their labor and attending the Revolutionary meetings, so that the people may take part in politics." The ancient of the band had the satisfaction of seeing the captor of their old leader, Poulailhe, marched to the guillotine.

The companions of disorder flocked around Beau François, and he demurely asked them, "Each must do like all the others," was one of his democratic principles. "If we Pingers rob each other we shall not last long," was another.

One day at the Percheron—a pleasure garden where the church of the Trinité now stands in Paris—Beau François got talking with four likely men. Three were brothers, assassins, whose business the Republic had ruined. The fourth, a man of forty, had lately joined them in a new trade. They were spending together the proceeds of a successful robbery with murder.

"I came up to Paris because I was in need of distraction," said this fourth man.

He had been an orphan and beggar from childhood, and, at the age of fourteen, was recruited by a woman for the Pingers in Angoulême. Out of disgust, or perhaps fleeing from justice, he got off to the French colonies in India, where he remained seven years. He was caught stealing again, was branded and returned to France, where he recuperated his fortunes by killing and robbing an old servingwoman who had shown him charity. For five years he pickpocketed, more or less honestly, and then threw himself into the army of the Revolution. Even its loose discipline was too much for him, and after an attempt to kill his lieutenant, he was condemned to ten years in chains. After six months he managed to escape from Brest and scoured for money with which to begin life anew.

Beau François listened and laughed at the four men as petty robbers. "I have a whole army down in La Beauce, and my Pingers are masters of the country."



A Night Attack by the Band

This fourth man followed him, and soon distinguished himself in the band, where he was known as Giron Normand. He acted as leader when Beau François next fell into prison.

This was not the only experienced recruit. Petit Beauveron, for example, was a graduate of the old régime. In 1783 he had been flogged and branded and sent to the galleys for five years; his brother had already been broken on the wheel for highway robbery. When he was set free he went back to his old trade and was finally caught again; he had stolen a "silver saint's arm" in a church at Angoulême and was sentenced to be hanged. But the Revolution came to restore him to society and Beau François.

In the band, as it came under the observation of judge and jury, there were a number of very young men and women whom Beau François particularly favored. The training of all these was entrusted to Nicolas Tinefin, who had been "schoolmaster" of the band for generations. From him they learned the "patter" as well as the "work" of their trade, and he put them on their guard against the dangers of law and order and other incidental aspersions in society.

Beau François spent his leisure in reconnoitring. He and La Belle Rose each protested before the judge that, when the Republic brought in civil marriage, they had had their union legally

were valid. On the 10th of December Le Rouge d'Aunepain, in the course of a night attack, was shot by a farmer, with the result that he inflicted such exquisite pain upon him that his cries aroused the neighborhood and the brigands barely escaped with their lives. The "redhead's" credit was lost, and Beau François promptly disengaged him. But something had to be done at once to raise the wind.

Beau François in person organized an attack on the farms of Millonard; the farmer Fousset was known to have large sums of money which he had gained from the confiscated properties of nobles and churches. Twenty of the best men of the band were chosen for the work. Circumstances were not favorable the first night the buildings were surrounded; but a week later, on the 4th of January, 1798, the doors were forced, serving men and women and the members of the family were kicked into a cellar with the door fastened over them, and only the aged father left to answer these housebreakers demanding his money. He was obstinately silent. Beau François looked on admiringly as Mana l'ouze—a new recruit from the Revolutionary army—bared the beard from the old man's face.

"He is a good Plagier," he remarked to Giron Normand: "his hand never trembles."

While the tortures were going on, Duchesse calmly ate some pork and cabbage which he had found. The farmer refused to talk even under torture, and the brigands were forced to leave him for dead and make off with what they had found. His feet and hands had been cut and burned to the stumps.

After their departure the old man came to life, and, hearing no one, wriggled his body over the smoky ground to the nearest house, fainting repeatedly on the way. It was early morning when he awakened the inmates by rapping his head on the door sill. The country was aroused, and the nearest judge of the peace with his gentlemen, came over from Arzenay, three miles distant. The farm was within the limits of his brother judge of Orgèves, and as the affair was left to him. Farmer Fousset died after a week's time.

The story of the crime, with all its brutality, spread far and wide. The Directory had already escaped a popular movement in favor of Napoleon Bonaparte only by sending him off to Egypt. It was now obliged to let in self defence. The government commissary at Chartres was put in charge of the "Affair of Orgèves," as it was destined to be known.

The hunting down of the band was entrusted to a remarkable man, Pierre Pascal Vasseur, a simple quartermaster of the gendarmes. Never was there a more adventurous undertaking, and it would be well worth raising in his own strong, richly colored language. By the 31st of January he was able to present to Citizen Yougères, the capable judge of the peace at Orgèves, two members of the band, "one male and the other female." These put him on the track of the main personages and their haunts.

After one hundred and twenty-seven days of beating the country far and near, with adventures of every kind and many sublimely capricious, Vasseur was able to lead an expedition by night into the savage ravines of the Forest of Ménéville, where Beau François was camping on his way to a new venture which was to restore the fortunes of the band. This was a nothing less than the simultaneous firing of four farms a dozen miles away, and under cover of the confusion of the citizens of Chartres and Farnville. The brigands had such confidence in their retreat that they had posted no sentinels. Beau François knew when he was taken, and knocked the rifle from the hands of Giron Normand as he was firing at a postman.

After the capture of the heart of the Directory it was decided that the band should benefit by all the rights of Man, including the new system of juries. Before the grand jury's work was done Beau François had escaped.

It was during the July heats of 1798, and among the sick and dying in the Chartres prisons he too refused to eat and grew pale. Far fear of a general posthumous orders had been given to remove to a separate infirmary, just above the great door of the prison courtyard, all who showed signs of sickness. Beau François was admitted with the others, and on the night of the 5th of July he cut a hole through the wall with his knife. It was just large enough to let him slip through, stripped to his shirt.

This was the last of Beau François, so far as the great trial went.

The great execution took place on the 4th of October. On the 22d of November following Citizen Youché, Napoleon's chief of police, reported to his master that three hundred bandits had been captured in the forty-seven departments of France. The chief of these was Miguel, called Grand Gare; his lieutenant was François Ursot, one time chauffeur. This was the name under which Beau François, years before, had been branded on the shoulder in the galleys at Rochefort. M. Francis Ponsk Livetant, who has studied the case, thinks he was never taken; "doubtless he ended his days esteemed by his fellow citizens and in peace"—not an incredible ending for a bandit of the Revolution.



The Capture of the Band

ratified by the Mayor of Blois. About that time Marie, called Manette, the sister of La Belle Rose, entered on a free union with a Jean Auger, known as the "fat Gaudinier"; he was the closest companion of Beau François, resembled him in person, and they often shared the same name and were thought to be brothers. These four stuck together through thick and thin, having, as the jury report expressed it, "goods, profits, and shelter in common." Some of the witnesses mention a child carried by La Belle Rose in a sling hanging from her back, but it does not appear in the prison records.

The two sisters were always costily dressed as travelling sellers of women's articles. Beau François also did himself up as a hawker, with packages of ribbons and cloths, thread and needles, handkerchiefs and trinkets. He was everywhere known and feared, and in the great lonely farms of La Beauce he was waited on as one in authority under the new order of things. When the real authorities questioned them, he and his men always had ready to hand passports for the names they had chosen and for any purpose—for example, "to go to different parts to look for work." One of the band when arrested had ten of these passports in his pocket. They were procured through the most important confederate of the band, the innkeeper Doublet, of Chartres, who had influence with the new government.

The Terror subsided, and the people of Paris began settling down out of sheer weariness into something like law and order.

The year went on until autumn, when Beau François was caught changing counterfeit money at the fair of Saint-Germain-en-Laye. The local court condemned him to fourteen years in chains. No one dreamed that he was the famed and feared Beau François, Giron Normand now led the band, but his rough and ready methods were often unsuccessful and the companions were dissatisfied. Murders were reported in January and April, and there was no safe travelling except in armed bands.

On the 15th of July, 1797, after an imprisonment of nearly a year, Beau François made his escape, and the band welcomed him back as their sole leader. His return was celebrated by a night attack, in which La Girasole Marie sawed off the heads of a farmer and his wife. But more and more the insubordinates were organizing among themselves for defence, and the authorities

Hypnotism for Humanists

AS SET FORTH IN THE REMARKABLE NEW WORK
BY JOHN D. QUACKENBOS, "HYPNOTIC THERAPEUTICS"



HOW marvelously man's beneficent forces can be improved by hypnotic suggestion, and how by the same agency mental ability can be raised and many diseases can be cured, are set forth attractively in *Hypnotic Therapeutics*, the latest book written by Dr. John D. Quackenbos.

"Men," he says, "is potentially superhuman; and suggestibility, or sensitiveness to that inspirational appeal which compels output of superhuman attributes, is largely a natural characteristic of all normal men. The secret of transfer, the law of superior expression, is the key that unlocks the way in millennial practice."

Of vital interest in Dr. Quackenbos's theory of treating those that are soulless, he says:

"It is in the treatment of moral disease that the most awe inspiring results of transliminal domination are manifested. From the ethical viewpoint, suggestion is a summoning into control of the true man; an accretion of insight into life and its obligations; a revealing—in its beauty and strength and significance—of absolute, universal, and necessary truth, and a portraiture of happiness as the assured outcome of living in consonance with this truth. It is not a mere pulling up of weeds by the roots, as described in *Metempsychosis*; but it is a sudden overwhelming and starving-out of character defects and mental weaknesses by a tropical growth of ethical energy which weds immediate outlet in the activities of a moral life.

"Auto-suggestion is a simple means whereby simple men may become better, wiser, happier, more godlike. The life beautiful in which reach of all through this natural method, for man's objective constitution is not incompatible with the incoming of God and the outgoing of noble effort stimulated thereby. Given a few thousand properly equipped, earnest persons, concentrated to the work of disseminating this creed of self-help among the people of the earth, and given willingness on the part of humanity to be uplifted and purified through this instrumentality, and the regeneration of the world becomes an easy problem.

"And more is possible. We know nothing as yet—we have but gathered a few pebbles at the water's edge of the great tarts of the future; vast reaches of sand remain to be sifted in the interest of humanity. And man is as much at liberty to question nature in ethereal spheres as to seek her secrets in the laboratory or read her laws in the heavens. The discovery of a new star or the element or micro-organism of absorbing interest, but such interest pales into triviality beside that involved in opening the way to a perfect comprehension of man's relationship to Deity, to destiny, to his disembodied fellows, and to other spiritual personalities that are not of this fold. Metempsychosis seems destined in the twentieth century to demonstrate immortality on reputable scientific grounds by establishing the laws of telepathy and transmuting into the earth-life superhuman perceptions (clairvoyance), to determine the possibility or impossibility of human communication with disincarnate souls (a question left unanswered by the New Testament writers), in effect that adjustment with natural law which will banish disease, and to give us euthanasia (painless dying) as the fitting close to every human life."

The author relates a marvelous recovery from death of a young woman who in June, 1905, had been reduced by pneumonia to the point of death—temperature 107½, pulse 160, respiration 60. In her delirium the girl called for Dr. Quackenbos. Her friends sent for him. This followed:

"As I looked at the girl an inspiration came to me. I took her by the hand, learned her first name from the nurse, and said, with great incisiveness, 'Adeline, where are you going?' 'You cannot die.' Come back, you have work to do on earth. Come back at once.' In answer to the summons, the astounded eyes resumed their natural gaze and became riveted on mine. The voice that had for days uttered only the ravings of delirium now spoke coherently. 'It is too late,' it murmured. 'It is too late,' I rejoined. 'Do not dare to say it is too late. Stay where you are. Assume immediate control of your physical functions, and get well. You are going to recover!—all this is an imperative, forceful tone. The directions were immediately accepted and implicitly followed. A change for the better supervened. Gradually the mental mist cleared away, the physical strength returned, and today the young lady is perfectly well, filling an important position in the musical world."

The testimony of the patient is interesting:

"Of course, I do not want to understate the splendid efforts of my own physician and those who had the case in consultation with me. They brought me through after the crisis; but, on the other hand, there is no doubt in my mind, or in the minds of my friends, that if Dr. Quackenbos had not appeared just at that critical time, I should not be here. I am quite satisfied that he recalled me to life by inhaling me with the wish to live and the conviction that I still had work to do."

As to Christian Science Dr. Quackenbos writes:

"Compassion among the sham is the justly theophoric known as Christian Science, stigmatized by Dr. Gordon as 'a sort of

witches' children in which every conceivable heathen and Christian heresy is found nothing and nothing to produce the subtle essence called mental medicine."—Christian Science, anti-Christians in its pantheon and in its refusal of the articles of our faith; anti-scientific in its bungling, barbarous, and dishonest handling of disease. In common with faith and prayer cure, metaphysical healing, spiritism, and osteopathy, it exploits auto-suggestion, which is ignorantly administered to effect its needlessly wonderful cures. This course of impostures, each claiming to be exclusively genuine and denouncing its several competitors as imitations or frauds, constitutes a sort of intellectual baroque and which figures as the voodooism of the ignorant and half-educated classes in America.

"Eddies are asserting that the world is close to the reception and adoption of a truth so strange that at present we have not the words to formulate it properly. This is that nothing exists except as an action of thought. That its essence, its reality, its actuality, is only as an expression of thought. That the reality of all objects, as of drugs, is absolutely nonexistent. That there is no such thing as poison; that arsenic kills because it is believed to be poisonous. So a person prokilled with diphtheria is not sick, but only thinks he is. On this principle the hopelessly deaf are treated by screaming in their ears, 'You can hear!'; and the sick is emphatically assured that he has never tasted liquor in his life. Tumors, ulcers, inflammation, pain, deformed spines, and other ailments, declares Mrs. Eddy, 'are all dream shadows.' And all are to be treated with the same psychic prescription—viz.: 'Erase the images of disease from the mind by keeping directed in thought that man is spirit, not material.' Such proscribed keeping in objective thought soon impresses (in accordance with simple scientific laws) the automatic self with a belief in the halcyon—both fails to cure either tumor or deformity. In like manner, Mrs. Eddy's book has been found a most efficient stimulant of auto-suggestion by inferior intellects, who imagine that its learned nonsense, which they cannot understand, must for that very reason be replete with meaning—and whose superstitions instincts attack the same virtue to its psycho-therapeutic formula as the Southern negro believes in reason in the conjunction of their voices. The patient's credulousness in respect to the cure is fortified with faith in the Christian Science system of furnishing relief; it then suggests the desired relief to the secondary consciousness, which, through its regulation of the ordinary physical processes, tends to produce the desired result. There is thus no difference between the philosophy of the cure as effected by the suggestionist and that of the Christian Scientist. It is nothing but a revealing telepathically, to quote Professor James, and upon a mental strain quite below the level of immediate consciousness (the plane of the normally subconscious mind), a healthier and more energetic attitude, from another person whose thought is focused on the subject with the intention of impressing the attitude. In other words, it is nothing but simple suggestion, the name of which in the treatment of nervous diseases Mrs. Eddy learned years ago from a New Hampshire physician. And certainly there is nothing in her philosophy that has not been far more luminously presented by the great idealists from Berkeley to Fichte and Hegel." Her followers are amazing wealth by cleverly exploiting the curative possibilities of self-delusion.

"In the case of Christian Science, however, the force of ordinary suggestion is supplemented by the claim of a new revelation revealed to the arch-hypnotist who writes herself the author of *Science and Health*, whereby she is invested with the secret of Christ's miracles and clothed with the power to perform them. 'God has been fitting me' she claims, 'and I am now fit for the reception of a final revelation of the absolute principle of scientific mind-healing.'

"No case of organic trouble has ever been cured by Christian Science, or ever will be. On the contrary, scores of perfectly curable cases have been lost by its fanatical use by the underwriter. The methods in vogue among its leaders of treating the critically or hopelessly sick by appeal to the transliminal self are un-Christian and inhuman—so much so that repressive legislation is widely demanded for the protection of society from a legion of charlatans whose existing laws do not sufficiently restrain, and who are thus left at liberty to assume responsibility for the most dangerous forms of disease. In some States it is regarded as a misdemeanor to give Christian Science treatment, and refusal to call in proper medical or surgical aid in critical cases is nothing short of homicide."

It is impossible, the author declares, to compel a normal person to commit crime by means of hypnotic suggestion, and yet:

"In consideration of its abuse the use of hypnotic suggestion should be restricted by law—in its employment for the cure of physical and mental disease, in suitable cases, and in its employment for the removal of moral taints and tendencies to crime, to properly qualified philanthropists—for the results obtained will always be in harmony with the ideals of the suggestionist. If the ethical ideals of the operator are low, attempt at the reform of the subject must prove nugatory; if high, the moral power may be raised to their plane."

The Little Missionary and Her Miracles

By
WILLIAM INGLIS



In a small room on the fourth floor of a crowded tenement near the East River two women were cooking supper by the light of a gleaming kerosene lamp. The stove was newly polished to a degree of brilliancy that cheered the eye of the beholder. On three shelves near at hand, which had just been covered with crisp white paper with scalloped edges, rows of clean white plates and dishes were standing. The floor of the small room was bare, but it seemed like the deck of a battleship fresh from the drydock.

The table in the middle of the room bore a cover of snowy sidewalk, tacked on that afternoon. An appetizing aroma of sizzling steak and fragrant tea made the air delicious and inviting.

The elder of the two women, tall, thin, and bent at the shoulders, suddenly stood erect over the pot in which the potatoes were boiling, her attention arrested by the sound of heavy footsteps ascending the stair. Her eyes were appreciative and the corners of her mouth drooped.

"That's him!" she cried, anxiously. "Oh, I wonder what'll he say when—"

"Remember, dear?" counseled the little woman at her side. "If you are kind to him and show you're not afraid he will surely be good to you."

The tall woman tried to look hopeful, but her lower lip quivered a little. A little boy and a little girl ran into the next room and hid. The heavy footsteps clumped uncertainly in the door, which presently was thrust open by a large and hairy fist. A big, long-shoreman with a purple neck showing above his blue jumper took



Miss Sara Curry
"THE LITTLE MISSIONARY"

two steps into the shining room, sniffed its delightful atmosphere, stared for a moment with dazed eyes at its sparkling cleanliness and the two women in it, then hurriedly turned away.

"Excuse me," he apologized as he retreated. "I've come up one flight too high."

"Jim!" the tall woman called after him. "Jim, come on back. Come on."

The big man returned with slow steps. He stood within the threshold and gazed around the room. Mechanically, as from old habit, he tossed his rap into one corner and his empty dinner pail into another, meaning meanwhile every instant to become more puzzled.

"Well," he asked very slowly and without any thought of being profane,—"well—what—th—hell—here—going—on—here? What does it mean?"

The wife stood dumfounded, but the little woman came forward and looked up at the big man with an expression calm and friendly.

"It means," she said, with a smile,—"it means, my friend, that your home is going to be like this all the time if you care to have it so."

"But where do you come in?" asked the man.

"Oh, I'm a neighbor, and I've been here helping your wife a while," she replied. "I'll see you to-morrow, Mrs. Manahm. Good night."

This incident actually happened a few months ago and was followed by the redemption of the woman from squalor and filth, the man from drink, and their children from a reign of cruelty, ignorance, and neglect which would have either killed them or brought them up to prey on the community. In a word, the family was rescued from hopeless squalor, crowded and transformed into a valuable unit of society. And the transformation was accomplished by the expenditure of very little money and a great deal of kindness. The system whereby the thing was done is unique in the history of benevolent work and well worth studying. It was invented and is now being carried on by one who is known throughout the most congested part of New York as The Little Missionary. Its results, in the physical, moral, and social salvation of families, have been remarkably successful.

On the day before the episode of the startled longshoreman and the renovated tenement his poor wife left her youngest baby at The Little Missionary's Day Nursery, No. 93 St. Mark's Place, so that she might be free to do a day's scrubbing and earn money. Under examination she admitted that she had to work because her husband drank most of his earnings. The Little Missionary called late that afternoon at the woman's home, a tenement of two rooms, and found her frying a steak over a stove fire. For forty-five minutes by the watch she fried and fried and fried.

"What are you going to do with that?" the missionary asked, pointing at the hardened remains.

"It's for my husband's supper," the wife replied.

"But!" cried the missionary. "I'm not surprised that your husband drinks. I'd drink, myself, if I had to live on such food. My dear, I'll come in to-morrow, and we'll see what can be done. You know, if a man doesn't get good, we'll cooked food he's bound to take to drink. We'll change him."

On the morrow the missionary brought a pail, a bar of soap, a scrubbing brush, and other cleaning materials, besides a steak, potatoes, and half a pound of tea. She did not show the dejected wife how to clean the house, but on her own knees scrubbed floor and woodwork. She put the fresh crumpled paper on the shelves, washed the dishes and polished the stove, while the wife looked on in amazement at a lady doing such things. And as the missionary worked she chatted—pleasantly enough, but always with a fixed purpose.

"Your husband, my dear, really has a great deal of good in him,"

The Nursery Building and one of the Kindergarten Classes



she said, "a great deal of good, if you only take the pains to bring it out."

"In, ha!" the wife laughed, without mirth. "Who knows the mind about him—me, that's been married to him these fifteen years, or you that never saw him?"

"There never yet was man or woman that could resist the power of kindness," the missionary persisted, as her scrubbing brush crinkled to and fro. "We'll fix up this place so that he will be glad to stay here, and we'll cook him a supper that'll do him good. You see, a steak should be broiled, not fried; broiled over a bed of hot coals that will tighten up the outside quickly and keep in the nourishing juices—to say nothing of making it taste better."

The missionary set the table and cooked the supper. Before the man's heavy foot was heard on the stair the missionary gave the wife one last word of advice:

"When he comes in, kiss him."

"Kiss-a-a-a!" asked the wife.

"Certainly," replied the adviser. "It won't hurt you, and it will help to make a better man of him. Show him you love him, and you'll be surprised at the improvement in him."

Truly a Fortis came to judgment!

There is not more here to enumerate one tenth of the good things The Little Missionary has done; one can barely refer to a few of them. She is Miss Sara Curry, and she came to New York from Ohio in 1880 to devote her life to aiding unfortunates. Caring for a little child who had been run over by a truck gave her the suggestion of maintaining a nursery wherein mothers compelled to go out to work might leave their babies all day to be carefully watched and fed. Miss Curry with her own slender means hired two rooms in Avenue C. Often she was discouraged, yet she kept on working hard and praying fervently for success. The poor people of the neighborhood soon began to call her The Little Missionary.

Miss Jean Robinson, then a small child, held a lawn fair at Allenhurst in the summer, and her father took the proceeds, \$200, to



The Cooking Class for Poor Mothers

Miss Curry. Soon the work grew, and so many friends rallied to its support that The Little Missionary's Day Nursery was incorporated and installed at No. 93 St. Mark's Place. On that house a mortgage of about \$8000 still remains, a heavy burden for which relief is urgently sought. Alexander C. Morgan has provided a summer home at Netherwood, New Jersey, where sick children and their mothers can rest a few weeks in summer.

The sanctifications of the work are many, and each one is in consonance with the chief idea—in restore dejected families to moral and physical health and teach them self support and self respect. As good nourishment is the most effective antidote to alcoholism, a fine cooking school is one of the chief features of the Nursery, and in it not only mothers but boys are taught to cook. The good results accomplished are beyond computation.

Here are a few of the things done during 1907: children received at the Nursery, more than 28,000; poor families visited, 8,000; sick persons nursed, 10,000; families provided with Thanksgiving dinners, 624 (which amount to 3,800 individuals); children and sick mothers received at the summer home, at Netherwood, New Jersey, 2,423.

There are meetings every evening of the work—her girls, for boys, for mothers, for fathers. At one of the latter Mr. Louis B. Robinson, President of the Nursery, told a story illustrating how, by refusing to spend money for drink, a man could save much for food, clothing, rent, etc. A week later Mr. Robinson received the following letter:

"DEAR FRIEND

"Excuse me but I will always look upon you as a friend for you have learned me a valuable lesson in your remarks at Miss Curry's last Friday night. I will tell you it might interest you I have been in the habit of buying 10c worth of whiskey in the evening for years I had the bottle in my pocket at the time you spoke and got my 10c worth after meeting but when I got home I got



The Kindergarten Children "Playing House"

my pencil and done a little figuring same as you done in your story as what you could do with 10c, a day instead of giving them to a bum for whiskey.

"Well I figured since I started to go in a saloon and buy a beer or a whiskey it is 17 years or 6,205 days I took an average of 25c, a day a very small one for there was a many and many a Sat. night and Sunday that I spent from 2 to 5 dollars for I am a mechanic making \$4.50 a day with nearly steady work and I did not mind it but I only now see the foolishness of it. I figured in the 6,205 days at 25c a day I spent \$1551.25 what could I do with it well it has been the height of my ambition to own a little house of my own and all I could save is about \$5.00 there is the rest of it gone for drink well I am done with it I ain't spent 5 nor 10c for a beer or whiskey since last Friday something I thought I could never accomplish and I feel just as good if not better and if the Lord lets his sun shine on me in the future as in the past I will have my house yet for no saloon keeper will get any more of my money thanks to your advice and a lesson in arithmetic.

"I will not sign my name for I ain't looking for any favors.

"P.S. I hope you don't think I am a drunkard and regretted my family for I never was drunk more than twice in my life."

Incidentally, it is pleasing to know that the writer of the letter now owns a comfortable house in Brooklyn, with a small mortgage which he is constantly reducing. So much for the working out of the principle which animates the institution—to alleviate misery immediately, regardless of the race or religion of the needy; then to build up character and raise the needy to the plane of self support and decent citizenship.

It is interesting to note that of the children received in the nursery in a recent year forty per cent. were Protestants, thirty three per cent. Catholics, and twenty seven per cent. Jews. Nothing can better illustrate the spirit of the institution than these extracts from a late report by Miss Curry:

"The boys' cooking class is developing a talent in boys never thought of before. One of the boys, on coming home, saw his mother trying to cook a steak. She had been half an hour at it. 'Mother,' says he, 'let me buy the things this week. I can save you half.' The father had never had his food cooked properly. He used to drink up all his wages.

"One of the great gifts God has sent me in this work is helpers, who never tire of furnishing me with the means to help the needy ones I meet in my visiting. Many a sad and discouraged heart has been lifted up by the substantial help we have been enabled to extend, by God touching the hearts of business men. I am asking God to send us those who will help to pay off the mortgage on our nursery property."



The Boys in this Cooking Class were brought up from Babies by the Nursery



THE OYSTER SHANTY

DRAWN BY HENRY J. PECK

THE PLEASURES AND PERILS OF NIGHT DRIVING

By JOSEPH TRACY

PROBABLY few drivers of automobiles would select the nighttime for driving as a mere matter of preference. Other things being equal, one would naturally choose daylight, since the height of automobile enjoyment is found in driving through beautiful country over good roads in weather that is dry, but not too hot. However, for those who have little opportunity for daylight driving, or who desire to cover a great deal of distance in a short time during a hot, night driving has its compensations, and even certain advantages over daytime motoring.

In the hot summer months there is a delicious refreshment in driving after dark, when the rush of the car through the air creates a cool breeze, and the roadway no longer reflects the blinding rays of the sun. Traffic is usually lighter at night than by day, and the motorist experiences a sense of relief and freedom that gives automobile driving one of its greatest charms. The evening hush is in the air, and a party of congenial friends can throw rare to the winds and have a ride filled with enjoyment that seems impossible by day.

Clouds of hot dust do not fill the eyes and nostrils; goggles and masks may be removed with comfort by all, except the man at the wheel, and the car seems fairly to fly along the road with a hilling rhythm of the thrashing engine, while the trees, fences, and houses along the highway slide silently backward, leaving but a ghostly impression of their existence. The headlights and powerful searchlights shimmer on the road, which unfolds around turns after turn like an endless ribbon from an unseen hand. Again and again the way seems to come to an abrupt end, a few rods ahead, where a wall of impenetrable gloom marks the limits of the power of the acetylene rays.

There is something almost uncanny about the unreality of night driving; to one in the car, on a very dark night, all the world seems blotted out except the crimson-berthed area illumined by the lamps ahead into which the car is ever entering, yet never passes through.

The "turnpike racket" pitches and rolls, and it is easy to imagine one's self piloting a motor-boat at sea.

But the price of safety in driving at night is constant vigilance, for the dangers that are always present in driving an automobile even at the legal rate in the country, especially on unfamiliar roads, are magnified many-fold at night. The light is very deceptive—moonlight is particularly so, casting shadows that look like obstructions or that conceal real pitfalls in the road. Such shadows, cast by clumps of trees bordering the road, deceive the driver as to the exact position of the sides of the road at turns so that he may miscalculate the curve and run into the ditch or against a bank. Or the driver may be tempted to indulge in a degree of speed that is unsafe.

An incident recalled by the writer illustrates how deceptive are nocturnal appearances. A driver was out with three friends one night on Long Island, and happened to be driving on a straight macadam road between open level fields. There was no moon, but it was in the early evening between eight and nine o'clock, and the weather was clear. The car was running about twenty-five miles an hour when several houses standing back from the road were approached. Just beyond the houses there came into view a gray blur which the driver took to be a small cloud of dust from some vehicle. As they drew rapidly closer it suddenly dawned upon the members of the party, when the car was not more than three or four rods away, that it was a high board fence directly

across the road, which came to an abrupt end there and made right-angled turns to right and left. Instantly the clutch was released, the brakes were jammed on, and as the machine shrank speed the steering-wheel was again so that two wheels of the car merely ran off the road into the ditch, and the machine avoided overturning as it made the sharp turn at the corner. For these reasons it is really preferable to drive on a moonless night.

The headlight and searchlight of a car generally give light enough for driving at moderate speed. Their illumination well defines the sides of the road, especially in the country where the travelled part of the way is closely bordered by grass and weeds. Because of their position so close to the ground, however, they exaggerate the inequalities of the road surface, small ridges casting shadows which, at a distance, appear like large holes, and may sometimes startle the driver. The possibility of colliding with vehicles in the road depends upon conditions. As a rule, good searchlights will pick up a vehicle far enough ahead to allow the driver to bring his car nearly to a stop in time to prevent trouble, provided he is not running at excessive speed and that his brakes are in good order. The braking distances vary according to conditions; one of the new type high-powered runabouts

carrying two or three persons can be slowed easily and stopped very quickly, while a big touring-car heavily loaded with passengers and luggage will, of course, need a much greater distance for stopping, especially if going fast, as the momentum is very great. The distance at which the lamps will reveal an object depends much upon the nature of that object; for instance, the light will be reflected from the mirrors of the car, but a buggy that is not covered with dust, long before the eye can determine the character of the vehicle. Light is also reflected at long distances from the polished metal of an automobile and the shined spokes of a bicycle, but one may be close upon a wagon-load of hay or lumber before being able to see it. Always the first portions of such an object to catch the eye are the steel trim of the wheels which are polished bright by wear on the road. Unlike most horse-drawn vehicles, all automobiles have rear lights, and if rare were taken to see that these were always lighted at night, more rear-end collisions would be prevented, especially when stops are made in the road to make some adjustment or replace a tire.

The powerful acetylene headlights of an approaching automobile often cause trouble. A driver cannot see how far beyond the lights the wheels and body project on either side, and so is inclined to give the machine plenty of room. In doing so he may run off the side of the road, and perhaps drop one of his wheels off the edge of a drain or culvert or strike a large stone. This recalls the story of the new driver recruited from the ranks of the coachmen, who when driving one night ran head on into a horse and buggy, killing the horse, injuring its driver and badly damaging the automobile. Explaining the accident afterward, the chauffeur said that he thought the lights on the buggy were the lamps of two bicycles ridden side by side, and tried to drive between them.

The brilliant light from acetylene lamps on an approaching automobile is so blinding that it absolutely obscures everything behind and to the sides of the lamps. The effect of the strong light persists for several seconds after passing, and there is danger that the driver will swing back into the road too quickly and collide with a second car or a team just behind the first.



A beautiful Stage Effect observed in Night Driving. The Lights of an approaching Car are just visible at the Head of the Roadway. There is scarcely Room here for two Machines to pass, and an abundance of Artificial Light is Needed

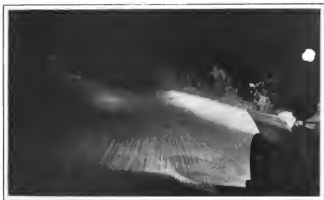
Another real danger arises from following a leading car closely when swinging out to the left to pass a slower-moving vehicle ahead. This has been known to result in a collision with a team coming in the opposite direction. The driver of the first car has a clear view of the road and pulls back onto the right side of the road as soon as he clears the first wagon, but the driver of the second car has his view cut off by the first one and by the dust raised, so that he does not pull over soon enough to avoid the approaching team. Moreover, the gap between the teams is lessening, so that the following car has less room in which to pass than the leader.

Drivers of horses are prone to place far too much reliance upon the ability of the driver of an automobile to see and avoid them. Carrying on lights on their own vehicles to give warning of their presence, they place all responsibility of preventing collision upon the motorist. As it is impossible for them to calculate the speed of a car coming directly toward them, they sometimes delay too long in pulling out to the right of the road, and the driver of the automobile must take his choice between hitting the outfit or running off the road, perhaps overturning his machine in the ditch.

It is very difficult at night to estimate the angles of turns in the road, and if one tries to take them at too great a speed he is liable to run off the side. This is especially so when driving on unfamiliar roads. Another source of danger on turns lies in the possibility of coming upon another vehicle just around the bend. With fixed lights the eyes are projected in line with the position of the car, instead of on the centre of the road at an angle to it, leaving the road in darkness but a short distance ahead. Even when the car is equipped with a swivel search-light, it is inconvenient to manipulate the lamp constantly on the turns, especially in hilly country where there are many of them. The only way to insure safety on turns is to drive cautiously.

Dust is a prolific source of danger. It is much more difficult to see in a cloud of dust at night than in the daytime, for the dust particles reflect the light from the lamps back into the eyes of the driver in such a way as to obscure everything behind the dust cloud. For this reason it is not safe to pull back into the middle of the road after passing a wagon or automobile until the dust has thinned enough to let the driver know that there is no other vehicle ahead of him following the one that has just passed.

Red lanterns put out at night to give warning of excavations



Shadows cast by clumps of Trees and Bushes conceal the Edges of the Road, which unfolds around a Turn. The Need of a good Swivel Search-light is apparent here

in the road, or of piles of building materials in the streets have been the cause of a number of accidents. Sometimes there are several lights placed on both sides of the street and extending out toward the middle. In such a case the driver does not know where to drive, and in trying to go between two of them where he assumes the way to be clear he will sometimes drop his wheels into an excavation.

It is never safe to drive fast without having the eyes protected by goggles, but there is a strong temptation to do so at night, when there are few passing vehicles to raise the dust, and when the cool air feels fresh upon the face and eyes that may be smarting after a hot day's run. The danger in yielding to the temptation lies in the fact that myriads of grains and other small insects swarm in the air near the ground and under the trees after dark, and one of these may strike the eyeball at any instant. None of them discharge a powerful liquid that smarters painfully, and may startle the driver into losing grip of the steering-wheel to raise a head uncontrollably to the eye.

Of course the possibility of accident is greatly increased in the event of rain or mist when driving at night. The globules of water settle upon the glass of the screen of the car, if it is raised, or upon the driver's goggles, obscuring or distorting the vision. And if the goggles are removed when running into rain, a rain-drop may strike the eyeball and cause momentary blindness, and that moment may suffice to ditch the car on an unexpected turn. The exaggerated impression of speed that one gets, together with a constant feeling of doubt as to what may be just ahead in the gloom, should usually counsel decreased speed.



A Turn in the Road temporarily Blocked by loaded Furniture-vans and a Buggy, which carry no lights. Rays from a Swivel Search-light may be thrown well around the Turn

The Navy's New Regime

Under Medical Control

"The *Relief* had just stove a hole in her aft deck-plate."

"What shall we do, Captain?" asked the Boson's mate.

"Give the best antiseptic bath and fill the hole with absorbent cotton," returned the doctor in command. "When the leak has been absorbed cover the absorption with a cap-cotton plaster."

Next!

"What's this I hear about the White House girl giving up her job and enlisting in the navy?" said the Congressman from Waylark, meeting the Secretary of the Navy on the Potomac Tuna Court.

"I guess it is true," replied the Secretary. "The President has promised to put him in command of one of the supply-ships on the arrival of the fleet at San Francisco."

"What does he know about navigation?" demanded the Congressman.

"Nothing. But he will have an admiral immediately order him," said the Secretary.

Answer to a Correspondent

WILHELMINA JENKINS. You have been misinformed. The President has no present intention of following up his order giving the naval commands to the doctors in the service by a general order, substituting stomach pumps for those already in use on all battle-ships and cruisers.

Admiral Paregoric

O I'm the Medico-Admiral,
And I rule the big Navy.
Wherever the ocean goes to swell,
I'll kick up a nervous sea.
I give it a dose of castor-oil
Done up in a big fat pill;
And all of the heavily nod turn-out
Is calm as a mountain rill.

When out in the briny wet I go,
And meet with an acute blast
That starts with ice and sherry snow
The main and the mizzon mast,
I give the vessel a gingerale
To keep her quite free from chills,
And seek her keel in a mixture made
Of cayenne-seeds and squills.

Wherever my good ship springs a leak
By giving her some a bump,
I pipe the crew with my siren squeak
To handle the stomach-pump;
And when the water is haled away,
To dry as a big bean drum,
I stop the hole with a trowel-pump
And plaster of capsicum.

In case of a war with old Japan
I'll wallop the foe on sight,
For I have a strictly novel plan
For winning a naval fight.
I'll load all my guns with capsules filled
With gallons of opotes,
Which fired by marksmen brave and skilled
The Japsan apophyses.

And when he's thoroughly etherized,
And trying around in vain to rise,
I'll board the vessels I've thus surprised,
And while the enemy sleeps,
With my trusty knife I'll operate
In looting both skilled and neat;
And both of his legs I'll amputate,
Thus cutting off his retreat.

So here's to the good ship Epine,
And here's to her Admiral;
The fleet battle-ship in the park
Tells York and Los Angeles!
With her druggist mate and her clinic crew,
What better old craft than she
To lead the cruise through the damp and
Of the deep and surgeon sea?
JOHN KENNEDY BAYNE.

Economy

AN amusing story recently went the rounds at Princeton concerning a last year's graduate, an industrious student of an extremely liberal tendency.

At the beginning of his concluding year, it appears, his father, about to set off for Europe, had promised the boy that if he got his degree he would be sent for by his parents, who would take him for a continental trip lasting the entire summer.

His ambition thus stimulated the lad studied faithfully all the college year, and in June came through with flying colors. Then he called his father: "Yes."

The old gentleman, however, would seem to have forgotten his impulsive offer, for after musing a bit over the message he called back: "Yes, what?"

Whereupon, the son, in turn a trifle perplexed, thought it over. Finally he called his father: "Yes, sir."

His Repertory

A CAMDEN, New Jersey, man recently reached the conclusion that his eight year old boy is a trifle too bright.

At dinner one evening the father had been entertaining a number of friends from Philadelphia with a funny story. This was at dessert. The youngster had been very quiet throughout the previous courses; but here he came to the occasion in fine style.

When the laughter induced by his father's humor had ceased, the boy, with a fine affectation of delight, said:

"Now, dad, do tell the other ones!"

What Happened to Jones

ONE day a tall, gaunt woman, with rope colored hair and an expression of great fierceness, strode into the office of a country clerk in West Virginia.

"You air the person that keeps the marriage books, ain't ye?" she demanded.

"What book do you wish to see, madam?" asked the polite clerk.

"Kin you find out if Jim Jones was married?"

Search of the records disclosed the name of James Jones, for whose marriage a license had been taken two years before.

"Married Elizabeth Mott, didn't he?" asked the woman.

"The license was issued for a marriage with Miss Elizabeth Mott."

"Well, young man, I'm Elizabeth. I thought I oughter come in an' tell ye that Jim has come!"

No Doubt

BLACK MAMMY. "Nay, parson, don't it 'pear mighty strange dat de cullard folks should hev been made black?"

PARDNER WILKINSON. "Derd it do, mammy. It most had been dat de Lord created de cullard people way back in de dark ages."

"Pitiless Fiction"

THE historian Freeman once said: "I never set a man die at the end of a chapter." The modern serial, or continued story, exemplifies a like theory of pausing at the very brink of an absorbing event. We consider a year-long serial one of considerable length; yet in France, in 1910, the first two parts of the *Jefferie*, one of the most celebrated of Gallic serials, were published four or five years before the third part, and several more in advance of the fourth and fifth parts.

About the same time Henriette Mademoiselle de Scudery, memorable as the author of the first romances of any note written by a woman. She composed and published by instalments novels of a length unknown to the readers of to-day. Every story was originally issued in batches of small sections, sometimes running to a score or so. She has been described as "the most pitiless writer of fiction that the world has ever known."

The same seventeenth century illustrated, again, the willingness of French writers to hide their time. The poet Malherbe wished to compose a funeral on the death of his wife. By the time the poem was finished the gentleman had been consoling, remarried, and was himself dead!

Easy

In the grocery division of a big department store in Cleveland had long ago a young woman was conducting an exhibit demonstrating the value of a new preparation of wheat. On the counter in front of her were many little plates. These she filled from time to time with freshly cooked samples that were passed out free to customers who desired to test them.

One such, a lean, dyspeptic looking woman, consumed her dish with evident relish, and the young woman, confident of making a sale, addressed her with a most engaging smile.

"How do you like our new breakfast food?" she asked. "It's only ten cents a package."

"It's all right," replied the lean woman, setting down the dish, "but the fact is that I never eat any breakfast."

Not a Merc Man

A WELL-KNOWN captain of one of the Hamburg-American liners, while on a recent visit to New York, was talking of a prize of birth, and he told this anecdote of a certain brother captain in the transatlantic service:

"A German passenger once fell from the deck of his ship into the sea, and a sailor, seeing him disappear with a splash, cried: 'Man overboard!'"

"What do you mean with your 'Man overboard'?" shouted the captain, who heard the call. "First Hermann von Finkenstein, Duke of Sambia and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, is overboard."

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should have a quantity of purity. The name "Borden's" means pure milk. Borden's Condensed Milk is prepared from cleanest and purest milk. Use it as a food, or for coffee, or for milk.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The harm can't be corrected by drugs either. There must be a complete change in the dietary—the cause of the trouble must be removed.

"I have been a constant sufferer from stomach trouble, constipation and nervousness for the past 14 years," writes a Michigan lady, "and the past year became tired of life, of everybody, and everything."

"The best doctors and several weeks at a sanitarium afforded me only temporary relief. Finally an attack of the grippe caused me to give up hope of ever being well again. I was growing weaker and more emaciated every day."

"At last a doctor advised me to try some predigested food, as building would suit my stomach. My husband sent for some Grape-Nuts, of which I ate a little with milk, and then omitted the usual results."

"My stomach did not reject this food, and from that time on, for several weeks, I lived on Grape-Nuts and milk. I felt no pain whatever in my stomach, my health gradually came back, and in five weeks I gained 25 pounds. I derived more strength from Grape-Nuts than I ever did from a meat and potato diet."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pages.



Music and the Opera

GUSTAV MAHLER AND "TRISTAN"

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



RECENTLY half a century ago Richard Wagner, engaged in his heartbreaking task of life as pathetically expressed it—"leaving one almost sick upon another," was deep in the composition of his masterpiece, "Tristan und Isolde." It is of interest to note the anniversary, for it has been marked by the fact that we in New York have not been vouchsafed an interpretation of this work which was as impressively announced as it has been wonderfully acclaimed. This refers, of course, to the remarkable version of the score that was recently produced at the Metropolitan Opera House under the leadership of Mr. Gustav Mahler, who has come to this country from the Royal Opera House in Vienna to assume a controlling share in the musical activities of the Metropolitan.

In his native land Mr. Mahler is an exceedingly distinguished and intellectual person, and his fame has spread to the four corners of the artistic world. He has long been venerated as a conductor—as one of the most able and individual in Europe; and as czar of the Royal Opera in Vienna he has brought about performances of operatic masterworks, Wagnerian and otherwise, the excellence of which has made him famous. He is, in fact, one of the most illustrious of living conductors, and he is a composer of great skill, amazing endurance, and boundless ambition—his formidable experiments in symphonic writing have been the subject of extended comment in this place. Mr. Mahler, before he came to us, was reputed to possess an indomitable will, and to exercise it implacably; he was said to entertain inflexible convictions—convictions that were indeclinable and to some degree revolutionary—concerning operatic interpretation, and to enforce them without compromise. From such a man, obviously, an extremely interesting reading of Wagner's wonderful work was to be looked for; especially since, as it was understood, Mr. Mahler had enjoyed much latitude and had been favored with every opportunity in the preparation of the performance. The event was, beyond dispute, one of prime importance, not alone by reason of Mr. Mahler's reputation, but because "Tristan und Isolde"—a work, within the forty-nine years of its existence, become an authentic classic, and an unfamiliar interpretation of it by a man of authority, through which new traditions may be established, becomes of vital consequence to the music-loving public.

The manner in which Mr. Mahler's conception of the "Tristan" score was made known conveyed, it may be said at the start, a suggestion of portentousness that was somewhat unfortunate, despite the serious consideration to which, as has been said, the occasion was entitled. It should scarcely be necessary to remind the thoughtful reader, although the fact seems to have been forgotten, that Mr. Mahler is very far from being the first great conductor who has set before us the result of his study of Wagner's sovereign tragedy. "Tristan" has been in the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House since it was first performed there on a certain historic evening twenty-one years ago—that is to say, since December 1, 1886; and there were giants even in those days. That performance (in the cast of which, it may be recalled, were Lilli Lehmann, Albert Niemann, Marianne Brandt, and Emil Fischer) was conducted by the late Anton Seidl, a Wagner conductor who, in respect of certain qualities, has never been approached; and Mr. Seidl conducted thereafter innumerable performances of "Tristan" in New York, performances the memory of which, even to-day, a decade after his death, delights and exalts the spirit. We have heard, too, the superb "Tristan" reading of Felix Mottl, a reading which, while it was not so poetic, so luminous, or so tender as that of Seidl, had moments of overwhelming splendor. These facts are recalled here and now because it is not well that Mr. Mahler and his adherents should treasure the notion that the score of "Tristan und Isolde" has been in any degree a

stranded look to this point—that our students and music lovers are unable lurkers to whom is to be graciously accorded a new Wagnerian dispensation.

Mr. Mahler possesses, seemingly, the order of mind that is called analytical. He approaches a score in the manner of a botanist laying bare the intricate loveliness of a rare and complex plant. He is bent upon dissecting it with the utmost faithfulness, and with rigorous precision. His attitude is detached, rigorously objective. It was in this spirit that he disclosed the infinite subtleties of the "Tristan" score—nothing escaped his marvelously penetrating scrutiny. He exposed the gorgeous yet delicate and often recumbent strands of that wonderful web of orchestral tone with a vivid clarity that was well-nigh pitiless. Moreover, he knows how to salute the surge and thunder of the orchestral tides in such a manner that they never overwhelm the voices of the singing actors on the stage. His reading is invariably lucid, exquisitely calculated, extraordinary in its finesse, its poise, its distinction and dignity of plan.

But Mr. Mahler fails, in considerable measure, to lay bare the heart of this music. There is a greater and a deeper "Tristan und Isolde" than that which he makes known. His fastidious taste, his admirable discipline, his respect for the voice parts, his horror of obvious effects, lead him, in the end, astray. In this music is the mightiest, the most unconfined emotional declaration that the art of the world can show. This incomparable score—incomparable alike in its flaming passion and its superlative beauty—comes from the brain of Wagner at white heat; not to make evident and irresistible its fiery ecstasy, its unique ardors, is to be unfaithful not alone to its spirit, but to its letter; is, in other words, to be false to the genius of Wagner at its most precious and typical. It is not extravagant to say that so tame, so ineffectual, a performance of the last act of this music drama as that achieved by Mr. Mahler has not been heard in New York; the delicious longings of *Tristan* were scarcely recognizable as such; the exultant transports of *Isolde's* "Liebestod" were turned into a gently pathetic lament; the music was, to be frank, emasculated, shorn of almost all its glory and its strength. Nor was the second act more compellingly read. The mellow loveliness of the nocturnal opening scene, the entrancing beauty of *Isolde's* rhapsodizing, the ineffable poetry of the hymn to the night—these things were not revealed; yet time after time the singers have been apparently present in other readings. Nor must it be supposed that Mr. Seidl, for example, in making clear these characteristics of the score, did so at the cost of overcoming the singers. With him the pedestal was securely in the orchestra, the statue upon the stage. With Mr. Mahler the pedestal is not mere in the orchestra. It is often sunk beneath the floor.

In the matter of tempo, Mr. Mahler does not appear to have that sure and instinctive sense of what is appropriate and inevitable which, as Wagner conceived, is the ultimate test of fitness in a conductor. To adduce a single instance, Mr. Mahler takes the Prelude at so unemotional a pace that its smoldering fire seems at times on the point of extinguishment; so facile, indeed, was the reading, that Wagner's characterization of the climax—that "mighty onslaught, the most powerful endeavor to find the breath which shall open to the heart the path to the ocean of the endless joy of love"—might have been recalled by an inexperienced listener with something like incredulity.

It should be said, in conclusion of this brief discussion, that Mr. Mahler seems fit to cut the music of "Tristan" with a ruthless need and a lack of regard for its dramatic relationship—that any one must confess, a little shocking. If here has really been made known a definite and determined refusal on the part of the Metropolitan's audiences to hear the work in the liberally curtailed form in which it has been known in New York, the death of Mr. Seidl, it would seem to be only fair to those who value and love the opera to take it to the regular subscription repertoire and perform it, as "Parsifal" is performed, under conditions more favorable to its adequate presentation.



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Iturkina has recently moved from New York to Boston. The other morning he went to the butcher's.

"Give me a nice porterhouse," he ordered. "Extremely sorry, sir," said the proprietor of the establishment, urbanely, "but we are not giving anything away this morning."

Annihilation

A DEAD MAN'S shoes he'd waited for, but when the owner'd passed the shoes were gone; and, furthermore, the cobbler had breathed his last.

CARLETON SMITH.

A Limited Supply

THE DEPARTING SERVANT. "Could you give me a character, madam?"

MADAM. "I'm sorry, but I haven't one to spare."

The Day's Work

ONE morning not long ago a well known woman of Chicago while shopping thoughtlessly picked up an umbrella belonging to another woman and started to walk off with

it. The owner stopped her, and the absent minded one, with many apologies, returned the umbrella.

This little incident served to remind her that a number of umbrellas were needed in her family, so she bought two for her daughters and one for herself. As it was the holiday season she took the articles with her, instead of ordering their delivery.

As she entered a car, armed with the three umbrellas, she chanced to observe that exactly opposite her sat the very woman with whom she had had the unfortunate experience but a short while before.

The second woman stared at the three umbrellas very hard for several minutes. Then, with a significant smile, she leaned across the aisle and said, in an icy tone, "I see you've had a successful hour."

Emphatically

AN acquaintance called on some ladies in an Alabama town who had at the time been much wearied by an apparently endless succession of callers.

The door was opened by Augustus Butts, the faithful old butler.

"Are the ladies in?" asked the caller.

"No, ma'am, they're all out."

"I am so sorry that I missed them," continued the visitor, handing him her card.

"I particularly wished to see Mrs. Jones."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you, ma'am," responded Augustus. "They're all out, ma'am, and Mrs. Jones is particularly out, ma'am."

His Tribute

A BOSTON man avers that in a certain New England churchyard there is a tombstone bearing an epitaph that never fails to bring a smile to the face of the reader. It runs thus:

"To the memory of Clara Ann and Sarah Jane, his two wives, this stone is erected by their grateful widower, Henry B. Perkins. They made home pleasant."

Out of His Class

THERE is a clerk in the employ of a Philadelphia business man who, while a fair worker, is yet an individual of pronounced eccentricity.

One day a wire basket fell off the top of the clerk's desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any court plaster at hand, he slapped on three-cent postage stamps and continued his work.

A few minutes later he had occasion to take some papers to his employer's private office. When he entered, the "old man" observing the postage stamps on his cheek fixed him with an astonished stare. "Look here, Jenkins!" he exclaimed. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter!"

False

THE story is told of an actor, popular with the native girls, who is beset by the fear of being thought older than he is.

The last time this player was interviewed it was by a young woman reporter for one of the dailies. She wished to get his views touching the conclusion of the drama, a suit just the actor was not particularly desirous of discussing.

"I'm not sure," said the young woman, laughingly. "I believe I'm really finding out what you think. You ought to be frank, for your eyes are gray and—"

"Prematurely so, I assure you, my dear young lady," the player hastened to inter-ject.

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In an article, "How Royalty Drinks," published in *Town and Country*, it appears that, while King EDWARD is extremely abstemious in regard to liquid refreshments, he displays considerable individuality of taste in this respect, which is rarely accomplished in the case of a cocktail of his own invention, the composition of which is as follows:

- A little rye whiskey,
- Some crushed ice,
- A small square of pineapple,
- A piece of lemon peel,
- A few drops of maraschino,
- A few drops of champagne,
- A dash of ANGELOTTA BITTERS,

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The Season's Plays

SOME MIDWINTER EVENTS

By "I"



RECEPTION to "Quality Street" unprecedented.

This is the rubricum which Charles Frohman sent to J. M. Harris as terse and faithful comment at the close of Miss Maude Adams' first performance of *Phoebe Throlopp* in the revived "Quality Street" at the Empire Theatre. Had the performance been a first production the enthusiasm could not have been more marked.

For nearly three seasons Miss Adams has been playing in Mr. Harris' delightful "Peter Pan," and one has had to rely upon his memory to associate Miss Adams with skirts. She has been tripping about the stage in Peter's knickerbockers for so long that there was no little curiosity to see her again in the more cumbersome trappings of femininity.

It was five years ago that Miss Adams appeared in "Quality Street," but her performance now has lost none of its freshness, none of its winsomeness. The role of *Laurette Brown*, "dancing Captain Brown," is played by Frederick Erie. It is a pity that Mr. Erie plays the part with such a superabundance of energy, which at times reaches the point of shouting. He seems to have mistaken boisterousness for youthful excess of spirit. The characters of Miss Adams, Miss Fanny, and Miss Henrietta were played extremely well by Miss Ida Hammer, Miss Mildred Morris, and Miss Ella Gilbey.

In that perennial home of comedy, Weber's Theatre, where auditors and performers seem to sit facing one another cheek by

joint across tables charged with drinkables and sandwiches, they are presenting a burlesque of "The Merry Widow" that may well keep Broadway on the grin for many nights.

Into this environment is projected the resilient Mr. Peter F. Dailey—we beg his pardon: Pete Dailey—in the character of *Emmet de Jollyday*, a journeyman lover. Mr. Pete has long been a wanderer from the Great White Way, a prodigal star in the distant night-stand land, and his return is the mighty signal for one of the most exuberant welcomes ever offered to a comedian. Incidentally it may be recorded that Mr. Pete must have found very nourishing hooks on the road, for whereas when he last appeared in New York he was merely robust, now he is vastly glistering—glistening, swelling, and tripping about inside his costume as the levitating agent surges and strains against its envelope in a billowy balloon.

But the agility of Mr. Pete increases in direct ratio with his stupidity. Never has he danced with such grace and lightness as he does now; also never has he been so spontaneously funny, so bubbling over in a perpetual effervescence of good humor and magnanimity that not only tickles the house, but makes his comrademuck and forget cues even at the risk of the manager's frowns. Great is Peter Dailey of the Broadwayland! Here is one of his most winning sallies: he connects a levy of chorus girls clad in diaphanous raiment. "Ah," he connects, with a merry twinkle of the eye, "you shouldn't be out on a cold night like this unless you're wrapped up in your profession!"

Charles J. Ross is highly effective as *Prince Desdalis*, a valuer at Maxim's. His acting and his diction are admirable, and his dancing is at once graceful and dignified. Lulu Glaser, the *Princess Fania*, is as winsome as ever, and her voice, though for a time obscured by a cold, has much of its characteristic charm. Joe Weber, as *Brick*, janitor at the embassy, and Albert Hart, as *Baron Copoff*, Faroukian Ambassador at Paris, were fitted with ineffective parts that gave them very little opportunity to be diverting. Mabel Weston, as *Faustine*, the *Beronaux Copoff*, was similarly handicapped. All of these disadvantages will doubtless be eliminated, and there is every prospect that the burlesque will win the favor of the public to which it appeals.

And while on the subject of beneficial changes, may "I" suggest that a judicious use of disinfestants will also be useful? There is one bit of vulgar dialogue, which is several times reiterated, that offends without evoking a blush even from the most hardened Tenderloinness. Surely it is not altogether unworthy of managerial notice that decency is, after all, the best policy.

"Funa-bashi," a new musical comedy, recently disclosed to public view at the Casino, offers that most novel thing, a Japanese setting. Terumack J. Carter (Joseph Mims), United States Secretary of State, is visiting that country in order to appease the national resentment which has been aroused over the breaking of a Japanese umbrella in San Francisco. His son, Jack Carter (Walter Perival), is betrothed to the *Princess Gogodolin Billard-Hoop* (Margaret Rutledge), a British heiress; but he is in love with *Polly Rivers* (Vera Michelson), an American girl, who is disguised as a Japanese to hide her identity from the stern Terumack. After the traditional misunderstandings Terumack renounces and renounces in Act Three, when he himself will marry the obliging *Miss Billard-Hoop*. For the "book" of the production Irvin S. Cobb assumes the responsibility; the music and lyrics are by Stafford Waters.

"Funa-bashi" was, on its initial presentation, rather more successful than it deserves. A New York audience no longer looks for an intelligent plot in a musical comedy, and it will forgive three quarters of the songs for the sake of a few good ones; but it does expect that the largest apples will be displayed on top of the barrel. "Funa-bashi" has several apples of magnitude, but our musical and dramatic grocers fail to display them. There is, for example, *Miss Mary Blowingstone Saks* (Maude Fulton), who has been "fired" from every department store in the city. She dances like a fairy, and is indisputably the hit of the piece. Why were we not permitted to see more of her? Mary makes hardly an appearance during the first act, and she has an irritating habit of coming on the stage and walking off without meeting the anticipations of her audience.

Terumack J. Carter, who looks like an Healed Mr. Taft with chin whiskers, performed some notable athletics with the long end of his lute voice. Jack Carter was played by Walter Perival, and Monte Beauchamp, his friend, by Percy Ames. Alire Fischer and Vera Michelson sustained the chief women parts with a certain ability. Mentions should be made, too, of *Billson*, the champion (Edna Ruth); *Queen Bebe* (William Bick); *Lightweight* ex-champion from Forty-second Street, and *Wesson*, the Japanese wrestler, who should have afforded much entertainment by an encounter with *Bebe*, but the authors of the production availed themselves of their opportunity.



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Manager.

Her Pa

FIRST CHAPLINE. "What kind of man is Miss Wildwood's father?"
SECOND CHAPLINE. "He's a fine pa."

Paradise Lost

"MAMMA, when we get to heaven, will papa go to business every day?"
"No, darling, it will all be just like Sunday."
"I was wondering whether I could really be happy with him hanging around the house all the time."

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"For. A family."

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SECOND BOY. "What's the matter?"
FIRST BOY. "He's got insolvency."

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COMMENT

Brother Bryan May Relent

THERE was a newspaper report last week that Brother BRYAN would not insist upon running if too many members of the National Democratic Committee disapproved. If a third, or even less, of them lined up to dissuade him, he might refrain, the papers said. But later came word from him that the report wasn't so. Nevertheless, there are sound reasons why Brother BRYAN should prefer to assist at a Democratic victory rather than be undisputed leader to defeat. To be the head man at a wake is glory while it lasts, but after the interment one has only a headache to show for it.

Bryan and His Party

What is the attitude of the Democratic party towards Mr. BRYAN? On this subject there is abundant evidence; the amount of it is increasing, and in character it is becoming more convincing. In his *Commoner* Mr. BRYAN denies that he is seeking to force himself upon the party, and in a recent speech he intimates that the party is running after him, and easily assures it that it will be able to catch him. This is periphrase unworthy of a serious man. Mr. BRYAN is seeking the nomination; his friends are enlisted in the work; he is so much in earnest that he vituperates and he slanders his opponents. In another and more recent number of the *Commoner* he charges them with belaboring to "The System." Thus he adopts the tactics of Mr. ROOSEVELT. By "The System," Mr. BRYAN and Mr. ROOSEVELT mean the owners of property, the corporations, the business men and financiers of the country, who have also been designated as "malefactors of wealth." The party friends of the President have learned that wholesale—even unintended—abuse of a class has resulted in disaster, and that indulgence in it has been a political blunder. Mr. BRYAN has not learned this. He continues to think that the White House is best or most easily to be reached by a class war. His abuse of individual opponents is one way of conducting such a war; it is also a confusion not only of his longing for the Democratic nomination, but of his fear that the chance of receiving it is slipping away from him. The man who finds it easy and pertinent to his condition to assert that men like JAMES PLATTEN and JOHN C. HENFUELL are slaves of the "money power," and are also governed by personal hatred of him, is in that parous frame of mind which indicates fear of a coming disaster, and it is time that a man of Mr. BRYAN's intelligence should see that he is likely to lose his dearest wish. When may a man be said to be trying to force him-

self upon his party? When he is endeavoring to secure its nomination by meretricious methods, by noise, by wild denunciation of his competitors or of his critics, by seeking to obtain control of the convention by a mob of his own adherents, by any method rather than by submitting his merits to the calm discussion of the party and its convention.

The Party's View

There is no Democrat or Republican who is capable of forming an opinion upon political conditions who believes that Mr. BRYAN can be elected; who does not realize that his nomination would be practically the abandonment of the contest by the Democratic party; who is not assured that WOODROW WILSON would command against TAFT, LA FOLLETTE, or any "logical" successor of ROOSEVELT, a very considerable portion of the sincere Republican conservative vote; that he would command against CANNON the large and growing anti-Dingley Republican vote; that his chances would be as good as those of Governor HUGHES. It was agreed by all whose opinion on the subject is worth reckoning with that there are other Democrats—HARRIS, GRAY, JOHNSON, and two or three Southerners—who would carry more States than Mr. BRYAN could carry. This conviction, long possessing thoughtful Democratic minds, has shaken the faith of certain of Mr. BRYAN's warm followers who usually have no time to think on purely practical subjects, and it is influencing the rank and file of the party. The Philadelphia *Record* asserts that "an announcement by WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN of his retirement as a candidate for President would put life into the Democratic party, would enthuse several million voters who are at present apathetic." This fully explains the attitude of the party. It does not believe that Mr. BRYAN has the ghost of a chance to be elected; the larger part of the party is opposed to his policies; some particularly obstreperous Democrats—like JURY T. NELLE GRAVES and others—have heretofore shouted for ROOSEVELT and BRYAN, thus indicating recognition of the identity of the political philosophy accepted by the two, but there were never enough of them to nominate such a ticket in a Democratic convention, any more than there are now enough of them to nominate BRYAN as the heir of ROOSEVELT. But Mr. BRYAN seeks the nomination in such guise. Let him and his foolish friends succeed in convincing all Democrats that he seeks to be their candidate as a second ROOSEVELT, and his chance will disappear from his own dreams. Mr. BRYAN, in view of the prevailing conditions, cannot force himself upon the Democratic party as the perpetual destroyer of all its opportunities; and if he cannot do this he cannot be nominated; we repeat that suicide does not follow deliberation.

Morse Henry Has Stopped Thinking

As late as January 18 Morse HENRY still refused to take courage. Being asked if he thought BRYAN would be nominated, he said, as reported in the *New York Times*: "I don't think anything about it. I do not look on the nomination of BRYAN for the Presidency as a possibility or a probability. It is an accomplished fact." Perhaps it was an accomplished fact at the time when Colonel WATERBURY recognized it, but it is one thing for a fact to be accomplished and another for it to stay so. Often enough it is harder to keep a fact in the condition of establishment than to retire it and launch a new one.

Too Hard a Job

Senator BURKE has introduced the tariff commission bill, the reason for which he set forth in his magazine discussion with Mr. BRYAN. The bill is based upon the theory that the tariff shall remain protective; that the government shall continue the socialistic effort to husband business; to make profitable enterprises to which national conditions are adverse; that statutes shall still seek to remedy the incompetency of individuals and the necessary denials of nature; that, in a word, the supreme end of the tariff shall continue to be paternalistic. Senator BURKE admits that Congress is not equal in the task, and favors the appointment of a commission to be composed of a producer, a customs lawyer, an administrator of customs laws, one come familiar with foreign customs laws, and an economist or statistician. All of these may easily be high protectionists, and only two of them are at all likely to be men who will regard the prob-

less from the point of view of the consumer. These commissioners are to gather and arrange information for Congress, which is presumably to act upon it in legislation. It is in this way that Mr. BEVERIDGE proposes to eliminate politics from tariff legislation. If the bill should become a law, Mr. BEVERIDGE would be among the first to discover that his effort had been futile. As long as tariff laws are made for the purpose of aiding any kind of business, so long will those who are engaged in the business invest part of their capital in politics. Congress in this instance, for example, would change the tariff law, or make a new law, with an eye to votes and campaign contributions, the information and observations of the commission to the contrary notwithstanding. The only practicable way to reform the tariff is to pass a law, not for special interests, but for the general welfare. Such a law would necessarily be a tax law for revenue, and would consult the general welfare. Humanely speaking, it is quite as impossible for a commission as it is for Congress to make a fair tariff law which shall be mainly protective. The task is beyond human power. While the effort to shut out politics might be sublime, it would be impracticable. The tariff as it stands ought now to remain in politics until the policy of the country is changed, and is supplemented by laws which shall regard the welfare of the whole, the majority being the consumers. The friends of the DINGLEY law are not competent to revise it; only those who comprehend the evil of its underlying principle should be entrusted with the task of tariff reform.

Opposition to the Aldrich Bill

The West is protesting against the proposed emergency currency of the ALDRICH bill, as we predicted that it would. The presidents of the Chicago banks especially are against it. The reasons with which they seek to sustain this opposition are, speaking generally, applicable to the original national bank act, and one of the presidents frankly says that that law, which has so long been regarded as the provider of an exceptionally sound paper currency, ought to have been entitled, "An act to provide an artificial market for government bonds," and he adds that the ALDRICH bill might for the same reason be entitled, "An act to provide an artificial market for municipal and railroad bonds." In brief, the argument is that when the emergency arises for which the new issue of currency is provided by the bill the banks will be called upon to purchase the necessary bonds in the market. This is a fundamental objection, and, as we have said, goes to the soundness of our existing bank currency system. When the national banks were established, the State banks were told that their circulating medium was to be taxed out of existence, and that if they desired to issue notes they must procure a national charter and purchase government bonds. The notes thus issued were, and are, sound, but they have always cost a good deal. So it is to be with the emergency currency. The objection made by the Chicago banks is intelligible, but it is aside from the immediate question. Granted an existing bond-secured currency, and granted, further, the impossibility of revolutionizing our system, what is to be done in order to put an end to currency famines? Let us admit that the present system is bad, but is it so bad that we are justified in refusing to adopt a measure that will put an end to currency famines unless we can at the same time also put an end to bond-secured bank notes? Shall we continue to insist upon the continuance of an unscientific and unelastic system unless we can secure one that is perfectly scientific, or shall we at least improve the unscientific system by making it elastic? It should be added that the supporters of the ALDRICH bill are as well aware as the critics of the West of the true character of the measure, and that they would welcome a better system if it were possible to obtain one. Would the Senators and Representatives from the West support a better measure—say, for example, the FOWLER bill? Serious and intelligent discussion of this bill is growing, especially in the South and East.

A Pregnant Opinion

The Circuit Court of Appeals of the Eighth Circuit has just emitted an opinion, which was written by Circuit Judge KARNES, in the case of the Butler Brothers Shoe Company v. The United States Rubber Company. It is not necessary for our purpose to enter with much particularity into the

details of the immediate litigation. The rubber company shipped goods to the shoe company, which was acting as its factor in Denver, and the shoe company defended on constitutional grounds an action for the recovery of the sum due to the rubber company. The Constitution of Colorado forbids any foreign corporation from exercising any corporate power, or from doing any business, or from prosecuting or defending any suit in the State unless it files certain papers and pays certain fees. The rubber company, by the shipment of goods to the shoe company, so the court held, was not transacting business in the State of Colorado; but admitting that it was, it was also held by the court that the State of Colorado could not exact the fees provided by its Constitution and statutes. The court further held that no State can prevent any foreign corporation from carrying on interstate commerce within its borders, or obstruct or burden it; that the foreign corporation has the right to exercise within the State every corporate power essential to the conduct of such interstate commerce, the laws of the State to the contrary notwithstanding; that if the foreign corporation is forbidden by the State, as a condition precedent to its doing business within the State, to remove actions against it from the State to the Federal courts, such prohibition is invalid; the cases may be thus removed notwithstanding. This opinion is especially valuable for its liberal citation of the cases of the United States Supreme Court bearing on the subject. The law commented upon is, in its application, similar, if not the same, as that involved in the Alabama railroad cases. There the State has been seeking to obstruct and burden interstate commerce, while it has even undertaken to revoke the license of an interstate railroad on the ground that it had removed cases against it to the Federal courts. This is the right of the road as a citizen, and it cannot be denied to it by the State, nor can the State enforce the road's direct or indirect acceptance of the condition that it shall surrender its right in order to obtain another right—that of carrying on interstate commerce within the State of Alabama. No one can read the excerpts cited in Judge KARNES'S opinion and not recognize that the interstate roads have the right to transact such business within any State, and to remove to the Federal courts from foreign State courts any cases that may be brought against them; and that no State has the right to interfere in the slightest degree with either right.

The Republican Candidacy

The President has announced that his candidate will be nominated on the first ballot. This is the regular thing to say of the favorite, and it is occasionally a wise thing for a campaign manager to say it. The manager may not be indifferent to what he says; he is so easily carried away by feeling, that with him very often emotions are mistaken for reasoning. Secretary TAYLOR must be nominated on the first ballot if he is nominated at all; and, for a like reason, BAYAN must be nominated on the first ballot or suffer defeat. Neither is likely to gain strength on subsequent ballottings; indeed, neither can grow by deliberation. Secretary TAYLOR is respected and liked by a good many people. He has made some sensible speeches; he has done some excellent deeds; he has displayed unusual energy and enterprise; but he has sought chiefly to induce the Republican party to nominate him because he is the administrator of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S policies and their defender, and because he would carry them on if he were elected to the succession. Some of the minor policies of the country favors, and so does the WEEKLY, but the greater policies are, we think, hostile to our Federal government and to the will of the country. More firmly than any man except Mr. ROOSEVELT, Mr. TAYLOR believes in revolutionizing the character of the government, and in transforming the Federal republic into a national republic like France. He accepts, with conviction of their advisability, the stronger views of Mr. ROOSEVELT, and would do all in his power to put them in operation—to centralize power at Washington by depriving the States of powers which they possess under the law, and which they may exercise much more to the advantage of their several communities than could the Federal government. He accepts, and in his time has acted upon, the theory that the Federal power may be increased and added to by judicial "constructions." He favors the use of this power, so gained, for the enervating of the States and their citizens by pater-

nalism. He is for a patristic civil government, if we may transfer the ecclesiastical word in order to suggest the image of a political hierarchy. Mr. TART might, indeed, be a wiser father of "his people" than Mr. ROOSEVELT has been, or possibly could be; but do the American people desire any father! When was it that they lost the power to conduct their own affairs!

The Opposition to Mr. Talt

Speaking generally and broadly, all of Mr. TART's opponents in the Republican party, except Senator LA FOLLETTE, repose Mr. TART's centralizing and patristic notions, some more and some less. Governor HUGHES, for example, is utterly antagonistic, by nature and education, to any scheme that, by indirection and usurpation, would permit the Federal government to do what New York is rightfully doing; and, it may be added, the State is doing its task so much better than the United States possibly could that Governor HUGHES would not seek to accomplish by amendment what Mr. TART would attempt by construction. Senator FORAKER, too, is opposed to any State control of private business, any control beyond the proper regulation which would have for its end the compulsion of fair and honorable dealing. Speaker CANNON is a communist, or socialist, only on the tariff question. Like a good many other Republicans, he has been brought up with the idea that the Republican party cannot carry elections except with the aid of the campaign contribution of the protected interests, but he does not believe in government ownership or control of railroads; nor in Federal licenses to State corporations in order that they may carry on interstate commerce. He is not wholly opposed to the law as recently laid down by the Supreme Court which relates with lucid vigor the rights of the States. Leaving Senator FORAKER out of view, on a familiar political theory, which, of course, applies to Secretary TART, it is clear that if the Republican convention is dominated by the radicals whose power has been increased by the works, the deeds, and the influence of Mr. ROOSEVELT, Senator LA FOLLETTE will best satisfy the party's ideal; if the stand-patters control, Speaker CANNON will be the strongest man, for he is the incarnation of the party's economic folly; if the middle of the way men prevail, Governor HUGHES will be nominated. Secretary TART labors under the great difficulty that, appealing personally and especially to no element of the party, he is a candidate ordered by the administration.

The Colleges and Their Sports

The faculty of Harvard voted, on January 7, to send to the president and fellows of Harvard College, the committee on athletic sports, and to each college represented in the Association of Colleges in New England, the following expression of opinion: "That in the opinion of this faculty the number of intercollegiate contests should be largely reduced." Football has been reformed with considerable success, and though it may easily fall again into evil ways, it is at present a better and less objectionable game than it was three years ago, so that there is no immediate agitation of the expediency of abolishing it. But the whole matter of American intercollegiate sport is, in a quiet way, very much under discussion and a subject of current rumination by many observers who think that it is overdone and needs restraint. The great intercollegiate games of the year, especially the football games, are taken too hard. It makes too much difference who wins or loses them. Public interest in them is somewhat too intense, and makes the newspapers talk too much about them. They began forty or fifty years ago as a means to an end, as a natural outgrowth of a rising interest in athletic exercises in the colleges, and as a means of stimulating and broadening that interest. How much the colleges of the fifties and early sixties needed stimulation of that sort is hard to appreciate in these times, when the penumbra has swung so far the other way, but we have eyewitness testimony about it from FERGUSON, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, and others (see *Romans's History of the United States*, Vol. II.), who depicted the physical state of the college students and other young gentlemen of that day. So when the interest in sports began in the colleges it met a clamorous want, and the early games and races between the students of the older colleges were both pleasant in themselves and useful in helping along a very valuable movement.

A Means that Became an End

But now what was a means seems to have become an end. Instead of intercollegiate contests for the encouragement of college athletics, we have something more nearly like college athletics for the sake of winning intercollegiate contests. And we are even told that the two interests, instead of working together for good, have come to conflict, because the present existing standards of intercollegiate competition make for a partial separation from the mass of students of groups of specialists who devote the main part of their energies to preparation for the events in which they represent their college, while the mass of students, deprived of the stimulating company of these athletic leaders in their sports, tend to leave the whole business of outdoor sports to their fellows who excel in them. The extent to which this happens can easily be exaggerated, but it does happen considerably. The interest of the undergraduate world is far too much concentrated on the intercollegiate contests, to the prejudice of general interest and participation in the local games of each college, of which the modest aim is merely exercise and wholesome pleasure.

Contests Won by Graduates

Behind the vote of the Harvard faculty there is the recognition that the intercollegiate contests are not serving quite the purpose they ought to serve. But there are curious difficulties about putting them to rights. The endowed Eastern colleges are governed largely in large matters of policy by the opinions of their graduates, who in most cases elect representatives to their boards of trustees or overseers. The graduates are enormously interested in the intercollegiate competitions, and no group of graduates is easily persuaded that there is anything amiss with them so long as their own college keeps its end up or more in the competitions. The truth is, undoubtedly, that it is the graduates who really do the winning, because in the great intercollegiate contests the training and teaching of winning teams and crews call for a systematic method, continued steadily year after year, the maintenance of which requires maturity of judgment, experience, foresight, and authority such as are quite incompatible with the youth, distracted attention, and impermanence of undergraduate students. By the time an undergraduate learns his business as an athlete he is out of college. The undergraduates can supply the players and the oarsmen, but if victories are to be won, the brains and the method must be furnished chiefly by the graduates, or such teachers as they furnish. It may be said that it is unimportant who wins the intercollegiate games, and so it is. But no college likes to see its men beaten overmuch. It is important to the great Eastern universities to keep their lamps shining in the West, and draw students from there and from the South, and so correct their tendency to become local institutions. To this end the advertising value of success in sports, though not as great as is supposed, does still amount to something, and it does not help the reputation of a great college that engages in intercollegiate sports at all to be habitually beaten in them. It has to choose, finally, whether to pay the price of victory, or to restrict its participation in intercollegiate contests.

Fewer Contests Proposed

It is the latter alternative that the Harvard faculty seems to prefer, and it is the one that all the colleges in the end are likely to be forced to adopt. Where the group of contestants is strictly limited, the conditions of sport—length and method of preparation, gate money, paid coaches, and the like—can be more easily controlled by agreement than when the group is large. And the smaller the group, the less public concern there is as to who wins in any match, the less strain on individual contestants, and the less sacrifice of prestige by any college that is convinced that intercollegiate contests are overdone and resolves to crowd them back where they belong. Whether the Harvard graduates are ready yet to lock up their faculty, and how far the other New England colleges share the feeling that the Harvard vote implies, are yet to be seen. We believe, however, that in the end the Harvard suggestion of fewer contests, which implies smaller groups of contestants, will win in all the colleges, because in all of them the excess that it aims to correct is recognized by all the more thoughtful observers.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

By Henry Mills Alden

THE sudden death of Mr. STEDMAN, January 18, removed from us the last of that triad of American poets—STEDMAN, ALDRICH, and STEDMAN—naturally grouped together, because in their old New York days, in the fifties, they were personally acquainted and had the same associates, worked under the same conditions, all of them just beginning their careers at a time when the writers who made our earliest literature—LIVING and CROVER and POE—were passing away, and those of the New England group—WHITTIER, HOLMES, EMERSON, LOWELL, and LONGFELLOW—had reached their maturity. There were others who were also at that time winning their first laurels in these New York days—GIBBER, WILLIAM CUTLER, HAYWARD TAYLOR, DONALD G. MITCHELL, WALT WHITMAN, and WILLIAM WINTER. But the three poets we mentioned at the start are always thought of together by all American readers. They in a distinctive sense maintained the traditions of English poetry with which WHITMAN had broken from the first. How little while ago we were looking upon them as our young poets, and comparing their work with that of their elders! Now they too have passed.

Of these three STEDMAN was, if not the most ardently, still the most steadfastly, pledged to poetry by the bond as well as the gift of song—that bond

"Severe as fate, fixed and unchangeable."

He spoke of the poet as one "to whom rhythmic phrases come as the natural utterance of his extremest hope, regret, devotion. . . . At the rarest crises he finds that without an even beyond his will, life and death and all things dear and sacred are made auxiliary to the compulsive purpose of his art." This was his own case, "the poet's but." When he did not write poetry itself it was about poetry and poets that he seemed bound to write. His illuminative comment and creative criticism, in his treatises on the Victorian and American poets, and his genial and clear analysis of the elements of poetry are valuable contributions to literature.

In this respect STEDMAN was the natural successor to LOWELL, if without his lambent light and humor, also without his frequent whimsicality; he is firmer and more direct in his interpretation, with a more classic mould. His own insight made him the best of anthologists. While wisely academic, as the scholar must be, if the sanity of culture is to be preserved, his poetic sensibility was the ground of plastic thought and judgment, of which modernity was the characteristic trait.

It was an optimistic mindfulness. While others were bewailing materialism and other influences which in our time seem to move to vex the poet's soul, but to suppress poetry itself, he neither distrusted the present nor despaired of the future. His close study of the Victorian poets inspired him with enthusiasm and a dauntless hope. In an age in which the touchstone of science was at its worst he thought of it as at its best, requiring a tenacious rather than an injurious readjustment to its dispensation on the part of the poet and artist, who "keep pace with it, even forestall it, so that each new wonder leads to greater things, and the so-called dream of art is a victorious tradition."

"If my bark sails 'tis to another sea."

As to materialism, "the practical capriciousness of the age has no nearly satisfied its motive nor to begot the intellectual and aesthetic needs to which beauty is the purveyor."

In this same chapter from which I have quoted, on "The Future of American Poetry," STEDMAN says: "Our keynote accordingly should be that of freshness and joy; the sadness of declining races only, has the beauty of natural pathos. There is no cause for morbidly introspective views—no need, I hope, for dilatoriness—in this brave country of ours for centuries to come." This is distinctively STEDMAN'S keynote in his own poetry, which has the Hellenic directness and is as pellucid as Helicon. We do not see that any limitation is thus imposed upon it; but if there is any such limitation, it has its compensatory excellence in the poet's life and buoyant spirit. STEDMAN inherits rather from SHELLEY than from TENNYSON or from LAMARTINE, whom he so much admired. That SHELLEY was his earliest inspiration is intimated in his "Ariel," written for the centenary of that poet's birth, and, I think, the finest tribute ever paid to his genius.

"What joy it was to haunt some antique chisle
Lose as thine echo, and to wreak thy youth
Upon the song,—to feel the throbs which made
Thy bliss, thy truth,—
And thrill I knew not why, and dare not feel
Myself an heir unknown
To lands the poet treads alone
Ere to his soul the gods their presence quite reveal."

Like SHELLEY, STEDMAN inclined rather to the direct lyric than

to the more involved sonnet. But one sonnet written by him, "Moss Benliff," beginning

"Give me to die unwriting of the day,"

is now pathetically recalled.

He was, above all, the poet of heroic action and adventure. At least, these themes most stirred him to strong verse. Perhaps his experience as a war correspondent with the Army of the Potomac may have first kindled the martial enthusiasm which rang so clear in many of his early lyrics; but poems like that on MORGAN, the lieutenant, show how native to him was the spirit of adventure. After all, it is the free disport of his fancy in his poems of lighter vein, like his "Fun in Wall Street," that most delights us. He made his first impression with "The Diamond Wedding," published in the New York Tribune when he was barely twenty. The keen and brilliant delineation, with a surprise at every turn, which marked that poem, has been the striking characteristic of all his verse.

Mr. STEDMAN, with all his scholarly tastes and his supreme devotion to the poetic art, was natively a man of action. This led him into the adventure of finance early in the sixties. He often expressed his preference for this kind of relief to the literary life rather than for sedentary occupation in any professionally literary capacity.

STEDMAN'S career rovers essentially, within the compass of a single lifetime, the whole period of American literature. The opportunities thus given him for association with those of his own guild he from the first eagerly embraced, and he was always in the front of every undertaking in the interests of American literature and authorship. More than others, of his own generation, he has gone out of his way to give help and encouragement to young authors in whom his quick and sympathetic insight discovered the promise of genius. He has done this in an unperfunctory way or without discrimination, and the sequel has always confirmed his prevision. His letters to even the least intimate of his acquaintances, whether written in response or of his own motion, and in whatever stress of care or business, were never casual or hurried, never sparing in expression, but in full and positive terms as laudations at his nature. A man so worthy in all ways of love and admiration is for such generosity more especially beloved.

The Proposed London Pageant

AMERICANS who visit the British metropolis next summer will have an opportunity of seeing the most impressive historical pageant that has ever been witnessed. It will be recalled that last year a number of ancient English towns undertook to interpret their history to the eye in a number of scenes which reproduced the customs, manners, and costumes of various epochs. The series of historic revivals culminated in the Oxford pageant, wherein the university towns of PLANTAGENET, OF TUDOR, OF STUART, and of HAUSORIAN times were vividly depicted. All such exhibitions, however, will be outdone immeasurably next July by the exhibitions of London's past, for which preparations have been already begun upon a vast scale. To say nothing of legends which connect the city with the fall of Troy, and subsequently tell us of a British King LUG, whose name survives in Luggate, the verifiable history of London goes back some eighteen hundred years. We shall behold, for example, a pictorial representation of the colony of Londinium, when the town was Roman and pagan, and when a temple of Diana stood on the site of St. Paul's Cathedral. The industries, the commerce, the amusements, and the dress of the Roman colonists will be exemplified. The spectacle would not be complete without a gladiatorial show, or without a force of legions, equipped with shields, spears, and javelins, setting forth on one of the inextinguishable Roman roads to repel a barbarian invasion on the far northern border. A prominent attraction by his followers will be seen once more in London streets; and the litter in which Roman matrons were borne upon the shoulders of slaves to the galley which waited to convey them from the banks of the Thames to Gaul. After the Roman comes the Saxon epoch, the five dark centuries that intervened between the departure of the legions and the recapture of London from the Danes by ALFRED. Then, again, will be revived for us the Norman and Angevin period, when London streets were traversed by Crusaders on their way to Palestine; or those later days which saw the Wars of the Roses, and that memorable year when the sturdy citizens put out their longbows to follow HARRY OF LANCASTER to the field of Agincourt. Reproduced, also, will be the court of HENRY VIII, when Cardinal WOLSEY was still the all-powerful minister, and when ANNE BOLEYN, fresh from FRANCE, was the beauty of her beauty. The spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH will play, of course, a great part in the pageant. We shall witness one of the feasts which when the Queen's suitors came to pay their court; we shall see her attended by her favorites and courtiers—LEITCHFIELD, BUCKLEIGH, ESSEX, RALEIGH, each in his habit as he lived; neither

shall we miss a counterpart of a performance at the Globe Theatre, as it stood on the Southwest side of the Thames, when WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was its actor-manager. Special attention will, no doubt, be given by the organizers of the pageant to the reigns of the STUARTS, the tragedy of CHARLES I., the grim interlude of the Commonwealth, and the wild pageantry of the Restoration. In the eighteenth century, also, London had thrilling moments that deserve to be recalled, as when she learned of MEXICO's victories, of the young Pretender's landing in Scotland, of VOLTAIRE's capture of Quebec, of the loss of the American colonies, of compensatory triumphs in India, and of the threatened invasions by the French of the British Isles. A place, also, in the panorama must be reserved, no doubt, for the first third of the nineteenth century, when travellers had to depend on the stagecoach and the sailing ship, and when ideas and manners differed so profoundly from ours.

Dr. WARREN, vice-chancellor of Oxford University, said the other day, at a meeting held in London for the purpose of approving the proposed commemoration of the city's past, that the pageant of last year at Oxford had educated the whole community, and had made Oxford realize itself. He impressed upon the committee the necessity of acting upon historical lines, and of including in the pageant representatives of every class of life, from the humblest citizens to those of high degree. Dr. WARREN said that the spectacle which he witnessed last summer in Oxford had recalled to him the remark of a Roman poet that those things stimulate us less which are heard with the ear than those which are presented to the faithful eye. But if the history of the relatively small university town was sufficient for a remarkable pageant, how much more voluminous, more glorious, more national, and more imperial would be the history of London! Mr. FRANK LANCELOT, who superintended the Oxford pageant, and has been appointed to organize the far more imposing exhibition in the British metropolis, predicts that London next July will be revolutionized. Business men will arrive at their offices in coats of mail; restaurants will be crowded with Crusaders and Cavaliers; on the tops of omnibuses will be seen historic men and medieval garments; human grandeur will drive by in motor-cars; and Queen ELIZABETH and her ladies will look forth from broughams. He is not dreaming dreams, he says, but foretelling precisely what London will be in the days of next July. The result, he predicts, will not only be picturesque, but the spectacle will arouse a wonderful feeling of sympathy between all classes.

Age and Achievement

We can, most of us, recall the childhood years when we looked upon the age of thirty as being the end of all real living; romance, adventure, achievement, must surely lie behind that tremendous accretion of years. We can, many of us, recall the absurdly youthful and unfinished sensations with which we passed the mark and found romance as alive as ever, adventures offering at every turn; achievement—any that should count at all—still hidden in the gray folds of the dim future, and life growing distinctly more interesting and more enjoyable day by day. The childish imagination can hardly be stretched to allow for the awakening of the impersonal, intellectual curiosity which is the mainstay of age, and which does more than any one thing in human life, unless it be an inborn capacity for love and trust, to make life an enjoyable affair. To be able to look out beyond our own part and portion in life and watch the rhythmic motion of life itself waving among its human puppets; to love form and color and sound, for their own sakes; to find the sincere record of other lives as instinct with interest as our own; to see, to hear, to smell, to perceive life widely—to be gain a broader youth than in childhood we could ever dream of.

"What is not done at thirty," said a famous jester, overlooking a gathering of his youth kith and kin, "is not done at all." There is truth and truth in the assertion. Genius, indeed, has usually given a sign—and most often an uncomfortable one—by thirty. But life is a long holder, and there are many runs before we reach the height of genius. Genius, it is true, is born. Who has vastly and greatly to outrun his fellows must start with an advantage, but talent is often of slow growth and late flowering. Music and poetry blossom early. There is hardly on record a musician who did not show signs of special hearing ability from the cradle. Poetry is born in the turbulent period between youth and manhood, and rarely blossoms long. SHAKESPEARE's genius, it is true, continued to produce to the half-century mark; but in the last six years of his life his power had lapsed. SHAKESPEARE, in his later years wrote metaphysics and not poetry. BUNSWICK, BYRON, and KEATS all died young—before exhaustion of creative energy had set in. WORDSWORTH was saved long to the world of utterance because he was a philosopher, and COLERIDGE'S inspiration was too paraesthetic to take into account here. But there remain many achievements that belong to the latter half of life. It has been frequently asserted that great prose cannot be written

before forty. Statesmanship is of late development. Scarcely all the vocations that call for the handling of men, for coolheadedness, concentration, self-discipline, wide experience, come to their own late in life. Women, too, develop mentally much later than men, owing, probably, to their more sheltered lives; the purity of their experiences, the narrowness of their culture, and the meagre demands made upon them. GEORGE ELIOT began at thirty-eight to write stories, and published her first novel when forty. Mrs. WASHINGTON was forty when she published *The Valley of Decision*, and thirty-seven when she published her first prolonged short story, "The Touchstone." But the record is broken by Pierre de Coulverville, an American woman who writes French well enough to have her book crowned by the Academy, who began her literary career after reaching the half century point. All women's important work was done after forty.

If we look over the names of the tale-tellers in the magazines, we find they are mainly young folk; but the average tale is a conventional product depending more upon tact and imitative ability than original inspiration, reflection, or wisdom. Two novelists have of late come into the field and won laurels well after the half-century mark was passed.

Another point that makes it difficult to say what is the right-fair age of achievement is that achievement is difficult to measure during a lifetime. It takes a generation or two to get a sense of comparative values. He would be a hardy adventurer in the realm of criticism who would to-day dare to deny that SHELLEY stood in the front rank with the greatest of all English poets; and yet SHELLEY died utterly uncertain of his own fame, and now would have been held enough while he was alive to set him beside even so second-rate a talent as BRYAN. JAMES THURGOOD, who died hardly known as himself, after being discouraged in 1881, has a fantastically widening and growing, so that one of our most distinguished and reliable poetic critics now says of his fame: "It may now be regarded as securely founded, for it is hardly possible, even for those who most dislike the spirit and tendency of his work, to deny that it is made and fitted for endurance."

Except in those forms of production which depend upon the emotional impulse, music and lyric poetry, then, the age of achievement might readily be said to lie between the years of forty and sixty-five. Product that should depend upon experience, perception, intellectual curiosity, and reflection could hardly be born earlier.

Life, the infinite and the illimitable, lies before us awaiting its garments of art; to be clothed upon with form and color and words; but who will weave the garment must first be able to look beyond himself. To see life simply and sincerely, to realize how much of it lies beyond us and insensitive to us, to accept—may, to have accepted—one's little place in the universe and ceased to wall and struggle for a larger point of vantage—these are the established conditions of doing cool work. And any sincere and simple record, conscientiously made by unerring, accident observation and reflection, is an achievement, adds to the documentary evidence of what this human life is and may be. Perhaps the less such document tends to the adding of comment, the drawing of conclusions, the more valuable it is.

"I set down what I see, what I feel, what I have lived, writing it as well as I am able," was J. K. HUTCHMAN'S account of his wonderful human documents. KEPLER, too, tells how in early youth, when he first set out to write, his method was to set down in black and white, without preference or prejudice, such matters as passed before him.

And to do this the same quality is necessary that we need for all or any living faith—faith, without which there can be no religious life, no human sympathies, no achievements. We live in a world where we are obliged to take the risks and trust to chance. The producer, therefore, must have faith that his perceptions are worth something; that they have their meaning, their reliability, their value in the scheme of things; and who keeps his mind and his perceptions plastic, who refuses to crystallize or settle into a mold, shall find that achievement does not belong to any particular decade of human life, but that the building up of the record may at any time attain the size, the beauty, the height, the value that we dub achievement.

Personal and Pertinent

THE death of WILLIAM L. ALDEN in Buffalo, on January 14, recalls a touch very familiar to readers of newspapers whose memories reach back twenty-five years. Mr. ALDEN'S reputation as the writer of amusing editorials in the sixth column of the New York Times was very wide and lively in its day. It was in its fullest vigor in the early eighties and faded until, in Mr. CLEVELAND'S first administration, he was appointed Consul-General at Rome, a place he filled with ability at a time of especial turmoil during Italy's struggle for independence. Afterwards he acted for several years as editorial writer for the Paris Herald. He was a

journalist of ability, the author of a number of well known books for young readers (*The World of Pinocchio*, and others), and a very genial man who is affectionately remembered.

EDWARD H. STRUBLE, who died on January 13, at Bangkok, was one of the most skillful, efficient, and accomplished diplomats our country has produced; a very unusual man with rare qualifications for public service. He was no more than fifty-three years old, and should have had many more years of useful work in him; but the bite of an insect poisoned him in Egypt two years ago, and though he got somewhat better of it, so that he returned last year to Siam, he did not recover. He came from Charleston to Harvard College in 1873, the first Southerner to find his way to Cambridge after the Civil War. He graduated in 1877, studied law in the Harvard school, came to New York, and contributed to the Presidential campaign of 1884 a pamphlet on "Mr. Blaine and his Foreign Policy," which led promptly to his being sought out by President CLEVELAND and appointed Secretary of Legation at Madrid. In Mr. CLEVELAND's second term he was made minister to Ecuador, and later was sent to Chile to succeed PATRICK EGAN and pour oil on the waters that had been seriously ruffled under Mr. EGAN's supervision. He made himself exceedingly useful and acceptable in Chile, serving as arbitrator in important cases; but MCKINLEY became President and STRUBLE returned to private life, and became, in 1898, Professor of International Law in the Harvard Law School. When the King of Siam lost his adviser and decided to call an American Mr. HAY recommended Mr. STRUBLE, who, in 1903, got leave of absence from Harvard and accepted the call. He accomplished some exceedingly important negotiations for Siam, but the tale of his remarkable diplomatic achievements cannot be told in a paragraph. The great secret of them was that whenever he went he was found trustworthy—able, qualified, tactful, and just—so that tangles smoothed out at his touch and difficult disputes were adjusted as they should be. If he had lived he would surely have been recalled to the diplomatic service of his own country, and to a Democratic administration his experience and qualities would have made him exceedingly valuable and insured him greatly increased distinction.

Correspondence

THE LIQUOR MEN'S LICENSE LAW

BROOKHAVEN, N.Y., December 25, 1907

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—There appeared in a recent issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY an article entitled "The Rising Tide of Temperance," which commiserates at some long counties, municipalities, etc., which have voted "dry." It also quotes other statistics furnished by the National Temperance Society, some of which, to say the least, are questionable, but nowhere in the article would an unprejudiced reader find any evidence of the growth of genuine temperance sentiment.

The title of the article, as well as of the statistics referred to, is in fact a misnomer. It is true that in every State in the Union where local option elections have been held the "dry" element has been victorious in a majority of the elections, but with what result? There is no evidence to show that as the result of those elections a single drop less of liquor is consumed in those communities, nor that a single voter has changed his habits in regard to the use of liquor.

The author of the article in HARPER'S, in summing up "What Prohibition has accomplished," remarks that the liquor traffic is prohibited in one-half of the territory of the United States by law, that the National Temperance Society has distributed one billion two hundred million pages of printed matter advocating prohibition. He neglects to state, however, that, despite this tremendous campaign which has been going on for years, the consumption of liquors in this country has steadily increased year by year, and that this growth of consumption has been greater in so-called "dry" sections than elsewhere. What prohibition has really accomplished is the frustration of "blind tigers" where the drinker gets the vilest kind of liquor in some dirty bowl instead of drinking like a gentleman in a clean, inviting place; the jag tide by exposure, so that the recipient does not stop until he has drained the jug instead of taking a drink or two at a time, as he would at a licensed bar; the resorting to any means, foul or otherwise, to get liquor; the making of sneaks, hypocrites, liars, and perjurers of ordinarily good citizens.

Experience in the States which have been operating under prohibition laws bears out these statements. In prohibition States drunkenness is prevalent throughout the length and breadth of the State, and the fines collected annually for liquor law violations exceed those of any other State. In fact, the system of collecting fines there practically amounts in licensing the "blind tigers." The decent people of Maine are ready to vote back licenses as soon as the matter is properly agitated.

In prohibition Kansas, the drug stores are doing a thriving liquor business, so much so that many of them are only nominally drug stores, but really started to avoid the liquor law. If one reads the monthly reports filed by the druggists of Kansas, he becomes imbued with the idea that there is a great epidemic of colds and stomach disorders in that State, and that it is a very unhealthy place to live. The explanation of all this, however, is that

healthy citizens swear to having ailments in order to get liquor for medicinal purposes.

I have indicated above that some of the statements used in the article on "Temperance" are not facts. Take the reference to the decision of Judge Armeson, of Lebanon, Indiana, that the saloon is a nuisance *per se*, and the statement that the liquor monster dared not appear from this decision. The truth of the matter is that the decision was very promptly appealed from and equally as promptly reversed by the Supreme Court of Indiana, which upholds the right of the State to grant licenses, and denies that the saloon is *per se* a nuisance.

Another statement is that the prohibition movement has been made in a businesslike, unostentatious way. That it has been businesslike there is no denying. In every district, even in the smallest hamlet, money has been collected to conduct the campaign, so that the campaign funds of either of the national political parties fade into insignificance by comparison. How this vast sum is spent there is no accounting, but certain it is that hired agitators, organizers, and professional "converts" get a large share.

That there have been no spectacular crusades, however, is not the case, but, to the contrary, the anti-saloon war has been waged with line and cry and the raising of actual hysteria. Witness the proceedings of frenzied women and innocent school children preceding every election. Witness Carrie Nation and others who emulate her example.

And yet, prohibition being such a failure, the fact that the prohibitionists, who constitute but a small minority of the people, should be able to wield such influence over the vast majority of the conservative element of society and secure their votes against licensing saloons, is very significant. How is this possible?

The answer is found in those politically incubated and protected dives and disreputable saloons existing in almost every town with line and cry. Therefore, to protect their much greater places of this character, controlled by bees who have fastened themselves on the liquor traffic, is a very small percentage of the total number of saloons, yet they have brought such odium on the business, and as a reward for their dirty political work have been allowed to defy the law so flagrant, that in order to extenuate them the people vote out the saloons, making the innocent suffer for the guilty, and substituting for the evils of these dives the evils that result from prohibition.

But is there no alternative? The decent, self-respecting liquor men have waited patiently for society to solve this problem, but have waited in vain. Therefore, to protect their much greater and at the same time aid society morally, they have leaped into the breach, and offer a solution which for lack of a better name is called The Model License Law. The liquor men are very much in earnest in this matter, and confidently predict that if laws embracing their suggestions are enacted, the saloon as an object of odium and a cause of agitation will be a thing of the past, and there will be no regrets on the part of any one, except the prohibition bachelors and those few sincere but mistaken believers in prohibition.

MODEL LICENSE LAW.

First.—All licenses now outstanding to continue in force unless cancelled by a majority of voters.

These licenses should be transferable from one to another, as any other property is transferable, or left as a part of an estate, as the good will of any other business may be left. This form of license is similar to that enjoyed by all other lines of trade, and if granted to the retail liquor dealers it will, in our opinion, remove them at once from active participation in politics. Under the present system the saloonkeeper is at the mercy of the political boss and of the authorities elected or appointed for the purpose of issuing licenses each year, and as long as this continues he must of necessity remain an active factor in all political fights.

Second.—No license should be issued in the future until the proportion becomes not more than one for each 500 of population, and thereafter they should be issued in such proportion as society or common sense demands.

Third.—A license should yield a good annual return to government, but it should not be excessive, for several reasons; principally because it encourages, and in some cases almost compels, the handling of impure liquors, the sale of alcoholic beverages to intoxicated men and to minors, and the violation of laws in regard to closing at certain hours, etc.

If society imposes upon the saloonkeeper, the saloonkeeper will impose upon society.

Fourth.—All licenses to retail liquors should be clear, unambiguous contracts, between the State and the individual, and they should provide that conviction (first offense) of the violation of law should carry with it a thirty days' suspension of the business of the licensee, and the second conviction should work immediate cancellation and, furthermore, that the holder could never be licensed again to retail liquors in that State.

Fifth.—A penalty should be provided, in all laws governing the retail liquor trade, against any minor over eighteen who represents himself to be of age in order to procure intoxicants.

The idea that is paramount in these suggestions is to give as great value and security to a license as possible, so as to encourage the utmost obedience to the will of society, as expressed in the laws on the statute books, to remove the liquor dealer from politics by making him liable to continue business dependent on his own will and acts; and to provide the immediate and inevitable cancellation of license upon conviction of the violation of law.

I AM, SIR,

STANLEY BUCKNER,
Secretary of the Publicity Committee of the Model License League.



Chief Croker on Duty

Fighting Fire With Politics

THE PLIGHT OF NEW YORK

By WILLIAM INGLIS

THE baleful influence of corrupt politics in undermining the Fire Department of New York, until this influence shall have been removed, the city stands constantly in danger of a conflagration beside which the Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, and San Francisco fires would appear insignificant. The danger is imminent and it is very great. Much of the hose used by the Fire Department is rotten, and—what is much more serious—discipline in the department has already grown lax, as shall appear by examples from the official record, given at length in this article.

The burning of the Parker Building, at Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, on the night of January 10th, caused the death of \$1,000,000 worth of property.

past six and seven o'clock, but could not detect the place from which it came. In making several trips through the building, but still was unable to discover the fire, which, of course, was gaining headway every moment. He had no keys for the fifth or sixth floors, so that in his anxious journey up and down the stairs he was still unable to explore the offices and stores in his search for the trouble. It was not until eight o'clock that the crackling of flames and the thick outpouring of smoke showed that fire was raging in the warerooms of the Deemer Woollen Company, on the sixth floor. The watchman ran down six long flights of stairs to the street, but in spite of all his haste at least five minutes passed before he gave the alarm.

The fire companies responded promptly and stretched in their hose. They soon found that the rear portions of the fifth and sixth floors were ablaze and the flames were rushing to the front.



Fire Commissioner Lantry

three fire-fighters, the loss of millions of dollars' worth of property and the crippling of two great lines of transportation for two days. Yet these losses are not in themselves so appalling as the demonstration afforded by the disaster that the rich city of New York is not equipped to fight fire. The taint of politics has weakened the Fire Department.

The most striking feature of the conflagration was the failure of the hose that was being used against the flames. Forty-five lengths of hose burst on the first night of the fire, which exceeds all records for this sort of breakdown. Yet the rottenness of the hose is only one incident of many that go to show that the efficiency of the New York Fire Department, which was for years the best in the world, has been sadly impaired of late by the paralyzing influence of politics upon the discipline of the organization. Battalion chiefs, captains of companies, even the men in the ranks, will admit in confidential talks with their friends that discipline has waned, and that the morale of the force has suffered grave deterioration. Either the department must be purged of politics or it will fall into decay. Indiscreetly the men are as good as ever—brave, cool, resourceful, ever ready to give up their lives at the call of duty—but that wonderful human machine of which New York long has been so proud is already running heavily and with constantly decreasing efficiency.

The Parker Building fire, with its loss of life and property, will have served a useful purpose if Mayor McEllan, as a result of the investigation now being made, shall succeed in exterminating politics from the department.

A glance at the history of the Parker Building fire will afford a graphic example of the working of the department handicapped by politics. There are only fifteen hundred fireproof buildings in New York, as the word "fireproof" is understood by fire engineers. The Parker Building was one of a type built ten or twelve years ago. There are one hundred like it still in use in New York city—houses, that fall far short of fireproof qualities.

The Parker Building was twelve stories high. Its roof 165 feet from the ground, its ground area about 150 by 150 feet, or 17,000 square feet upon declining space taken out by an L-shaped part of the structure. The house was designed as an office building, but for years the floors have been occupied by manufacturers, merchants, and printers. At six o'clock in the evening the tenants depart. On the evening of January 10th the night watchman smelled smoke between half-



The Parker Building Conflagration which, through the Death of Three Firemen and the burning of rotten Hose, shook New York's Faith in its Fire Department

Incidentally it may be remarked that though the building was excellent in construction, which was abundantly proven by its skeleton holding together against the ravages of the flames from roof to cellar, yet it is held to be of faulty plan and design. The most serious defect was the lack of fire stops, or division walls. Each floor presented 17,000 square feet of undivided area over which the fire roamed unchecked by any substantial obstacle. There were flimsy partitions of glass and wood here and there, but these only whetted the flames and carried them along like fuses. The two sets of stairways and two elevator shafts were not enclosed by fireproof walls or doors, and the fire quickly spread into them and up and down as far as they reached.

For the first few minutes after the flames arrived they fought the flames on the sixth floor, but in spite of all their efforts the fire crept steadily toward the front of the building. The insurance patrolmen chopped through the doors into the fifth floor, intending to stretch their waterproof covers over the stocks of merchandise, but they were met by a gush of flame that quickly

gases and superheated air an explosion invariably occurs. This is the "back draught" so dreaded by the workmen, for it is as destructive as a blast of gunpowder, and not only hurls men about like dry leaves, but, if the gases are sufficiently confined and compressed, rends the stoutest buildings. There were several minor explosions of this sort in the Parker Building, but none of deadly effect until 9.30 o'clock, when the firemen had been in the building for one hour and a half.

Then it was that a mighty rear shock the tall structure, and a heavy cylinder press came crashing down from the eleventh floor. The 1 beams of steel had been weakened by intense heat, for they were enclosed in fireproof material on only three sides. There were five cylinder presses on this floor, weighing some fifteen tons, causing a pressure more than twice as heavy as the one hundred pounds to the square foot allowed by law. Some one had blundered in allowing that floor to be so frightfully overloaded—some official whose identity may be established some day after long official investigation. When the "back draught" explosion rent



The Menace of the Fire-wrecked Parker Building which halted Two Main Transportation Lines

TRAFFIC IN THE SUBWAY UNDER FOURTH AVENUE WAS STOPPED FOR FEAR THE BUILDING WOULD FALL. THE STREET TIMBER CRIBBING, LAID TO PROTECT THE UNDERGROUND LINE, INTERRUPTED THE OPERATION OF THE SURFACE ROAD

drove them away. The firemen delivered streams of water on the fifth floor, too, but the blast had taken too firm a hold to be easily checked, and continued to march toward the front. A great deal of valuable time was lost in trying to bring the water tower into play. The top section was jammed, and even when a second tower arrived in response to the second alarm its stream was of little help. For the weight and the angle at which the water was delivered weakened the stream and made it difficult to direct its course.

The flames spread from floor to floor. Flying up the chimney-like elevator shafts or licking through the outer windows as they leaped up from one story to another. After one hour of fighting the blast had spread throughout the building above the fourth floor, and there was no hope of extinguishing it. For all the real good they could accomplish, the firemen might as well have walked out. But it is not the habit of these men to retreat, and they remained in the building doing all that men could under the circumstances.

It is a curious thing that in the matter of explosions the so-called fireproof buildings are much more dangerous than any other. They are so compactly put together of iron, steel, and terra cotta that the gases and superheated air generated by the combination of flooring and other woodwork rapidly accumulate, especially on the upper floors. When, through the smashing of a window or a breach in a wall, a fresh draught of cold air blows in upon the

the steel beams, long densely overloaded and now weakened by intense heat, the heavy cylinder press must crashing down with the force of a gigantic projectile, rending and crushing everything in its way to the cellar.

Two firemen and one insurance patrolman were swept down to torture and death under the mass of glowing steel. A dozen others fought and writhed their way out of the twisted wreckage, some with half their clothing torn off in the struggle, and all bearing severe bruises on their bodies. Fifty men came tumbling out upon Fourth Avenue, and no further effort was made to fight the fire from within the building.

Streams were thrown from the street level, but they were not effective above the fifth floor; several streams were played from an adjoining hotel, and an attempt was made to pump water to the top of the American Lithograph Company's building, eleven stories high, on the other side of Fourth Avenue, and to force the streams one hundred feet vertically across the thoroughfare. This was of little effect. The fire burned until nothing was left of the Parker Building but its capricious skeleton of steel. The best efforts of the Fire Department had only delayed its destruction and prevented the spread of the flames to the adjoining property. The Subway and the Fourth Avenue surface line were closed to traffic for several days for fear that the wrecked building might collapse, but after a committee of engineers had examined the charred skeleton and pronounced it secure, the restriction on traffic

was removed. From the beginning of the fire to its end the most conspicuous and alarming incident was the frequent bursting of the hose. Length after length collapsed under the strain. There were forty or more of these breaks in one night. For many months similar occurrences had marked every fire in New York, but this time was an extensive and important that it attracted many observers, and they talked a great deal about the poor hose. Of course, it would be somewhat unreasonable to expect all the hose to be flawless. Moreover, the ordinary vicissitudes of the service, the rolling of wheels over it or the jab of the end of a horse-whip, etc., are apt to make weak spots in the very best hose. But such a series of breakdowns in the vital parts of the fire-fighting apparatus had never before been observed. Instantly the thing became a scandal. The firemen smiled grimly at all the clamor. They knew that the Bureau of Supplies for the Fire Department had long been in charge of a man named Ryan, who was once removed after an investigation, in the course of which much bad and cheap hose was found in use. After a long fight the courts ordered the reinstatement of Ryan, but he was not replaced at the head of the Bureau of Supplies until Commissioner Lantry came into control of the department.

The reporters surrounded Hugh Bonner, now Deputy Fire Commissioner, formerly Chief of the Department, and one of the most efficient firemen that ever lived.

"There is no use denying that the hose is bad," he said. "We do not trust the hose at the 100-pound pressure required by contract, because we are afraid it will not stand the strain."

When one remembers that hose in use at a fire often has to sustain a pressure of from 185 to 210 pounds to the square inch, this state of affairs is hardly appalling.

Chief Edward F. Croker, of the Fire Department, was interviewed next day. Ordinarily he is one who answers "Nothing to say" when the reporters question him. But this was a different matter.

"There is a lot of — poor hose in the possession of the Fire Department," he said. "The poor hose is not confined to one section of the city, but scattered all about. We should have 150,000 feet of hose, and the money equivalent to that would be \$150,000. If such a fire as that in the Parker Building should take place again with a high wind blowing while the department is handicapped with bad hose, there would be danger of a very disastrous fire. To fight such fires we need the proper appliances. We asked for an appropriation of \$150,000 for hose alone last year. We asked for \$25,000. We shall have to do with such hose as we have until we get the necessary appropriation."

The Merchants' Association of New York wrote to Mayor McClellan asking him to investigate the charges made by the Board of Fire Underwriters, that by means of cunning changes in the specifications for hose in recent contracts made by the Fire Commissioner, various and enormous lengths of hose were excluded from the competition. In the association's letter to the Mayor was this startling paragraph:

"The extraordinary inefficiency of the hose—as once more demonstrated at the recent fire on Fourth Avenue—is such that, had a strong wind been blowing on that occasion (as was rather to be expected at this season of the year), that scorching conflagration which the merchants of this city so much fear might very well have occurred."

The Board of Fire Underwriters, through its Committee of Fire Prevention, made a searching expert examination of all the fire hose in New York, and made public the findings nearly a month before the Parker Building fire. The Underwriters' committee declared that a test of the hose on hand was not permitted, because the Fire Department officials feared that much of it would burst. The committee reported that of 1838 lengths of hose on hand on January 1, 1907, purchased in 1901, 1902, and 1906, 351 lengths, or 17½ per cent, burst during the first ten months of 1907, while of 1597 lengths on hand the same date, purchased between 1903 and 1902, only 281 lengths, or 19 per cent, burst. The much older hose was obviously of better quality.

Between January 1 and December 1, 1907, hose burst at the rate of thirty-seven lengths a month. In forty-three alarm or greater fires during that period 409 lengths of hose burst, or over eleven at every fire.



The Fire-ravaged Parker Building, a Monument to Three Lives and a Property Loss of Millions

In 1905, the committee reported the specifications were changed so as to favor certain manufacturers. In one case cited, out of 247 lengths of hose furnished by the Windsor Fire Appliances Company, 116 lengths burst during the first ten months of 1907. The company, although under bond, did not make good the loss, and action against it has been dropped. The president of this company was Michael P. Laughman, now a deputy commissioner under Commissioner John H. O'Brien, of the Department of Water, Gas, and Electricity.

The Underwriters' committee concludes its report:

"It is evident that the hose in the New York Fire Department is deficient in quantity at two-thirds of all the houses, more especially in important districts; that much of it, especially recent purchases, is defective in quality; that these deficiencies and defects are tending to increase, and that no suitable provision has been made to remove or correct them. With such weak appliances to aid the firemen, no department can be expected to satisfactorily perform the work naturally expected of it. We wish to acknowledge the hearty cooperation of Chief of Fire Department Edward F. Croker, in affording us every facility for collecting information for the purpose of this investigation."

Mayor McClellan has ordered the Commissioners of Accounts to investigate the scandal of the rotten hose. Firemen declare that the origin of it can be summed up in one word—politics.

Politics, too, is at the root of the woful crippling of discipline that has taken place of late in the Fire Department. Every chief, every company commander, will admit that political pull has weakened their control over their men. These officials will not publicly complain. It is doubtful even whether they would admit, upon examination under oath, the facts which they freely acknowledge to friends in conversation.

"Rotten hose!" exclaimed a veteran fire officer to this writer. "That isn't the worst of it. The whole department is rotten with politics. There's where the trouble lies. The hose is bad. But it's a great deal worse to see officers lose control over their men because the men rely on political pull to help them out when they get into trouble through breaking the rules."

As a matter of fact every man in "the business," as the fire-fighters cheerfully call their arduous and deadly vocation, is well aware that nothing serious ever happens to a fireman who breaks the department rules if he has the backing of certain politicians or is a member of a certain political association. It is notorious that in one well known political club in an up-town assembly district more than two hundred firemen are members. Why? Well, because it will do a fellow no harm to belong to the same pack with a certain great man whose word is powerful in the department. Firemen are not shirks. Probably not two men out of the two hundred joined the association with the fixed idea of avoiding the consequences of misbehavior. But it is notorious that various members of the pack have been allowed to break the rules of the department and have got off with very light punishments even when their violations of the rules were gross.

There is no possible doubt that political "pull" has wrought havoc all through the department. At an up-town fire since the Parker Building was burned there was serious delay in sending firemen into the blazing house. One of the newspapers next day reported that two firemen refused to go up the ladders. The battalion chief who commanded them met a friend next day who asked him if the newspaper story was true.

"Well," replied the chief, "they didn't exactly refuse to go up into the house. They only hung back a lot."

"And you had to order them to go up several times before they went?"

"Well, yes; they were pretty slow in getting started."

"I'd have had them down at headquarters under charges the very next day," was the friend's comment.

"Yes, I suppose you would," said the chief, "but that would only show that you don't know how the business is run nowadays. Any battalion chief who takes any of his men down on charges knows that he's putting himself on trial, not the men. They get off altogether, or the worst that happens is the stopping of a few hours' time off. Then they go back to their quarters and give the chief the laugh. The only way to manage nowadays is to do the best you can."

"You know it's all not to make excuses for a fireman who won't go into a burning building, or hangs back waiting to be ordered twice. You know there isn't an officer in the business who orders his men into a place that he won't enter himself. It's the interference of these politicians that makes men hang back—the talk of these rank outsiders that we ask the men to take risks that are too great. Why, the Fire Department is full of risks, like the army or the navy, and the man who won't take chances ought to keep out of the business. You know perfectly well that we don't take unnecessary risks, or ask the men to do so, but all this outside interference is paralyzing the department. It kills the authority of the officers and upsets the men."

Although no Fire Department official would say a word for publication as to the interference of political guild with discipline, this writer obtained from the department record the history of several cases which show very clearly that some influence has caused the imposition of trivial punishments for very grave offences. In considering these cases—which are selected from many of like nature to serve as illustrations—one should remember that because of the small number of men in each fire company it is of the highest importance that every man should be on hand whenever required, and in perfect mental and physical condition. Any fireman who is drunk or absent from duty strikes a fatal blow at the efficiency of his company. Here are some typical offences and the punishments administered by Fire Commissioner Lastry:

Fireman John J. McGraw, Engine 40, November 24, 1907, conduct prejudicial in good order and discipline, conduct unbecoming a fireman. Twelve hours' leave of absence deducted.

Fireman Joseph P. McCoy, Engine 74, December 4, 1907, absence without leave. Twenty-four hours' leave of absence deducted.

Fireman John J. Hannon, Hook and Ladder 17, December 8, 1907, absence without leave. Twelve hours' leave deducted.

Fireman Patrick A. Clarkin, Engine 52: December 3, 1907, absence without leave.

December 4, 1907, absence without leave and under the influence of liquor.

December 5, 1907, absence without leave and neglect of duty.

Twenty-four hours' leave of absence deducted, and Clarkin transferred downtown.

Fireman Alfred J. V. Hyde, Engine 81, December 6, 1907, violation of rules and regulations in leaving quarters without permission, and on December 7, 1907, absence without leave and neglect of duty. Twenty-four hours' leave of absence deducted.

Fireman Martin W. Renck, Engine 52, December 6, 1907, absence without leave. Twelve hours' leave of absence deducted.

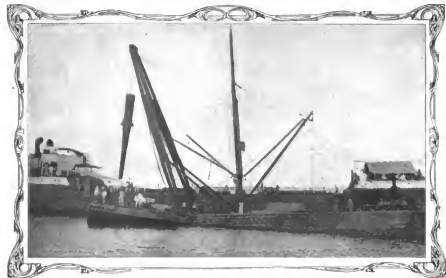
Fireman Martin W. Renck, Engine 52, December 15, 1907, absence without leave. Judgment not yet recorded.

There are hundreds of cases like these in the recent history of the Fire Department. In the case of Clarkin, of Engine 52, it is easy to trace the effect of his trivial punishment upon Renck, of the same company. Clarkin was found guilty of leaving his company without permission and staying off on a drunk for three days. For this capital offence he lost twenty-four hours' leave of absence and was sent downtown where there is much more work for firemen. Imagine how useful such a man will be in a company that is called out to fight fires anywhere from six to sixteen times a day!

And like a corollary to the Clarkin case comes the case of Renck. On December 8, the day after Clarkin returned to Engine 52, from his spree, Renck wandered away from Engine 52 without leave, and all it cost him was the forfeiture of twelve hours' leave. Naturally Renck drifted away again nine days later. Imagine the feelings of the other men of Engine 52 at work in a burning building with the knowledge that the safety of their lives may at any moment depend upon the efficiency of such men as Clarkin and Renck! How can a company do its best work with such elements of weakness in it?

Scores of cases could be cited to prove still further the malign influence of politics upon the New York Fire Department. The lives and property of millions of citizens are in the keeping of this body of men. The career of politics is eating out the life of the department.

STRENGTHENING THE DEFENCES OF THE PHILIPPINES



Swinging Aboard the Quaternaster's Lighter at Manila one of the Fifty-ton Coast-defence Rifles shipped from Brooklyn last September

THE largest shipment of ammunition and war supplies ever made by the government of this country is now being rushed to its Insular Possessions.

The Pacific steamship *Manchuria*, which sailed from San Francisco, on January 7, carried as part of its cargo 6,000,000 rounds of ammunition, consigned to the army in the Philippines. Thousands of the new Springfield rifle have also just been shipped to the Far East. The transports *Sherman*, *Frazer*, and *Bir*, now in commission on the Pacific, will, within the next ninety days, carry an amount equal to that taken on the *Manchuria*. Aside from this great quantity of ammunition of war the transports will also carry more than 100 rounds for each of the fifteen 10-inch coast defence guns at Manila, and the fifteen 10-inch coast defence guns at Subig Bay. There will be an equal quota for the six new 14-

inch guns and the fourteen 12-inch rifles, and a bountiful supply of shells for the six and eight inch guns and mortars.

In addition to the shells, guns, and rounds for small army rifles, the government is making hurry shipments of contact-exploding torpedoes and detaching harbor mines for a thorough mining and debarring of the harbors of Subig Bay and Manila. About \$1,000,000 worth of mines, torpedoes, and submarine bombs are included.

The normal supply of ammunition for the Philippines is about 3,000,000 rounds yearly for small arms. The quota shipped to the islands each year has not been depleted, but on the other hand has considerably accumulated because there has been no warfare. With this fact in view, the government's action in rushing an auxiliary supply—equivalent to the needs for six years—is attracting much interest.



The Main Entrance to the Rhodes Opera House, Boyertown, Pennsylvania, was the principal means of Exit. In the Picture the Ladder occupies the place of the narrow Stairs



Placing Tags on the Bodies identified in the Ruins



The Crowd around the Front of the Ruins the next Morning



Nearly Two Hundred Bodies were removed in this Manner from the Second Floor



East Side of the Building showing Fire Escapes which were not Used

THE SACRIFICE TO A CHILD'S CURIOSITY

IN THE FIRE HORROR AT BOYERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, A LITTLE GIRL AMONG THOSE ON THE STAGE GIVING THE PERFORMANCE PUSHED FORWARD THE CURTAIN TO LEARN THE CAUSE OF A COMBUSTION IN THE AUDIENCE. ONE OF THE OIL-LAMP FOOTLIGHTS WAS SPILT—FIRE AND PANIC FOLLOWED

Another Chance for Cuba

By G. M. P. MURPHY

Late Lieutenant 17th U. S. Infantry

I direct that the installation of the President and Congress of Cuba to be elected next December, and the turning over of the island to them, take place not later than February 1, 1909

— PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO SECRETARY TAFT



RICH English planter thrust a box of matches under my nose one night in Havana. "That," he said, "is the reason why Cuba can never be independent."

"You mean a leg?"

"I mean," he said, coolly, "that if your troops withdraw I can pay ten pesos to a couple of riggers to fire a few shots, and back you come. There is too much money in this island for you to experiment any longer. The Cubans have had their shot. They threw it away. You mark my word, they will never get another."

The fact be stated is one that grows on you more and more as the days go by in Cuba. The ultimate doom of independence is chafed in the streets and joked of in the cafes of Havana. It is a foregone conclusion to the hard riding, heavy handed ranch owners of the country. It is a probability that forces itself on every one who is in close touch with the spirit of the people. No one doubts the honesty of the promises of our government. But every one doubts whether Cuba will allow those promises to be fulfilled. If satisfaction is saved it must be saved in spite of itself. But the government has decided to grant it another chance.

The open facts of the case support this theory. Our troops sailed from Havana, leaving behind them a stable government, clean cities, rising buildings, newly paved streets, and business growing by leaps and bounds. Since the war \$100,000,000 of American capital alone has been invested in Cuba. Yellow fever had been stamped out. The infant republic was on its feet, and above it were the strong arms of its great neighbor. When our troops again sailed south the government was overthrown. The capital was almost in the hands of bandits. Crops and houses were burning. The whole island was in a ferment. Business was dead. Millions of the people's money had been squandered in graft. Yellow fever was returning. The island towns had sunk back into their ancient state of filth. All parties rushed with joy to greet Mr. Taft—a crowning, pitiful confession of their inability to govern themselves.

Why was all this change? It was not that the party in power had disastrous principles. You carefully examine the political situation for plottings, and you find hardly a splinter of difference among them all. Palma's policy of government was the same as that of his Liberal opponents who were marching to drive him from the capital. It was not that the President was corrupt. Palma may have been weak. He may have been unwise in choosing his advisers. But he stands out at least as a clean, honest man who did the best he knew how to do. The fault is in the old Spanish idea that a public office is a private graft. The cry of the Liberals to-day is not for reforms in administration or for punishment for abuses. It is for office. An election in Cuba is not a contest of ideas. It is a contest of leaders for political plums. A revolution is not the uprising of a wretched people. It is a disorderly mob stirred to murder and pillage by a disappointed candidate. A prominent foreign business man in the interior told me that the weaker party in his province is deliberately seeking to go into insurrection if an election is held in June and the party is defeated, in order to at least cause the Americans to resume the reins of power and to take from the successful candidates the enjoyment of their victory. The leaders will sell their independence to gratify the spite of the dog in the manger. The story of the shame of Cuba is the story of her selfish and unscrupulous politicians.

The pity of the whole situation is that the great majority of the plain people—the peasant class—in Cuba are peaceful men and women who ask nothing but unsolicited permission to cultivate their little fields and smoke their cigarettes, and sip their rum of an evening. After being present at revolutions in South and Central America, and after studying closely the Spanish American character in several countries, I have no doubt that in these alluring states the disease comes from a handful of ill-hatched conspirators and their bands of blackguard adventurers who frighten the simple farmers, one by one, into their ranks. Even in Venezuela, with her shocking record of rebellion, the armies are recruited with the lash and the rifle butt. The particular ill fortune of Cuba is that she has such a large population of negroes, who, naturally lazy and lawless, and having nothing to lose, but everything to gain, are the immediate tools of every leader who aspires to go into office through

the brush. A Cuban veteran with several wounds and a noble record of real valor—he once shot with his pistol two of his own men to force the rest to charge a Spanish column—said to me, almost with tears in his eyes: "Ah, the people—the poor people—they are so good. There is nothing bad in them. It is their wicked leaders. If they could be put together and shot we could save Cuba."

Unfortunately such a select execution is out of the question, and the problem that must be solved is how, in the circumstances as they are today, can our government keep its pledged word to give Cuba another chance. In doing this we have a larger obligation to meet than the mere abandonment of the island to the Cuban people. Our duty is to establish the governing power that it can not only protect itself against its native political enemies, but that it can as well crush the plots of the foreign business interests. It is a question whether any value should be attached to the persistent reports of conspiracy among these interests in connection with the recent upheaval. But the situation now is distinctly changed, and the moneyed classes in general appear not manifestly determined to force, if possible, the continued presence of United States troops. They form a potent factor to be considered in the solution of the difficulty.

To properly discharge this duty will consume a much longer time than political conditions in the United States may permit. Our premature abandonment of Cuba in 1902, forced by ill-conceived and on the part of those at home and by a desire to cater to the opinion of Europe, was largely responsible for the present trouble in the island. The Cubans are a people untrained in self-government and ignorant of any feature of representative government except the opportunities for unbridled disorder. They have learned in a day the lessons that our own colored race has been fighting for and absorbing since the old folk moot days in the forests of northern tierceury. It is a question whether they can ever grasp wholly the principles of a republic, but at best we can hope to train them only for infinite patience and by the expenditure not only of money, but of life and time. But we can boast before the world that we have kept our pledge. On the other hand, if we settle down with the honest purpose of doing our task well, and take ten or twenty years if need be to repair the shattered machinery of the island government, to strengthen it, and clean it, and rivet it afresh and to train skilled mechanics to handle it, we shall perhaps turn out something that may at last become a State. We shall hear the criticism of Europe and the burning ignorance of distant nations at home, but we shall have fulfilled our duty as humane men.

I do not mean that through all this period the actual presence of our troops throughout the island will be necessary. The first half of the provisional government should be to reorganize, equip, and train a rural guard so strong that it will be a real weapon in the hands of the administration of the State. The second half, during its building picked officers and uncommissioned officers of our army to teach it the lessons the British taught the Egyptian regiments that have themselves so well at Omdurman. It should be as rigorous that its central station in the various districts should always have a sufficiently large body of men for the purpose of drill and discipline. Detachments sent out from these rendezvous should not be left—on they are now—for long periods out of from military instruction, but should be regularly relieved by new men and withdrawn into the central station as they are needed up and kneaded into shape again. The rural guard should be made as soon as possible a power—for without power the rural element of Cuba cannot be beaten into decent order. As soon as this force is strong enough the American troops could be concentrated into a brigade camp near Havana, where they would be in evident readiness to strike if necessary, though the guard would be learning the real game through playing it for themselves.

Even this would be but a beginning, and the kindred tasks of instructing in medical wisdom and political administration and the simple laws of self-government are no matters of days or months, but of years. Whatever you the latest theorists at home and equally honest enemies of Cuba may find, when our transports set sail loaded with troops, the real friends of the republic, who believe in the plain people and its path to a better way, are the enemies of the authors with sorrow. When next they fall in Cuban waters they will never again be altogether lifted.



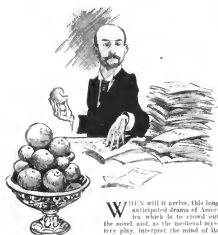
AS NEW YORK CLIMBS SKYWARD

THE TOWER OF THE METROPOLITAN LIFE BUILDING WHICH IS TO RISE 675 FEET, OR FIFTY STORIES, ABOVE THE SIGNWALK OF MADISON SQUARE. THIS STRUCTURE, TO BE AN OFFICE BUILDING, KNOWN BY NEARLY SEVENTY-ONE FLEET THE HEIGHT OF THE NEWER BUILDING, RATHER THE TALLEST IN THE WORLD

DRAWN BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

Fishing for the Great American Play

A DIALOGUE WITH MR. DANIEL FROHMAN, TOUCHING INCIDENTALLY UPON OYSTERS AND APPLES



WHEN will it arrive, this long anticipated drama of America, which is to crowd out the novel, and, as the medieval mystery play, interpret the mind of its own generation?

Up above the Lyceum Theatre, far above the mainline crowd which came streaming in to see "The Third," one of the season's most conspicuous successes, a third man was seated in a large apartment before a desk piled high with manuscripts, searching for the Great American Play and eating apples.

Mr. Daniel Frohman probably knows as much about the drama, every phase of it, as there is to know. He has made actors and actresses. He knows the times from the gold, the bubble reputation; and yet he sat there like some pearl fisher among his oysters, eating apples and searching among stacks of manuscripts for the Great American Play. This hopefulness was the most amazing feature of the spectacle—the *sure-foot* which survives continuous disappointment; the unconquered optimism of the pearl-fisher who knows that somewhere, hidden among the oysters, lies the pearl.

"Managers get many plays from authors which are well constructed and tell a fairly interesting story with dramatic logic," he said, "but they do not dig deep enough to meet the demand of a modern audience."

Mr. Frohman himself dug deeply into his pile of oysters. "Now here is a three act play of great promise," he said, "but it has only one event, spread over three acts, culminating in a single climax, whereas it should present a series of surprises. So it will have to be returned."

"Are all plays read that are submitted?"

The question was unnecessary. One could see the thought in Mr. Frohman's mind before the *monosyllable* "yes" escaped him. Does the fisherman jerk his rod upward when he feels a nibble at the bait? Mr. Frohman resembles everything less than a fisherman, seated in his apartment, high over the mainline crowds, reading his manuscripts with inexorable patience, and rating apples.

"A play should have continuous action, all the way through," he said.

"I thought the tendency of the modern drama was toward subjective action?"

"When I allude to action," said Mr. Frohman, "I don't necessarily mean physical movement and pided play. A successful play must contain continuous struggle and battle; the struggle of love with duty, to name the most frequent example. The characters may be sitting in their chairs, talking pleasantly together, and still fulfil this purpose. And the action must go forward by leaps and bounds, from one climax to another. The ideal play will have the fewest characters, but it will hold the attention so that you won't know whether there are six or sixty; and two persons upon the stage will hold the audience entranced, as in the Greek drama. Like the Greek characters, too, they will appear as puppets upon a dark background of necessity, victims of the circumstances which they have helplessly brought into existence."

"How does the American drama stand at present, as contrasted with that of foreign countries?" he was asked. "If it has merit of its own, why do you import plays?"

"This year we make a error. The best of our authors have failed by the wholesale," said Mr. Frohman. And then the fisherman's optimism broke forth in him. "But I have great hopes of

the American drama," he added. "I have produced a great many American plays in the past. As a stock manager, I provide plays from any source. A play is not a matter of geography. The question is of obtaining one of sound, wholesome, universal theme."

"The Frenchman is the best dramatist, but the subjects he chooses are not palatable to English or American audiences. The English are better dramatists than Americans for producing plays of broad and general human interest; but the American play is a greater money maker, because the subjects drawn from native sources win greater success than any foreign play."

"An English critic recently characterized the average American play as childish."

"Yes, that has some truth. But, remember, the average American play is not intended for New York, but for the country, where the audiences are mostly composed of young people who are less sophisticated. The English provincial drama is very similar."

"Have you detected any noticeable improvement during the past decade; any approach toward the Great American Play?"

"The last decade has witnessed a great improvement both in the character of plays and their interpretation. The plays have a more sophisticated quality and bigger emotional interest, while the obvious *dramatisme* has largely disappeared. The acting has improved because of the revolution in stage methods, especially the introduction of electric lighting. When the actors played before rows of candle lights, they had to exaggerate; hence the absurd soliloquies and asides which have given place to expression and quiet action."

"But this has weakened the imaginative quality of the drama such as we had when stage resources were weaker. The modern American play needs adjuncts which are superfluous in the case of Shakespeare."

"Do you think our actors compare favorably with the English?"

"They are quite as good. At present, however, there are no essentially great actors on the English speaking stage. Irving was the greatest actor of his time, after Booth, but he was not a great actor."

"Actors here," he continued, "have a greater opportunity than actors in the world. England continues to demand as her supply employed in the profession. London is the great English goal for dramatic talent, while the provinces offer only a meagre existence. America is so big and has so many cities of magnitude that the English actor finds his best chance is ever here. Thirty per cent. of our actors are out of the country."

"What line of work offers the best chance of success?"

"The line in which there is the least supply, and the greatest demand, both here and in London, is what is called 'leading business.' We want young men and young women who can play responsible heroes and heroines. They have to encounter so many different conditions for success, not only the success which comes from art, but that which is produced by personality. The greatest successes are those which come from personality."

"What do you think of the critic's influence upon the theatre?"

"On an average the critic fixes pretty well the standards by which the entire community judge the play. Favorable criticism will help a good play, but not a bad one. Adverse criticism has no effect on the success of a play which has qualities of popularity and interest."

"The critic should not concern himself with the monetary prospects of a play, but with criticism of the dramatic work. The critic has no concern with the business side. He should devote himself to plays which are successful though they defy the conventions of dramatic art and treading on the dignity of the drama."

"But are there any reasons of dramatic art? Have they not been relegated to the lumber room of the dramatic utilities?"

"There is the artistic construction of the story, the taste in the choice of a subject, the acting. Then, while the utilities of pure and time don't matter, there must be nifty of action. These are reasons on which criticism should be based. Instead of this, it is often based upon the individual writer's own personal predilections. The best critic is he who has the most catholic taste and experience. The greatest drawback of the stage the critic can stand by is that which inhibits the public from subjects questionable in their moral or religious significance."

Among the many subjects spoken of, this idea seemed constantly to find its way to the surface of Mr. Frohman's thoughts: the need for a clean, wholesome drama, of universal and elemental appeal.

"A play should appeal to the universal heart of the public. Plays that are dramatic brids on behalf of exclusive subjects neither elemental nor wholesome draw only a limited audience, and for that reason there has no popular following in America. All plays that succeed appeal to every class of humanity. The Great Play will be clean, wholesome, elemental. But there are always fluctuating periods in the course of a century; and this is one of the valleys."

There was something of pathos in the words, and the picture of a man used and slow in his approach, high above the mainline crowds, waiting for the Great Play with the imperishable optimism of the fisherman, and eating apples.



TO THE VISION

DRAWN BY



THAT REMAINED
W. L. FOSTER

Honor Among Thieves

By ASHBY DEERING

ILLUSTRATED BY HAMILTON WILLIAMS



I receive a sudden summons on a lonely afternoon, especially when it is the afternoon of December 24, a season of emotions which no ordinary man can afford to ignore. It was so with me when a bellboy bustled in upon the privacy of my usual note-book, Christmas gloom with a note addressed to me in an unfamiliar hand, and that one impatient word of superscription—"Answer."

"My dear Mr. Linton," the note began, "I have heard of your remarkable powers of observation through an acquaintance who regards you highly, not as a detective, but as a scientific investigator of crimes that are perpetrated from motives unrequited in law books; likely enough the crimes of curiosity. I shall esteem it a personal favor if you will call on me immediately to consider a theory of mine along this line, and whether you prove or disprove my notion, I assure you that the reward for your services will be made adequate to any valuation you may set upon your holiday time."

The note was signed by a former magistrate who was reputed to be immensely rich, not only in dollars and cents, but in human wisdom, and endowed with a heart "still warm beneath the snows of experience."

He had retired from the bench under something of a cloud. His fellow jurists had grieved his heart with imputations that he was a snit, but he had dismissed their case against him with a noble gesture, true to his last grain of common sense. And then he had sent for me. At once I understood that the old man wished me to vindicate his judicial seclusion, and he witness to these families of justice which may ever shine forth on the cold milestones of the court record. And as I turned up the collar of my storm-coat on the walk to his home I reflected that his memory was still good enough to hark back to the mental record of the one pennyweight of evidence that he had long ago dropped into the balance to save a prisoner's reputation for uprighteous.

"Ah, I was expecting you, Mr. Linton; I knew you would come," said the veteran as he shook my hand in the library. He was almost tottering. His clasp was feeble, yet the mould of his bony fingers suggested a certain strength of hoary purpose. I felt that his mind had outlived his physical decay.

His very next sentence completely opened my friendly hope. "Mr. Linton, you are the one man," said he, "the only living criminologist who can find out what I wish to know. I have sent for you to engage your talents to discovering the germ of shoplifting."

There I began to believe the stories I had read about the madness of Justice Waddington, but I let him ramble on.

"I am positive," he continued, "that shoplifting is caused by a specific germ especially prevalent at this season of the year. And I am equally confident that you can find that germ and segregate it from all other germs of criminal curiosity, and thereby aid me in the last humane task I shall ever set my mind, heart, and hand to. I am preparing a book on the 'Crimes of Curiosity' which will



He asked if I would go in quest of the germ of shoplifting

be, long after I am dead and gone, an authority in the law libraries of the whole civilized world, and I am morally certain that shoplifting is chief among these psychic phenomena. This disease is not akin to kleptomania, and is but slightly related to the sin of



A note addressed to me in an unfamiliar hand, and that one impatient word of superscription—"Answer"

acquisitiveness; rather it is an inordinate desire to contemplate in private the things displayed in public, beyond the reach of the average purse or the willingness of the private spendthrift.

"I have met in my experience on the bench many young girls of gentle breeding who do this thing in the spirit of adventure—girls and older women whose consciences are a law-work of slender threads, with frequent open spaces that exemplify the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"Their parents are rich and indulgent, often influential enough to safeguard them against the common penalty, and they learn to regard misdeeds as a luxury afforded by riches. I mean riches in the abstract, devoid of liveliness."

He paused to know whether I followed his cynical reasoning, and then he asked me if I would be willing to go in quest of the specific germ of shoplifting. In his distorted enthusiasm he imagined that this malignant microbe could be fixed in a microscopic slide and photographed. He suggested that I go out among the Christmas shoppers, watch them, and follow them, in order to accumulate a battery of germs, later to be classified as criminal curiosity cultures.

To please the aged lawyer I said I would undertake the commission, although I hadn't the slightest idea of doing so. As I left the house, however, I fell to wondering what sort of reason had won out and thus deranged his once brilliant mind. The more I thought of the riddle he had propounded the more it fascinated me. And at last I found myself in the cheerful hurry-burry of a great department store, scrutinizing the Christmas shoppers with a suspicious eye, for a shoplifting germ, if my old friend was right, lurked on every one present, marked in plain figures.

The place was crowded with the cosmopolitan classes of the great city. They were buying and dickerings and pecking their change. Presently I observed a young man wrapped in a big overcoat secret something he had not paid for. I could not determine what the article was, but as I watched this polite specimen of the genus shoplifter I was again amazed at the deftness of his action and the rare discrimination he exercised in the selection of his stealings. He took only small and costly articles, and I was not far wrong in estimating his plunder at several hundred dollars. All his takings were dropped into immense pockets of his great coat. I followed him almost to the door, through which he hoped to make a quick exit. There we both met the unexpected. I saw the thief, loaded like a pack horse and puffing under his blanket coat, suddenly stand stock still in front of a beautiful woman, handsomely dressed.

From her muff protruded the edge of a large roll of gorgeous ribbon. It was on the point of falling. If it fell, instant detection was inevitable, for a foot-walker stood only a few feet away. Just beside our bulky friend of the long pockets stood an eagle-eyed filled with porcelain vases. A deft and almost imperceptible movement of his elbow brought one of these to the ground with a crash. The floor-manger made a frantic rush to the spot, while the people about scattered. At the same moment the shoplifter in the storm-coat made a step toward the beautiful lady and shoved the offending roll of stolen ribbon back into her muff.

I heard him say a word to her in a laughing whisper: "My dear, you should not be so coarse in your work." Then, calmly surveying the turmoil, he walked unconcerned out of the place. To my dying day I shall never forget the look of gratitude with which that lovely creature followed his orderly retreat. Quickly she moved as if to join him, and I saw her watch his progress through the confusing crowd, hesitating until she had lost him.

The snow was coming down in a Violette frolic. Large, damp, sticky flakes fell on those pale patrician cheeks and melted in her tears. For a moment I hesitated which to follow. Which would you have followed? Almost involuntarily I went after the man in the storm-coat with the shoplifting pockets. I tapped him on the shoulder, and when he turned a startled face to me I said,

"You made a friend to be proud of a moment ago. Did you see the grateful look she gave you? Did you notice she followed you out and wished to thank you? Wasn't she a beauty? Wouldn't you like to know her?"

These and more questions I propounded to him. I tried to make him understand that he had won my approval too, and that such



"My dear, you should not be so coarse in your work."

a fine action as his was never wanted even on a witness before the fact, but on the other hand had done much to excuse the vagaries of kleptomania.

"Yes, I would like to know her," he said, regretfully. "I have never before had an opportunity to meet such a charming woman under such peculiar circumstances. But, sir, you do me a grave injustice to suppose that I would presume upon so slight a favor to make the acquaintance of a lady in distress. I am not a snob."

I told the story to the ex-magistrate just as I have told it here. He listened without betraying the slightest emotion, turned over papers on his library table until he had found some unshuffled sheets of his great masterpiece on the "Crimes of Curiosity," and painfully he scrawled this line:

"Section III.—Honor Among Thieves."

GERALDINE

By T. L. M.

A MAIDEN tall was Geraldine—
The kind who's known as "aperty,"
Her bosom measured "sixteen,"
Her chest (inflated) "forty."

She played a lovely game of golf;
And crowds— and crowds—attended
To see the way that she drove off,
Twas really very splendid!

Her form at tennis was "the thing,"
And it was even kinder
She'd come put gloves on in a ring—
They also say she "sprigged."

One day, by some romantic hap,
(Cap'd, maybe, had thundered)
She met a very little chap,
Who weighed less than a hundred.

Imagination never could
Of him make an Apollo,
His legs were thin as saplings of wood,
His chest was very hollow.

An easy chair he had a mind

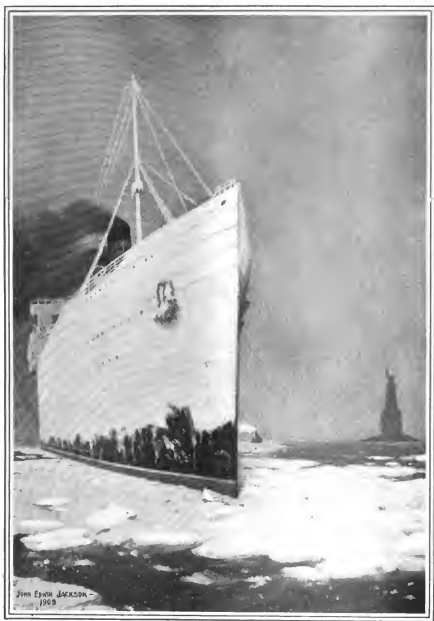
Most often to be led in
He shivered in an autumn wind
As aspen leaves are said to.

Now old Dame Nature, so it seems,
The species often varies,
And then uniting two extremes
Thus reconciles contraries.

This love match, therefore, may have been
In one sense quite prophetic,
Although he was so very thin,
—And she was so athletic.

Yet there's a circumstance quite slight
It might be well to mention—
A matter which it seems but right
To call to your attention.

It shows that oftentimes we endure
From sinister facts too funny:
The truth is, Geraldine was poor,
And he was black with money.



FROM THE PERILS OF THE SEA

DRAWN BY JOHN EDWIN JACKSON

CUPID'S HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK



Two Clerks in the Marriage License Bureau are kept busy constantly



Betrothed Couples in Line waiting to Exchange a Dollar for a License

AMERICA'S LARGEST STADIUM

By FRÉMONT RIDER



THE interest of the great arena the building of which has been stimulated by the modern renaissance in athletics, is the new stadium recently completed for Syracuse University. It is the largest and finest structure of its kind in America, approximating the ancient Greek models, and it accommodates forty thousand spectators.

The site selected is striking, an elevation overlooking the city of Syracuse and, in the distance, Onondaga Lake. The stadium itself is an oval, 670 feet by 475 feet, the area covered being 6-1/2 acres, or about five times as large as the famous stadium at Athens, recently restored for the Olympic games. The entire structure is of reinforced concrete of the most massive character. The tiers of seats rest on huge piers extending in places twenty feet below the ground level. Five hundred tons of reinforcing steel and twenty thousand cubic yards of concrete were used.

The cabled field in the centre is surrounded by a quarter-mile cinder track, and on the south side is a 220-yard straight-way

course which passes out through tunnels at either end of the stadium.

Above the upper tier of seats, on the ground level (for the entire stadium is an excavation), is a twenty-foot concourse, nearly one-half mile around, where automobiles can be parked to watch the games.

The work has been going on for more than three years, most of this time being consumed in the excavation required, amounting to nearly 400,000 cubic yards. In the concrete work, the contractors showed great ingenuity and success in the solution of the many new problems which arose.

The idea of the stadium originated with Chancellor James R. Day. The funds were supplied by Mr. Julian D. Ayres, and the cost has already exceeded half a million dollars. A new gymnasium, connected with the stadium by tunnel, is now under way. This, it is understood, will cost another half million. It will be the largest and best-equipped gymnasium in the world.



The Syracuse University Stadium during the Lafayette-Syracuse Game, with 8000 Spectators present

THE DEPENDABILITY OF THE AUTOMOBILE

By HARRY W. PERRY

THE idea that the automobile is unreliable still persists in the public mind and seems likely to continue for a long time. It is kept alive by the joke-makers and artists who, as a rule, are years behind the times, and who find it so hard to originate jokes that they fall back for "revenue" upon subjects that are worn threadbare, and are long out of date. There can be no denial that in the early days of the development of the motor-car there was plenty of justification for all the jokes that were printed, but nowadays nobody sees an automobilist or his chauffeur stretched flat on his back under a car tinkering with its mechanism, and for every machine that is seen stopped by the roadside for adjustments of the machinery or repairs to a tire one sees dozens of cars running perfectly. It is very rare, indeed, that an automobile has such a serious breakdown as to require towing to a repair-shop, or to necessitate its abandonment by the passengers. Such stoppages as have to be made on the road are usually only for simple adjustments, the cleaning or changing of a spark plug, connecting up of a fresh ignition battery-cell or the substitution of a new inner tube for a punctured tube in a tire. The changing of tires does not take more than a few minutes nowadays, as most cars are fitted with quick detachable rims that are easily and quickly manipulated.

A popular misconception is very hard to eradicate, yet it needs only a little thought to convince any one that automobiles are to-day more reliable than electric street-cars, horse-drawn conveyances, or even railroad locomotives and cars. Hardly a day passes in any of our large cities when one does not see street-cars disabled by the blowing out of fuses, short-circuiting of controllers, burning out of motors, or failure of brakes to work properly. In many cases long lines of cars are stopped, and traffic on the whole street is blocked. Such incidents attract only casual notice, however, and some annoyance if one happens to be inconvenienced, but they are so common that they have come to be considered an almost inevitable accompaniment of electric traction, and the jokesmiths never think of making them the subject of humorous paragraphs and sketches.

That horse-traction is almost equally undependable will probably be admitted when the reader is asked to recall the many horses he has seen overcome by heat in summer, or suffering from injuries received by falling on icy streets in winter. Having always been

accustomed to the general use of horses, such sights are not novel to us, and we think less of the predicament in which the passengers find themselves when such things occur than of the sufferings of the animals. Suppose for a moment that events had been reversed; that for centuries we had travelled about in motor-cars, and generation after generation had seen goods transferred in motor-trucks, and packages delivered only in automobile delivery-wagons. Imagine the popular interest that would be taken in the first attempt to introduce and use horses as draft animals, and the jokes that would be made over their propensity to take foolish turns at a fluttering newspaper and run away, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the columns upon columns of letters of complaint that would be written to the editors regarding the use of such dangerous animals in the public streets, and the filthy condition of the streets arising from their use. What crowds a healthy horse would attract, and what an example of unreliability would be a horse that could not walk on a street covered street.

It will be seen, then, that the reason why the temporary disablement of an automobile on the road formerly attracted so much attention from a quickly gathering crowd of curious spectators was because automobiles themselves were new and were therefore objects of great interest. As the only time when the man or boy in the street got a good close look at them, and particularly of the engine and machinery which were always concealed when the cars were running, the breakdowns became strongly impressed upon the minds of the people. But as the machines were improved and their number increased, the public became accustomed to seeing them roll through the streets and along the roads, and their passage left little impression—so little that the earlier impressions were not dispelled, and people who have given no serious thought to the matter still associate the automobile with breakdowns and roadside repairs and adjustments, rather than with a merry party of pleasure-seekers out for a day's run or a family off for a tour of hundreds of miles through mountain districts.

Next to the steamship, the automobile is the most reliable means of mechanical transportation that we have. Railroad locomotives would be breaking down repeatedly on the road if they were given no more care in the shops than the motor-car gets. The traveler is likely to overlook the fact that when he makes a trip by rail, say from New York to Chicago, he does not ride behind the same



The Kind of "Going" that tests the Endurance of any Car—yet Roads in this Condition are successfully negotiated every Day



Conquering Time and Space under elemental Conditions on an Indiana Road between South Bend and Chicago—A Tourist's Nightmare come true

engine during all of the journey, as he would do in an automobile. The car is in its hauled over each successive division of the road by a fresh engine just from the roundhouse or shop, where it has been carefully inspected, wiped, oiled, and put in good condition. In railroad practice the divisions are from one hundred to two hundred miles long. During the run the engineer notes, on a pad of blanks provided for the purpose, all of the things that he wants done to the engine before he takes it out again, and these are attended to carefully at the end of the division. When an engine has run about three hundred miles it is given a general overhauling, the fire being drawn, the boiler-tubes cleaned out, the joints re-packed, and adjustments made. Yet, despite all this careful attention, there is often trouble on the road due to leakage of steam through badly packed joints, leaky boiler tubes, brakes that do not work smoothly, or more serious faults that develop in the machinery.

Compare such conditions with those that obtain with an automobile when on a long tour, in which the same engine and machinery are run sometimes over one thousand miles or more of public wagon-roads—not, it should be remembered, on rails laid on a carefully graded and leveled roadbed. The car is run one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles a day, often through heavy dust, mud and sand, at the end of which the owner or his chauffeur is weary from driving, and is much inclined to give the engine only the most necessary attention, merely wiping off the worst of the accumulated dirt, filling the oiler, gasoline tank, and radiator, and testing the batteries and coils. Instead of anticipating trouble with the transmission, brakes, steering gear, and bearings, the driver usually waits until something goes wrong with them on the road, and only so much care is given the machine as will keep it running until the end of the tour, when it is sent to the garage for a thorough overhauling and tuning up. Such methods could not be followed with a locomotive, whose every part must be inspected at the end of every run of one hundred to two hundred miles, whether trouble has developed or not, to guard against delays and possible accidents on the road.

It is really remarkable how persistently people stick to the idea that the automobile is not to be depended upon,

when it is remembered that every summer during the last seven years, one or more national competitions in reliability and endurance, open to all who desired to enter and abide by the rules, have been held over courses of several hundred miles by representative organizations, such as the Automobile Club of America, the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers, and the American Automobile Association. Besides these, there have been many similar events conducted by local clubs, as the Long Island Automobile Club, the Chicago Automobile Club, and the New York Motor Club. Wide publicity has been given to these in the daily press and in all of the many automobile papers, with carefully compiled tables showing the excellent performances of most of the competing machines, many of which finished with perfect scores showing that they had had no involuntary stops on the road occasioned by machinery troubles, and had arrived at every official checking point on time. It is necessary to recall only the more recent of these contests to present evidence of the high state of perfection to which the automobile has been

brought in the dozen years of its development in America. By all odds the most significant of these was the Sealed Bonnet Contest, conducted last June by the Automobile Club of America. The announced object of this event was "to afford the opportunity of demonstrating, under severe touring conditions, without adjustments, repairs, or replacements of any kind, excepting tires, the continuous running qualities of the modern stock touring-car now offered to the public." To this end, strict rules confined the entries to regularly catalogued machines, and required that on the day before the start each car be inspected by the contest committee, and official seals be affixed to the bonnets and all operating parts thereunder, to transmission gears, axles, wheels, springs, coil-boxes, and battery-boxes. After being sealed, the cars remained in the custody of the committee at all times, except during the hours when they were being driven on the road under the watchful eye of official observers, until the close of the competition. The most exacting of all the rules absolutely prohibited the making of any adjustments, repairs, or replacements of any kind, except tires, during the whole period of the contest, which extended over the four days from June 19 to 22 inclusive. Even the tightening



Minimizing the seriousness of Break-downs en route by the Use of detachable Rims that may be easily and quickly detached



Some of the Forty-one Cars which, of Forty-seven Entries, covered 600 Miles in a recent Endurance Contest without undergoing a single mechanical mishap

of a nut, or the fixing of a broken battery-wire was sufficient to cause the disqualification of any contestant from further participation. As a further guard against the making of repairs or adjustments on the road, one rule prohibited any tools, except tire tools, being carried on the cars or by any passenger, except the tools in the regular toolbox, which was officially sealed like the bonnets.

All of the cars were required to cover a designated course of one hundred and fifty miles a day, and the high-powered runabouts had to go an additional twenty-five miles each day. To secure diversity of road conditions and topography, the runs on the successive days were from New York City to Poughkeepsie and return, Pawling and back, West Haven and back, and Bridgeport, Danbury, and home again. During each intermediate night the cars were placed in the care of the committee in the Club garage, and the contestants were not allowed to go near them. According to the rules they were to, the cars had to average not less than thirteen to seventeen miles an hour, and, on the other hand, were subject to disqualification if they exceeded the legal speed limits in town and country.

It is difficult to imagine more onerous conditions than these, and, as a matter of fact, it was the belief of not a few well-informed persons in the trade that the nature of the contest was too severe, and that the final showing would do more harm than good to the reputation of the manufacturers' products.

The results were a complete surprise, and were thoroughly gratifying. That of forty-seven cars that started in the contest, forty-one covered the six hundred miles in the four days without having any mechanical trouble whatever. Of the six that were disqualified only one met with a serious mishap, having broken a cam shaft. The man forgot to fill his crankcase with lubricating oil before starting, and another forgot to put a nut on the steering gear, which worked loose. One machine was put out of the contest because of a broken battery-wire, another owing to a short circuit in the ignition system, and a third because of a broken

valve spring. All of these were minor troubles that were remedied in a few minutes.

By way of comparison, it is well to consider for a moment the possibility of making a six-hundred-mile journey behind a team of horses without so much as having to stop to fix a broken strap, buckle, horse axle nut, or replace a cast shoe; or in a trolley-car or railroad train without a moment's delay due to trouble with the machinery, or having the engine inspected, cleaned, and adjusted.

But the remarkable showing made by the automobiles in the Sealed Bonnet Contest only served to spur the manufacturers on to seek further laurels. Several of the cars that made perfect scores in that event were entered in the Glidden Tour, with their operating parts similarly sealed, and were driven from Cleveland to Chicago, and thence through Indianapolis, Columbus, Pittsburg, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, to New York during a two-week run in July. One of these reached Pittsburg, and another got to Bedford Springs, east of the Smoky City, with seals unbroken and without making repairs or replacements.

One particularly notable example of reliability was that of a car that covered nearly 3000 miles with bonnet, transmission, coil, and battery-box sealed. After going through the Sealed Bonnet Contest successfully, it was driven from New York to Chicago, where it took part in the Chicago Automobile Club's one-hundred-and-seventy-five-mile endurance run in July, and was then driven back to New York, all with the original seals intact.

In the light of these facts, which can be easily verified if any one cares to take the trouble, it seems as if it were high time that every well-informed person recognized and acknowledged the reliability of the automobile—both foreign and American, since most of the cars that competed in the Sealed Bonnet Contest—themselves original American ideas—were of domestic manufacture, while those that made the more remarkable performances mentioned were American cars.

HOW TO ADD TO THE LIFE OF AN AUTOMOBILE

"MAYBE could be added to the life of an automobile and to the satisfaction that it gives to its owners," says an experienced manufacturer of motor cars, "if people would bestow upon the automobile but a part of the attention they give to other property. Take, for instance, the item of winter storage. Few people who store their cars for the winter think of taking the trouble to put the car on blocks and to remove the tires from the wheels. The insides of the rims, too, should be cleaned and a coat of enamel applied to the inner surfaces where

the tire rests. This will prevent corrosion and will leave the rim smooth. A good idea, also, is to give all polished brass surfaces a coating of heavy oil, such oil, for instance. A tide of ordinary grease, however, will preserve the lamps, the radiator, steering post, and other parts that would be injured through corrosion. The tops should be oiled and cleaned with oiled waste, to keep it smooth and flexible. These rules find but little application in this section of the country, since we have a rather open winter which permits the use of the automobile practically all the year.

THE FIRST REPUBLIC
IN AMERICA

The question, "What was the first republic in America?" the average reply would probably be, "Why, the United States, of course!" And yet this Union of States, founded upon the Declaration of 1776, was not the first republic to be established in America; there was an earlier one, that died soon after its birth, of which little or nothing is said in our American histories.

In 1761 France, being then engaged in war with England and realizing that she could no longer hold the province of Louisiana, had, through the French ambassador at Madrid, offered a memorial to Spain setting forth her inability longer to support Louisiana, and praying for the continuance of Spain to supply its necessary wants and to prevent it from falling into the hands of the English, against whom it stood as a bulwark for the Spanish colonies of the West. The negotiations finally resulted in Spain's taking over the province; but she evinced small interest in her new possessions, whose vague boundaries to the north and west were not even defined in the act of cession. The people of Louisiana were in the peculiar position of a colony abandoned by the mother country and unclaimed by the new sovereign. Indeed, even the fact of the cession was not made known to them—that is, not until the year 1764.

Deeply grieved by the action of their mother country in thus disposing of them without their consent, the local government submitted the matter to a council under the leadership of Nicholas Chauvin de Lanfrière, the attorney-general.

Lanfrière called a convention of the people at New Orleans while the new Spanish governor was on his way to the colony. The convention adopted resolutions and drew up a petition to the king, Louis XV., wherein they protested their loyalty to the French crown and prayed that they might not be cast off among strangers. One Jean Milhet was appointed delegate to lay these resolutions and the petition before the king.

Milhet was not, however, successful in his mission, for he did not gain the ear of Louis. The best he could do was to lay the matter before the powerful minister, the Duc de Choiseul, who, though Milhet was not aware of it, was in fact the secret means of the negotiation for the transfer of the colony. Choiseul, while promising to lay the matter before the king, never, as a matter of fact, did so, and the disappointed delegate returned home without having accomplished the object of his journey.

Then the people of Louisiana resolved upon a radical course. On the night of October 28, 1768, the rebels took possession of the French forts and the gates of the town in the name of the Republic of Louisiana. No resistance was offered them. The newly appointed Spanish governor took refuge on a ship, which subsequently sailed for Havana.



The Late Edmund Clarence Stedman

AN APPRECIATION OF THE POET BY HENRY M. ALDEN APPEARS ON PAGE 7 OF THIS ISSUE

On October 29, 1768, the council at New Orleans adopted a formal declaration of independence, officially styled the colony the Republic of Louisiana, elected Lanfrière "Protector," and drew up a written constitution. This interesting government lasted from October, 1768, until July, 1769, when a Spanish squadron of twenty-four vessels, with a force of 2000 men, arrived at New Orleans. The new republican state was overthrown and five republican leaders, including Lanfrière, were put to death. The Republic's official going ahead is believed to have his Breton counterpart in the council of the country he intends to visit. This will save a lot of trouble and annoyance.

The travelers say that automobiles are still a great deal of a novelty in Denmark, and that there are only a few hundred in the entire country. In Denmark motorists are restricted entirely to the state roads, and no car can be driven over any but the roads designated by the government.

The motorists say, also, that they had more trouble on their return at the United States Customs House, because of their red tape methods, than any place in Europe. It is suggested to motorists that they have an invoice made out for their car on the other side, to show that it is clear, or they will have to give a bond to that effect on their arrival on this side.

VALUABLE NOTES ON MOTORING IN GERMANY

KAISER WILHELM, of Germany, has his own ideas about motoring, and therefore has made his empire the most liberal in the world toward motorists, yet he also has seen to it that this liberty is costly.

Two persons who have just returned from a four months' European motoring tour, mainly in Germany and Denmark, praise the roads throughout the German Empire, declaring them to be even better than the best that their own State of New Jersey affords.

The one drawback they encountered was the matter of expense. Gasoline costs upwards of sixty cents per gallon, and before one is allowed to run his car he has to put up a sizable tax. For a 12 horsepower car the motorist pays \$10 for one month, \$20 for four months, and \$40 for one year. High priced cars are correspondingly more. When the tax is paid a number is given to the motorist by the police, but before this it is necessary for him to show an American driver's license, countersigned in the United States by the German consul. Failing to have this, the owner must make a trial run before a selected specialist, and he pays the specialist \$10 for looking at him. After that, \$1.50 is added



Music and the Opera

TETRAZZINI, AND OTHER MATTERS

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



THE most gratifying aspect of the recent debut at the Manhattan Opera House of Madame Luisa Tetrazzini, who has of late been making so mighty a stir in the world of music, was the overwhelming assurance of popular success which attended it. The statement is made deliberately. It has frequently been pointed out on this page that Mr. Hammerstein in the exhibition of fresh conceptions and novel personalities. But to achieve such ends, which are not apt to be either certainly or continuously remunerative, is an expensive—at best a precarious—undertaking. It is well, therefore, that Mr. Hammerstein can count, for the furtherance of his other aims, upon the substantial good-will of exhibiting Madame Tetrazzini to a responsive and unfailing public. Yet it is, perhaps, worth noting—and of this Mr. Hammerstein himself is perfectly aware—that in producing, for example, Charpentier's "Louise" for the first time in America, he has accomplished a feat far worthier of discussion and of public interest than is his selection and display of the singer who is now filling the Manhattan with glad and exultant crowds. But Madame Tetrazzini's emphatic success with the opera-going public is merited. She possesses a voice which, in its upper octave, is truly extraordinary in its limpidity and its plangency, and she is remarkably skilful in her singing of ornate and forced music: she is gifted, and she is vocally agile. For the vast and inalienable public which, as between hearing Violetta sing "E-ta" in all while she stoops to gather up her skirts and hearing Mr. Gilbert as *The Father* in the last act of "The Louise," would in fact prefer the former, Madame Tetrazzini is a singer who is amply qualified to afford both satisfaction and delight.



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Mr. Bassi, of the Manhattan Opera House, as "Canto" in "I Pagliacci"

Mr. Vincent d'Indy is one of the half-dozen living composers whose outcries are entitled to serious consideration; therefore the performance the other day, for the first time in America, of his new symphonic poem, "Jour d'été à la montagne," was an event to be noted, even were the music less remarkable than it proved to be. Mr. Darnstoch played the work at the fifth evening concert of his New York Symphony series in Carnegie Hall, in the face of a popular and critical hostility toward Mr. d'Indy's productions which might reasonably have cautioned a less independent conductor than Mr. Darnstoch to leave the score untouched.

The work, a tone poem in three parts, was completed in 1903, published in the following year, and produced by Mr. Colonne in Paris, on February 18,

1906. The music was suggested by a prose poem of Roger de Pampelonne's, and this is printed as a preface to the score. A translation into English of certain passages may be given here as an indication of the intent of the music. Mr. de Pampelonne's meditations are comprised under the three separate heads, "Dawn," "Day" (Afternoon), and "Evening," and the music, in its three divisions, corresponds to these subjects of the text. A few excerpts from each will serve as an index to its music:

[Dawn:] "Awake, dark phantom! smile to heaven, majestically, for a ray in the infinite rises and strikes your brow."

"Awake, valley! who convulsed the happy groves and sleeping cottages; awake, singing. And if, in thy chaste, sighs also reach me, may the light wind of the morning hours gather them and bear them to thee. . . . The shadows melt away little by little, before the invading light. . . . Laugh or weep, creatures who people this world. Awake, harmonies! God hears! . . ."

[Day:] "How sweet it is to cling to the moon-like sides, broad hairdress of heaven! How sweet it is to dream, far from the turmoil of man, in the smiling majesty of the mountain! Here, all earthly sounds mount in harmony towards my restful heart; here, all becomes hymn and prayer. . . ."

[Evening:] "Night steals across the all-covering sky, and the waning light sends forth a fresh breath softly over the weary world. Soon all things sleep beneath the shadows, all appears ghostly in the valley; yet all still lives. . . . O Night! Eternal harmony dwells beneath thy veil; joy and grief are but sleeping. O Night! consuming life stirs through the all-encompassing day; life creates itself anew beneath the pearl-strewn mantle of thy outstretched arms. . . ."

It will be seen at once, by those who are familiar with Mr. d'Indy's outlook as an artist, that this is a subject after his own heart. He is at once a man of singularly devout and simple nature, and an entire mystic. For him the spectacle of the living earth, in lovely or forbidding guise, evokes reverend and exalted moods. His approach to the spectacle of its wonders and beauties is Wordsworthian in its deep and awe-struck reverence and its fundamental simplicity. He does not, like his younger artistic kinsman, Debussy, see in it all manner of fantastic and mist-enveloped visions; it is not for him a pageant of delicate and shining dreams—Mallarmé's haze and indolgent Faun in amorous woodland reverie would not have suggested to him, as to Debussy, music whose consciousness is as explicitly revealed as it is marvellously transfigured. The egotism of d'Indy is preeminently religious; it has no tinge of self-consciousness, it is large and benign, rather than intimate and intense.

He is absolutely himself, absolutely characteristic, in "Jour d'été à la montagne." This music is a hymn the grave earnest and the utter sincerity of which are as ill-temperable as they are impressive. In its art it is remarkable—not so monumental in plan, so astoundingly complex in detail as his superb *Hammerstein* symphony, yet a work that is full of his peculiar traits. Its constructive plan is broad and simple, yet severely dignified; harmonic ally it is as novel as fascinatingly ingenious, as anything he has hitherto achieved; melodically it is of rare and curious distinction; as a whole, it is of almost continuous beauty, it is profoundly poetic, it is rich and luminous in texture, and it is rigorous in the ardor of sentimental and spectacular effect. It does not always sustain its highest level—the level of inspiration reached in all of the first movement, in the opening of the second movement, in the exquisite conclusion. Mr. d'Indy's hatred of copy and meretricious formulas of style results at times in an undeniable lack of thought and mood, a kind of emotional sterility which it is hard to see and to deplore; but at his best he is—as in this work—admirable and absorbing.

It remains to be said that Mr. Darnstoch read the score with sympathy and entire devotion, and that the orchestra (one that has steadily and delightfully improved) played it brilliantly. Mr. Darnstoch offered his personality as a virtuoso to the extent of playing the subsidiary piano part; for the piano is used in this score only as an orchestral adjunct.



Copyright by Mabel

Mr. Delmona, Chief Tenor at the Manhattan, as "Nick" in "Thaïs"

King Alfonso as a Poet

A MEXICAN review entitled *Unión Ibero-Americana* gives a poem which it declares to have been written by no less distinguished a person than King Alfonso. It appears to have been composed some years ago, previous to the time when Princess Ena consented to become Mrs. Alfonso. A cat may look at a king and may also read his poetry. Almost any cat would be able to tell from reading this effusion that the young king of Spain is just as bad a poet as most other swains when they have the love fever. Here is the Spanish version:

"Me hiere tu desdén! Más en mí duelo,
existe aquella fe de los titanes
que pretendieron vencer el cielo.
No importa de tu boca la sonrisa,
ni de tus negros ojos relucientes
la mágica mirada que esclaviza.
He de triunfar! Qué importa que el
destino
con su mano fatídica me aliente
de caridos y de bombas el camino!
Por ti, Ena, el corazón palpita,
y al d'ad me to rindes por ser Faustó,
-ó 16 mi cándida Margarita."

Which being translated in fairly free fashion comes to about this:

"Stricken by thy disdain am I,
Yet in my sorrow feel the faith
Which tells me I can mount the sky.
Berk I little of the spite that lies
'Tpon thy lips, nor th' enlaving glance
(Within thy black resplendent eyes)
Triumph shall come! Who cares if fate
Has carped the way with bombs
And grown her thistles at my gate?
Ena, for thee alone doth beat
My heart; and if I may not be
Thy Faust, be thou my Margarite."

An Easy Case

"Yes, doctor, one of Harry's eyes seems ever so much stronger than the other. How do you account for that?"
"Knot-hole in the baseball fence last summer, most likely, madam."

A Long Background

FIRST NURSE (at hospital). "That ballet-dancer in the ward with delirious tremors must be fairly old."
SECOND NURSE. "Why?"
FIRST NURSE. "She says nothing but pre-historic animals."

Effectual

The down East tavern keepers have had much experience with autumnal sportsmen, of whom many are called but few get up.
The instance is cited of a Bostonian, a mighty hunter before the Lord, who came "put up" at a quaint little Maine hotel, where he left a call for half past four in the morning.
Exactly at that time a sharp rap awakened the sleeper. "All right! I'll be down in a minute," he drawled in a muffled voice from under the blankets.
"No, you don't!" shouted the proprietor. "You'll get up right now or sign this receipt!"
"Receipt! What receipt?" demanded the now very much awake sportsman.
"We all," granted the proprietor, "I don't intend to have ye bamp! When to the stove at eight o'clock, making out ye bill, then be called!"

Baseball in Venezuela

In reporting an opening for athletic goods in Venezuela, Consul James W. Johnson writes from Puerto Cabello:
"The game of baseball is gaining a steady foothold in Venezuela, and bids fair to become a popular form of outdoor amusement. A game played recently in Caracas was quite a social event, being attended

by the wife of the President and many people of prominence. The outlook warrants American manufacturers of athletic goods in putting forth some efforts to encourage the sport. Descriptions and rules of the game printed in Spanish and distributed in the cities of Caracas, La Guaira, Valencia, Puerto Cabello, and Barquisimeto, together with window displays of baseball paraphernalia, would undoubtedly result in spreading the game over this entire section of country and opening up a market for the sale of general athletic and sporting goods. A market for baseball equipment alone is worth being opened, as in this climate the game can be played the whole year.

Making It Clear

WHEN she carelessly fell in the conservatory, said her husband (not heeding her explanations),
"The ingredients I'd use for soups and stews
Are none but extremely strained relations."

J. ADAM STRAWSON.

His Possessions

"Tux, lingering however frequently succeeds only in affording the witness an opportunity to display his own wit at the counsel's expense," says a well known member of the Baltimore bar.
"A certain actor was before the poor delators' court in a Western city, when he testified that his only assets were his salary as a member of the local stock company."
"But you must have something else," said the prosecuting counsel. "Tell the court what else you have."
"That's all."
"What's no personal property?"
"Oh yes, a dog—and a watch."
"Now think hard," persisted counsel, bellowing he was on the right track; "what else?"
"Well," suggested the actor, "I have a case of rheumatism."

A Guilty Conscience

"SAWYER!" bawled the conductor, as his train approached the town of that name.
"Don't care if you did," said the young woman who had just kissed his girl; "we are going to be married next month!"

Kept His Word

"Tux late Mr. Smithers was certainly a man of his word," said Mrs. Binker, looking up from the morning paper.
"Late Mr. Smithers?" queried her worse seven-eighths. "I hadn't heard of his death."
"That's why I say he was a man of his word," said the widow behind the cotton window.
"Twenty-two years ago he told me if I didn't marry him he would die. And he has."

For Consistency's Sweet Sake

"Known to me," said Boothelwaite, "that if the President is right in appointing a Surgeon to the command of a Hospital Ship."
"Well?" said Winkletop.
"Well," said Boothelwaite, "he ought to appoint a veterinarian to command the Cavalry, and put a Chiropodist over all the foot soldiers."

Sort of a Paradox

"I would like to engage an optimistic cook," began Mrs. Maltrou.
"I don't quite understand," said the employment agent.
"I'll be more explicit," replied Mrs. Maltrou. "I want a cook who makes the best of things."

Cooperation

PARKE. "You keep a joint bank account with your wife, don't you?"
LANE. "I deposit the money, and she draws it out."

A Restful Intellectual Atmosphere

NOON. "The doctor says we must be careful of our boy's brain."
TOM. "Why not keep him entirely away from all mental excitement?"
NOM. "That's our idea. We're going to send him to—University."

Peculiar Qualifications

"Is choosing his men," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "Gideon did not select those who led while their arms and threw themselves down to drink; he took those who watched with one eye and drank with the other."

Awful to Contemplate

LITTLE PEARCE had been severely punished for spilling a glass of water on the table. While the tears were still wetting his eyes he turned pathetically to his father.
"Pa," he asked, "what would you have done to me if that glass had been full of ink?"

Badly Needed

THE Professor had been quitting his psychology class, and was evidently somewhat disappointed with the result.
"Gentlemen," said he, as the bell rang for dismissal, "it has been said that God is good brain food. If that statement is true, I advise some of the men in this class to try a whale."

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The Season's Plays

MISS MAUDE ADAMS IN A NEW VERSE DRAMA



By "I"

IN this day and generation, while we are rearing office buildings fifty stories skyward, pursuing birds in dirigible air-ships and fishes in submarines, to say nothing of chatting across leagues of land and water with a magnificent repudiation of wires, it requires something of courage to offer the public a dramatic entertainment in verse, let the verse even be the old immortality of Avon. It may be that as we have learned to work so hard we have elected to take our enjoyments simply: and perhaps we have been enticed from the hot-house symbolism of verse into a less-nurturing but somewhat more actively agitated atmosphere of realism. We spend so much time over lodgers and laborerates that when nightfall comes, and we seek the theatre to evade thought up-to-morrow, we are much less likely to be diverted by:

"Ay, mark those well,
The blood adrip upon thy lusty blade.
Now thou, 'tis running red, not white with fear,
As that which cries the coward on thy cheek."
(*He dies.*)

than by:

"My God! I'm shot!"

This may not be entirely admirable, but it is strictly in keeping with the skyscrapers, the air-ships, the submarines, and the wireless contrivances of the age. However, these few lines have nothing whatever to do with such aspects of the verse drama as its didactic influence, its uplift, the regret over its decay, or the joyousness over its rarity; they are in more or less relevant remembrance upon Miss Maude Adams's new play, "The Jesters," at the Empire Theatre. This play, a translation from the French, is in rhyme, and, save for what Miss Adams gives to it, it is tiresome. The indirectness of the verse, which has few charming passages, makes it so, and Miss Adams alone robs her lines of their poetic circumlocution and makes them humanly direct. Most of the other players are evidently unable to forget what may be designated as the typography of their lines, and they deliver them typographically. Miss Adams now and then, and with skill, throws a foot (not a metrical foot) beyond the four-square confines of the frame without setting the rest of the canvas agog.

These are the only moments in which the play makes a reasonable appeal, since its theme is as old as the eternal hills, that of the youth who, to win his lady, goes to her court disguised as a jester. It has been said that to offer a verse drama requires courage. This should be amended; it would require courage, indeed, to offer "The Jesters" without Miss Adams. Twice in this play she demonstrates the high character of her skill: once in accounting for the disfiguring lump upon her back, and once in her narrative of the love-affair of a summer breeze. These show not only her command of verse as a medium, but a rare insight into the spirit of the lines. Those two passages differ widely in motive: the one charmingly pathetic, the other sympathetically epic, and each fairly sparkles in a gloom of words.

There are few moments of mirth in the play. Most of them are contributed by Gustav von Seyffertitz in the role of Valentin, the captain of the castle guard, the action of the piece taking place in France in 1557. One exceedingly amusing bit is done by Frederic Eric as Holarius, a probationary jester clad in black from crown to heels, who most lugubriously recites his poem to the breves, and so saddens the castle banquet that he is soon hidden beyond. It is the only thing Mr. Eric has to do, and he does it delightfully.

Miss Adams is, of course, the successful jester among several aspirants for the post, and, winning this, she is not long in winning her lady-love. I should not say "her," perhaps, because Miss Adams is in the doublet and hose of a prince, which, by the way, she wears most becomingly, thanks to the lessons Peter Pan has given her.

A merciful man is merciful to his piano: wherever our pleasure with Mr. Leslie Harris's recent "musical monologue" at the Hudson Theatre was, to some extent, tempered with a vicious sympathy for the poor, protesting victim of his fur, frenzied outspontaneity. Nevertheless, it was not easy to withhold appreciation of Mr. Harris's complaint, immense personality. Mr. Harris hails from England, and he made his debut here in the part of what used to be called, in the days of Curvey Grain, a "drawing room entertainer," to improve a New York audience with a line smoked sugar-cured rambloush brand of English humor. In his credit it must be said that he accomplished this pleasant task with considerable ability. Mr. Harris is exquisitely English, "England's truest entertainer," according to a self-entertained opinion. From feasting recollections of other brands of this article we should be disposed to agree with him.

For "The Literary Sense," a thirty-minute satire of the most delicate order, our story is just indebted to Europe and to Arthur Schnitzler, who last season gave us "The Reckoning." At the Madison Square Theatre, Miss Katherine Grey has revived "The Reckoning," one of the thought-provoking dramas, and she provides it with the new piece by the same author.

Charles Harvey Linning has made the translation of "The Literary Sense" from Schnitzler's "Literature," and he has preserved a showlike attitude toward the theme, which has had several recent and laughable examples in the field of letters on this side of the water. A young woman writer has indulged her wit, for the purpose of securing "copy," in more or less pious affairs with two men. Until the publication of their respective books, the girl and the literary one of her two friends has supposed the other to be entirely serious. The party of the first part has in such case, it transpires, used the letters of the party of the second part, and "copy" has been made of various "sacred mementos" in their friendship. But, alas! like murder, the books will not. Behold, they contain the same letters! To the rage and disgust of lover number two—the sincere one—and the embarrassment of the two authors.

The satire of this situation is distilled into crisp lines and pungent epigrams that again suggest Shaw.



Miss Katherine Grey in the crucial scene of "The Reckoning" at the Madison Square Theatre

Tactful

An Iowa Representative tells a story of the campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. Leslie Shaw to the governorship of that State. By one of those complications that make all politics a confusion to the ordinary citizen, Mr. Shaw lost his own county, although he was elected by a large majority.

In Mr. Shaw's town there was an Irish shoemaker named Mulligan, who had always made and repaired the statesman's shoes. The morning after election Mr. Shaw had occasion to visit Mulligan's shop.

"I congratulate ye, Governor," said Mulligan, as Mr. Shaw entered.

"Well," said Shaw, "I'm glad to be elected, but, Mulligan, I'm sorry to have lost my home county."

Mulligan vouchsafed no reply, but hammered vigorously at the work in hand. The Governor, noting this strange silence, asked: "You see, Mulligan, it's a hard thing to have your own home go against you."

Still was Mulligan silent, a circumstance that enlisted Mr. Shaw's intense interest.

"What would you say, Mulligan, when a man loses the county in which he lives?"

A democratic gleam came into the eye of Mulligan. "That wud ol ye, Governor? All ol could say is that it's a bad thing you didn't live in every county in the shate."

Nip and Tuck

"When Brown came to this city ten years ago he didn't have a cent."

"Well, well. How did he make out?"

"Oh, he's still holding his own."

Illuminated Version

The King was in the counting house.

Counting up his money (oblivious of the fact that mere material welfare was not save a nation).

The Queen was in the kitchen.

Eating bread and honey (evidently shirking her duty to the state, as no children are mentioned).

The maid was in the garden.

Hanging out the clothes (she should pray to be delivered from love of luxury and ease).

When alone came a blackbird.

And pecked off her nose (clearly a natural feature of the same class as the well-curled hair story).

McLANNONIAN WILSON.

Not the Kind Wanted

"LITTLE WILLIE ran away to hunt red skins."

"Yes?"

"But he didn't find any until his father had finished with him."

Nor the Cat He Meant

For a number of years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and Perkins, next door neighbors. The trouble had originated through the depredations of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamt of "making up." One day, however, Brown sent his servant next door with a pane-making note for Mr. Perkins, which read: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Perkins, and begs to say that his old cat died this morning."

Perkins's written reply was bitter:

"Mr. Perkins is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

At the Masked Ball

"Do you know, by Jove! I actually kissed my own wife just now."

"Sh! Don't say a word. I did the same thing."



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Old Jocosity

In aid of would-be humorists (we'd rather aid than be 'em)

Some modern Croesus should maintain a funny men's museum.

Where there should be a moral and instructive exhibition.

Of jokes and gags all duly tagged with notes and definition.

And classified and catalogued in every known variety.

So long as tirelessly worked off on suffering society.

In short, a great museum called that of Unnatural History.

Where humorists could find old jokes and chuck them of their mystery.

For instance: take the venerable ever-youthful witicism

About the mother-in-law of man, which breathes every criticism.

This might be labelled: "Origin, in time of poor King Solomon:

Revised for Henry VIII. and Mornems; quality, a hollow one;

Varieties, some fifty-seven, too numerous to mention;

Purpose, that of safety-valve for conjugal discomfiture."

Or take that gag, "The good old times," which antedates Jerusalem,

And recedes a wide acceptance in the days of old Methusalem.

The joke on drunkards "seeing snakes" goes back, 'tis thought, to Noah.

(He saw, of course, just water snakes, not the terrestrial sea.)

"The theatre hat"—the youngest joke in all the vast museum—

Can now be found no farther back than the Roman Coliseum.

On either hand, the antedates, according to Ormsby.

Is traceable to Mother Eve; subject, "the child precocious."

And so forth, the third of Adam born (see Bishop Cosher's table).

Originated puns like these: "I'd raise Cain were I Abel."

The "ignorance of doctors" gibe has been a favorite steadily

From ancient times—revived long since in the youth of Mrs. Eddy.

The "lawyer, worried by his witness," holds a high position.

As to the "sneaking doctor" joke of origin Phœnician.

On old Egyptian freshets carved are jokes on young wives' cooking.

And jokes on bathers date from when Delilah was good-looking.

One label would on all the rest throw light of odd obliquity.

By showing what a favorite joke is favorite jokes' antiquity.

Is our museum all these facts, and more as edifying.

Relating to the witty things our magazines are laying.

Would be set forth and labelled with the greatest scrupulousity.

For information of professional men of humorosity.

This would not check their output—we cannot be so sanguine.

But 't would make sure that all their jokes they'd have the good old tung go in:

For 'tis well known the humorist's pitfall is "originality";

And he, by following beaten ways, avoids his humor, banality.

GEORGE JAY.

With an Eye to the Future

QUEEN ALEXANDRA of Gracious Presence herself attended last spring's annual Dominion House Fête in London, and because of that conspicuous fact there is a tale to tell—and worth the while. One of the diminutive flower maidens was both pretty and plump, and when Her Majesty stopped for an instant to smile down upon her, what did she do but put up her were (and tramping) mouth for a kiss, which she received.

"Molly!" gasped her astounded mother, after the distinguished visitor had passed on, "how could you?"

And Molly gave good reason. "I fought," said she, "it 'd be interestin' to tell my granddaddlers."



THE POSSIBILITIES OF WIRELESS

DRAWN BY A. B. WALKER

A Tragedy

A MORAL proprietor in Kansas City once told of an amusing incident connected with the stay at his house of a rural politician of Missouri.

The politician had come to the hotel for but one day, and he had taken his dinner elsewhere with a friend. When, on coming to pay his bill, he found himself charged with a day's board, dinner and all, he protested vigorously. It was explained to him that the American plan was based strictly on time, and that if he chose to eat elsewhere it was his own lookout. The man, however, refused to be satisfied, and paid the bill under protest. Then, to every one's surprise, he asked if dinner were "still on." Upon being informed that it lasted until nine in the evening, he exclaimed:

"I've extra one dinner, but I'm going to get my money's worth out of this house. If I suffer all the torments of dyspepsia."

He then rushed into one of the dining rooms, seized a bill of fare, and ordered everything he could think of. When he finally reached his limit, the waiter handed him a check for \$8.35.

"What's that for?" he demanded.

"Your dinner, sir."

"But I have already paid for my dinner in my bill," protested the unfortunate man.

"I am staying here on the American plan," "Then you should have gone into the other dining room," said the waiter. "This is the European-plan café."

What They Did To Him

"Why did Napoleon hate the English?" now asked an instructor in history in a public school of Cincinnati—to which question an immediate reply was offered by any pupil.

"I'm sure somebody knows," said the teacher, hopefully, scanning the faces before her.

"I think I kin tell, mum," finally ventured a dirty faced lad in the rear of the room. "He hated the English because they made him live an' die all by himself on the rock of St. Helena."

Fixed

One of the local officials of Chicago tells of a plumber's apprentice who, on his way to work one morning, called at the office of the health authorities and made known his wish to register his father's death. When the clerk asked the date of the demise, the son replied:

"He ain't dead yet; but he will be before night. I thought it would save me another journey if you put it down now."

"That won't do at all," said the clerk. "Perhaps your father will live for a long while yet."

"Well, I don't know," responded the apprentice, doubtfully. "The doctor says he won't, and he knows what he has given him."

Overheard

An amusing story is told at one of the Philadelphia clubs. It seems that an older member thereof, a clever chap, was being frightfully bored by his rival's talk at the table one night, the latter individual being as dull as the former was bright.

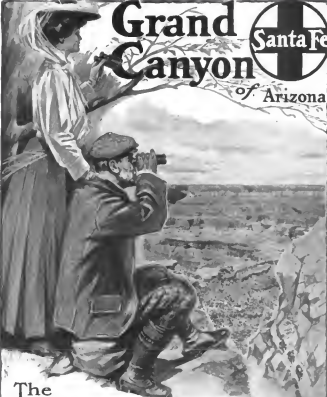
The talk was fast becoming unendurable, when the first-named member chanced to observe a man at the other end of the dining room yawning in a manner that threatened to dislocate his jaw.

"Look!" exclaimed the first member, in desperation, "we are overheard!"

His Point

LITTLE BOY (in toy shop). "Is this bark safe?"

SALESMAN. "Absolutely, my little man. I'll warrant you won't break into it." "But I want one that papa and mamma can't break into."



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Commissioner Smith vs. The Standard Oil Co.

From the Railway World, January 3, 1908.

Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, whose zeal in the cause of economic reform has been in no wise abated by the panic which he and his kind did so much to bring on, is out with an answer to President Moffett, of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The publication of this answer, it is officially given out, was delayed several weeks, "for business reasons," because it was not deemed advisable to further excite the public mind, which was profoundly disturbed by the crisis. Now that the storm clouds have rolled by, however, the Commissioner rushes again into the fray.

Our readers remember that the chief points in the defense of the Standard Oil Company, as presented by President Moffett, were, (1) that the rate of six cents on oil from Whiting to East St. Louis has been issued to the Standard Oil Company as the lawful rate by employees of the Alton, (2) that the 18-cent rate on file with the Interstate Commerce Commission was a class and not a commodity rate, never being intended to apply to oil, (3) that oil was shipped in large quantities between Whiting and East St. Louis over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois at six and one-fourth cents per hundred pounds, which has been filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission as the lawful rate, and (4) that the 18-cent rate on oil was entirely out of proportion to lawful rates on other commodities between these points of a similar character and of greater value, such, for example, as linseed oil, the lawful rate on which was eight cents. President Moffett also stated that thousands of tons of freight had been sent by other shippers between these points under substantially the same conditions as governed the shipments of the Standard Oil Company.

This defense of the Standard Oil Company was widely quoted and has undoubtedly exerted a powerful influence upon the public mind. Naturally the Administration, which has staked the success of its campaign against the "trusts" upon the result of its attack upon this company, endeavors to offset this influence, and hence the new deliverance of Commissioner Smith:

We need hardly to point out that his rebuttal argument is extremely weak, although as strong, no doubt, as the circumstances would warrant. He answers the points made by President Moffett substantially as follows: (1) The Standard Oil Company had a traffic department, and should have known that the six-cent rate had not been filed, (2) no answer, (3) the Chicago and Eastern Illinois rate was a secret rate because it read, not from Whiting, but from Dolton, which is described as "a village of about 1,500 population just outside of Chicago." Its only claim to note is that it has been for many years the point of origin for this and similar secret rates. The Commissioner admits in describing this rate that there was a note attached stating that the rate could also be used from Whiting.

The press has quite generally hailed this statement of the Commissioner of Corporations as a conclusive refutation of what is evidently recognized as the strongest rebuttal argument advanced by the Standard.

In fact, it is as weak and inconclusive as the remainder of his argument. The lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois

do not run into Chicago. They terminate at Dolton, from which point entrance is made over the Belt Line. Whiting, where the oil freight originates, is not on the lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, which receives its Whiting freight from the Belt Line at Dolton. The former practice, now discontinued, in filing tariffs was to make them read from a point on the line of the filing road, and it was also general to state on the same sheet that the tariff would apply to other points, e. g., Whiting. The Chicago and Eastern Illinois followed this practice in filing its rate from Dolton, and making a note on the sheet that it applied to Whiting. This was in 1895, when this method of filing tariffs was in common use.

Now let us see in what way the intending shipper of oil could be misled and deceived by the fact that the Chicago and Eastern Illinois had not filed a rate reading from Whiting. Commissioner Smith contends that "concealment is the only motive for such a circuitous arrangement," i. e., that this method of filing the rate was intended to mislead intending competitors of the Standard Oil Company. Suppose such a prospective oil refiner had applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the rate from Chicago to East St. Louis over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, he would have been informed that the only rate filed with the commission by this company was 6½ cents from Dolton, and he would have been further informed, if indeed he did not know this already, that this rate applied throughout Chicago territory. So that whether he wished to locate his plant at Whiting, or anywhere else about Chicago, under an arrangement of long standing, and which applies to all the industrial towns in the neighborhood of Chicago, he could have his freight delivered over the Belt Line to the Chicago and Eastern Illinois at Dolton and transported to East St. Louis at a rate of 6½ cents.

When, then, is the concealment which the Commissioner of Corporations makes so much of? Any rate—from Dolton on the Eastern Illinois or Chippewa on the Alton, or Harvey on the Illinois Central, or Blue Island on the Rock Island, applies throughout Chicago territory to shippers from Whiting, as to shippers from any other point in the district. So far from the Eastern Illinois filing its rate from Dolton in order to deceive the shipper, it is the Commissioner of Corporations who either betrays his gross ignorance of transportation customs in Chicago territory or relies on the public ignorance of these customs to deceive the public, too apt to accept unquestioningly every statement made by a Government official as necessarily true, although, as in the present instance, a careful examination shows these statements to be false.

The final point made by President Moffett that other commodities of a character similar to oil were carried at much lower rates than 18 cents, the Commissioner of Corporations discusses only with the remark that "the reasonableness of this rate is not in question. The question is whether this rate constituted a discrimination as against other shippers of oil," and he also makes much of the failure of President Moffett to produce before the grand jury evidence of the alleged illegal acts of which the Standard Oil official said that other

large shippers in the territory had been guilty. Considering the fact that these shippers included the packers and elevator men of Chicago, the action of the grand jury in calling upon President Moffett to furnish evidence of these wrong-doings may be interpreted as a demand for an elaboration of the obvious; but the fact that a rate-book containing these freight rates for other shippers was offered in evidence during the trial and ruled out by Judge Landis was kept out of sight. President Moffett would not, of course, accept the invitation of the grand jury, although he might have been pardoned if he had referred them to various official investigations by the Interstate Commerce Commission and other departments of the Government.

We come back, therefore, to the conclusion of the whole matter, which is that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was fined an amount equal to seven or eight times the value of its entire property, because its traffic department did not verify the statement of the Alton rate clerk, that the six-cent commodity rate on oil had been properly filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission. There is no evidence, and none was introduced at the trial, that any shipper of oil from Chicago territory had been interfered with by the eighteen-cent rate, nor that the failure of the Alton to file its six-cent rate had resulted in any discrimination against any independent shipper,—we must take this on the word of the Commissioner of Corporations and of Judge Landis. Neither is it denied, even by Mr. Smith, that the "independent" shipper of oil whom he pictures as being driven out of business by this discrimination of the Alton could have shipped all the oil he desired to ship from Whiting via Dolton over the lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois to East St. Louis. In short, President Moffett's defense is still good, and we predict will be so declared by the higher court.

The Standard Oil Company has been charged with all manner of crimes and misdemeanors. Beginning with the famous Rice of Marietta, passing down to that apostle of popular liberties, Henry Demarest Lloyd, with his Wealth Against the Commonweal, descending by easy stages to Miss Tarbell's offensive personalities, we finally reach the nether depths of unfair and baseless misrepresentation in the report of the Commissioner of Corporations. The Standard has been charged with every form of commercial piracy and with most of the crimes on the corporation calendar. After long years of strenuous attack, under the leadership of the President of the United States, the corporation is at last dragged to the bar of justice to answer for its misdoings. The whole strength of the Government is directed against it, and at last, we are told, the Standard Oil Company is to pay the penalty of its crimes, and it is finally convicted of having failed to verify the statement of a rate clerk and is forthwith fined a prodigious sum, measured by the ear. Under the old criminal law, the theft of property worth more than a shilling was punishable by death. Under the interpretation of the Interstate Commerce law by Theodore Roosevelt and Judge Kenesaw Landis, a technical error of a traffic official is made the excuse for the confiscation of a vast amount of property.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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A MIRAGE IN THE DESERT

IT IS WRONG SIDE UP—BUT WHAT'S THE ODDS?

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COMMENT

Secretary Taft and Governor Hughes

WHAT progress has recently been made in campaigning for the Presidential nomination has been obvious among the Republicans and not entirely obscure among the Democrats. Leaving out the breezy claim of LA FOREAITE's manager of something more than two hundred votes in the convention for his principal as entirely unsupported even by asserted evidence, the interest centres about Secretary TAFT and Governor HUGHES. It is satisfactory to be able to say, without regard to party politics, that here we have real Presidential timber, and timber of a better quality than the party has had always on hand. THE WEEKLY has expressed its disagreement with Secretary TAFT's controlling and patristic principles, but it recognizes his intellectual and moral worth, as it recognizes the admirable qualities of Governor HUGHES. Since his return from Manila, Mr. TAFT has sensibly grown in public estimation, and Governor HUGHES's position has also recently improved. The statement that Mr. TAFT has all along refused to be aided by an abuse of Federal patronage is to be taken as characteristic of him, and as probably true. There is nothing small or petty about Mr. TAFT. We may differ from him concerning constitutional and political principles, but it is pleasant to be able to say that he is a dignified candidate, and so is Governor HUGHES. The letter which Secretary TAFT wrote to Mr. PARSONS advising him, in view of Governor HUGHES's announcement that he would accept the nomination—in other words, that he was a candidate—has been variously taken. By some it is said that it was a cunning and clever move on the part of the Secretary. It is better, for the sake of the dignity of the country and its politics, to take a higher-minded view of the letter. It is an admirable document for the preservation of party harmony, but, better still, it is the letter of a gentleman who is blessed with higher thoughts than those of plans for his own aggrandizement, and nobler purposes than those of personal gain and advancement. As to Governor HUGHES, he is also lifted up by these circumstances; he may now be a candidate on his own high merits, while a faction of discontented and disreputable politicians cannot, it might be disastrously, give a false color to the movement for him—a movement which cannot amount to anything without the support of conscientious and sober citizens who believe more in Mr. HUGHES's principles than in Mr. ROOSEVELT's and Mr. TAFT's.

The President, the Senate, and Patronage

The complaint that the President is employing Federal patronage for the purpose of aiding Secretary TAFT to procure the Republican nomination continues to be made, and

the anger of the Senators is apparently increasing. The accusation is denied on behalf of the President, and it is asserted that he simply intends no longer to be dictated to by the Senate. The announcement of such a determination on the part of the President recalls the valiant days of GROVER CLEVELAND, and, Presidential politics aside, an improvement is thereby marked. It is not very long ago when it was understood that it was Mr. ROOSEVELT's settled policy to consult the Republican Senators, or the leading one of them, of a Republican State, and the head of the organization in a Democratic State, on the subject of Federal appointments. The President now, it is reported, is to assert his own independence. This would mean a contest between himself and the Senate, whether or not it is his purpose to use the Federal patronage to aid Mr. TAFT. It is not necessary to take sides in such a controversy. It is perfectly true that the Federal offices, not included in the classified service, have, with few exceptions, been used by Presidents and Senators alike to "strengthen" the party, which means to improve its general political fortunes by increasing the political power of the administration or of the Republican Senators in their respective States. The welfare of the country has always been of secondary importance. The denial that has gone on between Presidents and Senators in these public offices for party or for personal profit has often been scandalous. If the Senate can convince the country that Mr. ROOSEVELT is nominating postmasters and other officers to help his friend secure the Republican nomination, it will damage Mr. ROOSEVELT's prestige as a reformer; if, on the other hand, the country is convinced that Mr. ROOSEVELT is weary of the Senate's dictation, the country will side with him; for it is in the habit of sympathizing with a President whenever he has a real conflict with the Senate.

Mr. Bryan's Campaign

The proposed conference of conservative Democrats which was to have been held in New York was wisely called off. The natural movement to secure for the Democrats a candidate who will give the party a fair chance to win the election should be left to the separate States first, and to consultation in the convention afterwards. An elaborate consultation in advance was likely to have done more harm than good, and it could not have been effective. Only after the Democrats of the different States have acted, and after their representatives have come together officially, can a practicable decision be made and effective action taken. The candidates that are opposed to BRYAN are distinctly growing in strength, not only WOODROW WILSON, Governor JOHNSON, and JESSE HARRISON, but Senator DAVIS, and Senator CLEVELAND. As to Mr. BRYAN, his activity in his own behalf contrasts him unpleasantly with every leading candidate of both parties. He continues to test for support. His latest effort to win it was made in Kentucky by addressing the Democrats of the State in favor of electing BRECKINRIDGE Senator. That was not only meddling, but people outside of Kentucky are inclined to take HENRY WATKINSON's word that BRECKINRIDGE ought not to be Senator from Kentucky, and that his success in the primaries was due to the kind of vulgarity that has recently become too familiar in the State's politics. The rest of the country takes WATKINSON's judgment of BRECKINRIDGE about that of BRYAN, and are inclined to believe that the latter has been playing his own personal game; that he is far from being moved by high moral considerations. BRYAN did not gain a vote by this questionable performance, and lost some more of the respect of his fellow countrymen. The recent ecstatic upsurges in Congress over the mention of BRYAN did not help his cause, but they indicate the character of his support. The only important Democrat who hailed for him does not believe that he can be elected. Even the other Congressmen who were helping to make the noise know in the bottom of their minds that BRYAN could not again carry the four small Northern States that he carried in 1900; he might, indeed, carry three of them against KNOX or FARMUS, but at this writing there is no chance for either of these as against TAFT, HUGHES, or LA FOREAITE. BRYAN's majorities would come from the little "white spot" which is so frequently and tellingly pictured by the New York World.

Pass the Aldrich Bill

The WEEKLY has pointed out that the Aldrich bill is a measure that would prevent the recurrence of currency

famines, such as that from which we have just suffered. Better bills might doubtless be drawn, but could not possibly be passed at the present session of Congress. The *Atlanta bill*, as improved by changes made late in January, is a good measure and worthy of support. The best practical minds in Congress have been put on it. It should be passed.

The Railroad Problem in the South

Present public opinion concerning the railroads must be astonishing the politicians who were so hostile to them last fall. Governor AYLES of South Carolina, for example, has a name now to say for them in his message, notably concerning the need of more trucking and more equipment. The *Atlanta Constitution*, not so conservative as it might be, also urges the needs of the roads, saying:

Main lines carrying heavy traffic should be double-tracked, ought to have been double-tracked before now; terminals should be extended to and beyond the full capacity to meet the present demand; equipment should be improved and increased until there remained no difficulty in meeting every call made for it.

It continues that in the South "there has been, and there still is, an embargo upon railroad improvement and railroad development"; that "that embargo must be removed specifically—affirmatively—and when this is done the South will come into its own once more." The decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania declaring the two cent rate law of that State to be unconstitutional has called forth similar comment. For example, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* has this to say of the decision:

The decision in no way calls in question the just regulation of these or any other public service corporations, but it does bring to an end the incalculable attempt of demagogues to meddle and obstruct in an incoherent war on capital and enterprise. Even those who were carried away for a time in this foolish hysteria will share the satisfaction that when Legislatures and Executive wander from the safe path, our institutions provide, in a judicial review of their acts, the means of bringing us back to the conservative path of law and justice. This return of sanity is well-nigh universal, and even demagogues will soon take notice.

Army Troubles

The army authorities are taking a good deal of pains to present Congress—with facts and figures as a basis for reform legislation. It is to be hoped that Congress will take the state of the army seriously in mind, and that the executive department will do likewise. One who desires to see the regular military establishment made efficient is not necessarily an advocate of militarism, or of transforming the nation into a great military power; whatever army we have ought not to be comically inefficient, however, as ours is. There are several things the matter with the army which are patent. In the first place, there are a number of general officers, some of whom have been brought in from civil life, who have been promoted over older and often better men, and this has created soreness, and has resulted in many instances in inefficient and exasperating post commanders; in the second place, company officers are not kept long enough at a single post. This means that they are not long enough at a time with any single command, and this again leads to the discontent of the men, due partly to lack of proper care for their food and comfort, for such care cannot be expected except from company officers who have served with the men long enough to be interested in them and to understand the peculiarities of the post and of the personnel of the command. These evils may be remedied by executive or administrative action. In the third place, everything is done, or seems to be done, that can make the soldier's life a burden. Congress does not provide for the policing of the posts, and the soldiers are forced to clean up the walks and to do a hundred and one small offices which they look upon as beneath their dignity and as work which they did not enlist to perform. The pay of any soldier is inadequate, and especially of the coast artillery—soldiers who enlist to defend the coast are required to go to school in order that they may learn the necessary mathematics of their trade, and they are required, too, to drill with small arms as well as with the great guns, and to keep both clean; the result is that one term of enlistment is all of such service that a man wants. Finally, the sale of wine and beer at a canteen is forbidden; the company table is thus deprived of the addition to the

soldier's food that was once purchased from the profits of such sales, while the outside saloon and drunkenness are encouraged. General BIAZ, as chief of staff, has just submitted a report on the canteen, in which he asserts that the morale and discipline of the army have suffered in consequence of its abolition. These are evils that may be remedied by legislation. What it all comes to is this: that by reason of certain executive and administrative conduct, and by reason of legislative omissions and commissions, the country has not been able to get as many soldiers as it needed, nor to keep those it got. There were 6000 desertions last year out of an army of 65,000. Just now recruits are numerous, because of the industrial depression, but when that passes, the conditions lately experienced are sure to return unless Congress takes action proper to prevent it.

A Successful Profit-sharing Plan

As our readers are aware, the United States Steel Corporation a few years ago devised a plan for profit sharing which attracted a good deal of attention. The chief criticism was directed against the policy of the device to ally more closely to the corporation those who were to benefit by the sharing. As a matter of fact, this was, perhaps, the wisest feature of the scheme, for it made it of mutual benefit, for the advantage of the employer as well as of the employed. A few weeks ago Mr. GILMER W. PINKANS explained at the dinner of the National Civic Federation the results of the plan as it had been in operation up to the end of 1907, or for five years. The plan, in brief, contemplates the retention into the ownership of the corporation of its thrifty employees, and the retention of them as shareholders by making it for their interest to remain in the service of the company, and, conversely, against their interest to abandon it. When the earnings of the year have reached a certain sum above fixed charges, dividends, and maintenance requirements, a percentage of the remainder is to be set aside for profit sharing. One half of the reserved fund is to be distributed in cash, and the rest to be invested in the company's preferred stock, and of this stock one half is to be delivered at once, and the other half is to be held. This reserved stock is to be delivered to those who remain in the company's service for five years longer, or to the employee, or to his estate, if he be disabled or die in the service. If he voluntarily leaves the service within five years, the stock is to be forfeited—not to go to the company, but to be distributed among the other employees. Thus the company wisely sought to tie men to them. The employees were divided into classes according to the amount of their regular earnings. It was confidently predicted by some that the plan would be found impracticable; but Mr. PINKANS's statement shows that it has been abundantly successful. In 1907, more than \$1,250,000 was distributed; in 1904, the same amount; in 1905, \$1,800,000; in 1906, \$3,500,000. The second part of the plan involves the sale of preferred stock to employees, who are permitted to subscribe for as many of the shares as a fixed percentage of their various salaries will purchase at something less than the prevailing market rates. Payment of the stock is to be made by deductions from monthly earnings, not to exceed twenty-five per cent. of them, the purchaser having three years in which to complete his payments. The dividend of seven per cent. is to be his, five per cent. interest being charged on deferred payments. The method devised for retaining the purchaser as a shareholder is simple. At the end of every five years of ownership, and on proper evidence of faithful continuous service, he is to be credited with five dollars on each share of his stock, so that, if he remains in the service long enough, he will have purchased his stock for very little, or, perhaps, for nothing. Under this part of the plan in 1904 more than 10,000 employees subscribed for 32,000 shares at \$25 per share; in 1905, about \$300 subscribed for 18,000 shares at \$27 50; in 1906, more than 12,000 subscribed for 24,000 shares at \$100; in 1907, more than 14,000 employees subscribed for 27,000 shares at \$100. In five years more than \$10,000,000 has been actually distributed under the two plans.

The Notable Career of Mr. Jenap

New York lost a very valuable and notable citizen—and so did the country and the world—in MONSIEUR K. JENAP, who died on January 23. He came here from Connecticut about sixty years ago, got a job in the Paterson Locomotive Works,

started a brokerage firm at twenty-two, and four years later a bank. He prospered rapidly, got rich, and retired from active business, after twenty-eight years of it, in 1884. So far it is not so unusual a story. The interesting part of it lies in Mr. JESSE's use of money and of leisure. He was great in his public services and very interesting in the great variety of such services that he put his mind and money into. For seven years, until a few months ago, he was president of the Chamber of Commerce, and when it met to take action on his death, Mr. CHASE, among others, spoke at some length of the remarkable scope of his public labors and benefactions, and of his constant growth in knowledge, sympathy, and interest in the work of the world. He was a religious man, and a very wise and liberal giver to religious objects. He was a great philanthropist, benefactor of colleges, officer and supporter of a long list of charities, and promoter of education in the North, in the South, and as far away from home as Asiatic Turkey. He was also president of the Natural History Society (to which he gave a million dollars in his lifetime, and another million in his will), and a great promoter of exploration and scientific investigation, being president of the Peary Arctic Club, the Audubon Society, and the International Society of Americanists. Coincident with his ceaseless activity in charities, and educational, religious, and scientific projects, he kept such a hold on every-day affairs as is betokened by his long presidency of the New York Chamber of Commerce. It was while a member of that organization that he started in 1884 the movement for forest preservation which resulted in the New York State Forest Reservation in the Adirondacks. Reaching the age of seventy-seven, he lived his fruitful and beneficent life well out, active and useful to the very end of it in adding to human knowledge and making human life a richer possession.

A Great Success in Living

It is a timely privilege to dwell upon Mr. JESSE's noble career, because of the wide diffusion of the propensity to believe that great fortunes are a sort of blight on civilization; that they represent the wresting from the common fund of an undue share of the means of support, and that every rich man represents in a greater or less degree the impoverishment of his fellows, and some sacrifice of the best interests of the human family. Delusive fancies such as these are the natural fruit of the socialist notions that are now so prevalent. No doubt excessively rich people, who are extravagant, wasteful, and worthless, add somewhat to the burdens of society, but great fortunes which are not viciously or very wastefully used are useful as accumulations of capital, while fortunes used as Mr. JESSE used his are like great public funds, of which the expenditure is directed by much better intelligence than could be hired, and probably at a comparatively low cost of administration. Moreover, Mr. JESSE was a living contradiction of the charge that all that rich Americans know, or care to know, is how to get money. He was a very valuable example of true success in life; success in the first place in winning power and leisure, and then in using them profitably for himself and to the immense advantage of society. He not only succeeded in life, but he succeeded greatly in living—two things that are not identical, and of the latter of which shining examples are rarer than of the former.

American Men Receive a Tribute

It is a long time since so fine a compliment has been paid to the intelligence of American men as has been accorded them by Mrs. CHURCH-SANDERSON, the English suffragette, who lately visited this country in the interest of woman suffrage. She was well received here, had a good hearing, and made a very agreeable impression. But she went back to London, and the papers report her as saying there that the progress of the suffrage movement had been checked in America by the lack of manly opposition to it. "The namby-pamby men," said Mrs. SANDERSON (as the cable quotes her), "think it impolite to dispute a woman's statement, and say they will not keep women from getting the vote—they can have it if they want it. But the horrid rich American women say they already have all they want, and have so retarded the movement in the East." That is a very amusing impression to have been made on our British visitor's mind, and we would hesitate to say that there is not a good deal of basis to it. It

is unusual nowadays to find an American man who is ready to disclose any active opposition to woman suffrage. The fruit is ripe and ready to drop, and wherever enough women agree to shake the tree it does drop. But here in the East they cannot agree to shake the tree. Perhaps one trouble is that the value of the suffrage has depreciated. The things that people exert themselves to attain are things that are scarce. What anybody can have does not seem worth appropriating.

A Profit in Some Losses

A fiscal correspondent of the *Evening Post* says that Pittsburg investors have lost in the last five years fully a hundred million dollars actual cash. One-fourth of this sum was swallowed up, it seems, in mining speculations, a tenth in "the crazy bank speculation of 1903," and the rest sunk out of present sight in various industries. A hundred millions in a heavy sum to take out of a city, especially a city not of the first rank. But Pittsburg seemed to need to lose some money—a good deal: not quite a hundred millions, perhaps, but a substantial sum. The golden tide had flowed in on her so that the toes of too many of her citizens had been lifted off the bottom, leaving them to founder in a medium in which they had never learned to swim. Some of them will be happier and better for the recession that gives them something solid beneath their feet again. The same is true of others besides Pittsburgers. Philosophically and ethically speaking, there was a great deal of money even a year and a half ago in hands that needed to lose it. As a rule, they did lose it—some of it: much to their mental and physical discomfort, but in many cases to the profit of their department and morals.

The Convalescent Philippines

The President and Secretary TAYLOR agree that matters are progressing reasonably well in the Philippines, that the islands and the people are going ahead, and that in the course of a generation or so they may be fit for complete self-government and, possibly, independence. We have the impression that that is so, and that if the Filipinos don't rebel and upset the processes, they will be able in time to take at least as good care of themselves as we are able to take of them. One thing that helps is that they have been moved from the profit page to the loss page of Uncle Sam's books, and all of us as we contemplate them taste a little of the blessings apocryphally promised to those who expect little. The illusion about the bag of gold at the end of that rainbow has faded beautifully out—oh, Mr. BENJAMIN?—and some day, in the Lord's good time, maybe, the long, iridescent bow will fade out too. But it is to take at least a generation! Hold the seventh son who would venture to predict what thirty years will bring forth in the Far East.

Outside

ODYSSEY has passed out a world which became sorrowful to her in her old age. Her novels brought her in, first and last, a great deal of money, but nothing in them ever suggested prudence or thrift as part of their author's outfit. Doubtless both were qualities that were incompatible with the existence of the stories, and there is no use of mourning that she did not have them, and that, lacking them, she came to short commons and material distresses as her lamp burned low. But neither her spirit nor her temper seems to have given out, nor did love fail her, nor the charity of the poor with whom she had freely shared her plenty while she had it. The dimensions of her celebrity were remarkable. She must have had nearly as many readers in her time as the late Mrs. HUGHES of Brooklyn, and they were much more discriminating readers and lived all over the world. Her stories may be absurd, her heroes fantastic, but their absurdities were set forth with very penetrating qualities of enthusiasm and very positive ideals of deportment that appealed to something that will always be found in readers so long as readers continue to be human beings. And the stories were stories too; very liberally furnished with happenings, crises, and emotions, the best of them, critically speaking, being some of her books for children. A woman of spirit and of talent; generous, rash, impossible. There are more old friends and steady customers of hers beyond than are left now on earth, and it is a kindly translation that takes her to them.

The Prolongation of Human Life

A book which is likely to be read with lively interest all over the English-speaking world is an English translation of the work lately published in Paris on the means of prolonging human life, by Professor ELIE METchnikoff, the distinguished Russian biologist, who is now sub-director of the Pasteur Institute, and who a number of years ago demonstrated that there exist in man's body certain cells, known generally as phagocytes, the chief function of which is to devour intruding microbes. The purpose of his new volume is to answer three questions—namely: Can human life be prolonged beyond its present normal term? Would such prolongation result to the advantage of society as a whole or of the race? Lastly, How can it be prolonged? Posing many aesthetic and interesting examples, he answers the first two questions in the affirmative. He does not think that seventy or seventy-five years should, or need, be the ordinary limit of active and useful human life. As to prolonging it he has ideas which are worth considering. He finds no absolute relation between longevity and size, since parrots live longer than many large mammals. Neither can he admit that there is any definite relation between germination and longevity. Although the period of sterility life is longer in the horse, that animal does not live as long as a hamster being; and some birds, the incubation of which only lasts a few weeks, can live more than a century. Neither will he acknowledge that low fertility can be regarded as a cause of longevity. There are parents which lay two or three times a year, producing six to nine eggs in each clutch. Finally, there is no exact relation between longevity and diet. Though it is true that elephants are vegetarian and reach very great ages, on the other hand there exist long living carnivorous animals, and many observations have proved that great ages may be exhibited by oaks and eagles, which live on animal food. It is also certain that the longevity of fresh-water crocodiles is great.

The Russian biologist's specific contribution to the discussion of longevity and the means of securing it is his avowal, for which a great deal of evidence is adduced, that a principal cause of senility and early death is the presence in man of the large intestine, and the toxic effect of the products of putrefaction which are there generated. He believes that the inherited structure of the human large intestine and the customary diet of civilized man are essentially favorable to the multiplication of a large number of the microbes that cause putrefaction. No doubt the avoidance of alcohol and the rigorous exclusion from man's diet of foods that favor putrefaction, such as rich meats and of raw or badly cooked substances containing microbes, may do much to remedy the evil. Such preventive measures may not suffice, however. They may need to be supplemented with the introduction of the microbes which cause lactic fermentation, for these have the effect of inhibiting putrefaction. He has undertaken to demonstrate in this work that by lactic acid taken under certain conditions human life may be greatly prolonged and the chief evils of senility may be avoided. Numerous experiments have shown that the anti-putrescent action of lactic fermentation depends on the production of lactic acid by microbes. It is a fact that from time immemorial human beings have absorbed quantities of lactic microbes by consuming in an uncooked condition substances such as soured milk, sourkraut, etc., which have undergone lactic fermentation. By these means they have unknowingly lessened the evil consequences of intestinal putrefaction. In the Bible soured milk is frequently spoken of. When Amos was entrained like the three angels, he set before them soured milk, as well as sweet milk, and the calf which he had dressed. In Deuteronomy, Moses commends among the food which Jehovah had given his people to eat "soured milk of kine." Soured milk has been used for food in Egypt from the remotest antiquity, and a similar preparation is familiar to the inhabitants of the Balkan Peninsula and of Algeria. Soured milk is consumed in great quantities in Russia, and it forms the staple diet of many natives of tropical Africa. The fact that so many races use soured milk especially is an excellent testimony to its usefulness. Dr. LANA has testified that amongst the natives of the region south of Angola, who drink soured milk habitually, many individuals of extraordinary longevity are to be found. Moreover, these old people are very active and can make long journeys. One JAMES RILEY, who was shipwrecked on the west coast of Africa, and who seems to have been a conscientious observer, records that the wandering Arabs of the Sahara live almost wholly on the milk of camels, fresh or sour. On this diet they display great vigor and reach advanced ages. RILEY estimated that some of the old Arabs must have lived two hundred years. Significant is the number of centenarians to be found in Bulgaria, where yabourts, a soured milk, is the staple food. We observe, finally, that, from the general viewpoint of this book, the course recommended for the minimization of the products of putrefaction in the large intestine, and the consequent arrestment of senility, consists of the absorption either of soured milk, prepared by a group of lactic bacteria, or of pure cultures of the specified Bulgarian bacillus found in yabourts, the

soured milk of Bulgaria, though in each case a certain quantity of milk sugar, or saccharose, should be taken. We add that Professor METchnikoff practices what he preaches. For more than eight years he has taken soured milk, prepared from boiled milk and inoculated with a lactic leaven, and he is convinced that lactic bacteria can render a great service in the fight against intestinal putrefaction, which is the principal cause of senility. We repeat that the belief is confirmed by the large collection of facts regarding races which live chiefly on soured milk, and amongst which great ages are common.

Of course the great majority of the people in the world will prefer, however sound Professor METchnikoff's theories may prove to be, to live on such food as they like, and die when they are called, rather than live much longer on a diet too much modified by soured milk. None the less are his theories valuable, and likely, if they are substantiated, to be of practical service to mankind.

Temperament and Training

There is a charming little tale of BERN McENNEY STUART about an old dandy who was "marked for red," and who met the whole of life sealed in a comfortable rocking-chair, while his wife, awed by this deliberate expression of the will of Destiny, cheerfully supported him and his six children. This cult of being "marked for" the line of least resistance has had a period of excessive power and éclat since the laws of heredity have been popularized and given to the masses, and the gift has proved a delightful one for those desiring above all accomplishments and all achievement to take rest in this life. To say a quality is inherited has been almost as conclusive to the half-educated as to say a man, bound hand and foot, cannot move. But qualities are no more inherited than are accomplishments. Tendencies are inherited, and even these are no more necessarily bound to become habits than environment is bound to be conformed to. A son does not always follow the ancestral vocation, nor practice the ancestral virtues, and if these are not binding, surely the ancestral vices are no more so. JAMES'S Ghosts has frequently been taken as a thesis proving that heredity is not to be circumvented, whereas Ghosts is a tract on telling the truth and not on heredity at all. JAMES was bent on having people face facts and act according to their true nature, and he spent his energies showing that wherever we idealize facts away we meet disaster. The tragedy of Ghosts lay not in the fact that Oswald's heredity was fatal, but that his mother's lies had prevented his reviewing facts and applying remedies. Here we come to the greatest fact in life taken into account in the whole matter of heredity: that if life is full of poisons, so also it is full of antibiotics. The world will be indeed without us, but it is also within. The universe pushes against us, and, in the end, will surely overthrow our bodies and we shall lay them down to make some spot of earth greener and more fertile, but so long as the life breath is in us, the world will be within as well as without. So long as we breathe we can react against the push of the universe. To be sure, our react is different degrees, but the genius pushes back against the universe harder than the jellyfish, but the point is, that so long as man is man he can react. He is never necessarily a slave to any inheritance or any environment. If we pin our faith to fate, we have as much right to believe in fatal courage as in fatal cowardice, in the fatal power of mind to conquer stuffs less living and less alert, in the fatal victory of wisdom over destiny.

But to attain to these fatalities, the personality must be unified, must consciously face and come to know the facts outside itself, must willfully react upon them. The first manifestation of weakness is the scattered, disintegrated personality, the mind not quite sure of itself or of what it wants to do. Anger, grief, jealousy, appetite, rapacity, rage, all these disintegrate, and leave their victim powerless. In BLAKE'S "Mad Song" a supreme touch of genius lies in the lines:

"Like a bird in a cloud
After night I do crowd,"

And not the exigencies of rhyme brought in that word "crowd," but the sudden vision of a personality broken, scattered, a prey to lawless, multitudinous instincts.

So when we ask how shall a man escape his ancestry, the answer comes, by building up a well unified character, by establishing a personality, controlled and well braced in by one dominating faculty, and by training the mind to face facts squarely and honestly, and to call them by their right names. If we were to delude ourselves into believing that the world will were not outside us as well as within we might swiftly fall, but if it is outside as well as within, the remedy is to stand up, grip our heels, and push back.

The first power we have to deal with is that of thoughts. Our thoughts have to be directed against obstacles, and thoughts are not hereditary, though a tendency toward a certain form of thinking

any be. Our thoughts, in the main, are such as we make shift to gather together, in evolver out of our experiences, our failures and successes; our thoughts adapt themselves to whirling circumstance, and, except in the slumber of races, the sea does not think what the father thought. If obeying our thoughts we try their power, we measure their force against the encroaching forces of the world. "The event," said a philosopher, "is the actualization of thought." Think any one thought often enough and then see how it comes true. It was Goethe who said with a certain weariness, "What we wish for is youth again itself over so in age," and Emerson, "All prayers come true; therefore be very careful what you pray for." Willing comes true, wishes beget facts, and thoughts create visible objects in the world.

To train the child, therefore, to think and to will is to train him to take his inheritance into his hands and bend it into such shape as he wants. The beginning of all illumination is analysis. To teach a person to look at facts and call them by the right names is the best of education and prepares him to cope with destiny. It must have been Emerson, believing as he did in the wind of destiny which blew ever toward the necessary and the right, who suggested that if we could not throw in our desires to run the same course with the stars in their orbits, we could harness these heavenly bodies to our purposes. But so in a cross current and one runs the risk of being crushed every minute. The way of the stars, according to that, would be the way of right and necessity, but the danger would come in any man's denying that the wishes and opinions of the masses were the forces of the universe. The masses are the units waiting a leader to rally them, and the opinion of the majority is, by the very nature of it, wrong. That opinion is wrong which is prevoence of a possible higher accepts the lower view, and whatever view is popularized till it meets the understanding of the great majority is never early on a lost level. It was something quite different that Emerson meant when he suggested that we harness the stars to "pull our purposes. Doubtless he meant just what Thoreau meant when he wrote in his meditations: "You will never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself smooth in your views, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars."

Such enjoyment as this it was that gave Whitman his strength, that left Blake, after a life of hardship, labor, mischance, abuse, and ill success, singing upon his death bed, so full was he of serenity and peace and sense of good work done, so that he literally sang himself from the bed of earthly failure into the arms of death. "And I know he was elevated at the throne," as the poet did not say, but should have said. This is to conquer destiny by willingly identifying one's self with all the victorious, healing processes of life, and who does this is the victor of his destiny.

And those who are doomed to suffer bodily ills and incapacities have but a wider field to traverse, a more numerous enemy to overcome, a larger victory to record. They at least can always suffer to good purpose, can always build up a sublime thought, or a fine disposition, or an unalloyed sympathy out of what, at first glance, might seem a disadvantage.

Wherefore, as the nearest problem now, in Plato's *Lysis*, "Every man and every woman should walk seriously and pass life in the nobest of positions and be of another mind from what they are at present."

Personal and Pertinent

It was in the papers several weeks ago that President Fawcett of Brown University had called upon the men of Brown to rally around their colleague HARRIS and try to make him President. When a Brown man runs for President, Brown men, Dr. FAIRCOTE thinks, should be for him. At New Haven they seem to take a different view. TART is a popular son of Yale—the most popular, doubtless—but Yale is not officially for TART for President. So it appeared when the Young Men's Republican Club of New Haven tried to borrow the Yale dining hall for a TART banquet on LINCOLN'S birthday, and were told by Secretary STOKES that it couldn't be done because the Yale authorities were anxious that the university should not be in any way accused of taking sides in a political contest.

Any one who thinks he can write a poem suitable for musical setting as a madrigal, and would like to win \$50 by so doing, should bestir himself, and send the MS. to the Chicago Madrigal Club, which has instituted a prize competition, and will pay to the winner this sum. The poem must be lyric in character, simple in rhythm, and of popularly appealing character; it must consist of not less than twenty-four nor more than thirty-two lines, and must have "unity and climax." It must bear a fictitious name, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing upon the outside the fictitious name and upon the inside the author's true name and address. The MS. must be addressed to Mr. D. A. CAMPFINGER, 410 Kimball Hall, Chicago, before April 1, 1908. The award will be made on the first of the following month.

FRANCIS THOMPSON, recently dead, wrote many of his poems under the spell of the charming MEYNELL family. WILLIAM MEYNELL, it was who saved THOMPSON from despair and possibly from death, at a time when he had sunk to so low an ebb as to be glad to earn a few pence holding horses in the street or running errands. "The Sister Songs," his second volume, were written about Mr. MEYNELL's two little daughters MERVIA and MARLENE. "The Making of Viola" was written to Mr. MEYNELL's third little daughter. "To My Godchild" was written to Mr. MEYNELL's son, FRANK MEYNELL WILFRED MEYNELL, who is now, it is said, preparing a biography of the poet. Despite his habit of taking laudanum, a habit to which he became addicted in the unbearable poverty and hardship of his early life, THOMPSON lives in the memories of those who knew him best as a gentle and innocent man, of great genius, and only such faults as his unhappy habit brought with it. The poems were all written in the intervals when he was not using laudanum. After the *New Poem* he relapsed into the drug habit, and it completely destroyed his poetic power.

Senator ARNONE, who has just kept his promise to furnish Congress with a currency bill which they may discuss, and pass, if they perceive the need of it, is a conciliatory but very practical man. He is in the Senate to legislate, and very quietly, he has become one of the most efficient legislators of the country. He is a strict partisan, but he permits no annoying partisan prejudices to interfere with a purely business piece of lawmaking, like this currency bill, or like a railroad rate bill, or like a tariff bill. He is the friend of all men who have influence, and he usually makes it a point to be especially polite to the Democratic leader. He was very intimate with GOSSMAN, for example. He isn't silly or insidious, nor is he covered with duplicity. He is too intellectual for that. Whomever he gains in the way of an ally in carrying out his designs, he pays him the compliment of appealing to his mind. He does not pretend to be anything different from what he is—a Republican and a protectionist—but he is perfectly willing to take what he can get and be compromises with great deference. It isn't often that the other party has the better of the bargain. Such an adept is he in the art of lawmaking that his Republican colleagues never dream of adopting an important measure until he has passed upon it. One of his most distinguished fellow partisans has said of him that he sees farther into a proposed measure, understands its scope and possibilities more clearly, foresees its effects with a keener and more accurate vision, than any Senator of them all.

Correspondence

ALL NORWEGIAN

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly: Cape Cod, N. Y., January 18, 1908
SIR,—In HARPER'S WEEKLY of January 11, 1908, under "Personal and Pertinent," I observe an article referring to Captain Hoidal Amundsen's expedition through the Northwest Passage in the *Gjøa* as being an undertaking of a Dane with a Danish vessel. Captain Amundsen is a Norwegian; the *Gjøa* is a Norwegian vessel built in Norway, and the entire crew were Norwegians, with the sole exception of Lieutenant Godfred Hansen, who is a Dane. The expedition was fitted out and the expense of it defrayed entirely in Norway, so Norway should be given exclusive credit for the great results in science, geography, and exploration that were realized.
I am, sir,

F. HERNANDEZ GARE,

Consul for Norway.

SIT DOWN, DR. BRYAN, SIT DOWN!

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly: JACKSONVILLE, Fla., January 20, 1908.
SIR,—The editorial from the New York World entitled "Fire President" is, in some respects, a fine piece of work. It details those fundamentals which we would like to think were comprehended in the *great* Declaration, but which, in fact, seem to have a more practical application in the case of Mr. TART. This Bryan propaganda seems to me a new hope and a welcome engagement, and that the time so spent could be much better occupied as bringing forth a "live" one, so to speak.

The average man seems to look upon Bryan as the next Democratic nominee and also seems to recognize that almost any Republican nominee can beat him. There is absolutely no popular sympathy for Bryan as a candidate, and the prospect, instead of exciting party enthusiasm, is the cause of a widespread and surely fatal apathy. Why then should the Democratic party put a man in to beat at a critical point the game when he has already "lamed" not twice and is almost universally regarded as "lame" again? What the party wants right now is some candidate whose work, even if not crowned with success, will cheer up the hosts and by a thorough return and staunch adherence to the true old doctrines will furnish inspiration for the battle to be fought in the future. I personally know scores of Democrats in this community who will vote for TART or Hughes as against Bryan, and many of these are first voters who after their first departure will probably be lost to the party forever.

Hyman is the Democratic candidate simply because he has put the party in such disorganized condition that no other man has the nerve to make the run in the face of such utter demoralization; he is the candidate because most Democrats don't care; he is the candidate because there is not his enough in the old back to crawl into harbor anyway, and a good pilot won't take her as she stands. But the old ship is of strong parts, and of properly manned with a crew that know enough to figure out its latitude and longitude the voyage of next summer and fall might not have such a fatal aspect.

For my part, unless the tidd Connesser is put on the retired list and a man of courage and political sense put in his place, I am going to desert and line up with Roosevelt—not as a Republican, because I don't like the name, but as a Roosevelt or Taft Democrat, as the case may demand.

Whether the candidate may be, he can't cry down the principle of reform inaugurated by Roosevelt, because public events of the last few years have justified its purpose. He can simply pledge himself to carry it on sanely and without unnecessary friction, and to accompany it with the great benefits derived from a re-direction of the tariff. He ought also to get out of this international cramp, into which we have been lured by taking up a lot of little backwater republics and dynasties.

Yours with hope.

Not unaccompanied, however, by some foreboding.
W. H. DOUGHERTY.

FOR JOHNSON AND TARIFF REVISION

Richmond, Va., January 27, 1907

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Non.—By his declaration for immediate tariff reform and his stand as a revisionist of the most pronounced type, Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, should receive the earnest consideration of all true Democrats as the proper man for the Democratic Presidential nomination. His singleness of view should commend him to all those who have party views at heart, his discrediting as incidental all these minor issues upon which the party has so often used her last energy, and advocating that principle upon which she has won her only victory in recent years, the Democracy would, no doubt, go forth to a successful campaign.

What the party so badly needs in the coming election is a candidate, or candidates, that will draw votes. Experience has proven that, after the Southern States have been carried, the party must have eighty-three more electoral votes. If the party is to be victorious in the coming election it is clearly its task to nominate a candidate who can draw these extra eighty-three votes. The one man who, at present, seems capable of doing this is the Governor of Minnesota.

Mr. Johnson has shown his ability as a vote-getter; his plurality of over 6000 in Minnesota as against Roosevelt's plurality of 161,000 attests him to leadership along that line. Viewing the situation from an entirely unbiased standpoint, Governor Johnson could draw more electoral votes throughout the North and West than any other man in the Democratic party.

As for the Vice-President, ex-Governor Douglas, of Massachusetts, stands out prominent and conspicuous. His ability as a vote getter is equalled by low and excelled only by that of the Minnesota Governor. In a campaign for tariff revision Governor Douglas would be the logical candidate for Vice-President. The section of the country from which he comes would, no doubt, show greater Democratic gains than any other section, the North-west alone excepted; for New England is pledged to the policy of tariff revision.

The improbability of any other Democratic candidates carrying a sufficiently large number of doubtful States has been forcibly pointed out, from time to time. With a ticket headed by Johnson and Douglas, and a platform naming tariff revision as the paramount issue, a conservative estimate places the probable result as follows:

Johnson and Douglas	Republican	Democrat			
Alabama	14	California	10	New Jersey	9
Arkansas	5	Colorado	3	(out of 121)	2
Florida	5	Idaho	3	Delaware	3
Georgia	13	Iowa	13	Indiana	13
Kentucky	13	Illinois	27	Montana	3
Louisiana	9	Kansas	10	Nevada	3
Maryland	8	Maine	6	New York	39
Mississippi	10	Nebraska	8	Ohio	23
Minnesota	18	Oregon	4	Rhode Island	4
North Carolina	12	Pennsylvania	34	Connecticut	7
Oklahoma	7	Utah	3		
South Carolina	8	Vermont	4		99
Tennessee	9	Washington	5		
Texas	18	West Virginia	7		
Virginia	12	Wyoming	3		
Minnesota	11				
Massachusetts	16		142		
New Hampshire	4				
Michigan	14				
Wisconsin	13				
North Dakota	4				
South Dakota	4				
New Jersey	9				
(out of 121)	30				
242					

A careful perusal of the above estimate will verify my claim for its conservatism. The Southern States can be relied upon to cast their electoral votes for the Democratic nominees; with Johnson and Douglas at the head of the ticket it would be possible to carry the States given to them above. If any of these should fail, there are the doubtful States with thirty-nine votes upon which the party could draw.

I am, sir,

R. K.

OUR LETTERS

MILWAUKEE, WIS., January 24, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—For some time I have observed that all of your correspondents whose letters are published in the WEEKLY conclude with "I am, sir."

This may appear to you to be a very simple question for me to ask, but I should like to know how it happens that all of your correspondents adopt this style. I have argued that you certainly would correct errors in a letter sent to you for publication, but that you would not attempt to tell your correspondents that it is impossible to conclude their letters with "yours truly," "very truly," "respectfully yours," or in any other respectful or earnest manner. Why should there be uniformity? In discussing this matter with a neighbor the suspicion was suggested by him that perhaps you wrote all of the published letters yourself. I do not believe it. If I did, I should not always turn in that department as soon as I open the paper. I think there is altogether too much grandiloquence, bombast, or stiffness or something about "I am, sir," and wish to suggest that if you are changing the letters of your correspondents in this respect you are not using good judgment. Why should all of your correspondents be tied down to such pedanticism?

I am, sir,

W. F. H.

No, we do not write the published letters. They are printed as they come, except that sometimes inadvertent or clerical errors are set right, and that usually the severely simple forms of address and conclusion which you speak of are used. The reason for simplifying the forms of address and conclusion as we do, and as most other papers do, is that these forms, as a rule, are purely conventional and mean nothing, and to standardize them saves space and leaves the real meat of the letter in bolder relief.—EDITOR.

DENOUNCED

SEVEN DAYS, IND., January 4, 1907

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I first began to pick up HARPER'S WEEKLY of December 7, 1907, in my club room and noticed your infamous libelous article entitled "The Roosevelt Panic and its Predecessor," in which you say "that popular instinct has linked it indissolubly with the name of the Chief Magistrate," etc., and more of such sort. I denounce the editor of the article, whosoever he may be, as a malicious perverter of it. You say as well understand now that such miserable lies do not and will not forfeit the love and high esteem in which our great President is held by the mass of the people.

Your paper is but the mouthpiece—the hired agent of the slaveholders, grafters, and thieves who have lived and fattened off of the great public for many years. You and your like are understood. Further understood, Indiana is not for Fairbanks, but largely for Taft.

I am, sir,

J. P. CREEK.

A VOICE FROM OHIO

CINCINNATI, O., January 21, 1907

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

HARPER'S WEEKLY might read Mr. Taft's Boston speech—the utterance of a statesman.

The WEEKLY could then see what an ass the WEEKLY is. No, not that—the WEEKLY is a hired liar.

When the WEEKLY gets awake in the night and finds itself alone in the dark and must listen to its own accusation—"I am a hired liar!"

But conscience is probably dead by this time or asleep. One thing is left to it surely—the WEEKLY can snarl brimstone bearing.

Hired liar!

Hired ass-wain!

The next President—Roosevelt or Taft. HARPER'S WEEKLY—Harry Orchard.

I am, sir,

We read the speech. It was an interesting speech, and not unedifying. Neither is Judge Taft unedifying. We respect and revere him considerably. Conscience! (Of whom?) Taft! No, too big a job; like eloping with a girl's school or drowning an orphan asylum. We don't want to associate anybody, even a retail person, least of all the excellent Taft. We love the truth. As for Harry Orchard, we learned rather a good opinion of his veracity. You don't sign your name, and leave us uncertain whether it is Charles or Henry.—EDITOR.

The Truth About The Navy

HAVE WE AN EFFECTIVE BATTLE FLEET OR NOT?

A REPLY TO SOME RECENT CHARGES

By CHARLES B. BREWER

Formerly Chief Draftsman of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, United States Navy Department; Member of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers



THE very grave allegations of the existence of defects in the construction of practically all of the vessels of the navy, which appeared in the January number of *McClure's*, from the pen of Henry Rosterdahl—one who should be able to speak with more or less authority—and the comments on the article by the press of the country, call for an answer, and an answer they will probably have from an official source; indeed, such an answer is already in preparation, the press reports say.

An answer, however, from an outside source, from one who has personal direct knowledge of many of the subjects, but from one who is now in no way connected with the Navy Department nor with a firm having contracts with the Navy Department, may be considered less partial. It is also probable that an independent report of the whole matter will come from a congressional committee, if reports from Washington are correct. But as large bodies move with proverbial slowness, this independent answer may possibly be of value.

In Mr. Rosterdahl's article the charges relating to the constructive features of the vessels are briefly as follows: That the heavy belt armor of the battleships is under water; that the turrets are over an open shaft down which fire may find ready access to the magazines; that the boxes of the vessels and the turret-guns are far too low, and that the broadside guns have an even worse emplacement; that the vessels are unprovided with torpedoes and torpedo tubes, and that the nature of the bureau system compels it to resist improvements in those matters. The charge is also made practically throughout Mr. Rosterdahl's paper, that though the defects have been known for years nothing has been done to correct them.

This article is intended as a comment rather than a complete answer to the aforesaid charges—a comment on some of those which are true, and an answer to those which are not considered justified—and particularly to the impression created throughout the article that those whose duty it has been to look after these matters have slept while the navy was building. The charges will be dealt with in the order of their consideration.

LOW ARMOR-BELTS

*Of all our battleships, not one shows its main armor-belt six inches above the water when fully equipped and ready for sea."—(From Mr. Rosterdahl's article.)

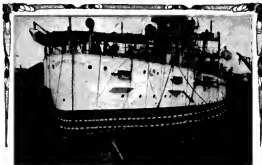
Now the term "fully equipped and ready for sea" may mean almost anything. It has, and must have, a definite meaning to the designer, and as it appears each year in the table of vessels given in the Chief Naval Constructor's Report under the column headed "Full Load Displacement," or, in other words, full weight, it means: the ship complete; all bunkers full of coal, the full complement of officers and men, with their effects; stores and provisions for a three months' cruise, and a full supply of ammunition, that is, as much ammunition as her magazines will hold in the racks and bins, arranged to take care of every piece by count, and enough additional space provided for passages in which to handle it expeditiously, and also enough space above the heavier shell for the trolley and rail to pass it over what is left in the bins to the ammunition hoists.

The ship in her "normal displacement" or normal weight is the ship the public knows. Thus, the 10,000-ton vessel is 10,000 tons in normal displacement, and the main difference between the ship fully loaded for sea and the ship in her condition of normal displacement is the difference between the ship described above and the ship with her-torpedo ammunition, stores and provisions aboard, and a much smaller amount of coal than her full supply, the normal amount of coal for the normal supply being 900 tons for a 10,000-ton ship.

The full load weight of a 10,000-ton ship such as the *Louisiana*, *Connecticut*, *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, *Kansas*, or *New Hampshire*, is about 17,000 tons to 17,800 tons. The similar weight of a 12,000-ton ship, such as the *Virginia*, *Georgia*, *Rhode Island*, *New Jersey*, and *Arkansas*, is about 16,100 tons, and for a 12,500-ton vessel, such as the *Haines*, *Minnesota*, or the *Albatross*, it is about 15,500 tons.

No ship can choose her fighting weight any more than she can choose her time to fight, because, from the time she leaves port her coal and provisions are being consumed, but that the vessels named above, when called upon to fight, will be in a condition somewhere between the weights mentioned is most probable. When in a condition anywhere between the indicated limits, the heavy armor-belt will extend above the water-line, between 24 and 51 inches for the *Connecticut*, *Veracruz*, *Louisiana*, *Kansas*, *Minnesota*, and *New Hampshire*; between 37 and 34 inches for the *Virginia*, *Georgia*, *Rhode Island*, *New Jersey*, and *Arkansas*; and between 17 and 47 inches for the *Missouri*, *Wisconsin*, and *Albatross*.

Just reflect one moment on the difference between these



THE ARMOR-BELT AND WATER-LINES OF THE BATTLESHIP "CONNECTICUT"

The armor-belt extending around the stern is the top of the heavy armor-belt. The armor shows where this belt rises to protect the magazine and engine-room. The upper dotted line on the hull indicates the full load water-line, the lower one the line of normal draft.

figures and the six inches credited by the author of the charges. The vessels in the foregoing list are fourteen of our force of twenty-eight battle-ships. They are those last built. The condition of the other fourteen has not been examined, but they would doubtless answer for themselves as the first half have done. There is a photograph of the Connecticut published in Mr. Rosterdahl's article, and the reader is referred to a "dark line just above the water" as indicating "the actual height of the Connecticut's armor." The words "All our ships suffer from this

range, as was evidenced by a test explosion of a 12-inch shell inside an experimental target, which was built as a reproduction of this part of one of our vessels now afloat. This test the writer witnessed at the Indian Head Proving Grounds in 1903.

THE OPEN TURRET

"... The open turret of the United States battle-ship is the only violation of this principle [i. e., that powder must not be passed directly up to the gun-deck through a vertical shaft] in the practice of the world."

"The open turret is a conical shaft ... at its bottom is the handling room ... and opening directly into it are the magazines."—(From Mr. Rosterdahl's article.)

One not familiar with the construction of the vessels would imagine that the handling room was stacked with powder waiting for the flaming grains from an accidental flare-back in the turret to drop forty feet and ignite it. Such is not, or should not be, the case, if the means at hand are utilized. The shell, iron which there is practically no danger, is stored in rooms the doors of which must be kept ajar in action to allow the trolley with its heavy shell to pass, but not so with the powder. Each door in the powder-magazines opening into the handling room is provided with what is termed a passing scuttle, which means a tray on which to slide the powder out and a metal flap to close this opening. This flap is in place at all times, except at the very instant the powder passes out, falling into its place by gravity the instant afterward, and only one charge of powder at a time should, under any circumstances, be kept in the handling-room.

There would have been an call for the heroic deed related of the sailor in the accident aboard the Missouri in 1904, when he stepped up this hole in this passing scuttle with a powder-can wrapped in his coat, had this metal flap been in place. That the ship had been equipped with such a metal flap was clearly proven by the photograph taken at the time of the accident, which showed it on the floor in one corner of the handling-room.

Immediately after this accident the hinge fastenings of these metal flaps were provided with more secure fastenings by a general order issued by the Bureau of Construction and Repair to all navy-yards and ship-building yards.

Mr. Rosterdahl states in his article that the birth of the automatic shutter, a device to close off the turret-opening from the handling-room, occurred two years after the Missouri accident, and only after the ignition of a charge of powder on the Kearsarge, in April, 1906, had compelled it by "the pressure of public opinion" and the "excited imagination of the country."

In August of 1903 the writer, when on duty at Newport News, designed an automatic shutter which was sent at that time to the Bureau of Construction. The design is now on file in that bureau, and has been followed in the case of most of the shutters since installed on the vessels. Early the next year, in 1904, on duty in Washington as Chief Draftsman at the Bureau of Construction, I with the other officers of the bureau started the installation of automatic shutters on all the vessels then under con-

struction. The dark line readily discernible in the photograph is what sailors call the "hoisting" of the ship, and in that portion of the ship shown in the photograph is approximately in line with the top of the armor-belt. The photograph shows, however, the stern only, where, as in the bow, the armor is, for a short distance, many inches lower than over the magazine and engine and fire-room spaces. If this "dark line just above the water" is a basis of so great a charge, the critic should have followed more closely the course of construction of our vessels, for this line extends so short a distance that not only has it stepped up to the dimensions enumerated before the long machinery spaces are reached, but even before the magazine spaces are reached. Furthermore, the side-armor is at this point backed up by the heaviest part of the ship's protective deck armor, and the principal reason for this thickening is that the side-belt armor is low at this point.

It must be clearly understood, however, that if enough weight be piled on, it is possible to sink a vessel not only below her belt-armor line, but below her air ports, and if she does not then become unstable and turn over, it is also possible to sink her all the way to her decks by adding more weight. A photograph of the battleship *Nere Jewey*, taken just before her departure for the cruise to the Pacific, actually showed her with weight so piled on that her main armor-belt was under water. The photograph shows her at a draft of 28 feet 6 inches, a 28-foot draft mark being just above the water. This means that a 15,000-ton vessel actually had a displacement of more than 19,500 tons. No commander would, of course, dream of going into action with any such surplus and entirely unnecessary weight, nor would a fair-minded critic base a charge on such a condition.

To place this heavy belt armor higher would mean to increase the extent of it, and each additional inch to the height of it enormously increases the weight of the ship, for it must extend far enough below the lower probable water-line to afford protection to the vitals of the ship when she is rolling in a heavy sea-way. To what extent it can be increased is worked out by the constructors separately for every design, generally many times, and for use of the later designs, which the writer had charge of while on duty at the bureau, it was worked out in about thirty different schemes, with plans and complete weight calculations for each, before a design was finally settled on. Weight was considered in every department of the vessel, where it was feasible to do so, in order to secure additional armor.

Even were the charge true, the ships would not be in the lethal condition which the article leads the reader to think, for there is armor of considerable thickness immediately above the belt-armor, which extends from right to left above, and it is also backed by coal-bunkers and a heavy protective deck which affords a large degree of resistance to even the heaviest shell at close



THE RELATION OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "MINNE-SOTA'S" ARMOR-BELT TO HER WATER-LINES

The bottom of the *S.*, indicated by the arrow *A*, marks the 25-foot water-line. The normal draft of the "*Minne-SOTA*" and the "*Connecticut*" is 23 feet 6 inches, and the draft for full-load displacement 25 feet 9 inches. Each of these water-lines has been traced on the photograph from the draft figures which may be seen upon close inspection immediately below the figure *B*. The top of the armor sits above at about 27 feet, 6-inch water-line. Where it steps up to protect the magazines is indicated by the arrow *B*. It will be seen that this rise is about an inch with the 25-foot water-line. The armor-line of the "*Connecticut*" is exactly the same distance above the level as it is in the "*Minne-SOTA*." The weights are identical.



THE ARMOR-BELT OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "OHIO"

The foot of the sailor is ration on the top of the heavy armor-belt at the forward part of the ship. The upper dotted line on the armor indicates the battle-ship's full-load displacement water-line, and the lower one the normal water-line.

struction. These included the battle-ships *Virginia*, *Rhode Island*, *Georgia*, *New Jersey*, *Nebraska*, *Louisiana*, *Connecticut*, *Mississippi*, *Yerres*, and *Kansas*, and the armored cruisers *Princess*, *Albatross*, *Albatross*, and *Albatross*. The orders for shutters for practically all of the vessels under construction, and some of those in commission, the plans for many of them, and the successful installation of some, were satisfactorily completed before the acc-

these later vessels was evidently forgotten by Mr. Reuterdahl when he wrote that "the yawning gun ports still remain as originally designed." True port protection is nothing more nor less than armor fitted around the gun on the inside of the turret and, naturally, behind the turret armor. It is made of sufficient size to close the opening around the gun, and moves up and down with the gun as it is elevated or depressed.

LOW BOWS, AND GUNS THAT CAN NOT FIRE

"It would be impossible in rough weather to aim and fire the forward turret guns."—From Mr. Reuterdahl's article.

The reason ascribed for this alleged defect is that the guns are too low. Certainly, if the weather is rough enough this would be the case no matter at what height the guns might be, but we do not expect to fight in a hurricane.

The figures given by Mr. Reuterdahl for the heights of the decks above water (the bows of the three ships of the *Indiana* class 11 feet above the water, the two ships of the *Kearsarge* class 13, those of the *Connecticut* about 18, and of our latest armored cruisers 20 feet) are approximately correct, dependent, however, upon the water line referred to. But it should cause no such alarm as the article prompts if it were impossible to sight these guns while the vessel is shipping solid seas over guns six feet above the decks which are, in turn, 18 or 20 feet above the water-line. (These latter figures, "18 or 20 feet above the water-line," are Mr. Reuterdahl's.)

The designer must ever keep in mind the stability of the vessel, which is rapidly affected by placing the enormous turret weights at a greater height. He must not forget that with an increased height of turret must come an increased height of the armored casing tower behind the turret, if the navigator's battle-station is to afford him an unobstructed view. As the height of this tower is raised, a longer and consequently heavier armored tube is required to protect the communication wires and pipes between the tower and the forces that work throughout the ship. The post-house screen and bridges for harbor navigation must also have an unobstructed outlook. The water line, the tower, must be raised if the tower and turrets are raised. When the designer has carefully remembered all these things, which he must not forget, he must then remember that the advantage of turrets and guns of the height advocated by Mr. Reuterdahl is open to most serious question in a consideration of the increased size of the target offered to the enemy's fire.

In the same part of his article Mr. Reuterdahl refers, by way of object lesson, to the fact that the forward turret of the British



THE ARMOR LINE OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "KANSAS"

The armor line of the "Kansas" is at the same distance above the keel as in the case of the "Connecticut" and "Mississippi," and the weights for the three are in every way alike. The "boat-topping" is the nautical term for the fore of point marking the ship's water-body, which is clearly shown in the photograph, is also at the same height as in the other two ships. At the bow, where the waves do not hide it, the boat-topping may be seen well out of water. The photographs of the "Connecticut" and "Mississippi" in dry dock show how high above the boat-topping the armor runs awashships for two-thirds the length of the vessels.

dent in the *Kearsarge* in 1906. The writer remembers the fact very distinctly, because he met the turret officer of the *Kearsarge* on the street in Washington, about a week after this accident, and received the first news of it from him. The subject was taken up by the Bureau of Construction and Repair the same day, and within a day or so the recommendation had been made to the department for the installation of such shutters on all other vessels in commission with turrets.

A strong recommendation for the installation of such shutters on all vessels in commission was received from Admiral Evans about a week after this. (The spring of 1906.) As early as 1902 they had been required in the specifications for vessels under construction.

Not only were automatic shutters provided for years before Mr. Reuterdahl claims they were forced upon the bureau by an inflated country, but designs for an improved form of turret were being vigorously prosecuted during the development of the automatic shutter, which he also claims came in 1907 from an outside source "after fifteen years" of sleep by those responsible for such matters. It was realized that while automatic shutters were the best thing to offer for turrets of the type already constructed and under construction, new ships called for something different. The subject of improved turrets had taken definite shape as early as 1905, when a double-stage turret, the design of the Bethlehem Steel Company, was contested for by the New Hampshire, a vessel which has now had her trial trip. The writer understands that since he left the bureau in December, 1906, the question of allotted weights being greatly exceeded has caused some change in the type of turret for that vessel, and is now informed of the type actually installed, but the above will clearly show that the *Big Van Winkle* act, if engaged in as charged, must not have been without its disturbance.

SIZE OF TURRET GUN PORTS

Our ships at Santiago during the Spanish war had been subjected to a storm of shot and shell from the forts on the hills, tops and had been powerless to return the fire, for the reason that the size of the turret ports would not permit the guns to be aimed high enough. This taught its lesson, as, for new vessels, the angle of elevation of the turret guns was raised from fifteen to twenty degrees, and the size of the ports in the armor was correspondingly increased. The turret of a battle-ship weighs several hundred tons, and although it may be revolved horizontally, it is not designed to be raised or lowered, and as the guns must move up and down for firing at different ranges and at elevated objects, the only alternative is to make the turret ports large enough to provide clearance for the guns. These ports, however, are not open on our later vessels, as the reader of Mr. Reuterdahl's article is led to believe. The existence of gun-port protection on



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TO KEEP WATER OUT OF THE TURRETS

The arrow indicates one type of turret in use in the navy to close the turret ports when heavy weather hurls waves aboard the ship.

battle-ship *Dreadnaught* is "set far back—about one hundred and two feet from the bow." The answer to this is, that in many of our vessels about this distance is 120 feet.

If, as Mr. Reuterdahl states, the battle-ship *Virginia* shipped 120 tons of water into her forward turret during a trip from Cuba in Hampton Roads a few months ago, with her steel bolters, which are intended to close the turret ports in heavy weather, in place, as

It is claimed they were there must have been some grave defect in the making of the hull, for it is of the same design as that on many vessels from which no complaint was received, while the writer was in the bureau.

THE BROADSIDE BATTERIES

"... The broadside guns on our ships are in an even worse position than those in the forward turrets."—(From Mr. Reuter's article.)



The forward Turret of Rear-Admiral Evans's Flag-ship, the Battle-ship "Connecticut"

would indeed be a serious state of affairs, for the submerged torpedo-rooms are placed at only about one single place on a ship, owing to the vast amount of room it takes up and other peculiar requirements. It is the one thing on the ship to which the integrity of the double bottom must yield—the one compartment, except at the extreme ends of the vessel, whose limits extend from the outside air skin-plating, on one side to the skin-plating on the other. If this space is not pro-



The after Turret of the Battle-ship "Georgia," Flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Emory, who stands in the Foreground



Rear-Admiral Thomas standing by the after Turret of his Flag-ship, the "Minnesota"

THE SMALL, WELL-GUARDED TURRET PORTS OF THREE BATTLE-SHIPS

There would seem to be scarcely space enough between the guns and the sides of the ports for half a dozen 12-inch shells to enter them at the same time

Quite naturally is this the case. These guns are so placed as to have the benefit of the lower side-armor protection. Indeed, so important are they that it is the principal reason for the existence of the secondary armor-belt. This armor, on most of our vessels of recent type, now extends to the main deck. The stability of a ship of the size of those now about cannot be maintained if the armor and the guns are carried to the bridges. A more conservative observer, however, would have stated the distance of these guns above the water-line—dependent upon which water-line he referred to—as from 13½ to 18 feet rather than 11 feet, as Mr. Reuter's assumes.

UNARMED SPACES FORE AND AFT

The ends or parts of the ends of some of the earlier vessels of the United States fleet are certainly provided with less protection than could be wished, although, as Mr. Reuter adds, this is "not of recent discovery." It could have been added that neither has this been permitted to go uncorrected on later vessels. Years ago it was corrected. Since it is realized by the proper persons, and there is no danger of a repetition, the loss said about the older vessels the better, for a wreck spot is one's armor is certainly not a thing to advertise.

LACK OF TORPEDOES AND TORPEDO TUBES

"... Our battle-ships, up to the present time, have been practically unprovided with torpedoes and torpedo tubes."—(From Mr. Reuter's article.)

The casual reader would infer from this extract that the ships generally have no provision for torpedoes, a fact which, if true,

vided for is the early stages of construction it is wellnigh impossible to obtain it afterward.

Fourteen of our battle-ships and seven of our armored cruisers now about have submerged-torpedo-rooms with foundations and arrangements for the tube itself, the installation of which is trifling compared with the provision for space. Many of these vessels have two such rooms, one at the bow, the other at the stern. These rooms have been provided on many of these twenty-one vessels at an abnormal expense, and on half of them after they were well under construction. Indeed, to meet the demands of sea-going officers, on eleven vessels, the specifications for which had originally required torpedo tubes, they were omitted, owing to the temporary disclaimer into which the submerged torpedo had fallen. When the development of the torpedo made it an imperative adjunct to a battle-ship, these torpedo tubes were put in, necessitating a great increase of cost. The writer has a very vivid recollection of the struggle he had to utilize certain parts of the ships as built, and to accommodate the torpedo-rooms into four from-space instead of the customary five, in order to preserve the space for additional ammunition, and also to save about \$10,000 per vessel on several of the ships concerned.

INSUFFICIENT AMMUNITION HOISTS

"The mechanism for hoisting ammunition to the crews of the medium guns can give them only from one-fifth to one-third the amount that they can fire."—(From Mr. Reuter's article.)

The fact that our gunners have become so predicament—as indeed they have become—must be most prejudicial to all who are
(Continued on page 32.)

A Ku-Klux Klan of To-day

THE RED RECORD OF KENTUCKY'S "NIGHT RIDERS"

By CHARLES V. TEVIS



THERE is war in Kentucky. In a score of towns what is virtually a state of martial law exists. In the farming districts cellars have been fortified and loaded arms stacked within easy reach. The "Night Riders" are abroad.

Rivalling the notorious Ku-Klux Klan in daring and in romantic interest, this intensive foe of the commonwealth of the Blue Grass State has burned a path to a disquieting dominance. By day the planters of tobacco, riding in companies, are doggedly proselytizing in protest against what they characterize as the oppressive methods of the American Tobacco Company. Their greeting is characteristic of whole-hearted Kentucky; generally their word of farewell is a warning, perhaps veiled, but menacing. By night bands of masked men are roving the State with flaming torches and ready revolvers, leaving behind them a trail of devastation and bloodshed.

At Lexington, Brigadier-General Roger Williams, of the State Militia, is holding several companies of soldiers ready for any emergency. Company G, of the Seventh Ohio Regiment, is prepared for the attack which has been threatened on Manchester, Ohio. At Lawrenceburg and Aurora, Indiana, the "Night Riders" have already made several raids, and defensive measures have been taken for another expected invasion. Without exception, the citizens of every municipality in Kentucky where tobacco is marketed are sleeping on their arms.

That the breck and butter of seventy-five per cent. of the farmers of the State is endangered, scarcely takes as an excuse for its sway. The so-called "tobacco trust," the American Tobacco Company, has been defied by the planters. They are withholding their 1906, 1907, and, in some cases, their 1908 crops from the company's markets. This means that their product is not being marketed; that their pocket-books for the year just past are minus approximately \$35,000,000; that the banks are refusing them credit; that the insurance companies are declining to write "property risks" and even canceling policies; that the chance for a 1908 crop is remote; that a staggering blow is likely to be dealt at the life of Kentucky's greatest industry.

The rebellion had its origin two years ago. Certain of the planters awoke to a realization of what they alleged to be the "grip of the trust." Fortwith they began to preach the doctrine of "a trust against a trust." They vowed that they had no hand in the making of prices for their tobacco; that in order to live, pay their debts, and continue the raising of tobacco they had to accept what was offered them, and that the interest on their investment of labor and money was not worth while. Hundreds of farmers flocked to this standard; five associations, unions in effect, were formed and affiliated under one name, the "American Society of Equity"; and the cry for higher prices was loudly raised.

In the course of months, 75,000 members were enrolled in

the two big societies, the Burley Tobacco Association and the Dark Tobacco Association. This membership represented a tobacco pool of 350,000,000 pounds, or more than seventy per cent. of the State's output. How formidable this farmer trust became can readily be seen. But the leaders of the movement appreciated the fact that for it to be successful there must be no non-unionists, and a greater crusade was instituted. As has been said, persuasions failed to bring all of the independent growers into the fold. Then came the Night Riders.

This was the beginning of a crusade of destruction which has up to this time claimed the loss of \$500,000.000 worth of property and the sacrifice of several lives. As yet nothing has served to check it.

Not one, but a half-dozen companies, of from 200 to 500 men each (a strange commentary on Kentucky's percentage of ruffian citizenship, if the contentions of some are to be believed), are parading nightly, blackened ruins marking their progress.

On the night of the second of March, 1908, they appeared suddenly in the streets of Princeton. They were on horseback, masked, armed, determined. With a preliminary scattering of shots, they applied the torch in several freight cars containing tobacco, some of which had been bought by the American Tobacco Company, and the rest owned by independents. Not until these fires had completely destroyed the tobacco did they leave the city and disappear into the darkness as mysteriously as they had come.

"A band of ruffians!" They will not dare to repeat the outrage!" was the verdict, when the news of the raid was flashed over the State.

Closely upon the heels of this event came a report that a band of mounted men, masked and armed, had burned the barns of a farmer near Hopkinsville. Simultaneously, other planters, all independents—communicated the intelligence that their crops had been "sailed," or ruined by "dragging," or that their barns had been burned. These arrived from different parts of the State, and each stated that a band of mounted men, masked and armed, had committed the depredation.

The trouble is confined to the few western counties that raise the greatest Burley crops. The hirelings who are doing the work will soon be apprehended and "panicked," said the witnesses.

Then appeared the ominous skull and cross-bones on the front doors, fences, and barns of independents, who were refusing to join in the fight against the tobacco trust. Letters threatening destruction of property and a whipping were sent out broadcast. A campaign of intimidation was waged, and the American Society of Equity's ranks were augmented. But the American Tobacco Company and its allied concerns pursued the even tenor of their way, strong in the support of those who laughed at threats and remained independent.

This was not well advised. On the night of December 7 began a reign of terror that



City Building at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, showing the results of an attack by "Night Riders" on the Police Office



All that was left of Tandy & Fairleigh's Tobacco Factory at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, after a Raid of the "Night Riders." In the Rear are the Ruins of the Acme Mill and Elevator Company, which had a daily capacity of 1200 Hogsheads of Tobacco



In the Foreground are the Ruins of M. H. Tandy & Co.'s Tobacco Warehouse in Hopkinsville; behind them the burned Warehouse of Woolridge & Co., both Firms important Producers, and the Freight Depot of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad

THE TRAIL OF THE "NIGHT RIDERS"

has no like in the history of Kentucky. Hopkintonville was the point of first attack. The citizens of this city, on that memorable evening, little suspected what the next few hours held for them. A raid by the mysterious band of "Night Riders" was far from their thoughts. Not until their slumbers were broken by the clatter of flying hoofs and the rattle of shots, and their sleep-battered eyes blinded by the glare of burning buildings, did they realize the full meaning of a descent by the dreaded band.

In the face of a determined fire from the several detachments of the invaders, the men of the city armed with all kinds of weapons, ventured from the protection of their homes to meet in alleys and in the shadows of buildings. Preachers, physicians, lawyers, merchants—men of all classes and characters made up these squads, which, by daring dashes and sly maneuvers, at length joined for a concerted attack upon the marauders, who were holding the public square. There a pitched battle ensued.

The spectacle of fellow Kentuckians, perhaps neighbors, perhaps relatives, shooting at each other with deadly intent, was painted red by the flames of the blazing warehouses. Shrieks of terror-stricken women were heard above the rattle of shots; and the cries of the wounded answered the shouts of new recruits to the ranks of the defenders. Slowly, fighting each step of retreat, the "Night Riders" were forced from street to street and alley to alley, and finally to the outskirts of the city. Three two of the raiders were seen to fall from their horses as the bullets flew among them. The crowd of citizens had by this time assumed formidable size, but in the face of its terrific fire the invaders made a last stand, while their fallen comrades were being placed upon their horses. Then, with a threat to repeat the outrage, the band galloped away.

Until broad daylight heavily-armed sentries guarded each approach to the city. Several citizens had been badly wounded, and at the earliest possible moment a petition for State troops was flashed over the wire to Governor Augustine A. Wilson. He immediately ordered the Lexington Company on the scene, and by evening the city was in a state of martial law.

Meanwhile, from the farmers who had fled to town upon hearing of the raid, it was learned that Edward McCook, a young planter of Trigg County, was lying fatally wounded at his home. He refused to give any account of how he had come to such a state. The news was also brought that William Gray, another young farmer of Christian County, had been brought home dead to his parents early that morning, several marked men bearing the body. They had made no statement. These two incidents were accepted as disclosing the identity of two of the mysterious band, and added much weight to information already credited, that the "Night Riders" were not hirelings and ruffians, but centers of land and influential growers of tobacco. With the realization of this the aspect of affairs became doubly grave.

All sorts of strange stories sprang into life. It was said that the "Night Riders" had an organization modeled after that of the historic Ku Klux Klan; that there was one man at the head—some of the biggest growers in the State—and, under him, a high council of war, acting through captains, lieutenants, and different bands of privates; that this organization was State-wide, its companies ready for their sinister work in every tobacco-producing section within the boundary lines of the State. Some declared that the bands made their headquarters in caves, that there lots were caved, and the fate of different independents decided. A few of the more imaginative even pictured wives and mothers making masks and hoods for their husbands and sons.

The contagion of fear quickly spread north and east from Hopkintonville, and with warnings from authentic sources and ill-timed appearances of strange groups of masked horsemen caused more than one body of citizens to prepare for defense. A cordon of guards was thrown about all the warehouses in Lexington. This example was followed in Mayfield, Owingsville, Russellville, and a number of other towns. By day every stranger was an object of suspicion, by night sentries patrolled the streets.

Yellowing wholesale destruction of property in Trigg County, on the night of December 9, and an attempt to re-attack Hopkintonville two nights later, Governor Wilson received word from Washington that the United States Government and the French government were protesting that the destruction of property in Kentucky was affecting some of their trade interests, and that the President would hold the Governor responsible for the immediate suppression of this uprising and the punishment of the terrorists. The State police machinery was at once set to work, aided by the officials of the several counties, in stirring denunciations of the acts of the "Riders" was made by the Governor, who also appealed to the citizenship of the State to aid him in ridding the offenders to earth. A conference between the officers of the American Society of Equity and representatives of the American Tobacco Company was arranged to bring about a mutually satisfactory agreement and end the troubles.

This meeting was held, but no settlement was agreed upon. The tobacco company's trust representatives did not have a great deal to say. The Society of Equity conferees were voluble in their regret for the acts of the "Night Riders" and their denunciations of such work, declaring, in the strongest possible terms, the indignation that the society, for one moment, countenanced the depredations of the band or any sort of violence. C. M. Barnett, the society's president, pledged his efforts and the active aid of the organization in behalf of law and order, and the prompt and punishment of all guilty persons. Little else was done at the conference, although toward the desired agreement was accomplished.

Then a band of "Peaceful Riders By Day" made its appearance. General George W. Jett, one of the most influential planters in the State, was in command. It commenced its march in Breckin-

County, from East Augusta, where the five hundred "soldiers" congregated. From one farm to another went the company, soliciting signatures to a contract not to raise any tobacco in 1908, unless the tobacco trust "lays down" and advising to "hold" or "sell" term, those who refused to sign not to attempt to market any of their product.

On the whole, the army met with a satisfactory reception—far be it from the writer to attribute this to any apprehension inspired by the imposing cavalcade—but in many instances open refusal greeted the soft arguments, and grim arose the inevitable advice. One man, Mike Reesor, who lives near Augusta, awaited the reception committee on the veranda of his home, a couple of shotgun leading against his chair. The leader of the committee, pausing directly at the front gate, demanded to know whether or not he intended to join the Society of Equity. Reesor's reply was brief and to the point.

"No, I am not going to join," he said, "and the first man who enters this yard will be shot from his horse."

The "Peaceful Riders By Day" retired in some disorder, several of the members being restrained with difficulty from accepting Reesor's challenge.

For two weeks this army paraded in Mason, Bracken, Boone, Kenton, and Campbell counties, preaching peace and prosperity through organization, and generously distributing "advice." During the period the "Night Riders" were not asleep. As if by reversion irregularly, they appeared at the most unexpected places, and their hand was heavy. Then came the second conference of the Society of Equity men and the representatives of the trust. The following statement was given out at the conclusion of the meeting by the district board of the planters:

In accordance with the understanding reached at Frankfort, a meeting was held in this city (Winchester), to-day (January 31), with Messrs. Smith and Walker, of the American Tobacco Company. They offered to buy 10,000 hogsheads of tobacco pooled at twelve cents a pound, taking an equal per centage of all grades of tobacco. After discussion it was determined that this amount was less than they were paying for 1906 tobacco, and even less than they are paying for the 1907 crop in winter order. A counter proposition was submitted to them, to wit: that our Burley Association should offer 10,000 hogsheads at scheduled prices, which would average fifteen cents a pound.

"We consider it a great concession on our part to be willing to sell so small an amount of tobacco. But our proposition was rejected, and we were notified by the American Tobacco's representatives that they would not change one iota from the original proposition, and when asked if they would consider any further proposition in the nature of a compromise, they answered in the negative."

"It seems to us that the present situation ought to prove to every citizen that the grower of tobacco has but one buyer for his product, and that is the American Tobacco Company. Our buyers are few and close, and it was its duty to break aside small differences and, if possible, effect a sale—in vain. The question now is what steps shall be taken to protect our interests and, if possible, again render the cultivation of tobacco a profitable industry in Kentucky. . . . We insist that each member of the association stand true to his colors and be patient and sacrificing in the future, as he had been in the past, because we firmly believe that a victory for our side will soon be won."

"Above all, we ask every member of our association to 'cut out' his 1908 crop of tobacco, and to use every lawful influence to induce others to do the same. We cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of not raising a crop in 1908."

"We have come to the conclusion that the American Tobacco Company is using every endeavor to break down our organization, and, if it can, disrupt it forever. Without appealing to the prejudice or passion of our people, we can state with truth that our disruption means bankruptcy and ruin for many of our farmers, and want and misery among a large part of Kentucky's citizenship. To obviate such a state of affairs we will call upon the law-making and law-enforcing power of our State to join us in a movement that will forever put an end to such a trust. . . ."

At the meeting of the Burley Association, which was one of the third big raid of the "Night Riders," this time at Russellville, where several citizens were seriously wounded, and \$100,000 worth of property was destroyed.

The band entered the city shortly after midnight without a moment's warning. A detachment overpowered the police officials, binding them hand and foot. Another detachment went to the Louisville and Nashville railroad yards, where they took possession of every locomotive, fraying that whistles would be sounded and the alarm given to the countryside. The electric-light plant was also seized, and its whistles opened. Others of the band tied telegraph operators to desks and at the point of revolvers, held up the telephone operators, many of them women, at the same time wrecking the apparatus.

The Memphis fast train carrying mail and passengers, due in Russellville about one o'clock, was stopped a short distance from the city. The "Night Riders" mounted the engine and forced the engineer to run slowly through the city, and with no more noise than was absolutely necessary.

The main body of the raiders proceeded directly to the work of incendiarism. Within a brief time flames from the factory of the American Sulfur Company and the warehouses of Luckett and Wade were reddening the heavens. The warehouses of the Standard Oil Company, a plating plant, a wagon factory, a grocery, a livery stable, and a private residence within the fire zone were soon ablaze. After having their usual bloody trade mark, by

(Continued on page 42.)



Dave

Stacy

Lady

Jim

Max

The First Squad of the new Police Dogs



Nogi, brought from Belgium



At the Heels of a House-breaker



Preventing Attack on a Policeman



The House-breaker is brought to Earth



Overtaking an escaping Prisoner



The Policeman makes the Arrest

THE DOG POLICEMEN OF NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT IS EXPERIMENTING WITH FIVE SPECIALLY TRAINED DOGS. IN BELGIUM, DOGS HAVE REMOVED CERTAIN CRIMES, LIKE BURGLARY AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY, EIGHTY PER CENT. AFTER THREE MONTHS' TRAINING THESE DOGS WILL BE TRIED FIRST IN SUBURBAN DISTRICTS



TELEPHONING

DRAWN BY

Charles Dana Gibson



TO NEW YORK

RY S. WATSON

Marvels of Medicine Hat

By BARTON WOOD CURRIE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. DUMEXHAL

THERE was a trim young woman on the Imperial Limited out of Vancouver whom I took to be intensely modern and highly civilized. The forcefulness, dignity, and grace in her bearing compelled my admiration. She impressed me by her conversation as having travelled much and read deeply, if not rather too profoundly. Therefore, I was indeed surprised when she informed me that her home was in Moose Jaw, and that she was president of the Moose Jaw Ethical Culture Society. I carried this information to the man from the Yukon—a sour-dog from Dawson, he called himself—and was disappointed in his lack of interest. I expected he would be thrilled to hear it, just as he would sit up if I announced that she was a Queen of Siam or an Empress of Korea. It seemed, however, he knew it all the while.

"Yes," he said, in an easy, conversational tone, "and her sister is the secretary of the Medicine Hat Woman's Auxiliary. Likewise she has a brother teaching higher mathematics in Whoozup. Medicine Hat may be the coldest place on the weather-report map, but you need not expect to find any untamed savages there."

I protested that I entertained no such false opinion of either Medicine Hat, Moose Jaw, or Whoozup. It could not be denied that they were quaintly named. Furthermore, they were some distance from the centres of population and sources of culture, which had led me to hope that I would find them interesting in my brief sojourn in the Northwest.

While we ran through the lower undulations of the indescribably desolate Alberta prairies I sought to draw out the young lady from Moose Jaw on the Northwest, mentioning the fact that I proposed to stop over for a few days in Medicine Hat.

"I cannot see why you wish to stop there," she said, perceivingly. "For Medicine Hat does not approach Moose Jaw in culture. Why, we have three Browning societies to their one. You will find them awfully stuck up about their natural gas, just as if there was anything remarkable in gas. And they will tell you that it is colder in winter in Moose Jaw, but don't believe a word of it. Medicine Hat has a much higher rainfall record, and the annual loss in cars is far greater than at home. Then the experts all agree that the worst winter blizzards start somewhere in the plains above Medicine Hat. It is really America's rave of the winds," she added, almost maliciously. Then she fell silent and refused to discuss the subject further.

Arriving at Medicine Hat, I descended to what seemed an endless expanse of station platform. There was a mile or less of ball posts at the platform's edge, and every post wore a hooded lamp. A brilliant sun beat down from an unobscured sky. Yet I noticed all the lamps along the platform were blazing. They were gas lamps with asbestos mantles and burned a generous flame; a fine, broad, reckless flare. From end to end of the long timbered walk every lamp was lighted. I glanced across the



There was a trim young woman on the Imperial Limited

station lawn to one of the main thoroughfares and saw more radiant globes pecking the pavement. Undoubtedly there was some originality in this out-of-the-world community.

While I marvelled on the strange daylight illumination a tall, gaunt man, freckled and weather-tanned, moved away from a gas lamp he was looking under and tacked towards me furtively. He bent down and read my initials on the grip, rubbed his right forefinger curiously across the address, attempted to give it a little shove, and, failing, snapped up to his full abnormal stature.

"Betting?" he said, suddenly.

"Visiting," I replied.

"Dummer feller, hey? What like?" A spark of interest flamed in his big sorrowful eyes.

"No line," I explained. "Just visiting."

He regarded me in the reproachful way a man of gentle disposition does when he is convinced that you have wilfully perverted the truth. However, I persuaded him to point the way to the Queen's Hotel.

A tidy young man in tweeds reclined behind the hotel-office desk in a roomy Windsor armchair. He was absorbed in *A Tale of the Tropics*, a stout book with a badge of flame for a cover design. Even so, he had his coat collar turned up, and his teeth chattered. He shot me a melancholy glance from the fall of his eye, reluctantly got up, and commenced blowing vigorously on his fingers. I was inspired to ask:

"Are you cold?"

"No," he said, sadly, "but while reading I happened to think of last winter. . . . Do you intend to remain long?"

"No, only a few days."

The strange look in his big, deep-set eyes chilled me.

"You would like a room,"

he said, abruptly.

"Yes."

"With or without gas?—I beg your pardon—with or without bath? There is so much gas in Medicine Hat,"



He bent down



"Are you cold?"

he added, apologetically, "that it quite frequently gets on my mind."

"Then it is true that you never turn off the gas?" I asked.

"Never," he replied, briskly. "Wouldn't you say, You see, the wind occasionally blows in Medicine Hat, and it is best to keep up a good pressure in the lamps to meet it; then it is almost as cheap as the air. But listen! The evening breeze is coming down the Saskatchewan Valley now. Hear that far-off roar? But don't be alarmed, my friend. The hotel is a solid one, and solid buildings rarely blow away at this time of the year. We lose a bump now and then, but so far have lost no hotels."

He walked to the door and closed it just in time to escape a cloud of dust that whirled up from the roadway, curled into a sandspout and shot away on the thundering pinions of the evening breeze. There was something taffingly quaint in the humor of this young man.

"Our winds," he ran on, when he had returned behind the desk, "are nothing to the blows they have down in Moose Jaw. Why, down there they have to anchor their houses and cattle. It is a good deal better to be a Medicine-Hatter than a Moose-Jawer." I straightened up and regarded him incisively. But there was not a crease in his countenance as he yawned and returned to the snug recess of his Windsor chair.

Leaving that singular young man to the ferried jungles of his tropical book, I switched my attention to the green world that stretched before the wide hotel windows. The grass was freshly green; all the toylike little houses were painted a peculiar lime green; the South Saskatchewan River wound flat and glossy green between bare perpendicular banks, grey-green with prairie grass, but naked of tree or bush. There were trees, however, set out in the little emerald yards—strangely, unevenly green trees; snakily, iridescently green trees.

Such trees you will never see in nature anywhere off the stage. Perhaps, I thought, they are gas-trees, indigenous only to Medicine Hat. Still and erect, modestly draped as to trunk and limb with property bark, clothed with property leaves of a property sneaky green, you will find trees like them nowhere else in the world unless behind the footlights. And in Medicine Hat, as was fitting, they were set out behind the perpetually burning gas-lamps, which, by a strain of metaphor, might be called the footlights of the prairie.

But what Medicine Hat Barbiak had bred these stage trees and grafted them in a slightly alkali soil of the desolate North-



"Go anywhere and dig a gas-well with a gimlet"

west? Fired with a new feel of curiosity, I again turned to that baffling young man behind the desk. Although deeply absorbed in his book, he looked up with his office smile, which he seemed to wear only from the chin down.

"Are you acquainted with the flora of this district?" I asked, in the heavy, challenging tone of the learned.

"No," he replied, quickly and serenely, "but her department is a fine book."

This young man in tweeds, I thought, bitterly, was more than quaint or whimsical. He was diabolical, and I wondered how he came to exist so long on this Alberta frontier. Yet it would not do to slow him how keenly I suffered from his shabby attempt at wit. So I yawned behind my hand and said:

"I am afraid I have shot over your head. What I desire to know is the genus, kind, and classification of these small trees bordering the walks of another effort to get down within range of your intelligence."

He wrinkled his brow and bent a forefinger on his temple. Then he walked slowly to the doorway and looked out. He opened the door, stuck his head out, and peered up and down the street. Then he swung round on me abruptly and exclaimed:

"Why, old chap, these are green trees!"

I was dumb for a few moments, filled with one thought, one desire—to murder him where he stood smiling vacuously upon me. Where I grew calmer I asked him if Medicine Hat gas, the great volume of it let loose in the atmosphere, destroyed the mind.

He perked up immediately, rubbed his hands together, and became almost violent with enthusiasm.

"Our gas," he cried, "is the most wonderful aeriform substance in the world. It combines all the highest qualities of rock-gas, illuminating gas, fuel-gas, coal-gas, air-gas, and water-gas. It is a splendid balneum gas, and from it we make a laughing-gas that would tickle you to death. It is Medicine Hat's greatest asset. It is a high-pressure gas and may not be tampered with. It is very close to the surface. Boring for it is almost a pleasure. It is so simple. Why, I would not be surprised if you could go anywhere around the square and dig a gas-well with a gimlet. Of course we do use something larger and do go deeper than a few inches in order to be thorough."

"We do all our lighting, heating, and cooking with gas. We run our mills with gas. We have enough gas among us to light, heat, and cook the entire Dominion of Canada. If we could only

(Continued on page 31.)



Is it true that they come tripping gayly into town?

The Merry, Merry Cuckoo

By JEANNETTE MARKS

ILLUSTRATED BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS



WT, had done, no more, or y'll be havin' an attack an'—"

Annee's words sounded incohesive, although she fortified them by an animated gesture with her plump, wrinkled hand. Her eyes glared timidly from the window to David's face.

"But, Annee, y've no said a word of the cuckoo," said David, plaintively.

"Ay, the cuckoo," replied Annee, her heart sinking as she sent her voice up—"the cuckoo!"

"Has it come? Did ye hear it?"

The old man clasped and unclasped his hands helplessly, childish disappointment overspreading his face.

"David dear, if y'd lost listen to what I was a-goin' to say—" Annee gulped—"I was a-goin' to say that I've no heard the cuckoo yet, but that everythin's overrery, an' I'm expectin' to hear one any time now. It's so warm there might be one singin' at dusk to-day—there might be!"

"Might there be?" asked David, his eyes brightening—"might there be, Annee?"

"Ay, there might be, lad," and she lifted his head on her arm gently while she turned the pillow.

"It's overrery," he objected, "an', Annee—"

"Na, David dear, be still," she commanded, drawing his head close to her bosom before she laid him down on the pillow again. "Pastor Morris says everythin's overrery, even the foxglove is well up in the garden: an' the heather by Blane t'wa will be blossomin' a month early, an' the hills will be pink, lad—soon. Now, dear, I'll be back by-and-by with the broth; ye must be still awhile."

Annee went out of the room, stepping as softly as she could. For a moment she stood on the door-sill, looking into the old garden, green at last after the dreary winter, and beautiful in the promise of coming summer blossom. Foxglove and columbine, honeysuckle, lilies, and roses would bloom, but David would see them no more! For fifty springs they had gone into the garden together, he to trim the hedge and bind up the honeysuckle, she to dig about the rose-bushes and flowers. And every spring there had been one evening when the cuckoo's song was heard for the first time, and when there came into David's eyes a look of boyish joy. Ah, lad, lad—how she loved him! And he should hear the cuckoo again!

Resolutely Annee started up-hill, climbing close by the high pasture wall, and, panting, made her way as best she could over boggy places. After she had gone about a quarter of a mile she looked around her furtively. There lay Glyndyff Bach in the distance, Ty Geryg and Cwm Clich far away, and the meeting-house still farther. Only the mountains were near by, and a few lazy sheep trailing over their wild, gray ledges. She did not see even a sheep-dog. When she sat down by the stone wall there was a look of approval on her face, followed, as she opened her mouth, by a look of appealing misery.

"Ay, it was somethin' like this: Co-o-o, Co-o, let me see, every year I've heard it, an' David he does it, Co-o-o! Pw! that sounds like a hen," Annee peered about her. "Co, ra, ra. Then she shook with silent laughter. "I know! It goes over and over again, sing-sing, sing-sing, like this: Co-o, co-o. Ay, that's better." Practising the song, Annee rocked herself backward and forward. "It's growin' better!" she exclaimed; "but, lad, lad, I'm plannin' to deavie ye," and the tears rolled out of her old eyes. She hunched the tears away impatiently and began the song again: "Co-o-o, co-o-o, co-o-o, co-o, co: ay, that's fair; ay, it's fine! He'll not know me from a real cuckoo. I'll have to be tryin' it now, for y've no long deavie."

Annee went down into the valley, humming the bird-notes over to herself lest she forget what she had learned. She

lifted her short skirts and waded through the marshy places; in her eagerness she was unmindful of the pasture logs, her seventy years, her weary body; and her sparse gray hair lay damp on her forehead. In her mother-heart was but one thought—bringing his wish to David. Gasping, she reached the southern corner of the cottage garden, and there leaned on a trellis for support till she could get her breath. Completely engrossed in what she was to do, she did not think to look about her, she did not listen for possible approaching footsteps, and even David had slipped in her path a wee bit behind the cuckoo song. Finally she drew a long breath and began; she paused a moment, then repeated the song, softly, slowly. Pleased with her success, she sang the song again, very softly, very slowly, till it sounded such as if it came from a distance somewhere by the stream near the mill-wheel. She was just beginning once more when steps creaked behind her and a voice said, lamtantly:

"Egi, 'tis a pretty cuckoo ye make, Annee, an' a pretty song!"

"Lowry Prichard!"

"It's overrery for the cuckoo—is it not?"

"Ay."

"An' what are ye singin' in your garden for an' David dyin'?"

Annee's mild eyes gathered fire, but she said nothing.

"Are ye deavin' David an' be on the edge of the grave, Annee?"

It's a golly song to sing an' a tale for meatin', eh, Annee?"

"Ye may—ye—out—of—this—garden, an' that this minute," said Annee adumbrating.

Lowry looked towards the widow.

"Ye look like crazy, Annee—crazy with wrath—ay, and your hair is all rampled an' your smock is wet. Bein' a cuckoo be—"

But Lowry never finished her taunt, for Annee pushed her through the wicket gate.

The old wife went towards the cottage door slowly. David must have heard Lowry's words, and she could never make him happy again.

"Annee! Annee!" Her face brightened, then fell.

"Ay, David, I'm comin'."

"Annee, did ye hear a cuckoo singin'?"

David's eyes glowed rapturously in the twilight.

"Ay, I thought an' deavie."

"It sang three times; first it sounded like somethin' else, it was so breathless; then it sang quiet and sweet, like a cuckoo; and the third time it seemed comin' from the old mill-wheel. I was listenin' for it again, when I heard Lowry Prichard's shrill voice, an' I could hear no more."

"But, lad dear, y've heard it, an' I'm that gull!" Annee beamed upon him. "Three times; ay, that's fine, an' a real cuckoo; now y'e happy, deavie, an' y'e'll sleep well upon it."

"Will it be singin' again?" asked David, with a sigh.

"Ay, in the early mornin' an' at dusk. Now ye must drink your broth an' go to sleep."

David drank it obediently.

"It's been a fine day, lad dear—is it not so?"

"Ay, a fine day. I did not think I'd ever hear it sing again," and David's head slipped contentedly onto the pillow.

"Ay," he murmured, "a happy day!"

At dawn Annee stole out to sing her cuckoo song. It was done quickly, and she was back among her pots and kettles before David could know that she had been away. She rattled the saucepans around, then she stopped to listen. Yes, there he was calling.

"Ay, David, I'm comin'; I did not hear for the noise, deavie."

"Annee, it's been singin' again!" There was an expression of eager happiness on David's face. "I was awakin' to hear it sing over an' over again, over an' over again. But, Annee, ye make such a clutter there's no hearin' more than a song or two, an' yesterday 'twas Lowry."

"Ay, deavie, it's a pity I was makin' such a noise gettin' breakfast for ye."

"I was awake, Annee, when the start were hugin' in the trees, an' I saw them go out one by one while I was waitin' for ye to sing. I heard little creepin' "



Annee sang the song over and over again

things makin' way through the trees as the grass, as I saw the poplar by the window turn from silver to brown an' back to gray; as I heard the other birds makin' their early mornin' stirrin', flittin' an' chirpin'; as a little breeze came an' bustled through the trees with them, but so cuckoo, an' then just as it was singin' ye began stirrin' with pots an' kettles."

"Na, Davie lad, I'm that sorry; but ye have heard it twice, dearie, an' it'll be singin' this evenin' at dusk, perhaps over an' over again. Ye are feelin' fine this mornin', Davie?"

"Ay, better nor yesterday mornin'; I'll be gettin' well, Anne—Is it not so?"

"Indeed, lad dear, ye'll be about among the heather 'fore long."

Anne turned suddenly and went back into the kitchen; there in a corner she dried her eyes with her apron, drew a long breath, and went on with her household duties. She was disposing of the work rapidly, when she heard the click of the wicket gate. Coming up the path were John Roberts, Peter Williams, and Lowry Prichard. Anne put down the pot she was securing, wiped her hands on her apron, and went to the kitchen door, which, stepping outside, she closed carefully behind her. She looked sharply at the approaching group, and her kindly, wrinkled face hardened. Peter Williams spoke first:

"A fine mornin' to ye, Anne Dalben."

"Thank ye, Peter Williams, for the wish."

"How is your man?" asked John Roberts.

"He is the same," replied Anne, in a level tone of voice.

Lowry Prichard moved nearer.

"We've come about the cuckoo-singin', Anne. At the meetin' last night the congregation prayed for ye, an' a committee was appointed to wrestle with ye."

Anne breathed quickly.

"Ay, sister," continued Peter Williams, "ye've always been a godly woman; her of the flock; ye would not have David go to heaven with your lie on his soul!"

"Amen!" sang Lowry Prichard.

"An' sister, there was light in that meetin'; the spirit's among us these days; yours are the only lyin' lips."

"Repent!" shouted John Roberts.

"Have ye done?" asked Anne.

"But, sister—"

"I've a word to say. I've no mind to your salvation, no, nor to heaven if the Lord makes this singin' a lie. I'm a-thinkin' of David as I've thought of him these fifty years, an' if a lie will make him happy when he's dyin', then I'm willin' to lie an' do it every minute of the day."

"Sinner!" muttered John Roberts.

"Ay, sinner, a willin' sinner," said Anne, her soft eyes blazing.

"Now begone, and ye need not return."

Anne bolted the door and sat down wearily on a chair. She felt quiet; it mattered no little what the neighbors thought of her if only David might be happy, and David still believed he had heard the cuckoo. She was tired—so tired that she did not care what the church said of her; and her heart was numb. She knew that David was going, but it did not come home to her in the least except to make her hungry to bring him happiness. He should have that if he could give it. At a faint call she hastened to his room.

"Anne, there's some one outside, an'—"

"Ay, Davie Dalben, there is, an' Anne is a cuck—"

But the sentence was never finished, for Anne forced Lowry Prichard's head back and slammed the casement to, latching it securely.

"What does she want?" asked David, freely.

"I cannot say, lad, but she's no right talkin' to ye through a window. She's an idle, prying young woman, I'll see nor that she's out of the garden. Go to sleep, dearie; it's bad for ye havin' so much noise over nothin'; ay, that's a good lad," and Anne smoothed his brow with one hand the while she brushed aside her tears with the other.

If David should live a week longer, could she ever keep the truth from him? For a day—yes, perhaps. But for an entire week, with all Nant y Mor trying to force a way to the sick man? No. And how could she sleep morning and night with the neighbors—singing into the garden and around the house? She felt irresistibly for strength only the courage of a mother left alone in the world with a sick child to protect. She had no idea of relinquishing



She looked sharply at the approaching group

her plan, although she was in despair, and if any one had come to her with a friendly hand she would have wept. As it was, she was ready to meet attack after attack.

Anne was not surprised, later in the day, to see young Pastor Morrie coming up the pathway. He came slowly. When he greeted Anne his eyes sought the ground, his complexion was redder and more boyish than ever, and his lips, usually firm in speech, seemed uncertain. But the large hand with which he held Anne's was warm and kind. In the elated kitchen he began to talk with Anne about David—how was David? what did the physician say? wasn't Anne growing tired? what could he do? Suddenly the young pastor changed as if brought face to face with a disagreeable duty.

"Anne they say you are imitating a cuckoo; is it so?"

"Ay, sir, for David's sake."

"But, Anne, that is acting a lie, is it not?"

"It may be," replied Anne, wearily.

"Wouldn't it be better if I were to tell David, Anne?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" sobbed Anne. "Not that!"

"Na, Anne, Anne, you mustn't cry so; there!" and the young man stretched out his hand helplessly.

"Oh, air, it's all the happiness David's got, an' he's goin'. Oh, ay, lad, my lad!"

"There, there, Anne!"

"We've been married fifty years this spring, an' every spring we've listened for the cuckoo, an' not one missed. An' this year he's dyin', an' he's a wantin' to hear it so, an' it's overawry. Oh, Davie, Davie," sobbed Anne.

"There, Anne, there, dear!" soothed the young man; "tell me about it. We'll see, Anne."

"There's no more," said Anne, "only he kept askin' about things—violet an' cowslips an' birch-trees an' poplars—an' I knew all the time he was thinkin' of the cuckoo an' not askin'



The messenger had come

because he was going an' mightn't hear it. An' one day he did. An' I said I thought he'd hear use that very evenin', that everythin' was overrere. Then he seemed happier than I'd seen him, an' I went off up the hill an' practiced it till I could do it fair. Oh, Davie, lad!"

"Now, Anne, dear," comforted the young man, patting her helplessly on the back—"Anne, dear, don't cry; just tell me more."

"Then, sir, I sang the song in the corner of the garden, an' when I went into the house there was such a look of joy on David's face that's not been there for many a month, an' it was so matter Lowry Fribhand found the youngin'. It's the last happiness I've seen him, sir."

"I see," said the young man; "ay, Anne, I see. And you will be wishing to do it again?"

"Ay, sir, David's expectin' to hear the cuckoo to-night. Each time might be his last, an' I needn't disappoint him, poor lad."

"Well, Anne," said the minister, looking shyly out of the window, "I'll be around the garden at dusk watching, and there'll

be no use to annoy you while you are singing, so sing your best for David."

"Oh, sir, thank you," replied Anne, drying her tears and sighing with relief; "it's a comfort. But ye're no harmin' your conscience for me, sir, are ye?"

"I'm not saying, Anne; I'm over-young to have a conscience in some things. I'll be going in to speak a few words to David, shall I?"

"Ay, sir, ye're an' kind."

And so it happened that at dusk, when David's eyes were growing wider with expectation and his heart was beating for very joy of the coming song, that Anne, after she had settled him in motherly fashion, smoothed his overalls, rolled him "lad

dear," and "dearie," and "Davie," and all the sweet old names she knew so well how to call him—so it happened that she stole out into the garden with a lighter heart to sing than she had had in many a day. She knew the young minister was somewhere around to protect her from interruption. Standing by the honey-suckle trellis, awaying her old body to and fro, she sang. The song came again and again, low, sweet, far away, till all the hill seemed chiming with the quiet notes and echoes. And the young man, listening outside to the old woman singing inside, the garden, knew something more of the power of love than he had known before; and he bowed his head, thinking of the merry notes and of David in the twilight room, dying. Anne sang the song over and over again, then over and over again, till beyond the valley she saw the evening star hanging in the sky. Once more she sang, and all the spring was in her song. Then she turned to go into the house, her heart beating with fear. As she came through the doorway she heard her name called.

"Anne, sweetheart, did ye hear the cuckoo singin'?"

David was sitting up in bed, his hands stretched towards her.

"Ay, lad, dear," replied Anne, softly, taking David into her arms.

"An' there were so many, an' they sang over an' over again."

"Ay, David."

"But ye were no here, an' I'd like hearin' them better with ye here."

"Ay, dearie, I was busy."

"Oh, it was beautiful singin'—"

"Ay, lad, I know."

"An' over an' over again, like this—"

But David's notes trailed away as he started to sing.

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FIRE AND "FIREPROOF"

By PETER JOSEPH McKEON



HE fire-fighting problem of a building is a complex one. In the architect's own field plan, design, and construction. It involves the fire resistance of structural materials. This is a matter about which architects are usually well enough informed, but are they equally well informed about the selection and use of these materials in order to get the best results from a fire-protection standpoint? A study of fires points the other way, and indicates that, in the matter of plan and specifications, architects could secure improved fire resistance, with equal or even less cost than the methods they now follow.

In respect to private fire protection, the Fire Department, and fire insurance, features that may perhaps be considered outside of the architect's proper sphere, the architect is miserably at a disadvantage. The scheme of private fire protection includes so many appliances, devices, and systems, that the architect simply cannot spare the time to keep informed about them, but must either take them on trust or secure this information from outside sources.

This is even more true in the architect's relation to the Fire Department, and yet he cannot ignore the fireman, if he hopes to plan a good building. The firemen are supreme in case of fire: they are called on to make up for all the errors and weaknesses that have previously gone into a building, and their work is difficult and dangerous under the best conditions. Neglecting the Fire Department, not only results in excessive fire that could be confined, but it results in a damage to the building and its contents which, to the uninformed, appears nothing short of wanton vandalism, but which, in most cases, is necessary and unavoidable. If the Fire Department is expected to put out a fire, it is sensible to give it every possible assistance in its work, and in this direction much can be done by the architect when planning the building.

Fire insurance is a tax on the building and the tenants that lasts as long as the building stands. For this reason, the architect's duty to his client demands that it receive some consideration. Insurance rates and rules are a special business entirely outside of the architect's province, and the architect cannot bother with them. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the finished

building has an insurance rate that could have been less. This is not the fault of the architect, but at the same time the insurance should be considered when the building is being planned, and for this reason the matter has to be considered by the architect.

All these questions as to the selection and the use of materials, private fire protection, the Fire Department, and fire insurance, enter into the design, plan, and construction of every building. They call for special knowledge which the architect cannot be expected to possess, and under the circumstances the only safe course for the architect, both in justice to himself and also to properly further the interests of his client, is to do what he has done with other special problems of a building, elicit in consultation some one who is competent to pass on the special features presented by the fire hazard.

One of the historical instances of a "fireproof" building being gutted by fire from the outside was principally due to a defective standpipe connection. The fire was communicated on the sixth floor, and when the firemen tried to use the standpipe they found an inverted connection to which they could not attach their hose. Therefore they were compelled to carry hose lines up nine flights of stairs, but before they could do this the fire had possession of the floor, was extending to the upper floor, and was beyond control.

One of New York's most notable skyscrapers, a building which has received the widest press publicity as embodying every idea and device for safety, has only one stairway and one set of elevators. All of these are in one shaft, which is unenclosed and open to all the floors of the building. As a result, a fire on any floor would make it impossible for the occupants on the floors above to descend, because the heat and smoke would make the stairs and elevators impassable. In this building the location of the stairs and elevator could have been better planned, with all due regard for economy of space; moreover, the stairs and elevators could have been separately enclosed, making them dependable as fire escapes without impairing their use for many-day purposes.

The same building has five underground floors used for storage.

(Continued on page 25.)



Music and the Opera

—EDWARD MAC DOWELL

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



THE arts of sculpture, letters, and music have suffered grave losses in America during the past twelve months. Saint-Gaudens, Steedman, Mac Dowell—the roll is a lamentable one, and the name that is most tragically present upon it is the last. Saint-Gaudens could look back upon almost sixty years of full and significant activity; Steedman could count his threescore and ten, and over. But the youngest of these three friends—they were devoted colleagues—had just turned forty-six, and for three years he had been mentally dead; he had achieved much, yet his work was far from completed; he gave promise of momentous accomplishment, of even nobler and riper work than that which now stands securely opposite the record of his years.

American art can ill spare a creator of the stamp of Edward Mac Dowell. Comparatively speaking, we possess, or have possessed, painters, sculptors, poets, of masterful individuality; men who have not merely kindled parochial pride, but who have contributed to the art of the world. But we have been, save for Mac Dowell, poor in music. It is mere justice to him, now that he has passed beyond the reach of our praise, to say that he gave to the art of creative music in this country (I am thinking now only of music-makers of native birth) its single impressive and vital figure. His is the one name in our music which one would venture to pair with that of Whitman in poetry, or Saint-Gaudens in sculpture. It is not a predictably harsh asseveration to say that, until Mac Dowell began to put forth his more individual works, our music had been palpably, almost frankly, derivative; an undisciplined and native transplantation, made rather pallid and anemic in the process of European growth. The result was admirable, in its way, praiseworthy, in its way—and wholly negligible. To have named any of its manifestations in the same breath with the art of Whitman at its best, with the verse of Poe, with the painting of Inness, would have been, for any sensitive and instructed critic, unthinkable.

The music of Mac Dowell was, almost from the first, in a wholly different case. In its early phases it, too, was imitative, reflective. Mac Dowell returned to America, after an eleven years' apprenticeship under European masters, in 1883, bringing with him his symphonic poem, "Lancelot and Elaine," two tone-poems for orchestra, "Hamlet" and "Ophelia," two orchestral paraphrases of scenes from the Song of Roland (fragments of a projected "Roland" symphony), and a numerous songs and piano pieces—all of his writing. In fact, comprised between the youthful piano suite, opus 10, and the delectable "Mariettes" of opus 38. Not greatly important music, this, measured beside that which he afterward put forth; but possessing an individual profile, a rarer, a tang, which gave it an immediately recognized distinction. A new voice spoke out of it, a fresh and tender, as eloquent and forceful voice. It denoted Germanic influences; of that there was no question; yet it was strikingly rich in personal accent. Since then his art has found, through various forms, a constantly finer and weightier expression. For orchestra he wrote the "Indian" Suite—music of superb vigor, fantastically and truly imaginative, wholly personal in quality; for the piano he wrote four sonatas of heroic and passionate content—indisputable masterworks—

and various shorter pieces, free in form and poetic in inspiration; and he wrote many songs, some of them quite flawless in their loveliness and their emotional veracity.

He suggested, at his best, no one save his earlier self. He was one of the most individual writers who ever made music—as individual as Chopin, or Debussy, or Brahms, or Grieg. His manner of speech was utterly untransmuted, and wholly his own. Vitality—an abounding freshness, a perpetual youthfulness—was one of his prime traits; nobility—nobility of style and impulse—was another. The morning freshness, the willing spontaneity of his music, even in moments of exalted or passionate utterance, was continually surprising: it was music not unworthy of the golden age of the world. Yet Mac Dowell was a Celt, and his music is deeply Celtic—mournful, by turns dolorous and sportive, darkly tragical and exquisitely blithe, and overflowing with the unpredictable and inexplicable magic of the Celtic imagination. He is undeniably noble—it is, in the end, the truth which most surely signifies him. "To every man," wrote Macdowell, "there come noble thoughts, thoughts that pass across his heart like great white birds." Such thoughts came often to Mac Dowell—they came always to be hovering not far from the particular territory to which his inspiration has led him, even when he is most gayly inconsequent; and in his finest and largest utterances, in the sonatas, their majestic trend appears somehow to have suggested the sweeping and splendid expansiveness of the avian ideal. Never subtle in impulse or reverend in mood—music, as it seems, untouched by sophistication—his art has nothing of the impalpability, the drifting, iridescent vapors of Debussy; nothing of the imperious backgrounds of Brahms. He would have smiled at the dictum of Emerson: "a beauty not explicable is deeper than a beauty of which we can see the end." He knew how to evoke a kind of beauty that was both aerial and enclaved; but it was a clarified and lucid beauty, even then; it was never dim or wavering. He did not care, I think he did not comprehend, the art of such as Debussy—he viewed the universe from a wholly different angle. Of the moderns, Wagner he worshipped, Tchaikovsky deeply moved him, Grieg and Dvorak he loved. Yet some of those so adorned his imagination that they overcame his independence—he was always, throughout his maturity, himself; not arrogantly or insistently, but of necessity; he could not be otherwise.

So far as the actual materials of his art are concerned, this is not the place for a detailed discussion. Melodically he was fertile, distinguished, moving, indubitably original. His harmony is extremely rich, and, here again, extremely personal—more varied, poignant, and suspenseful than that of Grieg (with which it has been inaccurately compared); not so successful or venturesome as that of the men of contemporary France. The essential Mac Dowell, the Mac Dowell who will live, is not the too exclusively known Mac Dowell of the smaller and more fragile piano pieces, or of the songs; it is rather the author of the heroic, the incomparable sonatas—the "Tragics," the "Frodo," the "Norse," and the "Keltic"; the author of such deeply poetic and deeply imaginative tone-poems in little as certain of the "Sea Pieces" for piano and certain of the "Woodland Sketches." Here he is alone, he is unexcelled; there is nothing of like quality, achieved with a like excellence, in the literature of music.

Edward Mac Dowell

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN MONTHLY BEFORE HIS ILLNESS

Is England at a Turning Point?

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

LONDON.

PARLIAMENT meets on January 29 for what will be a crowded and momentous session. The Prime Minister, as I write, is on his way back from Biarritz much improved in health. The country as the British people have looked round to a far kinder and juster estimate of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's character and capacities. It has developed quite an affection for him. Even in the days of his greatest unpopularity, the days of the Boer war, he retained a greater hold on the feeling of the provinces than Londoners were aware of. He had slaved so laboriously for his party; he had stood by it through thick and thin with such imperturbable manfulness; he had shown under circumstances that might well have broken the heart even of a Disraeli, so steady a grout for error knowing when he was beaten; and he was in himself so genial, soothing, and humorous—that the national appreciation of pluck and plodding went out to him in a far greater measure than the West End could ever quite understand. Since he became Premier he has led us immensely in his position. In the House of Commons no one is so popular. He wields the authority not of a commanding personality, but of a very winning and amiable one. In his own party, a party made up of many discordant sections, his genius for reconciling opposites for discharging an atmosphere of harmony has brought to him, as it brought to President McKinley, an influence that is out of all proportion to his gifts of intellect or statesmanship. Things go smoothly when he is there to superintend them. His illness and his absence have meant the virtual stoppage of the party machine, and it is more than probable that the government will face the House with its new bills on a very backward state. It is with a lively satisfaction that the country has heard of "Cicero's" return to health, and the welcome that the party will give him will be not less sincere. As long as he feels able to moderate the duties of leadership, Liberalism and Labor men alike are not only glad to serve under his banner, but feel that they are not likely again to have a leader whom it is so pleasant and easy to follow. His predestined successor is Mr. Asquith, on whose shoulders more and more of the work of directing Liberal policy is falling. Mr. Asquith's abilities are of a high order, but "Cicero's" no one looks forward to his accession to the Premiership without a certain foreboding. He does not radiate good humor; the country generally has never warmed to him; and it is a matter of doubt whether he possesses the necessary gifts of personality for the task of inspiring men. On all grounds, therefore, "Cicero's" recovery is a matter of party congratulation.

The general political situation remains very much as it has been since the government came into office. The ministry have done well, and the country is satisfied with it. There is one danger sign that the tide is on the turn; there is still less sign that it is turning in the direction of the Unionist party. Free trade remains the settled policy of both the government and the country, and in a year of bumper trade it has been an overture to defend it against the assaults of the protectionists. Whether its defense will continue to be so easy is another matter. The boom is rapidly collapsing; unemployment increases with an ominous rapidity; but times in the United States and Germany mean that the practice of dumping goods in Great Britain at a loss will shortly be resumed; the operations of the American Beef Trust in England have already aroused a great deal of disquietude; and the extreme difficulty of financing the social reforms that are pressed upon the government from every side without broadening the base of taxation, and the further attempt of broadening the base of taxation without having recourse either to tariff reform on the one hand, or to socialist expedients on the other, become daily more pressing. It was Mr. Chamberlain's misfortune to start his agitation just at the moment when trade was on the verge of a vast expansion. The average man found the ever-swelling figures of the import and export returns a sufficient answer to the arguments of the protectionists. But if those figures begin to fall him, if a period of prolonged and severe commercial depression sets in, then it is quite possible that there be some weakening to his free trade ranks. That is one of the difficulties ahead of the government. Another is the increasing pressure of the Labor men. It seems very probable that within the next few weeks all the members of Parliament who are specially identified with labor interests will have enrolled themselves in a single organization, and will act for the most part as a separate party. Hitherto some of them have been more Liberal than Labor, and others, representing the interests of particular trades, such as miners and railwaymen, have held aloof from Mr. Keir Hardie's independent party. But it looks now as though all the Labor M. P.'s, whether they call themselves trade-unionists or independent or socialist, will join forces. This is a development which official Liberalism can hardly be expected to welcome. If it takes place, the result will be that the Labor group, while leavened with a certain element of conservatism, will be largely increased in numbers, and therefore in a better position than ever to bring pressure upon the govern-

ment. Already the Labor men have taken to running candidates of their own against Liberals in the constituencies. Already their influence has equalled the government in being feared by many, such as an old-age pensions scheme on a non-contributory basis, that strike at the root of that individualism and self-reliance which were once supposed to be the special characteristics of the British people. Already the country, or rather the middle class, have been alarmed by the growth of the Socialist propaganda, and is watching with a good deal of anxiety to see how far the government is prepared to resist it.

Against all this, however, the ministry has some very considerable successes on the credit side of its account. It has passed many social and admirable measures; its conduct of foreign policy has been eminently sound; and even if it had achieved nothing else, the grant of self-government to the Transvaal would alone entitle it to a high place in the record of imperial statesmanship. Moreover, it is at present the only possible government. If it were to go out of office to-morrow it would have to return a week later. Its opponents are still so divided among themselves as to be wholly incapable of forming an administration of any kind. They are no longer a party, but a mass of floating wreckage. In spite of his proclamations of unity, any one with half an eye can see that unity is non-existent. The powerful organization that Lord Salisbury commanded is now split up into four distinct sections. First of all there are the Halfordians, who, so far as the country can understand, are neither free-traders nor protectionists. "The great truth is," says a truth is, "that Mr. Halford is a Liberal's disciple," that Mr. Halford, in pursuance of purposes which seem to him good, has used all the subtle but immense resources of his official position in order to battle every attempt at a sweeping tariff reform agitation. . . . He is an economic socialist, looking at himself with every possible disadvantage, but as a society's consciousness. We shall be pretty sure in thinking that Mr. Halford's real desire is to extinguish the separate tariff reform agitation; to keep Mr. Chamberlain's adherents under control by repeating that fiscal change of some sort is inevitable; to recover the support of the Unionist free-traders, who are numerically few but socially and financially very strong; to fight the next election upon some shrewdly chosen general issue, like "anti-socialism"; to come back to power with a blank check; and to deal with the problem of fiscal change according to circumstances. Secondly, there are the Unionist free-traders, who belong to the old guard of the Conservative party, who hate socialism and all its works, and who believe that the proper policy for the party is to rouse the middle class by prying upon its fears of socialization. Thirdly, there is the far more numerous body of Unionist tariff reformers who sympathize with the social programme of social reform, who are as ready as the Labor men themselves to provide old-age pensions and work for the unemployed and free schools for school children, and who at the same time insist that tariff reform is the only way to supply the financing these and similar reforms. An alliance between the Irish Nationalists, the Labor men, and the tariff reformers who think in this way is by no means an impossibility of the near future. Fourthly, there are the Unionist free-traders, a small but influential group, who are equally opposed to tariff reform and to any proposals that smack of socialism, and who show signs of lapsing by the force of reflex action into a Toryism that is out of date twenty or thirty years ago.

All these difficulties will have to be accommodated before the Unionists are again a united party, and the process will be long, tedious, and infinitely difficult. From opponents so distracted and impotent the Liberals, one would think, have little to fear. But there are certain questions on which even the Unionists are at one, and these, as it happens, are precisely the questions which the government is determined to raise in the course of its social attack on the Church and on the Church's hold over education; any attack on the rights and privileges of the House of Lords; any attack upon the vested interests of the Irish landlords; and any attack upon the licensing trade find practically the whole of the Unionist party rallied for defense. The government's campaign for the session includes an education bill which the friends of the established Church will resist to the uttermost; a licensing bill which the trade will fight tooth and nail; another Irish and bill which also may be sure of a fierce resistance; and a further step the development of the campaign against the House of Lords. All of these are measures in the highest degree controversial. The licensing bill, in particular, is bound to arouse the last extremity of opposition. Over £1,500,000,000 invested in "the licensed trade"; the national capital of the drink trade is over £400,000,000 a year; and more than £200,000,000 of public revenue is raised from it. The prospect of repressive legislation has already very seriously depreciated the value of all brewery shares, and the vast and perfectly organized industry that are at stake will resist just as bitterly and strenuously a fight. Altogether the prospects of the government might easily be brighter. So, too, might the prospects of the Opposition. No definite prophecies can be ventured on, and no definite conclusions drawn. English politics are in a state of flux, and neither the government nor the form of the ultimate precipitation can as yet be more than guessed at.

How Congress Works Passing a Bill

By Edwin Tarrisse

It is probably no exaggeration to say that not more than one person in ten knows anything of the process by which the Congress changes a "bill," that is, a measure in the form of an act into an "act," or a law. Before describing this process, it will be well to remark that all bills do not go through every step of the process. There are about cuts by which the enactment of bills to which there is no objection can be facilitated.

A bill, unless it is one which increases or diminishes the revenue, may originate in either House of Congress. In order to exhibit the process in full, we will follow the imaginary fortunes of a tariff bill, which can originate in the House of Representatives only.

We will imagine that some member introduces a bill to put mouse-skins on the free list.

The bill is referred, as a matter of course, to the Committee on Ways and Means, and it will never be heard from again unless that committee reports it back. A motion is sometimes made to discharge a committee from the consideration of a certain subject, and to bring the matter directly before the House. But such a motion is rarely or never carried.

It has been decided that the reference of any part of the tariff to a committee involves the reference of the whole subject. Accordingly the Committee on Ways and Means may report a full tariff bill as a substitute for the bill to make mouse-skins free of duty.

When the committee reports the bill it is "read twice,"—that is, the title of the bill is read, referred to the Committee of the Whole, and ordered to be printed. All revenue and appropriation bills go to the Committee of the Whole, under the rules of the House.

On a day set for the consideration of the bill the House goes into Committee of the Whole. A chairman appointed by the Speaker presides. The bill is read by section and clauses, after general debate has closed, and any member may offer amendments. All voting in committee is by rising; the yeas and nays are not taken.

When the bill has been gone through and all amendments have been voted upon, the committee rises and the chairman reports the bill back to the House with the amendments. The House then votes upon them, either singly or in gross, and by yeas and nays if they are ordered to be taken.

The bill is then ordered to be engrossed, that is, written out in a fair hand and just as it is after being amended, and to be read a third time. As it is usually already engrossed it is at once read the third time—by title, as before—and passed.

The clerk takes the bill to the Senate, by which body it is referred to the Finance Committee. In case time the committee, if it sees fit, and not otherwise, reports the bill back to the Senate, with propositions to amend. In the Senate the bill is considered "as in Committee of the Whole"; the amendments of the Finance Committee and other volunteer amendments are accepted or rejected; they are again voted upon when the bill is reported to the Senate from the Committee of the Whole, and the bill is passed.

As the two Houses are not agreed upon the bill, a committee of conference, usually consisting of three members of each branch of Congress, is appointed. The committee, when it has come to an agreement, reports to each House; and the acceptance of the report is the final stage of the bill in its passage.

The measure is now "enrolled," that is, it is printed in large, open type upon parchment, and is taken first to the House, where it is signed by the Speaker; then to the Senate, where the Vice-President signs it and finally to the President, and makes the bill a law.

Congress is notified that the bill has been



Morris K. Jessup

FINANCIAL AND PHILANTHROPIST, WHO DIED RECENTLY AT HIS HOME IN NEW YORK

approved, and the original copy of the act is deposited in the Department of State.

Voting

Three responses are heard to a roll-call in Congress: they are "yea," "nay," and "present." The meaning of the last, unlike that of the other two, is often misunderstood, as is shown by the phrase frequently encountered in the newspapers—"voting present."

There is no such thing as "voting present," since that very response signifies the avoidance of voting. It counts neither for the affirmative nor for the negative, nor does it compel either side to get out more votes to make a majority, as is usually the case in private organizations where a "blank" vote is rare.

When, to take a concrete example, seventeen members of the House Ways and Means Committee vote eight yeas, seven nays, and two present, the yeas prevail. A majority of "those present and voting" is the usual parliamentary phrase. Saying "present" fulfills only half of this condition.

Why do Congressmen make this response, then, when its effect is like that of no vote? The reasons are diverse. Sometimes men desire to go on record as neutrals, particularly when their real position is one of antagonism to that of their party. A member may also have a private or personal interest in a contest before Congress, and so, like a judge, refuse to take any part in its debates. Under such circumstances he may

respond "present," making an explanation thereafter of his reason. These cases are exceedingly rare.

In actual practice in the House of Representatives the system of pairing accounts for most of the "present" responses. A member is paired with somebody who is supposedly absent. If he responds "present," and subsequently finds that his "pair" is for any reason released, he is at liberty to change his record to yea or nay, as he prefers, while if he had remained silent in his seat during two roll calls, that opportunity would have been forfeited.

Thus "present" usually means that a man is paired with somebody who is away, but that he wishes to reserve to the last his voting rights in case that pair should chance to be "declared off" by mutual consent.

He Were

A prominent Western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work.

"This boy was bright-looking, and I rather took to him."

"Now, my son," I said, "if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. Have a pretty high degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?"

"The boy smiled confidently."

"I be," he said."



The Season's Plays

TRAGEDY AND FARCE IN NEW SHAPES

By "I"



HE absorbed interest and expectancy with which one, especially in one's younger and impressionable years, has watched the events of a melodramatic unroll, keeping firm grip unswervingly upon the action of the seat, is a combination of sensations so pleasurable that to experience it again is distinctly surprising. Miss Viola Allen's new play, "Irene Wycherley" (pronounced I-re-nee, by the way), with which she opened her season at the Astor Theatre, is not melodramatic by any manner of means, but there is not the slightest doubt that it is the most absorbing and unusual play which New York has had offered to it in many a day. From the beginning of the first act until the close of the third it holds one's interest with a very sure grip. In addition to having an extremely good play, Miss Allen is surrounded by a most capable company, which includes such well known players as Mr. Edwin Arden, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. John Glendinning, Walter Hampden, Miss Selma Johnson, and Mrs. Sam Southern.

The story of "Irene Wycherley," in which Miss Allen plays the title role, is not a pleasant one. It recounts the struggle of a woman against her abhorrence for her husband, whose ill treatment of her is odorous. She has separated from him on account of his inhumanities and immoralities, and only consents to return when she learns that he has been horribly disfigured and deprived of his sight by an accident in the hunting field. When she does return, his treatment of her is even more brutal than before, and to it he adds his loathsome caresses, which she finds it impossible to tolerate.

In retaliation upon her for this the husband writes to their home, through a letter his wife had previously written and which he had, in a moment of reformation, decided not to send, the woman who had caused the breach between them. This woman has married a second time, the first husband having killed himself, and the second husband, who accompanies her on the visit, is quite in ignorance of her past.

Soon after the arrival of the woman her identity is disclosed, and Mrs. Wycherley orders her from the house. At first she is defiant, but is threatened with exposure of her career to her husband. When he learns of the request to leave he demands to know its meaning, and then erupts come fast and furious, leading to a climax which is truly startling.

This play is marked throughout by good acting, and Miss Allen plays her part with fine force and effect. In the scene in which she recalls the appeal of the man who is so much in love with her, Arthur Charleston, and shows him how he has spoiled all their happy friendship, and in the later one, in which she repels Wycherley, with his brutalized face and no less brutal caresses, Miss Allen is admirably convincing. Her efforts to be of some service and comfort to her married husband have a fine element of pathos.

Wycherley is played by Edwin Arden, and he makes the man superbly repulsive to the last. The loveliness of Charleston, Walter Hampden's part might have been somewhat warmer and more convincing, but it was sufficiently awkward to be sincere. Only a few lines are allotted to John Glendinning, as Rosamere, the second husband of the Red Woman of the play, but these he makes much of, demonstrating at the end quite unmistakably the blindness with which the South African colonist deals with matters touching his honor. Incidentally it is disclosed that the shooting of Wycherley in the field is not so much of an accident as was supposed.

Miss Selma Johnson plays Mrs. Rosamere, formerly Mrs. Carr (not a bad name for a woman who was the pitfall for Wycherley), with sufficient efficiency of manner, and Mr. Grant Stewart as Wycherley's father is real in every way save that of appearance. Such a son as Wycherley must have brought more wrinkles to a father's face than Mr. Stewart shows.

The ending of the play is not so strong as it might be made, because one has not a full realization of the tragedy which has taken place from the rather slight announcement in disjointed sentences of the elder Wycherley.

The first act introduces three characters who, when they leave the stage then, never return to it. The only purpose they serve is that of acquainting the audience with the necessary facts in the life of Irene Wycherley, and of disclosing the characteristics of Mrs. Carr.

Save in the ending of the last act the play, which is by Mr. Anthony Merton, and is

said to be his first, is one which holds an audience irresistibly.

Comment upon the play is incomplete without reference to the make-up of Mr. Arden as the disfigured husband. Instead of appearing with the conventional paraphernalia of injury, bandages, etc., Mr. Arden elects to present the much more realistic tokens, the scars and disfigurements. Of course the character of Wycherley is required to be detestable, and Mr. Arden, with his eyes rolled up until only the whites are visible, and the red scar streak across his face, adds truth to his repulsiveness.

Several years ago an English comedian named Dallas Welford emigrated New York by his impersonation of a fat little Cockney man-of-war, a Mr. Hapkins, in a farce of that name. Who that witnessed his inimitable performance can forget "Oppy" and his delicious vulgarities? Mr. Welford has come back to us, and his return is a welcome one. He is now to be seen in a new farce at the Savoy, adapted by Paul M. Potter from the French of Beaumarchais and Vaudeville. It is called "Twenty Days in the Shade," a phrase which in French carries the same kind of sinister significance conveyed by our "up the river" or "on the island": it means, in other words, a term in the penitentiary. The story, in brief, is as follows: An ill-fated adventurer, one Henri, *Cosme de Meriville*, has struck an officer during an altercation in a theatre, where the audience was witnessing a variety performance in the company of a charming lady other than his wife. He is charged with assault, and a few days later learns through his attorney that he has been sentenced to twenty days "in the shade"—the penitentiary. The *Cosme*, realizing the desperate nature of the situation which confronts him, bribes an influential friend to impersonate him and to serve his sentence for him; and for a time he enjoys a precarious security. But when, some months later, he is visited by an ex-covert (*Shirley*: Mr. Welford) who mistakenly takes him for a prison acquaintance, and who his double, released from jail, appears upon the scene with a demand for his money, the predicament of the unfortunate *Henri* becomes well-nigh unbearable. It would not be fair to disclose the nature or the outcome of the ensuing complications. Let it suffice to say that they furnish material for considerable fun of a not very hilarious sort. To tell the truth, if it were not for Mr. Welford's exquisitely humorous portrayal of the unsuspicious *Shirley*, the farce would move haltingly. It is true that Mr. Charles Dickson's *Pantricks*, Mr. Ernest Lawford's *Thousandaire*, and Miss Jeffrey Lewis's *Madame Lafont* are variations and repeats; but it takes more than four good comedians to make a first-class farce. It is probable that if the action of the piece were shortened and quickened the effect of it would be more infectious. At present it moves rather slowly, and a little laboriously. It must also be said that Mr. Richard Bennett, who plays the part of the harassed *Henri*, has not precisely the manner of comedy. An excellent actor of serious roles, he seems ill at ease in the habiliments of farce.



A Scene from the Third Act of "Irene Wycherley," at the Astor Theatre. THE ACTORS, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE VIOLA ALLEN, WALTER HAMPDEN, JOHN GLENDINNING, EDWIN ARDEN, AND GRANT STEWART.

Wit Waisted to Taft by Watt

New Item—The stronger President Taft, on which Secretary Taft was a passenger, was in wireless communication on the passage from Hamburg with the redoubtable Canadian Ambassador, "The Great" in command by Captain Watt, the *Laudance* by Captain Watt.

The President Taft, heading westward, came into the wireless zone of the *Laudance*, doing her best to honor the second house.

On the President Taft was William Taft, enjoying the air, the Watt in command. The six-mile walk, he was taking with him, arm in arm with Captain Watt.

"What ship in the offing have I described?"
"It is the *Laudance*," Watt replied.
"And her master's name is Watt?"

"Watt? What? Watt?" scouted Taft to Watt.
"Do I know her master's name?"
Not I, but just you wait a bit.
"I'll try this wireless gear."

And then from Watt a message came,
"Asking Taft and Watt to dine;
And join him in a quiet game,
Returning home by nine."

Then Watt to Watt this wireless sent:
"To my dear friend, Captain Watt, —
I rarely thank a President;
But for you, dear Watt, why not?"

Said Watt to Taft: "I like not wit
That topples over all."
"God wait," said Watt, "such wit is fit
For Watt if not for Taft."

WILLIAM L. CURTIS.

The Founding of the Red Cross

THE battle of Solferino, fought in 1859 between the allied French and Sardinians and the Austrians, was one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times. Forty thousand Austrians and fifteen thousand of the allies were killed and wounded.

To Henry Dunant, a Geneva philanthropist who witnessed the battle, it seemed that the wounded, not the soldiers, who not instant death, were the real unfortunate. The military hospitals, overcrowded, proved inadequate; most of the wounded were left in agony. Thousands who might have been saved by timely help died upon the battlefield.

The Swiss philanthropists and other volunteers did all they could to relieve the suffering, but that was comparatively little. The Geneva asked himself what could be done to mitigate the horrors of war? He devoted much thought to the problem, until, finally, he was able to suggest a plan of action; this plan he set forth in a pamphlet called *A Society of Red Cross*.

Dunant advocated an international society composed of volunteer nurses, who should hold themselves in readiness to follow armies and aid the wounded of any nation, to be protected by all nations as neutrals and non-combatants engaged in works of mercy.

This pamphlet proved to be the foundation upon which the Red Cross Society was organized. Dunant's project was warmly approved by his own government. When Dunant went to Paris he found that there, too, the pamphlet had made a deep impression.

The day after its publication in the French capital, Madame de Staël, sister to the Duc de Broglie, caused the Red Cross badge to be displayed in her drawing room.

To visitors, who asked their names, she made such convincing answer that both Parisian society and the French government were soon committed to the Red Cross principle.

The international conference that organized the society was held in Geneva in October, 1863. By the end of the following year thirteen governments had officially ap-

proved the society's purpose. To-day every civilized nation sustains it. The good it has accomplished since then may be judged by the single fact that during the Franco-Prussian War the German society alone expended thirteen million dollars; and it is stated that, so far as is yet known, the figure for the expenses of the Red Cross during the recent war between Russia and Japan will many times exceed that figure.

Dunant, in winning his light for the organization of the Red Cross, lost his own—that is, his own financial ventures were disastrous. Happily, however, the Czar, Empress of Russia and the Federal Council of Switzerland granted him relief in the shape of pensions. These were supplemented by donations of money from Germany.

The Ways of the Chinese Laundry Ticket

It is not generally known that the Chinese system of ticketing a bundle of soiled clothes is based on the many gods and goddesses of the laundry. Though it is complicated, the laundryman seldom delivers a bundle of washed clothes to the wrong person. Furthermore, if the ticket is lost the chances are that one will not get his linen, unless he is a particular friend of the proprietor. Instances are of record where an American has gone to court to force the Chinese to yield up the washing, but the judge was not convinced that the case of the Occidental was a good one.

The Chinese laundryman, at the beginning of each week, makes out a batch of checks, in duplicate, to be used as wash tickets. He assigns the name of some god or goddess, or of some objects, as the sun, the moon, or the stars. To this name he prefixes a number, as "moon No. 1," "moon No. 2," and so on.

In the space between the two legends—for the signs are repeated twice—he has his own name, as, for instance, Wong Lee.

When a customer takes a bundle of washing to the laundry the Chinese, by tearing a ticket in two in a ragged fashion, puts one-half on the packet for reference; the other half he gives as a receipt to the person who has brought the package of laundry.

It must be pointed out that the laundry is demanded and no fears need be entertained that the bundle of clean clothes will not be forthcoming, for they are scrupulously exact in these matters.

His Specialty

ARRIVING after a ten-mile ride, at a farmhouse and West, Dr. H. — exceedingly grave and dignified in his demeanor, but rather slow in action, found a very sick child, and, as usual, on such occasions many kind women from adjoining farms helping the mother.

The doctor watched the patient for some time without any move to give relief.

Finally one of the older women present took courage and suggested:
"My dear doctor, cannot you do something for the poor child?"

"Dear madam," answered the doctor, "I am a little uncertain yet about this case; but please be patient, as I am sure the child is going to have it, yet,—brightening up." "I am well on this."

Ways of Telling Time

FROM our Philippine possessions has come an account of a primitive device for recording time which deserves a place among the long list of contrivances for that purpose. It is used by the natives during certain spells. They bore a hole in the bottom of a coconut shell and let it fill with water. At a certain point it suddenly drops to the bottom of the basin. This calls "time."

Many were the devices for recording the

flight of the hours before the coming of the clock. The most famous, of course, was the hour-glass, which was made of various sizes and capable of recording with tolerable accuracy almost any given interval of time, although errors are greater than an hour.

The burning of candles was another favorite device. Lines were drawn at different elevations for the fractional divisions of the period which the candle recorded. There was also an ingenious water-clock, which is even now occasionally seen in museums. The sun dial, for marking true astronomical time, was much in use in early days. In our latitude it would not be strictly accurate, except in a few days in the year, and its accuracy at other times would be of a varying quantity.

All Beach

WATMAN was sitting upon his father's knee watching his mother arranging her hair.

"Papa hasn't any Marvel waves like that," said the father, laughingly.

Willford, looking up at his father's bald pate, replied, "Nup; no waves; it's all beach."

Inconsistency

"Pa, what is the meaning of inconsistency?" asked Freddy.

"Inconsistency, my son," explained Pa, "means a man who grows all day, and then goes home and kicks the dog for barking at night."

Weather or Not

A GERMAN woman discovered one morning recently that her maid Nora had broken the thermometer that hung in the reception hall.

"Well, Nora," sighed the mistress of the house, in a resigned way, "you've managed to break the thermometer, haven't you?"

"Yes, m'lord," replied the maid, in a tone equally resigned. "And now, m'lord, we'll just have to take the weather as it comes!"

WHIPPED CREAM.

Two large packages of cream in Borden's Purest Cream (Eagle Brand) with condensed milk, are available for sale. The first of these is the "Whipped Cream" and the second is the "Whipped Cream" and the second is the "Whipped Cream."

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT—BROWN'S KIDNEY-AND-PANCREAS—15 cents per bottle, 25¢.

USE BROWN'S Compound, SINGAPORE DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicacy, 15 cents per Jar, 25¢.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PANTRY CLEANED

A Way Some People Have.

A doctor said:—

"Before marriage my wife observed in summer and country homes, coming in touch with families of varied means, culture, tastes, and dissimilar tendencies, that the families using Postum seemed to average better than those using coffee."

"When we were married, two years ago, Postum was among our first order of groceries. We also put in some coffee and tea for guests, but after both had stood around the pantry about a year untended, they were thrown away, and Postum used only."

"I p to the age of 28 I had been accustomed to drink coffee as a routine habit, and suffered constantly from indigestion and all its related disorders. Since using Postum all the old complaints have completely left me, and I sometimes wonder if I ever had them."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Borden, "The Road to Well-being," in pages. There's a Reason."

Make the best use of it. A defective intestine will not absorb the best food. Postum is a perfect food. It is a perfect food. It is a perfect food.

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

important to see that it is Abbott's.

FIRE AND "FIREPROOF"

(Continued from page 24.)

facturing purposes, which involves considerable fire hazard. The only way to reach these subterranean premises is by a single circular iron stairway. In case of fire, how the work people are going to get out, or how the firemen are going to descend to reach the fire, is a mystery. In all probability neither exit nor entrance would be possible, on account of the ascending heat and smoke.

In one of the most sensational hotels in New York city, the standpipe system was a work of art. The risers were polished brass, while the hose and the valves were enclosed in handsome cabinets. When the Fire Department inspected the standpipe, however, it found a number of useless and unnecessary gate valves, involving the possibility of the system being shut off in case of fire. The hose connections to the valves were so close to the bottom of the cabinets that the hose could not be swelled to its full diameter, making it impossible to get water through without bursting the hose. For all practical purposes the standpipe was useless for Fire Department work, so the Fire Department companies in the vicinity were notified, in case of fire in this particular hotel, not to depend on the standpipe, but to stretch hose lines into the building.

"Fireproof" fires allow many proofs of vital fruits in buildings. A fire in a nine-story loft building traveled from the seventh floor to the eighth and ninth floors by way of a stairway enclosure designed with wire glass in wood settings. Stair travels for the stairs were also used in this building, although it was well known at the time that this feature had cost the life of a Fire Department officer. The failure to provide skylight space (absolutely necessary for Fire Department operations and required by law), the exceedingly dangerous practice of leaving steel and cast-iron structural members unprotected, the putting of wood roofs on otherwise incombustible buildings, the total neglect of window protection against dangerous neighboring buildings, the overlooking of fire escape facilities (afterward covered at greater expense and inconvenience by order of the Fire Department or the State Factory Inspection Service), are other instances of defects in supposedly fireproof buildings, all the more acute because of the sense of false security engendered by the "fireproof" idea.

These are instances of fire weaknesses that exist in many buildings and only await fire to reveal them. They are errors that can be avoided when the building is being planned and erected.

LIFE-SAVING AT SEA REVOLUTIONIZED

By C. F. CARTER



REVOLUTIONARY methods in saving life at sea will be introduced by Revenue Cutter No. 10 now being built for the United States government at Wilmington, Delaware. The cutter is the largest vessel ever designed for life-saving, and it will be equipped with special apparatus never before used for the purpose. These innovations are expected to make possible rescues from wrecks not accessible by any means hitherto available.

Along the Atlantic coast, where the life-saving stations are close together, and the service is well drilled and equipped, it often happens that a vessel is driven ashore where the surf is so violent that a life-boat cannot be handled in it at all. There may be a gale blowing on shore, and the ship may be so far out that it is impossible to shoot a life-line to it. In such cases the life-saving crew can do nothing. Sometimes tugs can approach a wreck near enough to communicate with those on board without being able to do anything to help them.

On the Pacific coast, particularly the northwestern part, the conditions are even worse than along the Atlantic. The strait of Juan de Fuca, the entrance to Puget Sound, the most important entrance on the whole coast, through which six million tons of shipping pass annually, is particularly dangerous. Not only do fogs and haws prevail for half the year, but the currents are so erratic that even the pilots who navigate the waters constantly do not understand them. No dependence can be placed on the lead, because deep soundings may often be obtained close ashore.

In the last fifty years something like seven hundred lives have been lost in wrecks in the vicinity. The climax to a long series of disasters came in the wreck of the coasting steamer *Falencia* from San Francisco for Seattle, with a loss of 136 lives on January 22, 1900. The *Falencia* went on the rocks at the foot of a high cliff on an unsettled part of Vancouver Island during a fog. As she did not go to pieces for thirty-six hours after she struck there was ample time to save many of those on board if only the means had been available. This disaster made so profound an impression in the Northwest that President Roosevelt appointed a commission to inquire into the cause of the wreck, and to devise ways and means, if possible, to prevent similar fatalities in the future.

After recommending additional lightships, telegraph and telephone lines, fog signals, and wireless telegraph, the commission also advised that a first-class ocean-going steamer, officered and manned by the most skillful life-saving crew that could be procured, and equipped with the best possible life-saving appliances and wireless telegraph, should be stationed at Noah Bay, five miles from the entrance to the strait. Congress signified its approval of the commission's recommendation by appropriating \$200,000 for building the cutter. Plans were drawn by a board of officers from the Revenue Cutter service, and construction was promptly begun.

The cutter, which in general external appearance resembles a first-class tug, is 152 feet long, 20 feet beam, and 17 feet deep. She is to have engines of 1200-horse power, and a cruising speed of twelve knots. As it is expected that the cutter will not infrequently be called upon to go in search of missing vessels, she will carry enough coal to make a cruise of 3000 knots.

Number 10 will be equipped with a motor lifeboat, two other lifeboats of the self-righting, self-bailing type, a life raft, line-throwing gun, a complete equipment of lifeboats and life preservers, wireless telegraph, the Ardis system of night-signaling, two powerful searchlights, one at each end of the deck-house, as that the quest of missing ships may be pursued by night as well as by day, wrecking pumps, fire-extinguishing apparatus, and a steam windlass and strain gypsy for towing. No matter what the situation of a distressed vessel may be, the life-saving cutter will be prepared to render instant and effective aid.

The distinguishing feature which is expected to enable the cutter to effect rescues under conditions that have heretofore precluded the possibility of help is a wonderful cableway over which a breeches-buoy can be operated between the masthead of the cutter and the wreck, far above the reach of the waves. No matter how wildly the cutter may be plunging and tossing, no matter how violently the mast may be thrashing the air, the cableway will always keep taut so that the occupant of the breeches-buoy will be able to make the passage in safety.

The cable is kept at a fixed tension by an automatic reel safely housed below deck, where its operation cannot be interfered with by any waves that may come aboard. The instant the pitching of the mast allows the cable to slack, the engines of the reel automatically take it up at lightning speed, only to pay it out again when the cutter pitches the other way, but always keeping the cable at an even tension sufficient to hold it and its burden far above the waves. The breeches-buoy can then be operated as readily, rapidly, and safely as if it were mounted on shore. On reaching the cutter an ingenious contrivance will automatically lower the buoy and its burden swiftly but gently to the deck.

The cableway being a thousand feet long the cutter will have plenty of room to maneuver. It will be able to approach a wreck from the windward side enough to shoot a life line aboard and anchor. The people on the wreck will have only to haul in the life line and make fast the cableway. The crew of the cutter will do the rest. Often it may be possible to save treasure, baggage, and even the more valuable portions of the cargo in small packages.

The life-saving cableway is the invention of Spencer Miller, of New York, who has fifty-seven patents to his credit in his own name, and an interest in a dozen others secured in cooperation with various inventors. Mr. Miller is the inventor of the marine cableway, by means of which ships are hoisted at sea at the rate of eighty-five to a hundred tons an hour while steaming eight to ten knots an hour.



The new Life-saving Cableway in Operation

Gems from Examination Papers

In a competitive examination of several applicants for positions in the municipal offices of Boston, one candidate shocked the examiners by his display of frivolity in evading questions he could not answer. He did not, of course, get an appointment. The following are some of the replies made by the applicant in question:

Q. Describe a feasible course for the circumnavigation of the globe, mentioning all bodies of water which would be passed through.

A. In a balloon. No waters would be passed through.

Q. What, in a few words, are transcendentalism, epicureanism, and utilitarianism?

A. The first means thinking on the roof while living in the basement; the second means living high on an ass; the third is the study of how to do so.

Q. How may the races of mankind be chiefly divided?

A. Losers and winners.

The following are specimens of some absurd and amusing answers made by schoolboys and schoolgirls in examination papers:

Q. King Alfred the Great was a very good man, and when he died Lord Howbery preached his funeral sermon.

"Iron is grown in large quantities for manufacturing purposes in southern France."

"The sun never sets on British possessions because the sun sets in the west, and our colonies are in the north, south, and east."

Q. Define the first person.

A. Adam.

Q. Why does true English history begin with the reign of Henry VII.?

A. Because up to this time it was all lies.

In the following, mathematical and scientific graces are also revealed in a strong light:

"A parallel straight line is one that who produces it never will end nor meet."

"Blood consists of two sorts of corkscrews—red cork-screws and white cork-screws."

Questions on miscellaneous objects of general knowledge also elicit some gems, as witness the following:

Asked to explain what a buttress is, one boy replied: "A woman who makes butter."

Teacher's dictation: "His collar rose to such a height that fashion well-nigh choked him."

One pupil defined primates as "the wife of Prime Minister."

Perhaps the funniest reply ever made to a question in natural science was:

"Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling from the trees."

To the question "What is a limited monarchy?" this answer was returned:

"A limited monarchy is government by a king who, in case of bankruptcy, would not be responsible for the entire national debt. You have the same thing in private life in limited liability companies."

Another answer was: "The Diet of Worms is the grub that blackbirds and thrushes feed on."

A Comprehensive Repentance

I DON'T mean to do it.

I surely meant it well.

Nor knew you wouldn't like it.

But how was I to tell?

I didn't need to do it.

But didn't know it then.

And now I know I did it.

I'll never do so again.

BY KILGILMEY.

His Joke

DE STEPLER. "What makes you think Gertie has almost finished the cigars his wife gave him for Christmas?"

GERTIE. "Why, I met him to-day, and he said he was almost at the end of his rope."

ITS
QUALITY
UNEQUALLED
EXCELLENCE
UNSURPASSED

ITS
QUALITY
UNEQUALLED
EXCELLENCE
UNSURPASSED



LIQUEUR
Peres Chartreux
—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above can represent the bottle and label employed in the putting-up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as LIQUEUR PERES CHARTREUX (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle, and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At San Jose, West Main Street, Green, South, Calif.
Bayer & Co., or Headquarters, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

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BITTERS

Celebrated
Appetizer of
Exquisite Flavor

DR. SIEBER'S
The Only Genuine
**BEWARE OF
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CLARK'S CRUISE OF THE "ARABIC."
14,000 tons, fast, large, extremely speedy.

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February 8 to April 17, 1896.

Security, speed, comfort, only \$100.00 and up, including three passages. SPECIAL FARE: \$100.00, \$150.00, \$200.00, \$250.00, \$300.00, \$350.00, \$400.00, \$450.00, \$500.00, \$550.00, \$600.00, \$650.00, \$700.00, \$750.00, \$800.00, \$850.00, \$900.00, \$950.00, \$1,000.00, \$1,050.00, \$1,100.00, \$1,150.00, \$1,200.00, \$1,250.00, \$1,300.00, \$1,350.00, \$1,400.00, \$1,450.00, \$1,500.00, \$1,550.00, \$1,600.00, \$1,650.00, \$1,700.00, \$1,750.00, \$1,800.00, \$1,850.00, \$1,900.00, \$1,950.00, \$2,000.00, \$2,050.00, \$2,100.00, \$2,150.00, \$2,200.00, \$2,250.00, \$2,300.00, \$2,350.00, \$2,400.00, \$2,450.00, \$2,500.00, \$2,550.00, \$2,600.00, \$2,650.00, \$2,700.00, \$2,750.00, \$2,800.00, \$2,850.00, \$2,900.00, \$2,950.00, \$3,000.00, \$3,050.00, \$3,100.00, \$3,150.00, \$3,200.00, \$3,250.00, \$3,300.00, \$3,350.00, \$3,400.00, \$3,450.00, \$3,500.00, \$3,550.00, \$3,600.00, \$3,650.00, \$3,700.00, \$3,750.00, \$3,800.00, \$3,850.00, \$3,900.00, \$3,950.00, \$4,000.00, \$4,050.00, \$4,100.00, \$4,150.00, \$4,200.00, \$4,250.00, \$4,300.00, 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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVY

(Continued from page 15.)

interested in the navy, but particularly to the very few whose untiring efforts have brought it about. This remarkable increase in rapidity of fire and in number of hits placed has been a comparatively recent development, and when the vessels of the *Pensacola*, *Virginia*, and *Louisiana* classes—vessels only recently afloat—were laid down they were provided with an ammunition hoist for each broadside gun which could serve three-fourths of the ammunition required by the men when every gun on each side of the vessel was firing at one time. In actual numbers the means from twelve to sixteen ammunition hoists on a vessel. It is probable that in most cases the vessels will be called upon to fight with only one broadside at a time, and, under such conditions, the rate of supply per gun would be largely increased.

In November, 1910, the writer of this article visited the fleet of British naval vessels at Annapolis. Six or eight of these vessels were very similar in size, battery, etc., to our *St. Louis* class, whose rate of supply of ammunition is about as described above. With the exception of one hoist at each end of the vessel, the only provision for hoisting ammunition on these British ships was an ordinary tackle for passing it up over the deck through open apertures to the guns above. The shutters for these apertures at the various decks did not pretend to be water-tight. These vessels were not a year old at this time.

IN CONCLUSION

There are many things about our vessels and in the hazy "system" of handling them which doubtless need correction. There are many broadside guns in compartments too thinly armored. The turret emergency gear for hoisting their ammunition. The ships have less armor than those of some of the other nations. The captains and admirals reach their commands at too late an age, and retain them, therefore, too short a time before retirement. We need more battle drills, more torpedo drill, and more destroyer work, which is drill. The crews of the navy-yards should be reduced. The originators of designs should not pass finally upon criticisms of those designs.

These and many other matters connected upon by Mr. Reuter-dahl are entirely true. In judging whether the ships of the navy are generally in the miserable condition pictured in his article, the reader should remember that while our ships have been compared unfavorably with those of the British navy, ours are in a great many respects superior. The reason for an unfavorable comparison is often to be found in the demands of American ideas, ideas which call for less upon tons of weight in equipments and conveniences aboard our ships of which the British seafarman has never so much as dreamed. The vessels of our navy have steam heat in every station, in every part of the ship which the crew of nine hundred men frequent, and water-heating arrangements in all quarters. The British ships sailors have the equivalent of three small-sized kitchen stoves, and scarcely know what hot water feels like.

A KU-KLUX KLAN OF TO-DAY

(Continued from page 16.)

shedding about three citizens who incautiously ventured upon the streets, the "Night Riders" left the scene.

The following night the masked mob rode in Campbell County, across the Ohio River from Cincinnati. On Monday, January 6, the Riders appeared almost simultaneously at the towns of Bellet, Sherburne, and Jacksonville. The first, a village, was practically wiped off the map; all the American Tobacco Company's property at Sherburne was burned to the ground; and only a timely warning saved a quick removal of the independent's tobacco at Jacksonville saved that community.

"The war must be stopped," came the cry from all over the State.

In response, the first matter for consideration to be put before the newly assembled Legislature was the "Night Rider" case. An excerpt from Governor Wilson's message follows:

"Our tobacco market is nearly destroyed. Large customers are being taught that it is safer and better to buy elsewhere; large crops remain unsold; managers who have been promised large prices for pecked crops above the market price have seen the buyers driven from the field, and no one else will have the seed and sell, but every one else has. The result, up to this time, is that our markets, not only for tobacco, but for other products, are paralyzed, and in many cases ruined; but in large districts the law has been wholly overthrown, and the poor people, who have no one to take care of them, are deprived of the protection of the people's laws and have lost their liberty and are helpless; that the price of nearly every acre of good land in Kentucky has gone down; that thousands of people wish to move out of Kentucky to States where they hope it is safer to live, and the very factor of our working population wishes to leave the State, as thousands have done before; that it has been necessary, in order to ally the forces of frightened people even in a large city like Hopkinsville, to keep companies of militia on duty, at great expense, and with great loss of sleep on the young men who are taken from their ordinary business and work; that lawless and unprincipled men have been constantly ready to break out in a large city like Hopkinsville, by law or public sentiment, and that the people of Kentucky are brought suddenly and squarely to face the question whether the

There exists about that difference between the comforts on their vessels and on ours that there is between the comforts and conveniences in the home of the average American mechanic and that of the English mechanic, in the average American hotel and its English counterpart. They do not appear to be inordinately on their ships, although the American visitor feels as if he were freezing.

Now, who shall dare to say that these comforts must be removed? Who is there brave enough to face the American people and press after taking away either the heat to keep the interior warm, or the refrigerating means to keep his meats cold, or to deprive him of his laundry and substitute the old-time hand-labour which the British sailor has not yet outgrown, or even to remove his laundry, and all for a few more tons of armor? These comforts cost not only weight and space, but horse-power to take them from port to port, and again still more weight for the additional horse-power.

With the present difficulty of obtaining men for the naval service the wholesale abolition of these comforts may well be questioned. It may be wise to consider, before eliminating them, how many, many years these ships provide homes for our seamen, and to consider during what a small fraction of a vessel's life it is engaged in actual warfare.

Furthermore, consideration should be given to the extra risk taken, if our competitors are entirely fair, in weighing the small amount of added protection against the discomfort, and to the difference in the intelligence of the men who would be attracted by the two kinds of ships. For, after all, it is upon the intelligence of our men that we place the greatest reliance—that intelligence which has never yet failed us.

Mr. Brewster makes many true criticisms which will doubtless be of benefit. That he has had assistance in the preparation of so comprehensive an article is probable, and this assistance might, under a different order of things, have brought these matters to the attention of the navy. But, as it is, it is not so. Instead of the pages of a monthly magazine, in addition to his suggestion that complaints do not receive the attention they deserve, because the bureau receiving such complaint is the department, judge, and jury, in the fact that many complaints do not receive their full and fair hearing until after the vessel in question has departed on a foreign cruise. The writer remembers a paper reaching him that had travelled through thirty-six other lands, and how an endorsement (a small-sized letter) from each.

In his article no true thing is said by Mr. Brewster that the navy is at fault, and as he suggests for the improvement of defects in construction, the Secretary of the Navy had the technical assistance of men versed in such matters who could visit the vessels, put their fingers on existing defects, and, having the equipment directly before them, could take the necessary steps in a friendly spirit with the bureau, but with authority to push them to a conclusion at the navy-yards, thus improvement would make more rapid strides.

less of more than two millions, or the violence of a few hundreds shall prevail."

The Governor further recommended the immediate appointment of a commission with full power to investigate the economic causes leading up to the tobacco troubles—that is, to ascertain whether there has actually been an overproduction, or whether the prices have been forced down by the American Tobacco Company or a combination of buyers. He also advised certain technical changes in the statutes governing change of venue, so that the granting of such becomes imperative on the judge of any county where lawless men or intimidation places any obstacle in the way of prompt and fair trials.

That this advice strikes the keynote of the condition confronting the officers of the law, in so far as the apprehension and punishment of members of the terrorist band is concerned, is readily appreciated. It will be next to the impossible to obtain the conviction of any man in the county of his residence. The attempt to conduct a grand jury investigation at Hopkinsville proved this. Here is a sample letter received by one of the jurors:

"JAMES FOSTER.—The foreman of your grand jury has joined the Society. Legally, as you all failed to find bills against the plant and workers. You feel you don't know that we had the sheriff, commonwealth's attorney, judge, and the Governor at our backs! We expect to have a representative on every grand jury. We intended to wait on you and put you out of business in a very rough manner, but we will give you one more chance to join the society. Your ignorance and laziness will not save you your property."

—NIGHT RIDERS.

The tone of this letter is characteristic of the general attitude of the law-breakers, not only toward local courts, but the Governor, the State Legislature, or any other standing in the way of their exercise of vengeance against the trust.

The destruction, up to the present time amounting to \$30,000 worth of property in the State, and to threaten the killing and destruction of a score of people, has apparently not whetted the determination of the maskers to accomplish such by dreadful might what peaceful conferences failed in doing.



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COMMENT

The Aldrich Bill Should Be Accepted

AS THE WEEKLY has already said, the ALDRICH bill, which has been reported to the Senate since our last comment upon it, is a perfectly logical method of remedying evils of the present system, from which the country has more than once gravely suffered. Every valid criticism of the pending bill is in effect a criticism of the system which we have possessed since the establishment of the present national banks. The immediate question, however, is as to the remedy of conditions from which disaster and ruin have come or have been accentuated. At a certain time every year the contracted basis of our bank currency causes much commercial discomfort, which sometimes is threatening; at other and rarer times, as in 1893 and last October, we have actual and wide extended disaster. This can be remedied by broadening the basis. The fright which comes from apprehension that our bank currency will disappear into secret places, that needed loans will be refused in consequence, will not be bred or stimulated when it is understood that when the old cause of the fear begins to operate new currency will be put into circulation, and that the provision for such an increase is more than ample to meet the most extravagant demands. It may be thought that there are better methods, but their application would involve a complete reform of our present currency system. This is impossible. We can obtain a remedy by passing the ALDRICH bill; we cannot afford to go without the remedy. Are we willing to be so absurdly impractical as to do without what we need because we cannot secure the gratification of our ideal?

The Provisions of the Bill

The provisions of the ALDRICH bill are simple, and it is further true that the objections to them on their own account are mere conjectures. The cause of our financial is the restriction of our bank circulation by basing it on United States bonds. Now it is as certain as human facts can be that we must continue for some time to come to have a bond secured currency. The bill provides for as elastic a currency of this kind as can be devised, as follows: First, the banks are to suggest the necessity of emergency currency to the Comptroller of the Currency. Second, this suggestion is to be transmitted to the Secretary of the Treasury, who is to approve it if in his judgment business conditions require the increase, and is to fix the amount of the issue and the time when it is to be made; the notes are to be distributed proportionately among the States applying. Third, the total amount to be issued is fixed at \$200,000,000. Fourth, the securities for the new notes are to be first mortgage bonds of railways, not including street railways, which have paid at least four per cent. div-

denks, regularly and continuously, for five years prior to the deposit of the bonds as a basis for circulation; the notes that may be issued on such security will be equal in amount to seventy-five per cent. of the market-value of the bonds; the banks may secure circulation to the amount of ninety per cent. of the interest bearing obligations of any State, or any city, town, county, or other municipality or district, which has existed ten years, which has not defaulted in that time, and whose funded debt does not exceed ten per cent. of the taxable value of its property. The Treasurer is to accept securities with the approval of the Secretary. There is proper provision for ascertaining the value of proffered securities, and for their return after the occasion for their issue has passed. This is to be accomplished by a tax of six per cent. on bonds employed as a basis of currency other than United States bonds, while United States two per cent. bonds pay a tax of one half of one per cent., and United States bonds bearing a higher rate than two per cent. pay a one per cent. tax. The provisions for supplying needed currency in emergencies are ample, and they are well guarded. It would be arrant folly to defect the ALDRICH bill, directly or indirectly, for the reason that it does not revolutionize our existing system. It will accomplish its object, and nothing else can be passed.

Another "Fundamental Principle"

The capacity of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN has been again illustrated—this time by his interference in the composition of the ALDRICH bill in committee. As usual, this interference was mandatory, and was followed, as is also usual, by the unseemly obedience of Senators who are by nature and training much better fitted than Mr. BRYAN for the tasks of government. BRYAN'S idea was, of course, a "fundamental principle"; so he said and so he bade his followers say—and perhaps believe. It was this: that the emergency currency provided for by the bill should be government paper and not bank paper. In a word, following his natural inclination or the bent of his mind, BRYAN wants to increase the currency by greenbacks instead of by national bank notes. Those who understand the subject of finance and banking are aware of the defects of the national bank notes as a system of currency, but they are at the same time conscious of the still greater defects of the greenback. BRYAN'S idea is a greenbacker idea. It is true that the emergency notes would not be issued as a permanent increase of the circulating medium, but the eagle's nose once being within the tent, the eagle's whole body is pretty sure to follow. Experience has taught the nation that it is next to impossible to prevail upon Congress to retire greenbacks that are out, and we are justified in believing that it will not require much persuasion to lead Congress to keep in circulation any greenbacks that may be issued for the purpose of meeting an emergency. When Congress refuses to accept this other "fundamental principle" of Mr. BRYAN'S, it will give one more blow to his unusual money convictions. It will be another victory over greenbackism and all that that implies. BRYAN always wants "more money"; even now he wants "more money" after it has been demonstrated that the largest per capita circulation known to civilization has had no power to stop a panic. He wants "more money"—whether it be of debased metal or of paper or of rags. This is the secret of his desire that the new emergency currency shall be greenbacks. He is a paternalist: the government must do every man's job. To elect such a man as President is impossible; to nominate him would be to manifest a neutrality oblivious to modern conditions, unfamiliar with the common knowledge of the times, and impervious to enlightenment.

Bryan as Roosevelt's Legatee

At the meals which Senator NEWLANDS served with the idea that they be eaten in common by Mr. BRYAN and the Democratic Senators, the Nebraska announced that he was the heir of ROOSEVELT, and that he desired the Democratic party to nominate and support him on that theory. Thus he demonstrated the soundness of the position taken by THE WEEKLY, that Mr. BRYAN and Mr. ROOSEVELT are political philosophers of the same school—a school that is hostile to free government, to federal government, and to the rights and liberties of the individual. For the same reasons that Mr. BRYAN gives in behalf of his own nomination a good many

Democrats—all who think and act upon their thoughts, at least—believe that he ought not to be President, and especially that he ought not to be their candidate for President. He is not their kind of a Democrat, for he confesses that he is a Roosevelt Republican. The confession was not necessary, but it is well to have it. Mr. BAYAN says by it that he accepts the theory that the States shall be still further subordinated to the national power, not necessarily legally—that is, by amendment—but illegally by construction; that all business shall come under the supervision and control of the Federal government, directly by Federal charter, or indirectly by Federal license for State corporations and, for individuals; that the government shall be paternal, interfering with all human activities, precisely as Mr. BAYAN now interferes in all party activities; that the President shall dominate the other departments of the government, as Mr. ROOSEVELT does and as Mr. BAYAN seeks to do, by insisting that a State Legislature shall elect the man of his preference to the United States Senate. To most Democratic minds, and to all minds that appreciate free government, these are reasons, as we have said, why BAYAN should not be President.

Deposit Guarantees

It ought to be understood that the guarantee of depositors, in favor of which Mr. BAYAN talks, urging every subscriber of the *Commoner*, for instance, to write to his Congressmen in behalf of the proposition, is not the same kind of a guarantee that has been tried in Oklahoma and elsewhere, and that might possibly be universally tried under a new national law. Comptroller BUNNEY has decided that under the existing law a national bank may not enter into the Oklahoma scheme. The BAYAN plan is that the fatherly government shall save the depositors harmless, and thus encourage reckless banks to squander the money entrusted to them. The other plan is that the banks should create a guarantee fund themselves.

Mr. Roosevelt's Trade

It is greatly to be regretted, for the sake of the country, that Mr. ROOSEVELT confines to issue dispirited views of business conditions and violent assaults upon business men. These attacks excite wonder abroad and more or less disturb people at home. Fortunately the time has gone by when the President can disastrously affect the country. It is noteworthy, and is the subject for mutual sorrow, that these denunciations of his cause come men of judgment to say that he is ill balanced, and more regretful is the joy which the President gives to every enemy of society, of the law and the courts, of order, of prosperity, and of the freedom under which prosperity is alone possible. Men like Jeff Davis and Bryan shrink with joy over the angry utterances of the President, and yet it is only twelve years ago when a very large majority of American citizens fully believed that to save the country from Bryan and Bryanism would be to save the country from a terrible disaster. What was true then is true to-day. Mr. BAYAN is right in saying that Mr. ROOSEVELT and he are one in political policy; that he, not TAFT, is the proper heir of the President; and Mr. ROOSEVELT expresses that policy and betrays its appropriate temper, to the sorrow of all good men. People say that the extraordinary document was a campaign manifesto for TAFT, but it is to be hoped that Mr. TAFT does not care with them. It is a proclamation of the rage of the hosts of disorder.

The Latest Message

Senator JEFF DAVIS, as we have said, was exceedingly pleased with the President's latest message. Senator BURNETT, the leading apostle of the third term, was reported to be delighted with it. But a great many better and more valuable friends of the President than either of these Senators took the message badly. One of them is our neighbor, the *Wall Street Journal*, which in spite of its name is a great admirer of Mr. ROOSEVELT and looks him up all its own. But it does not back him up on this message. Groaning in spirit, it says to him:

Oh, Mr. President, why is it that you have permitted your eagerness to cut Bryan BAYAN, defunct Governor BURNETT, and elect your great War Secretary, to inhibit upon the panic-stricken business of the country such a needless blow as this message? It will not make competition fairer, but only make monopoly more selfish and desperate. It will not remove a single abuse of corporation or stock market, but only serve to help those who sit at the direction of the whole business system.

The most comfort that we can offer our neighbor in its grief is the suggestion that the President's views and attitude on all important subjects have long been well known, and reiteration of them either in or out of season ought not to have very serious effects. Fortunately he has not taught us to expect of him, and the absence of it from his composition is a factor of the general business and political situation which everybody who is attempting to do business must long ago have taken into account.

No Third Term About It

The suggestion that the recent message is a bid for a third term is ridiculous. Senator BURNETT, who grails at it for one, has his reasons, which are obvious enough, for twisting any event or any utterance that comes along into a third term portent. Senator BURNETT came from Oregon last winter, a new Senator and unknown except in his own State. By fastening at once on the third term idea, and identifying himself with it, and talking about and promoting it all the time, he has gained himself a great deal of notoriety, so that his name is familiar to the readers of the newspapers. Every chance to shout for a third term for ROOSEVELT is a chance to familiarize the American people with the name and sentiments of JONATHAN BURNETT. No such chance has been neglected so far, and it is not likely that any chance will be neglected. Mr. BURNETT has only four short months more in which to use Mr. ROOSEVELT's popularity as a torch to make conspicuous the outlines of his own figure. The sole idea he stands for is the third term for ROOSEVELT. He will stand for that for all he is worth as long as there is anything to stand on. But there is no warrant in the message for the suggestion that the President feels differently about a third term than he did two months ago, when he reiterated his declaration that his present term should be his last. That he wants his policies to survive his administration has never been a secret; that he should use all the influence he can command to impose them on the country is entirely natural and characteristic, so it also is that he should consider that that purpose is furthered by expounding them anew from time to time. The message does not need any third term yearning to account for it. It is fully accounted for by the explanation that the President loves the children of his brain, and believes that the voters will love them more and more the better they know them. Also, it irritates him to have any of them disparaged or assailed, and he likes to defy their assailants. One other thing counts—that the writer's passion is very strong in him, and he likes to see himself in print.

Stock Gambling

The paragraph in the message that relates to stock gambling is a particularly interesting example of Mr. ROOSEVELT's style and matter as his messages disclose them. Declaring that he would like, if he knew how, to ask for laws "to prevent at least the grosser forms of gambling in securities and commodities, such as making large sales of what men do not possess, and 'cornering' the market," he goes on to say:

Legitimate purchases of commodities and of stocks and securities for investment have no connection whatever with purchases of stocks or other securities or commodities on a margin for speculation and gambling purposes. There is no essential difference between gambling in cards or in lotteries or on the race track and gambling in the stock market. One method is just as pernicious to the body politic as the other in kind, and in degree the evil worked is far greater. But it is a far more difficult subject with which to deal. The great bulk of the business transacted on the exchanges is not only legitimate, but is necessary to the working of our modern industrial system, and extreme care would have to be taken not to interfere with this business in doing away with the "bucket shop" type of operation. We should study both the successes and the failures of foreign legislatures who, notably in Germany, have worked along this line, so as not to do anything harmful. Moreover, there is a special difficulty in dealing with this matter by the Federal government in a Federal republic like ours. But if it is possible to devise a way to deal with it the effort should be made, even if only in a cautious and tentative way. It would seem that the Federal government could at least act by forbidding the use of the mail, telegraph and telephone wires, for mere gambling in stocks and futures, just as it does in lottery transactions.

The more we meditate on this paragraph the more wonderful it seems to us. He makes a distinction between legitimate and speculative purchases of stocks, implying that speculative purchases are not legitimate. Then he says that the great bulk of the business transacted on the exchanges is not only

legitimate but necessary. What will his warm admirer THOMAS LAWSON say to that—LAWSON, who estimated the other day that ninety-nine and a half per cent. of the stock transactions were gambles? We would rather trust LAWSON's opinion on this subject. He is much nearer the game. An enormous majority of the transactions of the exchanges are speculative, but are not on that account the less legitimate. The distinction is between speculative and legitimate transactions. It is much less simple than that. It is a distinction of prudence, between buying stocks with money you have got and can spare, and buying them with money you have no right to risk; it is a distinction, too, between big margins and small ones; and between moderate and controlled speculation based on study and opinions, and a blind effort to put money on a winning color and get something for nothing. The cure of this latter sort of speculation is automatic and sure. It hardly needs a law to suppress it when a man covers it so well. A fool and his money are still soon parted, but the paring makes for wisdom. "Bucket shops" are outside of the law in this State already, and under the severe reprobation of the Stock Exchange besides. There is internal evidence in the passage quoted that the President does not know exactly what a bucket shop is, or how its methods differ from those of a legitimate broker's office. The tentative suggestion that the Federal government should forbid the use of mails, telegraphs, and telephones "for mere gambling in stocks" is most interesting. All that the President seems to know about stock trading is that, first or last, it does a lot of mischief. With unswerving morality he does not himself recommend a Federal law to abolish this mischief, but is content merely to point out the need of one. He might talk to advantage about it with his friend President HAYES, who knows the subject. Or he can learn something next year by taking a few thousand dollars to a broker and trying to double it. That is the laboratory practice of finance, and is very instructive, though the lessons come high.

The Appalachian Forest Reserve

The news from Washington about the bill for the Appalachian and White Mountain forest reservations, so important to the South and New England, is most encouraging. The readers of the WEEKLY have been more than once informed of the project, which is Federal in its character, because in each instance the reservation will store water and will thus reclaim some of the lands and preserve many others, amounting to many thousands of acres, of several States. Last year the bill could not be considered because Speaker CANNON was opposed to it; this year, it is understood, he will withdraw his opposition, in which event the measure is likely to pass. The Speaker is a candidate, and ingeniously says that he cannot stand up against a united South and New England. The recent hearing before the House Committee on Agriculture on this subject was very satisfactory to the friends of the bill, and it would seem as though the Speaker's candor had already been of some value to the country.

A Decision Favorable to Free Labor

The United States Supreme Court has again rendered a decision which is a defence of individual freedom against socialist encroachments of government, and of the States against Federal usurpation. The law in question was that which forbids any employer engaged in interstate commerce to discharge an employee on the ground that he is a member of a labor organization. It may be foolish, as the court says, on the part of the employer to discharge a man simply because he is a member of a labor union; but it does not follow that such a reason would always be foolish, nor does it follow that government ought to undertake to prevent such folly, or that it ought to prevent the discharge of a member of a union because, for example, it exacted an oath from such a member binding him to take part in any war upon the employer that was waged by any labor union whatsoever. The court holds that Congress has no right to deprive a man of his liberty to contract, or to sever the relations of employer and employee, if he so desires, because the latter belongs to a union. As we have said, the employer may be foolish so to discharge a man; he may, however, be wise, for he may thus promote the general welfare, and therefore the welfare of all labor, by discharging any member of a labor union the fundamental purpose of which is to obtain its object, if it deem it

necessary, by war upon any part of society. At the same time it is a gross injustice upon the employer and upon all dependent upon him, including all who deal with him as sellers and purchasers and creditors, to discriminate against him by denying to him the right of perfect freedom in his association with labor, while leaving the union and its members free to quit his work, to tie up his business, and, perhaps, to ruin him, merely because he sees fit to hire other than union labor. Mr. HAYES says that he does not understand the process of reasoning by which the court reaches its conclusion. This is not strange. Many men find it difficult to understand any process of legal reasoning; some men cannot understand a legal principle; other men cannot tolerate a judge or a court that differs from them on a question of law. The Supreme Court, notwithstanding its critics, has rendered a service to free labor and incidentally to free government by laying down the law that, under the Constitution, men are still free and cannot be made by Congress to hire or to work for those to whom or to whose principles they object.

Reaching Beyond the Grave

A London despatch, dated January 31, said that Sir OLIVER LODGE had been telling the Psychical Research Society that recent recent and exhaustive tests through spiritualistic mediums had left him pretty much convinced that he had had communications with the dead. The mediums through whom the tests were made were Mrs. VIBRALL and Mrs. PIERCE. Among the departed spirits with whom Sir OLIVER believes himself to have been in communication were those of EDMUND GUNNET, RICHARD HOBSON, and F. W. H. MYERS, men who in life were closely associated with the work of the Psychical Research Society, and who passed out of this life with declared intentions of sending word back to their friends that they still possessed conscious existence. Sir OLIVER believes that such word has been received in convincing forms. He goes as yet into few particulars, but his belief is of much interest. The interest, as a rule, however, is contemplative and unexcited. Mankind is very used to be fooled by spiritualistic manifestations, and also to see persons of undoubted sincerity and scientific training misled by them. The remarkable thing is that spiritualistic investigation goes on as it does in the face of its records. The quest into this region of the unknown is full of dangers and pitfalls, and hazardous to sanity and sense, yet when one generation has been baffled by it the next takes it up, and there is no sign of its being abandoned. Whether it is worth while or not, whether anything true and important can come out of it, seems doubtful to most of us, but at least we do not doubt the honesty of such investigators as Sir OLIVER LODGE, or their comparative competence for the labors that engage them. The great majority of mankind seem to believe instinctively in a future life without scientific proof of it, and it seems easier, on the whole, to believe the fact than it is likely ever to be to believe the proof.

A King Murdered

The shocking assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal seems to have excited such a degree of horror in that country as to defer for the time being the political ends for which the murder was planned. King CARLOS was personally an engaging and gallant man, but not a wise ruler. Extravagance, frivolity, and corruption have characterized the government for which he stood. Last spring there was a collapse of constitutional government in Portugal. No ministry could keep office. In May, the Cortes, refusing to vote the necessary appropriations, was dismissed, and the King suspended the Constitution and named Premier FRANCISCO dictator. Since then there has been a fight for the restoration of the Constitution, incidents of which have been such fighting in Lisbon, the imprisonment of Republican leaders, and repeated plots against the King and the dictator. The effort to maintain a government resting solely on force has resulted in the desperate retaliation of February 1.

Thaw

Of the two TITUS trials, the first was practically a trial of the man murdered, the second a trial of the murderer. In both cases the ends attained have been those best adapted to the protection of society.

Britain's Generosity in South Africa

THE boon of representative self-government centered not long ago upon the former South African Republic by Britain's Liberal government has been followed by a similar concession to the former Orange Free State, and the first general election under the new organic law has just taken place. The result is an overwhelming victory for the Boer element of the population, and there is no doubt, therefore, that the forthcoming Ministry will be formed of men who were conspicuous in the recent war against Great Britain. There is nothing surprising in this outcome of the appeal to the electorate, for as yet the Boers greatly outnumber the English-speaking inhabitants. There is nothing in the Orange River Colony, which is distinctively an agricultural country, the mineral output being confined mainly to diamonds—in the exports for 1904 diamonds figured for nearly \$5,000,000—to attract a vast influx of immigrants from Great Britain, such as was drawn to Johannesburg by the gold mines of the Rand. There are indications, however, of a marked change in this respect. During the last few years more than a million acres have been distributed among British settlers desirous of engaging in agricultural pursuits. Moreover, although the Boer component of the population has increased in fourteen years about forty per cent., the English-speaking factor has increased by one thousand per cent. Should anything like that ratio of augmentation be continued, the day is not far distant when the English-speaking element is destined to preponderate in the Orange River population. Meanwhile, whether the next census shall show a continuation of progress in wealth and population may depend upon whether the Boer administration follows or reverses the policy of the provisional government, which was directed largely to the encouragement of agriculture. A reversal of the policy is most improbable, inasmuch as the Orange River population has always consisted mainly of farmers.

When we recall the great length of time—more than half a century—which elapsed before even the severe feason administered to Great Britain by the loss of the thirteen American colonies could prevail on her to grant self-government to Canada, the promptness with which this privilege has been conceded to the conquered Boers of the Transvaal and the Orange River region may well seem amazing. As a matter of fact, since 1840 the whole attitude of the British Parliament toward colonies settled by white men has been revolutionized. There is scarcely a trace left of the jealousy and suspicion with which colonists used to be regarded. Even the Unionists, who brought on the war with the South African Republic, would, had they remained in power at Westminster, have yielded before long to the request of the Transvaal for autonomy, though, doubtless, the acquiescence of Parliament was accelerated by the accession of the Liberals to office. This is evident from the fact that the constituents of Unionist public men and newspapers on the constitutions granted to the Transvaal and the Orange River country have been, on the whole, quite favorable.

In these, as in some other cases, Britain's exhibition of magnanimity has not missed reward. There are signs of a corresponding approach to good feeling on the part of the Boers, especially those who bore a leading part in the late war. Incredible as it may seem to those who remember the raid which brought on the contest, Dr. JAMESON has since become the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, where the Dutch-speaking element is numerically preponderant; and CRISP, KIMSON has found his eulogists among Afrikaner citizens of the Orange River community.

Lord Kelvin and Submarine Telegraphy

MANY as have been the articles which have been published since his death about Lord KELVIN, better known as Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, inadequate attention has been paid to the reason why American citizens feel especially indebted to the great English mathematician and physicist. We would not go so far as to assert that but for THOMSON we might not even yet have a workable and really useful submarine cable, but we do say that we should not have got on so soon.

It will be recalled that during the fifties and the sixties of the nineteenth century the civilized world, and particularly the two main divisions of the English-speaking people, were deeply interested in the possibility of an Atlantic cable. The first cable had been broken while it was being laid. The second cable snapped after a very short term of existence. The third cable snapped after 1100 miles had been laid, and, although many attempts to pick it up were made, this cable also had to be abandoned for a time. Even had the cables of those days remained workable for considerable periods, they would have been of relatively little commercial value, owing to the difficulty and delay involved in the transmission of messages. For example, signals sent through the 1858 Atlantic cable were so weak that a message from President BAYANAS in Queen VICTORIA took thirty hours in transmission, although it contained only 150 words, which could be communicated

in three or four minutes in any good Atlantic cable of to-day. It turned out that when one attempted to send a series of electric signals through an Atlantic cable, with its same apparatus and at the same speed as messages were sent between New York and Philadelphia, the signal at the far end would not have the slightest knowledge that the signal at the near end was trying to send a message, whatever might be the strength of the current sent into the cable. It soon became a matter of demonstration that, in order to work a long submarine cable, either time must be allowed for each signal to "grow" at the distant end, or, as this would make the sending of messages very slow, the receiving instrument and the signal at the distant end must be able to interpret the faintest indications. Sending the letter "a," for instance, produced at the end of a long cable a totally different result according to what had preceded it. In no case, at a speed of even thirty words a minute, with a three thousand mile cable, would the signal be more than a suggestion.

THOMSON recognized the need of and determined to invent a receiving instrument which, unlike the ordinary telegraph instruments used in post-offices and railway stations, should render the interpretation of such faint suggestions easily and quickly possible in the hands of an expert signaler. To that end he devised the mirror galvanometer "speaking" instrument. It is not forgotten that this invention was deemed of such national importance that a private act of Parliament was sanctioned by the Privy Council to extend the normal life of fourteen years for the patent. Another act of great moment in submarine telegraphy brought out by THOMSON was that no increase of battery power can counteract the retardation in signals produced by any impurity existing in the copper conductor of a cable. The deduction was obvious that every yard of copper wire used in the thousands of miles of a long cable must be tested electrically for resistance before being used.

It is due to Lord KELVIN, more than to any other man—more, perhaps, than to all other men put together—that the London stock exchange is to-day by cable within thirty seconds of Wall Street.

What Is Worth While?

THERE is a great deal of theory of life afloat nowadays, and as one moves about in the world one is continually being introduced to new paradoxes, new ways of making this little trip of mortality worth while. As a matter of fact, wisdom is as old as the ages. All that can be said about life, by and large, has been said and repeated and reiterated, but men will not take wisdom at second hand. Each man not only does repeat the history of the world in his person, but he insists upon doing it. You may caution the child a thousand times that hot things burn, but he never realizes it till he is burned, and then he admits that little fact to his data of the indubitable truths of the world; too much heat burns.

So it is humanity goes stumbling along towards wisdom; each generation repeating with slight variations the mistakes of the last, or varying them a little and inventing new errors. No wise observer of life to-day but will see that the error of the average man is setting his whole faith in money and competition; instead of getting life out of a living, his whole energy is flung into getting a living out of life.

And yet the pagan of the world, the myriad colored flood of the hours, the unutterable beauty and glory of the changing aspects of the world as it wheels itself along through space, is a vision too wonderful to harbor for mere bread and meat and shelter. If it took as little time to convince men that money will not buy happiness as it does to teach the little child that fire burns, what a stride in progress would be made! If the man of moderate means could but realize that a multiplication of things will not advance him one step toward contentment, that all the things that are really worth while are free for the taking; and if we could make the rich man realize that all his pomp is powerful only in as far as he uses it for the good of all men, and that mere display is vulgar, and mere luxury senseless—what a good work of uniting we should accomplish! And this is the chief task of our present day. Not to do away with differing conditions; that is impossible—and vice, with open eyes for life in all its color and variety, would like to reduce it to a mere drab, dreary uniformity—lest to so increase the sympathetic understanding of all classes and kinds of men that rivalry may cease to impede progress, and the work of the world may be done for the joy of doing it, and the labor of the world may be so divided that each man shall live while he works, and his work shall not blunt all his finer perceptions and swamp his keener, more delicate feelings, but shall heighten every power of enjoyment.

This is no mere Utopian dream, but it is the step in progress toward which Western civilization has been stumbling through the centuries. Man has had to learn what his life is; he has had to learn, just as the child learns that fire burns, that the things that burn go beyond his reach and seems so desirable is not really all that it seems, and that once he has grasped it in his

hands it is as like as not to crumble into dust and ashes. And then, when he passes to look, he will see behind him but the mud strain, the feverish anxiety, and in the present he will have but the bitterness of satiety.

What is worth while, then? It is worth while to spend a life in multiplying comforts and luxuries? After all, to have the best of food and the best of drink and the finest shelter is to put oneself on the level of a well-stalled ox or horse. To accumulate money and property, to heap them up and guard them and keep them, is to degrade the intelligence to the level of the bee or the ant. All these things are good; some of them are necessary. Food and drink and proper shelter, work and gain and increase of facilities are the by-products of living; they are necessary; but who mistakes them for the life itself must pay for his error as if it were a sin.

And the life itself? Let us quote from a book we may all be reading in a month or a year from now: "Of a sudden it came to him that life itself was beautiful. Not effort only, not work nor play, success, achievement, wealth or fame or honor, but life itself. To live was good. The hours, the golden hours, were not just empty spaces between two clocktimes, to fill with acts. They were themselves a glory. To sit and let the crystal flow of time pass over him was purest pleasure. Not his life only, but all life was good. To feel the great and glorious stream of the world's life pass on, to be one with Nature and hear her sing. For she goes forward to music. It is not always a battle-chant she moves to. In her song there are all things. The shout of triumph and the cry of those who fall are there; but there are also other notes—the ripple of the river on its stones, the murmur of the trees, the rhythm of the sap that rises in them, the thunder in the hills. It is the song of infinite harmonies."

This is what comes upon us, with a misgiving that is almost a terror, when we pause to think that we stand here in the midst of mortal life and that we shall not pass this way again. Life is infinitely beautiful, and we, if we fail to find it, are, must search for the defect, not around us nor outside us, but in ourselves. And if in our chase for gross things and material things we have outgrown the power to live, to perceive, to enjoy, no mist you the penalty, for Nature is inexorable: we pay for our mistakes to the last not just as we pay for our sins.

But, after all, the outlook is not so black. Mistakes are just the steps of the stairs up which we are climbing. Every time we recognize one for what it is, and call it a step instead of a peak, we move on up. And this generation is just in the act of lifting up one foot off the step of materialism to a step that shall be better worth while. We shall stand next on a plane where we shall realize, as the child who has been burned realizes what fire is, that life is not all in the body, but that life is happiness. And happiness is not bread and meat, nor yet is it sport, nor gaiety, nor excitement, nor rivalry, nor prominence. Happiness is growth and enlargement. He is happy who sees more, who understands more, who effects more this year than last. He is happy who finds his perceptions sharpening, his powers increasing, his sympathies widening, his holinesses branching. He is happiest who includes most life in himself and radiates most life around him.

And how shall he face death who has grown to full stature in this life? If, on this chance journey we call mortal life, he has not only found goodness and security and happiness, but has himself had power to create more goodness and more security and more happiness, shall he believe for an instant that all this can be blotted out of existence by a mere shadow called death? "Lying is hard; but death is easy," wrote a hero, as he lied to death alone at midnight by a flickering camp light. The change, like all strange and new experiences, has its difficulties and pains, and then comes the new adventure, strange and thrilling and surely gladder and greater than the experience we have just exhausted and cast behind us. Death is nothing but just the step above us.

And there is but one more word to this little sermon about what is worth while. Men who are willful and stupid and unworthy for themselves, often enough lay all this aside when they begin to think for their children. There is a truth as indisputable as that fire burns, and it is this: As we choose to-day, so shall our children inherit.

What man is willing to leave his child nothing better than mere material gain? What man does not secretly hope that his child will have real happiness? What man would not, if he could, give his child some part in the joy of the artist's perceptions, some of the peace of the sage, some of the strength of the conqueror? Well, and the moral of this is, as Alice's Duchess used to say: As we choose to-day, not only so shall our life be in the future, but so shall the life be which our children inherit. And so the main business of life is to pause long enough to look around us and reflect and choose wisely what is worth while.

Personal and Pertinent

SENATOR WETMORE of Rhode Island, who has just been re-elected after a troublesome term, is a pleasant legislator, and he

likes his club. He is a Yale man of 1867, and a Columbia College Law School man of 1870. This was when Wetmore was at the head of the school, and when it was demolished in Lafayette Place opposite WILLIAM B. ACADE's house and library. It was in that familiar row with a fine colonnade in front of the second story. Perhaps WETMORE did not learn much law there, but he had good society. Among the men in his class was United States Judge HOLY in eloquence at Yale, too; Judge ISRAHAM of the New York Supreme Court; Judge FRANCIS M. SCOTT, of the same bench; FRANCIS LEVINE STEVENSON, and HAMILTON W. MAHER. The latter's love of literature ruined a great jurist. WETMORE's chief achievement at this time consisted in driving to the law school in his own car and with his own man. Nothing of the kind had ever been seen before by the men from the rustic colleges like Williams and Amherst and Dartmouth and Brown, and they need to wonder if their clients would ever pay for such elegance as that. But while WETMORE never had, nor even desired, any clients, he obtained a United States Senatorship. How much public service Rhode Island demands for this place we do not know. Doubtless enough—just enough. WETMORE is an agreeable adjunct to the library committee, and there is felt to be a fitness between good clothes and well bound books. He is a useful man there, for he has faith in the expert who runs the library, and is not astounded by his requests, as a Senator might be whose sole friend among libraries is that which is kept in the stationery store and from which adorning volumes are borrowed for comely counts. WETMORE knows that big libraries make big demands that ought to be gratified, and he has been a serious assistance to HERBERT PUTNAM, who is making the Library of Congress worth while, worthy of its name. It is a good thing for the library, which is growing in grave even when it is compared with great foreign libraries, that WETMORE should have been selected. It is to be hoped that the Senators will have sense enough to put him back on his old committee.

HARVARD, PA., January 27, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Since nobody else seems to have thought of it, I beg to suggest that what is needed to settle the hospital ship difficulty is the institution of something analogous to that arm of the British service of which KARLINS sings, to wit:

A kind of a bloomin' am-ophosphate,
Doctor and sailor both;

I am, yours in the interests of peace,

H. S.

What For?

Read at the Harvard Dinner in New York, January 31, 1902

By E. S. MARTIN

What do we go to Harvard for?

Our fathers knew of something there
They thought it worth our while to share;
Something we think our boys can't spare,
So they go too; and all the more.

The noble press, "What's it for?"
What's it in Harvard that men misdoct
Twere futile thrift to do without?

Wisdom's there for youth to get;

What is it all about?

Did ever youth learn wisdom yet

But glared at Folly too?

Between the covers of books

Stands knowledge in noble store;

But it's not all there it's every-where;

And to learn to know its books

And find, and use it more and more,

Is what we go to Harvard for.

To get in touch with men, men,

And to get close up to a fern,

To make wise marks with a doubtful pen;

To and to guess, and have it come true,

To learn to make food and drink

With labor and mind and grace;

To learn to live, and learn to think;

And to learn to be happy though free—

These at Harvard seek our Youth,

See in their seeking

And they gain between the vision of truth;

And they play some games with Yale,

If they don't "most always win."

The reason's really shown;

The least at home we're rich in fare

They can't get hungry enough to care

With due concern and enough despair,

Who gets contention's bone.

The Royal Tragedy at Lisbon



The murdered King of Portugal, Carlos I.



The Crown Prince Luis Philippe, killed beside his Father

THE long drawn out political unrest in Portugal has culminated in the assassination of King Carlos and the Crown Prince Luis Philippe in the streets of Lisbon.

The King and Queen, with their two sons, had just returned from Villavieja, where they had attended the annual fair. At the moment when the open carriage which conveyed them had turned into Arsenal Street from the Praça do Comercio, a group of men who had been loitering under the trees rushed forward with carbines and revolvers, which they had concealed under their long cloaks, and poured in a succession of volleys.

The King, pierced through the throat and shoulder by three bullets, fell to the floor of the carriage. The Crown Prince, who tried to rise to his father's assistance, was immediately shot down, while his brother Manuel was wounded in two places. The Queen bravely flung herself before the bodies of her son and husband, and escaped almost miraculously, her hat and bon being pierced by several bullets. The carriage was driven at full speed to the Arsenal, where the King and Crown Prince expired within a few moments. The assassins were at once pursued by the police; three of them were riddled with bullets and the remainder captured.

The courage shown by the Queen was remarkable. She saved the life of her second son by throwing herself before him and beating at the faces of the assassins with her bodice. One of the ruffians was thrust through the body by a cavalry officer, and immediately blew out his brains with a revolver.

The outcome of the tragedy was a strong reaction in favor of the monarchy, personified by the young King Manuel II. Almost simultaneously with the assassination an attack was made upon the house of Premier Franco, in which several men were wounded; but Lisbon as a whole remained quiet and the people appeared stunned by the blow. It is believed that the design of the conspirators was to exterminate the royal family, murder the Premier, and proclaim a republic.

The origin of the political disturbances dates back to last May, when the King dissolved the Chamber by royal decree, in violation of the constitution, and conferred dictatorial powers upon Premier Franco. This action was taken on the ground that the government had fallen into the hands of a clique of spoilers, who took office alternately and held high salaried sinecures; but the King proved to be one of the worst offenders, and his debts were paid out of the country's finances. It was reported that on one occasion he hypothecated the crown jewels in London. The immediate cause of the murder appears to have been a decree issued by the King the day before, giving the Premier unlimited power to repress revolutionary agitation and suspending parliamentary immunity. All persons suspended for political agitation were to be treated as criminals and deprived of civil rights. King Carlos resolutely supported Premier Franco on all occasions.

Nevertheless the murders occasioned the greatest sorrow and sur-

prise. Carlos was by no means a tyrannical ruler. Affable, democratic, he was one of the most popular kings in Europe, especially at the English court. He was a fine athlete until his ponderous bulk got the better of him; he could fire a rifle unerringly with either hand; he painted well, and had a celebrity as a gourmet. The Queen is famous for her medical skill, and on one occasion won a medal for life saving. It is said that on the occasion of a recent visit to England King Edward strongly urged upon her the necessity of inducing her husband to return to a constitutional régime.



The Queen of Portugal and her remaining Son, the new King Manuel, driving to Lisbon in the kind of Carriage in which Carlos and the Crown Prince were Assassinated

The Man Who Heard Voices

By FREDERICK I. ANDERSON



LOOKED against the sky on the crest of a barren hill of sand that rises six hundred feet above the river bottom is the solitary figure of a man kneeling in prayer. Two seraphs recline upon his shoulders, to magnify his loneliness. A living being, he seems as motionless as the trees for hours under the blazing sun; bare-headed, with hands raised, has face upturned, truly his arms more devoutly, like seraphs against the white blue of the sky. There are farmers around him in the valley of the Androscoggin, working in the fields. They have seen his strange figure for days, and the countryside is full of talk of an odd, half-clothed man who has been praying in the pine forest for more than a month.

One of the farmers leaves his horses in the fields and turns toward the sand hill, drawn by curiosity, and something of wonder at pity that knows neither hunger, thirst, nor exhaustion. The farmer climbs up the hill through fourteen inches of loose sand. The solitary figure might not be aware of the intruder, so intense is his devotion. The onlooker sees a man half clothed, and that little in tatters. He is small, wiry, has brown hair and mustache flowing, his head unkempt and knotted. The sun has blistered his forehead, his cheeks are hollow, and under the transparent sunburn is bloodless pallor.

The farmer receives no greeting. Ace takes possession of him, and he returns to his fields, full of wonder. The next day the dark figure again is seen unsmothered against the sky. Again the farmer leaves his horses and plow. He is joined by others at the foot of the hill. Many have seen from a few ways off and wondered. The pioneer of yesterday tells them what he has seen. They watch and wait a short time at the foot of the hill. The solitary worshiper pays no heed, though a fringe of people now surround his sanctuary. Several climb the side of the hill and form a little circle about him. Some are inclined to laugh, but instead they have their hands. Women are joining the group below in the valley. They are gazing upwards and talking excitedly among themselves. Some has an explanation. Children begin to cry and run about. Dogs are barking. A few women climb the hill, timidly, and join the men. Broadly they watch the meekest person.

A woman falls in her knees and prays quietly. A man joins her. A second woman cries. One by one men and women toil up the hill. Now there are a hundred about the lone man, soon two hundred, a few laughing, many praying, but soon all are awed by the mystery. No word is spoken to the throng, and towards evening the curious ones go away, wondering more and more. The next morning the watchers in the fields see him ascending the hill with a wheelbarrow and a few. He reaches the spot where he has made his sanctuary and begins to dig. Again comes the procession across the fields, now spurred by new interest. By two and three and in files the simple farmers tread up the hill, again forming a circle about the pious man. The some consensus of their presence now, but speaks not. He digs and prays alternately.

The onlookers crowd to smile. They listened to the spasmodic prayer. Women were falling to their knees, praying and weeping, at the sound of the hollow voice. At noon

a farmer came up the hill with shovel and wheelbarrow. "Let's give him a lift," he said to his neighbors. Many were willing. When these first recruits volunteered the leader knelt and burst forth in hysterical prayer. All the time the lone penny rested in his hat on the ground beside him. A woman was dropped beside it. Then came a nickel, then a dime. Neighbors told John Henry Douglas about the man on his hill top. When Douglas went there the strange man fell on his knees again.



Prophet Sanford building the Temple

"The Lord has commanded me to build a temple on this hill," he cried. "You are commanded, in the name of the Lord, to give this hill for His Work."

The owner of the hill became interested. He found himself working with a pick and shovel, before the end of the afternoon. The next morning he devoted the hill to its strange claimant.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Douglas.

"Frank W. Sanford."

From such a beginning sprang the Holy Ghost and F's Bible Society, which in less than fifteen years has come to be one of the strongest of many strange religious sects. It has come into possession of lands in all parts of the world valued at more than \$1,000,000; a temple on which the first stroke of work was performed that July day in 1893, in the presence of the curious farmers, valued at \$250,000; a fleet of ships; a bureau of international proselyting; model farms, printing establishments, shoe factories, and other industrial concerns; and converts in the old world as well as in the new ready to give their last dollar at the call of their leader.

Born in Florence in 1862, Sanford passed through a not unusual boyhood, and was sent to Bates College, and later studied in the Yale Divinity School. Before he was sixteen, the spirit that led him on through his strange career in after years, began to whisper to him. But at college he distinguished himself principally as a star pitcher on the college nine. So much of a star twirler was he that when he left college he became captain of a professional nine, and for a season was the hero of the local circuit. Then, as he explained it, finding himself in doubt between professional base ball and professional piety as a career, he chose the latter, and entered the divinity school. He failed of graduation, and his instructors tried to prevent his ordination when he was called to a little church at Topsham. They failed to thwart him. From Topsham he went to Great Falls, New Hampshire, where he received \$1500 a year. Topsham had paid him \$500. His imagination ran riot; varying creeds jangled on his un-settled vision were beginning to talk to him, and his congregation fed and left him alone. He started on a trip around the world, and was shipwrecked on the coast of Palestine, off Cyprus, in February, 1891. A host of passengers was drowned. He attributed the accident of the ship striking a rock to the bad character of the passengers and his own rescue in his faith. He being dragged out of the water he refused baptism. When he revisited the Holy Land in 1896, and again in 1897 and 1898, he met the man who saved his life, a Syrian business of a tourist agency. That man is now a disciple.

Frank W. Sanford returned to Topsham, Maine, in 1893, having discovered in his tour of the world that there are 250,000,000 more heathens than when Christianity was born. He took to the woods, fasting, praying, and listening to voices.

"Amazebaiden!"

"You will change the religious map of the world."

"Yes!"

"That word changed my whole life," said Sanford later. From that moment he recognized neither isle, nor symbol, nor control. To the laughing farmers who worked with him on the hill with his borrowed wheelbarrow — for



Shilo, the Temple and Headquarters of the "Holy Ghost and Un" Society

he borrowed that first wheelbarrow—who asked him to lay off and pitch ball, some of them having recognized the ball-player, he said quietly:

"I am Elijah. I am David the Prince, I am Tamech the Branch, a great forever after the order of Melchizedek."

The power of Sandford's prayers moved two hundred men to toll with him on the hill-top without pay. When the ground was cleared the pious men prayed for money, and his words were like the words of Aaron. Gold flowed. It came chiefly at first, prayers to join the line penny in the hat. Soon the convertible was taken with religion. A farmer in Amestock, S. M. Shaw, and his family became inspired with the idea that they should sacrifice all in the pursuit of spirituality of which Sandford preached. They turned all of their belongings into money, and went to Shiloh. Shiloh was the biblical name the Holy Ghost and its exhorter gave to his sand hill. They arrived on a day when wind-laid, bare-branched and bare-limbed, was at prayer for money. They laid \$8000 at his feet.

"Is there any more?"

There was \$4000 life insurance and \$300 in live hogs.

"Life insurance is sinful. Some are unclean," cried the minister. No art better illustrates the strange obsession of a convert to Sandford so well as the act of Shaw. He destroyed his life insurance policy. He drew his hogs into a swamp and buried them. Retreating to Shiloh, he was greeted with silence. It is the irony of his fate that Shaw and his wife were driven penniless from Shiloh where their children run away from a pestilence of smallpox. The parents were ordered to leave as being under the influence of the devil.

Among others came Stephen Higgins from Levant, a village near Bayside. He, too, converted his goods into cash, and led a fine herd of hogs into the swamp and unnoted his readiness to become an evangelist. He was sent to his native town and began to preach after the manner of the man of Shiloh. Whether because Stephen Higgins was born and raised among them, or because he lacked the insinuating eloquence of speech and silence possessed by the founder of Shiloh, he failed. He was tarred and feathered, tied to a tree, and a torch applied. Stephen escaped in his coat of tar and feathers to Shiloh and told of his martyrdom. In the salvation of the evangelist was seen the first miracle of the new sect. Sandford pointed to the suffering man, and persuaded his followers that divine intervention had prevented the inflammable tar from burning and destroying the preacher.

The goods of Shaw and Higgins were but waxes to the gold that flowed into the hat of the original penny. That original penny was borrowed, by the way, as was the wheelbarrow. Artisans were employed, union wages were paid. From the hole dug on the July day in 1893 a great building arose. Sandford's guild had no room for small things. This house of worship was to seat 20,000 souls. Next time they worshipped in tents. The Bible and the hymnal were the only books at Shiloh.

"The thousands will come," he told his followers. And in later days his words proved true. The temple was to have dormitories, a school; there were to be two towers for prayer. "Let there be no moment of the day or night when prayer is not offered to God." Since March, 1897, there never has been a moment when a worshipper was not at prayer. The towers were planned as a testimony to the miracle of Stephen Higgins and the unborn tur. At times Sandford would disappear. Sometimes he would be heard from in Boston by telegraph, thus:

"Hallelujah! Raised \$9000. Hallelujah!"

Again it would be Brooklyn, Kansas City, New York, or Chicago. Weeks would pass while the devout farmers were harvesting when nothing would stir on the sand hill. Then again there would be a rush of activity. Always came the converts. Women arrived from the far West, a little blind girl from Montgomery, Long Island, who had heard Elijah Sandford possessed the power of healing, a "Brother from Sioux City," who had started East, as he told it safely, to hear his father pray in Pennsylvania, but decided to go first to Shiloh to hear Elijah; converts from far and near, wherever the voice of a proselyter or the closely worded appeal of world-evangelization could reach.

So time passed on until 1899, with buildings on the top of the great hill growing tall and stately. Funds ran low and carpenters, rapidly, left their work. Elijah and his followers mounted the scaffolding and took their places. "The beautiful was that it all is that when my people clutch a shroud instead of a nail they sing psalms of praise," said Sandford.

Sundown of August 18, 1899, was set as the time to dedicate the temple. At daybreak the country roads were deep in dust

from the farm wagons that drew to the hill. Shiloh was black with people, men, women, and children. Some were believers, some were not. They had heard that a miracle was to be worked that day. Elijah, the Prince of David, had announced that the magnificent temple would not be consecrated to the work of God until every penny of debt had been paid. This, on the morn of the day when sunset was to see the fanning of four banners from the four corners of the temple! The debt was \$20,000. The Prophet, for so he was fond of styling himself, just talked—talked of the needs of Shiloh, quietly at times, in a frenzy of passion at others, but talked, talked, talked, all morning, all afternoon. He was applauded each gift and itemized it. The devout sang: "There's a plenty, yes, a plenty, is the Father's bank above."

"Just a little penny," said Elijah, gazing down at the great throng. He held up the penny, tears of joy in his eyes. Then he prayed that God might take that cent and work his way. When he ceased to pray people crowded around. Giving is a strange malady, a contagion. Farmers placed fat rolls of greenbacks on the table. Women emptied their pocketbooks of silver. Others gave watches, jewelry, valuables of every kind. There were rings and silver spoons. A clerk apportioned each gift and itemized it. The devout sang:

"There's a plenty, yes, a plenty, is the Father's bank above."

The men from Sioux City got there just in time to deposit his mile after travelling more than a thousand miles. A woman walked from Boston to save \$10 which she put on the plate. Towards sunset, an aged woman went forward, and whispered in the Prophet's ear. He answered, she nodded, and she counted out \$46. "Praise His Holy Name," cried Elijah. "The mountain has been moved into the sea." Sandford arose, stretched forth his hands and prayed, while the crowd knelt like a field of grain bowing to a hurricane.

The four flags were taken in the evening breeze; the white flag of Victory, the blue flag of Israel, the Stars and Stripes, and the English Cross of St. George. The stars were cut from Mrs. Sandford's wedding dress. "And now," said Sandford, "even with that \$20,000 facing me, I feel so easy and unconcerned that I am going to hitch up the team and drive over to Lisbon Falls and have my hair cut."

A few weeks later the Prophet received a letter from Durham, in which township Shiloh is located, transferring the property



Frank W. Sandford, his Wife, and the "Holy Ghost and Us" Banner

of Shiloh to God Almighty, "to have and to hold for His works," naming himself and his elders as trustees. The instrument, filed in the Androscoggin County records, is unique. In the jubilee of the dedication of the temple seventy followers of the Prophet were



The Tent where the first Meetings were held

so inspired by his zeal that they started forth penniless, "without staff or script," to evangelize the world. Converts flocked to them. Money came from all quarters. The mails comprised three bags a day. There came a horse trader with four white horses and a chariot, a printer with a plant to print *Tongues of Flame*, a shoemaker to start a factory, a butcher, a baker, artisans, and mechanics of every trade. Later an electric road and a wooden mill, and, in 1868, the little town of Durban arose to find that Elijah and his followers controlled the political destinies of the township, and had named the school board and the supervisors. Elijah was the boss.

"We will have a fleet of ocean liners to carry the Word to the heathen and the unbeliever," said the Prophet. His people, having seen, believed. The fleet started with a rehabilitated brigantine. It cruised the islands off the coast of Maine and Eastport to Kittery. The good fishermen of Drain Island stoned the missionaries, and drove them back to the sea. On Beal Island, near Jonesport, so intense was the zeal of a family of converts that they wished to sacrifice their little child on an altar of fire. Boston was found to be ripe for evangelization, and hundreds of converts became disciples. The village of Ridge Mills, near Utica, New York, was almost depopulated by a pilgrimage of believers, who thought to see the end of the world from the top of the far-famed sand hill. Brooklyn was less hospitable. After Elijah had baptized seven converts on a cold winter day, he was driven out of his hall for non-payment of rent. He declared the city unregenerate, and said it would be destroyed by fire. New York was barren.

There were rough places in the path of the Prophet. His indomitable will overcame them. A hard winter brought the Prophet to the study of economics. He acquired arable land in the valley, and farmers near by who did not adopt the faith and give their all to the cause drove shrewd bargains with Sandford. Soon he owned twenty farms in the valley. One farmer who refused to sell was pronounced as possessed of the devil.



Followers of Sandford helping to build the Temple

Meantime, as Shiloh grew rich in money and disciples, the outside world heard of miracles. The Prophet persuaded his people that he raised a woman from the dead, Oliver A. Mills, and she corroborated it; that he cured a case of blindness, that he re-

moved scrofula, that he caused a shrunk leg to grow, and that he cured cancer. In the twenty-one months covering this period of miracles there were six deaths from small-pox at Shiloh, two from diphtheria, and twelve from other diseases, among an average of 300 members of the colony. The revival of such miracle added wealth and converts throughout the world. Charged with manslaughter in the death of a child without medical attendance from diphtheria, Sandford fought through three trials, one a conviction, and went free. He was convicted of cruelty to his own son, John the Baptist as he called him; some of his followers turned against him, among others the horse trader, who wanted his white horses and chariot back. Forty days of prayer was the penance for the Prophet for all ills. Forty days of fasting was an uncommon, and to this system of penance was laid many of the charges of cruelty against Sandford.

Governor Cobb directed an investigation of Shiloh in 1906. The investigators found well-ordered buildings, and absolute discipline, and so few malcontents to give information against the Prophet that the investigation came to nothing. It became Sandford's dream to establish a Kingdom in the Holy Land, and make it the centre of his scheme of world evangelization. The gift of a house in Jerusalem, and at Joppa broad acres on which a city could thrive, furthered the idea, and he hastened to acquire vessels. There are three sailing ships in the "fleet." They comprise the "Kingdom Yacht Club," which some of the followers thought a sportive title. For that matter, there are a dozen horses in Sandford's stables that can trot 2:30 or better.

The secret of the remarkable rise of Sandford is his infinite personal force. His gray eyes have been described as magnetic. He has been called a paragon by several alienists, yet none of them have been able to give a satisfactory explanation of his extraordinary hold on his followers.

He is insistent, persistent, despotic. He will brook no opposition to his will, which is absolute law at Shiloh—which has been absolute law since the day, fifteen years ago, when he turned



Sandford exhorting his Disciples to finish the Temple

the first spadeful of sand on the hill-top. His whole life has been one of intense individualism. In his baseball days he was the absolute boss of the team; in his college days his companions had to stand with him or fall before him. When an idea obtained ascendancy in his mind, he worked it out to its conclusion as he saw the conclusion. He did not seek, nor did he accept, advice. Coupled with this intense egotism the development of the belief that he, like Moses, Muhammad, and Jean d'Arc, was divinely inspired, and had direct communication from the Deity, that the voices he heard were as real as the whispering leaves of the trees in the forest, where he prayed and communed, and you have an explanation of the man. The one idea that he was sent obsessed him. Nothing could daunt him. Fierce at times, gentle as a weeping woman at others, he pleaded, entreated, begged, stormed, and raged. Intensely human, with humor, with none of the scornful spirit that has marked his prototypes, he was a man above all to his people. His unlimited self-confidence caused his followers not to limit their confidence in him.

The psychology of the contagion of faith that met him is not difficult of analysis. It is a state of mind common in country communities, similar, though more restrained, to the hysteria of a Georgia negro camp meeting. The French describe it as "Folie à Deux," a term for which we have no equivalent.

Early in December Sandford was at St. Thomas, returning from the Holy Land with seventy of his followers in two ships, the *Cowart* and the *Kingdom*. For many weeks the two frail vessels were storm tossed, and their appearance at the West Indian port was taken as another indication of divine indulgence by the worshippers at Shiloh.

During his absence a sentiment has crystallized against Shiloh. Prophet Sandford is said to fear that an effort will be made to declare him insane if he returns. He has declared that he will live permanently in the Holy Land with all of his sect who will follow there to further the propaganda.

Thirty Years After

TWO VIEWS OF THE SAME SECTION OF NEW YORK FROM THE TOP OF THE BROOKLYN TOWER OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE



NEW YORK'S SKYLINE OF 1877



THE SKYLINE OF 1908

THIRTY years is a brief space in the life of the average city, but the changes that have been wrought by the growth of New York during that period are so startling that mere description of them seems beyond comprehension. Even with the aid of the pictures here presented it is difficult to believe that these are actual photographs, taken from the same point of view, of the same section of New York as it has appeared within the lifetime of men who are still young. The one presents a mass of small buildings which seem poor, almost squab, by comparison with the gaunt craggy towers that stand closely arrayed in the other.

In the early photograph the *Trinity* building, (marked C in each photograph), the Post-office (H) in each picture, and the towering spires of Trinity Church (A) and St. Paul's Chapel (D) stand boldly against the skyline. In the picture of to-day the *Trinity* tower still appears, thanks to a recent thrust heavenward by the builders, but only the top of the cupola of the Post-office can be discovered by careful scrutiny, while both the churches have been swallowed in the great steel and stone canyons devoted to commerce and finance. The St. Paul building (D in the lower

picture) of the present day so far outstrips the old chapel in height that the house of worship viewed from the roof of its gigantic neighbor seems but little more than an ancient stain of rusty brown upon the flinty ground.

The curious who explore the 1868 photograph for some trace of Trinity's spire will find no vestige of it whatever. The Empire building both dwarfs and obscures it from view. It is somewhere below the arrow extending downward from the letter A.

A forecast of the city's future development may be had by a glance at the Park Row building (marked E), which for a decade was the loftiest office building in the world, but now stands sadly reduced in rank by the gaunt steel ribbed Singer building, indicated by F.

The most impressive circumstance in the contrast of the photographs is the disappearance from view of the Hudson River and the Orange Mountains of New Jersey, which, easily visible in 1877, are now screened out of the picture by the curtain of vast edifices. Another disappearance, almost as startling, is that of the ships which, in 1877, carried American goods around the world, and of which in the 1908 photograph no trace can be discovered.

Washington's Surprising Ancestor

By CAROLINE TICKNOR




 and justifies the means." This motto, from the coat of arms of Washington, will no doubt flash into the minds of certain enthusiastic admirers of the Father of his Country who glances at the accompanying geographical title, which is England's latest contribution to the oft-quoted question of Washington's ancestry.

"Let no man fancy he knows sport," said the late Moncreif D. Cowley, "unless he has family trees of his own." Doubtless the same may be said of clever scholars and antiquarians of America who have tried their hands at this "sport." It has remained for a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society of England, Rev. Frederick W. Hagg, to contribute to us the latest interesting revelation regarding the ancestry

Barring those that champion the truly democratic standpoint, less prevalent to-day than it was in 1629, which accords to connect itself with old-world titles and alibis royalty, there remain many liberal souls among us who do not grudge to one who was acknowledged first in war and first in peace a share in the homage accorded the first family of England.

Edward I. was himself a mighty warrior, and firm in many of his opinions. He was involved in the Turke, during that last crusade ever embarked on by England's kings, and when the throne became his own he successfully carried out his project of uniting England, Scotland, and Wales. He brought the famous Stone of Scone to Westminster Abbey, and under him England became a mighty nation. He was a monarch wise and great, even though he had little leaning towards democratic government and no sympathy especial towards the Magna Charter. Edward Longshanks was a great king, and his reign was followed by his descendants, George, of kinder bearing and equally keen, for

That this direct line of descent has not until now been established may seem a bit surprising in view of the exhaustive research that has been devoted to the Washington ancestry. The reason is, however, not difficult to understand when one reflects that such research has been concerned exclusively with the male line, while this royal blood is introduced into the family by Margaret Butler, who married Laurence Washington in 1598.

Margaret Butler's married Laurence Washington in 1988. Mr. Worthington Chaffery Ford and others who have made a special study of the Washington pedigree, trace the line back to John Washington of Whitfield Ave generations back of the aforementioned Laurence and his wife Margaret. These students state that this Margaret Butler was the daughter of William Butler of Tipton, Sumner, but do not follow the Butler pedigree back of this point. Here Mr. Eggz has taken up the quest, and after careful study of old records, tombstones and entries in church registers, has proved that William Butler, father of Mrs. Laurence Wash-

Reference to the above genealogical tree just completed by Mr. Bazzy and verified since its arrival in America by various genea-

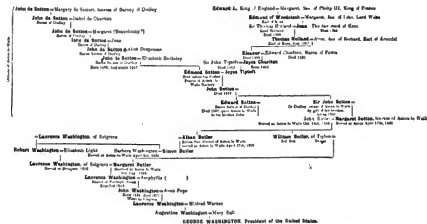
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great-great-grandson of Edward I. Plantagenet, the
Frederick of the Northamptonshire, with
when wrote the *eredit* of making this discom-
patriarch with a keen interest in the architecture of the English
parish churches, in the restoration of which he has done some
notable work. While rector of a certain church in the south of
England he was, for twenty-five years upon his self appointed
task of restoring the twelfth century church, the tower of which
and also since cutting in order personally to aid in repairing the
nave and choir of the church. At the end of this laborious under-
taking Mr. Rogers university presented this church with a stained
glass window in token of the appreciation awakened by his ac-
complishments.

Having removed to the lovely Midland country which was the home of the ancestors of Washington and Franklin, as well as of the Bard of Avon, Mr. Ragg, who had on account of ill health resigned from active parish work, became interested in the restoration of the church of St. Andrew, which is situated in the hamlet of Le Walle, Northamptonshire. The architecture of which, as well as its historic associations, made its preservation particularly desirable, although the possibility of such an accomplishment seemed dubious in a poor parish with a population of but 170 souls. Mr. Ragg, however, was not deterred by this, and he has been a noble example of early church architecture. Mr. Ragg has taken up the work with enthusiasm and has done much towards raising the necessary funds, of which some \$5000 is yet needed to complete the work. The cost of the restoration is estimated at £10,000, the balance of the work is already well advanced, and it is likely to mean the revival of the town in general.

of the subject in question.

It was particularly agreed by the association of this church with the Washington family. Here on the parish register stands the record of the marriage on August 3, 1588, of Laurence Washington with Margaret Butler, who was the great-great-grandmother of George Washington, and who by her marriage united the royal blood of England with that of the house of York. It was also agreed that Mr. and Mrs. Butler were the first discoverers while casually investigating the ancestry of Margaret Butler, whose forebears were closely associated with this locality. Step by step he mounted Margaret's family tree, and found by careful research that she was a direct descendant of Edward I., as he learned from the accompanying chart, which he has placed in the album. He said that he was not a native of this country, but that his heart is in the absorbing work of restoration which he is struggling to accomplish, but he makes no appeal to this country for financial aid. He cannot but hope, however, that transatlantic interest may do a little something towards furthering the preservation of the old buildings, and that the people of this country will be so sensible as to make their own share towards the work.



The Family Tree which demonstrates the Descent of George Washington, showing him to be the great-great-grandson of King Edward I. of England.

President of the United States a lineal descendant of the kings of England.

Not many miles from Aston-le-Walls, in the village of Great Brington, is another notable church containing many memorials of the Washington family. Among the most interesting of these is the epitaph of Laurence Washington and his wife Margaret; this is on a stone in the pavement of the chancel, on which the Washington arms, impaled with those of his wife (Margaret Butler), are deeply sculptured. The inscription is as follows:

"Here lieth the body of Laurence Washington, squire & heir of Robert Washington of Soulgrave in the county of Northampton, Esquire, who married Margaret, the eldest daughter of William Butler of Tere in the county of Sussex, Esquire, who had issue by her 8 sons & 9 daughters, which Laurence deceased the 13 of December A. D. 1616."

According to this record, this union of the house of Plantagenet with that of Washington was productive of seventeen children, a goodly family, to be sure, to have blessed the twenty-eight years of married life vouchsafed this distinguished couple ere the taking off, in 1616, of Laurence, who was survived by his wife some twenty years.

The quiet antiquarian does indeed find more than mere "sermons in stones," for he reads there lost pages of history which may be sought in vain in countless musty books. Yet he who reads



The Church of St. Leonard at Aston-le-Walls, Northamptonshire, England, where were found the Records establishing the Fact of Washington's Royal Lineage



The Tombstone at Great Brington, England, marking the Burial Place of George Washington's Ancestors, Laurence Washington and Margaret Butler, his Wife, and bearing their united Arms. Here may be seen the Stars and Stripes often referred to as significant on Washington's Coat of Arms

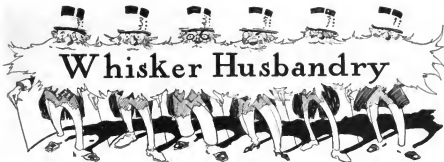
those wins usually little credit compared with him who writes down something though he it is who really provides the most valuable copy.

If after studying the accompanying document the democratic scuffer cries aloud that it does not add to the prestige of Washington, this descent from mere royalty, one may respond: "Quite true, the fame of Washington stands by itself, so royal pedigree can better it; but what is to hinder Washington from doing something for the Kings of England? Even the democratic scuffer must look with more indulgence on despised royalty which can bring forth a lusty son like George Washington."

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S INTEREST IN THE ENGLISH WORKINGMAN



THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE DUCHESS PASSING THE GUARD OF HONOR OF TRAMWAY MEN DRAWN UP TO RECEIVE HER WHEN SHE SPONSORED A BALL FOR THE TRAMWAY BROTHERHOOD AT KENSINGTON



Whisker Husbandry

By HENRY UNDERWOOD, D. W.*

DRAWINGS BY DAN SAYRE GROSSBECK

THIS is the time of year when wise men look to their whiskers. More real and lasting good can be done to the crop during this month than at any other period. The careless and improvident may suitably put off until to-morrow the pruning and moulting that should be done today; the flippant may in their blindness go so far as to jest.

The following suggestions on whisker cultivation are not intended for the improvident or the flippant. Such persons are respectfully asked not to read them.

These helpful hints are the outcome of many years of patient toil and incessant devotion to the gentle art of whiskerage. They are addressed to serious whisker devotees, or whiskerers, not triflers.

For the sake of impressing upon all our whiskerers the importance of early attention to the sprouts, shoots, and tendrils, I shall not rest content with quoting the immortal Alexander Pope, who wrote:

Just as the stubble's bent
the whisk's inclined.

My admonition is not sufficient unless reinforced by concrete example. A careless neighbor of mine near Kokomo, Indiana, raised a few years ago as fine a field of No. 1 Red Wavy Winter whiskers as ever delighted the eyes of the connoisseur.

He put them in the Whiskers Show that fall, and certainly they were blue ribbon winners for length, conformation, and glossiness. But Henry didn't even get a v. h. e. f. a. got the gate. And why?

Because the whiskers were bent. Henry's whisker plantation was on the lake shore, where the prevailing breeze was southwest, so his whiskage was all bent to the northwest. Had he erected proper windbreaks around the sprouts at this time of year, as I often warned and begged him, he would not be to-day an unkempt, lorn wanderer, ever hoping against hope that some day his distorted No. 1 Wavy Winter lines will straighten.

Let us remember that eternal vigilance is the price of whiskers. Give them a good start now, and by the time the first blizzard carols they will repay your kindness by blooming in marvellous beauty.

The coldest time of winter is the best time to prune the whiskers. If pruning is delayed until after the sap is running, the result may be a failure of gloss or tasselling when the crop is ripe for harvest.

In the case of exhibition whiskers, cut out all the old stock and thin out the poor shoots. In thinning out the shoots remember that you want to keep the branches open enough so that the wind can get at every part. The wind does more for the foliage than anything else. The advantage of cutting off old growth now is that there is no danger of breaking off good spines from the living stalks.

* D. W.—Defender of the Whisker.

Young climbing whiskers ought to be cut back to a strong eye, and the side shoots pruned so grape vines are pruned, that is, a couple of eyes from the stem.

In all trimming, be sure that the stems are cut cleanly. Mother and the girls ought to help in the work of pruning and training father's whiskers. It will keep them away from unprofitable club meetings, and cultivate a taste for the beautiful. Besides, such gentle employment fills the heart of man with admiration.

It is possible that some of our whiskerers are not familiar with

hotteds and forcing frames as applied to the cultivation of whiskers, and for their benefit I shall now briefly describe the device I invented last winter, by the use of which I was enabled to win first prize at our own county fair in Class A—Homegrown, early ripe whiskers—for length, strength and glossiness. Let me confess that it is not modesty which impels me to ascribe my gorgeous whiskers to the forcing frame, but rather it is honest pride in the mind which invented the frame, and thus relieved a longfelt want among those who would grow longwhibbed whiskers.

Edison, I think, was the discoverer of the principle that whiskers can be grown in hotteds under glass, but as Edison does not wear whiskers he did not develop the idea. A casual remark of his led me to realize the concept last winter. Let me urge the thoughtful and forerhanded whiskerers to give my method a trial.

First, prepare the whisker-bed by close shaving. Then for the forcing frame. Any handy man can build one out of an old soap box, and the glass can be had for a trifle. After constructing the frame and glazing it, hang it from the head with a wire strap, insert the chin, close the door—and whisk. Be sure not to let the glass come within two feet of the whiskers, for too great a concentration of the sun's rays is apt to scorch the whiskage and turn it to a sickly yellow. Modification of color schemes may be obtained by using varicolored glass in the forcing frame. Green glass, oddly enough, will produce blue whiskers, yellow glass very red whiskers, and pink glass adds a deep metallic lustre to blacks. My brother Silas, thanks to the use of nicely adjusted colored glasses in his forcing frame, won a special prize at the fair with only a few yards of whiskage. Everybody thought his exhibit was a handsome crazy quilt until Silas explained it was whiskers.

Remember that, like all living things, whiskers need air. Whenever the day is mild and fine, raise the top of the frame a little and air the whiskers. I know of no more touching sight than that presented by a careful old gentleman walking southward on a pleasant February forenoon with the top ask of his whisker forcing frame slightly raised to give the whiskage air, while with open umbrella he keeps off any nipping breezes that may stray from the cold north.



The whiskers were bent



What Silas grew



Close the door and—wait

Many whiskerees and relatives of whiskerees have written to me seeking guidance and consolation. Most of the points raised have been already treated or *are* will be treated in these columns; but here is a cry from a tender soul whose plight is shared by many, and therefore deserves immediate notice:

"We are in a sad dilemma," she writes, "and look to you for advice. When father puts away his whiskers for the spring, how shall we treat them?"

Carefully, dear child, carefully. More good whiskers have been spoiled by careless storage than in any other way. Some authorities advise doing them up in curl papers. This custom was followed by the ancient Babylonians, as can be seen by a glance at their portraits in the Metropolitan Museum. I think the use of curl papers is risky, because the whiskers may become

so tightly matted that the owner can't breathe. And of what use are the most beautiful curly ambrosial whiskers to one who can't breathe? My advice is putting whiskers away for the winter is to wrap the hanks or skeins in old newspaper and tar paper alternately. Sprinkle a little salt over them to keep them sweet, and there you are, all snug and secure till spring.

Our renowned friend the illustrious Herr Professor Weissenschwam, of the University of Gooznigau, has perfected a system of whisker storage that is peculiarly adapted to those whose daily activities prevent their indulging in newspaper and tar paper packing. The Herr Professor was an enthusiastic yachtsman in his youth, and learned how to make all the intricate knots that old sailors know. He advises for the average business man a combination of sheepshanks, running bowlines, and cloveknots with occasional use of the Figure 8 knot. These make for grace no less than for compact and easy carriage. The Figure 8 knot is the easiest to arrange as well as the most majestic and beautiful. To prepare it take three strands of whiskage and roll them in contrary directions so they will grip one another when they are cable laid. Now take the whisk cable in both hands, and by a few deft movements tie it in a knot that can be made to look like a Figure 8 or a pretzel, according to the taste and fancy of the wearer. Repeat, until all the whiskage is used up.

Members of the Stock Exchange, and other very busy men who venture among pushing throngs where the vandal whisker pullsers lurk for their prey, will do well to arrange their whiskage in the Turk's Head or Mathew Walker knot. The directions for making these knots are too complicated to be printed here, but any old



"Sir, you are standing on my whiskers!"

sailor will show you how the thing is done in a few minutes. The great advantage of this style of whisker furling is its great compactness, for all the strands, down to the finest fibres, are rolled, tied, and made fast in a solid, gnarled mass that defies alike the touch of time and the tweak of the tormentor. One asks:

"Will you tell me what to do when some one steps on my whiskers? Every evening when I join in the Subway rush for a direct express on the City Hall platform some ruthless hustler steps on my whiskers and causes me much pain and annoyance."

I must confess that I do not approve of wearing whiskers on trains, as foolish women sometimes wear trailing skirts. The same objections, artistic and hygienic, apply to both practices. But if you must wear them long and trailing—*for* who can guinea the

whims of the whisker!—then let me beg that before you enter the Subway you reverse spinstaker labyrinths to them, away then up all standing, head bent on your elevators and belays. But if even these devices do not appeal to you, and you still insist upon wearing your whiskage intact, here is your course: When the ruthless hustler steps on your whiskers, stand perfectly still, and in clear, firm tones say to him: "Sir, you are standing on my whiskers!" If he does not then move off, throw a loop of the strongest face vine over his head and yank him out of the way. Life will be too surprised to show resentment.

Possibly, Brethren, your whiskers are very fine and silky. Their profusion suggests that quality. If that be the case, beware of those when you sleep, and be sure to fasten them high on a trellis or spreader. For if not, you may breathe in a lot of the fine whiskage some night and choke to death. If they are red, your danger is all the greater, for Hæm was right when he wrote: "He that inhales red whiskers inhales fire!"

Many inquiries have been made as to the best way of ridding whiskers of the moths. For a time mothballs were tried with a fair degree of success, but since the recent experiments in the United States Department of Agriculture these have been entirely superseded by this formula:

B

Gasoline
Ammonia
Turps

Sil

34j

ad. lib.

Sig: Mixt. rub well in, strike a match, and apply.

BUILDING A RAILROAD ON PANAY ISLAND IN THE PHILIPPINES



A Pile-driver at Work at the Track-head Ten Miles north of Iloilo

Natives Working for the on-coming Track-layers Thirty-five Miles north of Iloilo

This road is to connect Iloilo with Capiz, a distance of about 100 miles. Although grading is done almost entirely with picks, shovels, bar-levers, and wheelbarrows, the cost is surprisingly low, much less than the cost of similar work in the United States, where excavating machinery is used. The laborers receive twenty-five cents a day, and are fed by the railroad company.

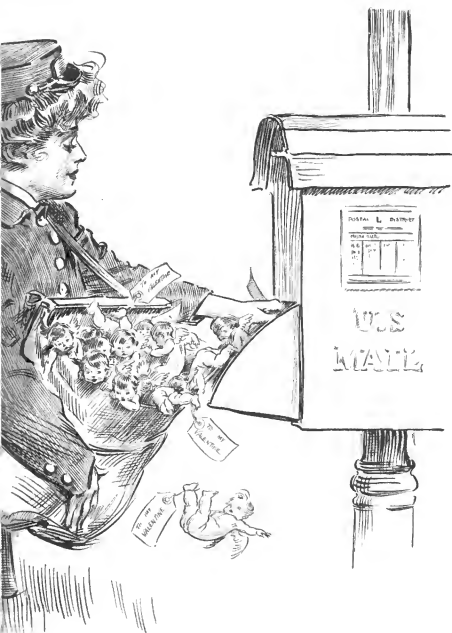


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

FIRST-CL

DRAWN BY JAMES

Digitized by Google



ASS MAIL

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Hegira of Sing

By H. R. SPENCER

DRAWINGS BY H. E. TOWNSEND



"Done!" said Schmitt

IF wooden natmeg or bone pepper mill flew over flourished in the Fatherland, Schmitt should have been crowned king of them all. My observations of the man and his methods in Port Arthur before the war justify me, I think, in making this statement. But, he was nothing if not progressive, and it is not of his petty achievements that I wish to tell. In Port Arthur they are still talking about the grand coup he planned, and of how it was carried through to a successful conclusion.

At the time of which I speak, Schmitt had captured

the hearts of the military by his jovial activities, and had become the social hub around which the social spokes revolved. Then a man was judged by his storage ability; and for the various and sundry brats on the Manchuria market Schmitt had a capacity like a bulk-oil freighter.

Moreover, he had a good, solid, North Country headpiece, so firmly set on his vast shoulders that the highest tide of burgerlicks here could not budge it from its base. Vasilievitch, the Russian colonel who used to be the champion sharber, tried conclusions with Schmitt a few times, but always floated away from his moorings, and finally resigned his title, and became thenceforth a humbled but ardent adviser of that mighty man.

Schmitt flourished in those prosperous days, and the adulterated foods, French wines, German beers, and other necessities of life which he supplied to the Russian lordlings enjoyed a tremendous popularity. Vasilievitch was really responsible for this satisfactory state of affairs, for he let the contracts for all supplies of the kind. He exacted the usual Russian "squeeze," and Schmitt his one per cent., so both seemed satisfied, loved each other apparently, and became bosom companions. There where the colonel made a mistake. He was all kinds of a rip-roaring good fellow, but he allowed valuable information to spill over from time to time that should have reposed forever in his faithful breast. Governmental secrets thus came into the possession of Schmitt the asscragulous. Every rainbow dream of mile high stacks of rubles lured to slumber every night that acquisitive, deceitful, thieving, tricky, treacherous son of Gismirinus. In an old, yellow bank in his native city he had what he called his Hamburg stake, which consisted of a goodly store of ill-gotten gold, drawing interest and awaiting his return.

On the other hand, Vasilievitch was generous in a fault, and spent his money like the royal prodigal he was. Schmitt shared the Colonel's pleasures, took delight in his company, and accepted his hospitality, but clung to his own cash like a burdock to a

little woolly lamb. And so it was wine, feasting and song to an unconceivable degree, and both of the warlike were having the times of their lives. But one bright day it changed, as all things will, and this is the way it came about.

At four o'clock on that calamitous afternoon the Colonel closed with Schmitt a monster deal for army supplies, and to celebrate it they repaired straightway to a drink emporium. In a retired corner they talked things over again, meanwhile consuming just enough liquor to raise their spirits to a never-mind pitch. Soon they had not a care in the wide, wide world—all was merriment, roars, and merriment, and the more good friends who came in to join them in a draught, the more cars free they became. In fact, Vasilievitch became downright reckless.

"I tell you what," said he, his mind reverting to a former occasion when the same convivial crowd sat grouped around the same table; "I let you a thousand rubles for a drink more beer than you this one."

"Done," said Schmitt. "I take it."

Rabecis could have described the toast that ensued. I cannot. Suffice to say that at the end of three hours of strenuous application Schmitt was still bright-eyed and rosy cheeked, whereas poor Vasilievitch sank back in his armchair with a gurgling cry of "No more!"

"Get him to his room at once," said one, and this they did with the assistance of some Chinamen, with a wheelbarrow.

"What has happened I don't know, but I order it," said Schmitt. "Leave me to him;" and he waved the crowd from the house.

Schmitt addressed the unfortunate fellow to the accompaniment of a string of sputtering, gasping, choking protestations, and placed him on a couch.

"I'm down," murmured the Colonel, feebly.

Schmitt worked harder than any coal-heaver. He was past master of all the arts of first aid to the injured in a struggle with the amber tide. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing the Colonel established in comfort upon his bed, where he snark forthwith into deep sleep. Poor, poor Petrosky Makaroff Vasilievitch! His life was saved, but at what a price!

And now Sing makes his appearance. Sing was a Shanghai man, bright as a shiny brass button, and crooked as a hopline gone wrong. Schmitt and he were afterwards together, and together they had pulled off many and many a shady deal. They met presently in the street, exchanged a few words, and at seven that evening Schmitt alid through the side entrance to Sing's house. Dinner was ready, and the two sat down.

"What time?" asked Sing, munching a fifty-two-year-old egg. His beady black eyes were two glittering interrogation points.

"Fine pigdin," said Schmitt. "This time have catches telegraph code and plans all garrisons Manchuria Siberia side."

"How much?" inquired Sing, significantly, jumping at once to the gist of the matter.

"What think?"

"Meble one lot, meble two lot, a'pose can do."

"Two lot. One b'long my, one b'long Sing," said Schmitt.

Sing turned to his dinner with a thoughtful air. Picking up the end of a strip of duckskin, he put it between his teeth and snapped it out of sight with a noise like a banana man denouncing mavericks. Schmitt toyed with the shark's fins, and culled for beer.

"Who b'long?" asked the Chinaman.

"Vassilievitch,"

Sing gave a few exhibitions of sword-juggling with his chopsticks, stared up his ris a'rie thoughtfully, and finally remarked, "I can do." Whereupon Schmitt delivered into his keeping a fat bundle of papers, and vanished.

That night Schmitt laid himself down on his feather bed with a contented mind. Flow dreams of mile high stacks of rubles lulled him to a sound and soothing sleep. When morning came he awoke at the usual time, shaved himself, took his shower, and climbed into his clothes better satisfied with himself than ever before in his life. He was gay, very gay, and he softly murmured, "The Blot wie

Sing

Elise Blume" as he was sitting down to his fruit, porridge, fish, ham and eggs, steak, cold beef, hot rolls and coffee. The morning paper indicated the probability of war with Japan in the very near future, and Schmitt's agile mind immediately conceived the idea of setting a price of three lacs instead of two on the papers he had placed in the hands of Sing. Why not? Japan would pay the price. If they were worth it to the Japs, why not the same amount to the Russians? Why not, indeed! But suddenly there came a knocking at his chamber door, and his chain of thought was thereby broken. "Hervin!" he called, and Vaselinovitch entered, pale, haggard, and groaning pitifully with every step he took. Schmitt welcomed him, and drew up another chair.

"Ah, to-day I die," moaned the poor Colonel. "I am come to express my farewell. The night that passed I cannot sleep, but, my friend, I owe my wretched life to you, and for that I express my deepest gratitude. Ah, had I but died and ended all! General Robberofsky gave me some important papers to deliver for him, and they're lost—lost! I forgot all about them, and they have gone from my pocket forever. At six o'clock Robberofsky is shooting himself, and I join him if the papers are not found. The General says he cannot live longer, since he should have delivered the papers himself to the Commandant. Instead of trusting them to a fool like me. So here can I live! I die!"

Schmitt had been thinking. "Why not offer a reward?" he asked. "Ah, and then every one would find out. It is that which must be avoided. It is the disgrace to the General and to me about which we must think. Still, we would pay, we would pay gladly. My good friend, my dear friend, I commendation you to spend anything, everything, for their recovery. I beseech you to find them. Will you not do so for me?"

"I will try, but I must think, my dear Vase; so leave me now, and I will call on you at two o'clock. I have your authority in spread as much as three hundred thousand rubles for the papers, yes? Well, then, I will ask you to sign a letter I shall prepare."

Schmitt disappeared for a few moments. When he returned he held a letter in his hands. This the Colonel signed, and departed.

As Schmitt closed the door on his visitor a large smile of jubilation lit up his beery face, and he leaped into the air and clapped his feet together in ecstatic thrills of joy.

"Too good; too easy!" he confided to the room at large. "Now to tell Sing, and at two o'clock I take the money."

Sing was indulging in a little opium preparation to having a few rosy ruble dreams of his own, when Schmitt burst in upon him, all breathless and eager. The Chinaman grunted and stolidly waved his visitor to a dark, backless seat of iron.

"What thing?" he inquired, languidly. "Can make any paper when two o'clock. You give me paper back now, I settle by word by."

"No can do. My first have look up. S'pose you pay one lac, can catch. S'pose you no pay, no can catch."

"By and by can pay," said Schmitt, angrily. "Sing, this no thing white man fashion. Before never have hobby, Sing. What thing happen now?"

But Sing wasn't in the mood for argument. There was a steamer leaving at three and Sing knew it. He was afraid Schmitt knew it too, and he wisely decided it would be just as well to get his share on the transaction before giving the papers up.

"Sing, I pay you four o'clock. First must catch papers, then can settle."

"No can do," reiterated Sing the sly.

Schmitt was furious, and finally left in high dodginess. What a blithering idiot he had been! Of course, if Vaselinovitch had not come to him he should have been obliged to use Sing in effecting the sale of the papers, but as it was, he was simply throwing away a hundred thousand rubles.

"I will strain a point," he said to himself. "I will go to the bank, borrow this money for Sing, and when Vase digs up I will return it again."

So he went to the bank and obtained a big collection of nice new paper bills. Sing was out when Schmitt reached his shop, but he had left word to wait, so he would not be gone long. Schmitt fumed and stewed around until two forty-five, when Sing reappeared.

"Here's your money," shouted Schmitt. "Give me the papers."

Sing counted the bills deliberately, and thrusting them into a pocket somewhere in the depths of his house, he walked to the safe and turned the combination. He handed the papers to Schmitt, who examined them hurriedly, saw that all was right, and tore from the room. The banks closed at three o'clock, and there was no time to be lost if he was to get his money that day. Colonel Vaselinovitch and General Robberofsky were in the General's apartments when Schmitt entered.

"My dear Schmitt," they



Sing finally remarked, "Can do"

cried in unison as they embraced him and covered his face with kisses. "You have saved our lives! It was so kind of you to find those papers! Sing brought them to us only a few minutes ago, saying you had told him they were ours. Dear Schmitt, what can we do for you? Name it!"

But with these words they stopped and exchanged glances. "I forget," said the Colonel, apologetically. "We must wait. You have, dear, dear Schmitt, our undying gratitude and affection; but, as for this world's goods, alas! Sing demanded all we had on earth, and we have paid."

Schmitt gasped, drew his precious papers from an inside pocket and looked at them again.

"Copies!" exclaimed his companions, in the same breath. Schmitt covered his eyes with a pudgy hand, and sank into a chair with a deep groan of misery. Through the window could be seen the good ship *Lentoon* moving majestically across the bay. Hanging over the taffrail was a yellow-skinned Celestial, gazing at the whirlpools churned up by the propeller. Rosy rainbow dreams of mile high stacks of rubles were fitting through his beak, while dinner and dinner in the distance grew Fort Arthur.



Schmitt covered his eyes with a pudgy hand

Why Suffragettes Win in England

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



Y will already have heard of the raid of the suffragettes upon No. 10 Downing Street while a cabinet council was in progress. By the time this letter appears in print Parliament will have re-assembled, and yet another demonstration may have taken place. There have been many of them during the past eighteen months; there will be more, and they will be more and more successful. The year 1907, I should imagine, will always be marked with a white stone in the calendar of the women's suffrage movement in Great Britain. Its leaders have forced it upon the notice of the public in a way there was no escaping. They have been in the lobby of the House of Commons; they have disturbed meetings after meetings; no cabinet Minister can address his constituents nowadays without a cohort of "chickens-out" ready to pounce upon the first suffragette who opens her mouth; the law courts have heard the protests of women against manhood law, tumults and disturbances, some rough handling, fines, and imprisonment have marked the progress of the propaganda; and the general public, formerly apathetic on the whole question, has been goaded and exasperated into at least trying to think about it. There is no need for me to detail the reception which each tactic has met with from English opinion. The land of the calm proprieties has been quite painfully shocked. Ministers have valiantly declared that they would not be bullied into surrender by such unseemly conduct. The leaders of the agitation have been denounced with every epithet of contemptuous abuse that comes natural to a country that hates realities and fights to the last to keep up a show of appearances. But there cannot be the least question that in the last year or so, and as a direct consequence of the new tactics, the cause of women's suffrage has advanced with a rapidity that never could not have been for it in a generation. A movement that has passed beyond the stage of writing and discussion and has entered that of action has taken a long step towards its goal. That is the answer of the suffragettes to those who urge them to return to the paths of peaceful pamphletting. So long as they talked and held their peace and formed no one took any notice of them. But now that they have made up their minds to follow the example set them by the politicians of the other sex, indifference becomes no longer possible.

It is rather interesting to compare the different attitudes of English and American women towards the general question. I do not know that American women have added anything to the stock reasons in favor of women's suffrage. Like vegetarianism, the subject is one on which all that can be said, for and against, has been said. But American women have certainly added a new point to the old arguments. They have made resistance to them argumentatively more difficult for the men of America than it is for the men of any other country. America, they proclaim, declares herself to be the only land of equal rights, yet she gives to one-half of her population a privilege which she withholds from the other half. She boasts that the very essence of her system is individual representation, yet when it comes to political rights she divides her people not into individuals but into sexes. And the sex which she excludes, to complete the irony of the paradox, is, on the whole, the better educated of the two, has been granted the most extensive civil and legal rights, and is freely admitted to the professions and to almost all avenues of business. American women control the education and culture of their country almost to the point of effeminization. The divorce laws from Maine to California impress a high standard of morality upon men to meet their convenience. Some six millions of them work for a living, the majority of them in ways that admit not only of economic but of social independence. In the so-called professions, as teachers, writers, lawyers, physicians, ministers, architects, and so on, more than half the total number employed are women. Philanthropic work has largely passed into their hands; without them nine-tenths of the American churches would have to close; their clubs and organizations and mutual improvement societies cover every inch of the continent; and socially they are supreme with a supremacy such as the women of Europe can only envy from afar. The whole tendency of things in America is to reverse the old position of the sexes and to make woman the superior of man. On all non-political subjects she determines American opinion, and even on subjects that are primarily political she is by no means without influence. Whether the English moral law has been at stake, American women have often and effectively rushed into the arena. The anti-slavery agitation owed much to them; they are still the backbone of the Temperance crusade; and in the municipal uprisings that from time to time disturb the even tenor of American business they frequently play a conspicuous and useful part.

But on the normal everyday course of politics American women, so far as my observation goes, have no effect whatever. They cannot vote. The negro can vote, the immigrant from southern Italy can vote, the criminals and paupers of the slums of New York and Chicago can vote, but the highly-developed, alert, and intelligent American woman cannot vote, unless she is so un-

fortunate as to live in the somewhat primitive States of Utah, Colorado, Idaho, or Wyoming. And American opinion in general seems to be perfectly satisfied that this should be so. Practically all American men appear to regard politics as a purely masculine affair in which women have no concern. I can well understand, moreover, that the big corporations and their allies, the bosses, would find all their calculations upset by the intrusion of this unaccountable element; that the liquor interests, especially, would exert all their power to keep women away from the polls; and that they would be seconded by the same influences that have hitherto thwarted all attempts to minimize or prohibit child labor, and to write anything approaching the English factory acts on the statute-books of the American States. But the greatest obstacle ahead of the movement, in America as in England, is the apathy of the women themselves. Not only do they have no interest in it, but a considerable number actually go to the trouble of forming associations for the single purpose of opposing it. Nor, after all, is that so very surprising. As a sex, women in America have virtually no legal or social privileges. As women they enjoy a full measure of freedom, but they have no authority as individuals which is the mainstay of American life. The traditional inequalities and disabilities of the sex have been abolished, and the error is almost as freely open to feminine as to masculine talent. The American woman does not tremble about her "rights," because she has few, if any. "Woman's rights" has no meaning so far as politics are concerned, the collective sense of sex in the enjoyment of her personal privileges. Moreover, American politics are a good deal of a mystery even to American men. To American women they are utterly incomprehensible. I could as easily imagine a woman to be an author or an actor and an enemy of the operations that Americans call by the name of politics. Those operations are for the most part carried on by men who are not conspicuous for their refinement, and in an atmosphere which is anything but the atmosphere of the drawing-room. Politics and society in America, except to a very limited degree in Washington, do not go hand in hand.

In Great Britain the situation, while similar at some points, is widely different at others. As a sex, women in England are still the victims of many inequalities in the divorce laws, the laws of heredity, the laws of labor and the laws of taxation, and in the company laws—inequalities they rightly think they would be in a better position to remove if they had the vote and could bring a direct influence to bear upon the politicians. The whole trend of education, again, favors the hegemony of the girl, and the man at the expense of the woman—the universities, for instance, still refusing to give equal recognition to women for equal achievement. From a great many of the professions open to women in America, the Englishwoman is barred by her "professional" masculine fears, and statistics of legislation. Of the forty millions of women wage-earners in the United Kingdom, "a very large percentage," says Mr. Sidney Webb, "must be earning practically no better subsistence than their grandmothers did."

In all employments their pay is far lower than their masculine competitors receive—not because their work is inferior, but simply because they are women. In the Post-office, for instance, where men of the lower grade in the second division receive \$350 to \$1250 a year, women doing precisely the same work receive from \$325 to \$400 a year; and where men of the higher grade receive from \$1250 to \$1750 a year, women in a corresponding position receive only from \$425 to \$550 a year. First-class sorting clerks, if they are men, earn from 88 to nearly \$12 a week; if they are women, from \$7.75 to 28. The same disparity runs through every grade of the teaching profession—the profession of all others in which women as a rule are better equipped for their work and more successful in it than men. These inequalities exist to some extent no doubt in the United States, but there can hardly be any question that their cumulative effect is far more oppressive in England than in America, and that English women have more tangible reasons for desiring the vote than their sisters across the Atlantic. Moreover, women have always played a far greater part in English politics and in the business of government than American women. There is, indeed, hardly a single movement of political thought in England with which women have not identified themselves. Their appearance as platform speakers has long ceased to be a social misnomer. As canvassers they have no equals. The Primrose League is known all over the world as one of the best organized and most industrial election-eering agencies in existence. And there are still plenty of houses in London that rise regularly about the quarterly elections to elect a mistress and the mistresses of which play the game with more than a touch of the old style. They make and unmake men; they know the last least art of lobbying, and they pull strings with a frankness and audacity that a more manly man might well marvel at. In any country ruled as England still is, by a governing class, the political influence of women is bound to be very great. Indeed, they have so much that a great many Englishmen rather wonder that they should bother about such a trivial thing as the vote. I venture to predict that in five years' time from now the political ideas of women in England will be regulated on a basis of equal suffrage with men.



THE NIGHT FISHER

DRAWN BY FRANK STICK

TWO FAMOUS WAR RELICS SECURED FOR AMERICA



The shot riddled flag of the "Chesapeake," captured by the British frigate "Shannon" in 1813, and now returned to America through private purchase

AFTER an absence of nearly ninety-five years, the shot riddled flag of the *Chesapeake*, captured by the British frigate *Shannon* off Boston harbor in 1813, is to return to America. The flag was put up for sale by auction at Deterham's, in London, on January 31. When the tattered and faded folds, blood stained and pierced by bullets, were displayed, much rivalry in bidding occurred between Englishmen and Americans, the flag finally falling to a man named Partridge, who is said to have acted as agent for either Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan or Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt.

Another relic of interest, secured by Partridge for \$1500, is the bugle on which was sounded the charge for the light cavalry brigade at Balaklava in 1854.



The historic bugle on which was sounded the charge for "The 400" at Balaklava. The relic has been secured for the same purchaser who bought the "Chesapeake" flag

AN AMATEUR SKI JUMPER LEAPING MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED FEET



During recent contests at Chamouni, in Switzerland, an amateur cleared more than 31 metres. In the photograph he may be seen in midair at the beginning of his leap



The Season's Plays

"LORD DUNDREARY," FROM FATHER TO SON

By "I"



GENERATION ago the celebrated actor known affectionately as "the elder Sothorn," otherwise E. A. Sothorn, convulsed our fathers by his exquisitely droll and wonderfully finished portrayal of the rôle of a gentlemanly British ass, one *Lord Dundreary*, in a play called "Our American Cousin." Sothorn died in 1881, after having played

the famous part for more than twenty years in America and England, and now the character and the play have been revived for the benefit of the present generation by his son, Mr. E. H. Sothorn. The two may be seen at the Lyric Theatre, where they have made an indisputable appeal to the playgoers of this town.

It was a risky experiment, as Mr. Sothorn must have realized. He has modestly expressed the hope "that a new generation may, through his (the living actor's) recollection of his father's work, derive some entertainment from this repetition of the character created by him." This hope, as has been said, is being fulfilled. Those who remember the elder Sothorn in the part allege that its embodiment by his son is an astonishingly faithful and ingenious reproduction. Certainly it is, in its elf, a delicious and a finely artistic achievement. Here are the luminous, silken, jet-black whiskers, the mincing walk and hop, the lip and stutter, the vacuous stare; while the mixed stupidity and shrewdness, and withal the undoubted gentility of the man, are perfectly expressed. Here, too, are the antique jests, the moss-grown coturnedums at which you laugh half because of affectionate recognition and half out of sheer surprise. You even, incredible as it may seem, find yourself haw-hawing at *Dundreary's* question to *Georgina*: "... well, if you did have a brother, would he like chess?" And at the fatuous noblemen's confusion over certain proverbs, no less than his perplexity in the matter of his eleven fingers.

The play is, of course, nothing more than a frame for the exhibition of *Lord Dundreary*, and a very shaky and shabby old frame

it is. Considered as drama, it is altogether beneath contempt, for it is as crude and inept in construction as it is grotesquely foreign to reality. Yet it has served as the occasion for a delightful re-erudescence, and for that particular event let us give joy. Mr. Sothorn has never done anything that reflected more creditably upon his brilliant power as a comedian.

The beneficent power that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb has mercifully provided for the amelioration of these torments a seemingly endless procession of operettas saturated with waltzes. He who would drive dull care away need only drop in at the nearest theatre and read the nasal splashing on his course to the mellifluous pleasing of a dreamy tune. The celebrated *Widow* whose waltz seems likely to whirl on forever is perhaps the most attractive of these amelioratives; but she has a rival, an able, useful, beautiful rival. Originally heard in Vienna, and famous in Europe as "Eie. Waltzmeister," the book by Felix Dornemann and Leopold Jacobson and the music by Oscar Straus—the relation of the composers who spell the name with three S's—the operetta is now presented at the Broadway Theatre as "A Waltz Dream," staged by Herbert Gresham and done into English by Joseph W. Herbert, who has—not with entire success—disinfects and deodorized the story.

Let it be said without delay that the score is pleasing at once to the musician and to him who listens in order that he may carry away something to sing, hum, or whistle as much as the patience of his neighbors will tolerate.

Edward Johnson, as the abounding bridegroom, brought to the production a fresh, sympathetic, and well-trained voice, a manly personality, and a high degree of intelligence.

Charles Bigelow in very funny as *Prince Joachim XIII.*, and Josie Sadler as *Fifi* in feisty and funnier than even Joseph W. Herbert as *Princess Luthar* does wonders with a dull part.

The present commentator has never been called a prude, nor is he over-scrupulous; but he ventures to believe that a free use of the knife and a plentiful exhibition of antiseptic would greatly benefit certain lines and situations in "The Waltz Dream."



Mr. E. H. Sothorn as "Lord Dundreary," the famous Character created by his Father, E. A. Sothorn, almost half a Century ago



Miss Adeline Genie, the remarkable Danish Dancer who is appearing at the New York Theatre

The first appearance in New York of the little Danish dancer, Miss Adeline Genie, was recently effected at the New York Theatre in a concert called "The Best Kiss." She gave only four dances, but she danced herself straight into the hearts of her audience and stayed there. Miss Genie made her debut at the age of eight, and danced her way through the courts and theatres of Europe until eleven years ago, when she went to London for a six weeks' engagement and was not permitted to leave. There is as much difference between Miss Genie and the ordinary toe dancer of commerce as between the toe dancer and a performing bear. Imagine a small, fairylike creature with a mass of pale amber hair piled over a small face, doll-like in repose, but radiating an extraordinary variety of expression; the whole seen in a supple, as a revolving wheel, through a filmy, foamy veil of whirling gauze which alternately creates and dissolves lines of classical beauty. She glides, it seems, through the air, in defiance of gravity, till one stands up to gaze over the hirsute crown of the lady in the front row, and sees the swift, deft, certain movement of her toes over the boards; and then she whirls within a series of interlacing circles of draperies, till she stops suddenly, and the wooden doll's face dissolves into the quainted series of frowns and smiles. Now that New York has got Miss Genie it should insist upon keeping her, as London did.



THE RINK

DRAWN BY GEORGES VALLÉE

Luring the Army Recruit

A NEW PLAN FOR ATTRACTING YOUNG MEN
TO THE THINNING RANKS OF THE SERVICE

By CHARLES A. SELDEN



SOMETHING over a generation ago every American boy, when asked what he was going to be when he grew up, would reply, "Going to be a soldier." Topshop windows in those days were filled with drums and muskets, soldier caps and epaulets, and whole regiments of leaden warriors. That was in the days of, or immediately following, the Civil War, when North and South, every youngster's father or uncle was in the army or just had been.

But nowadays the topshop windows are filled with dynamos, trolley cars and motor boats, railroad trains, and airplanes that are fully as delightful and dependable as the real ones. Across any boy gazing into such a window with a question as to what he is going to do when he grows up, and he'll decide, without the slightest hesitation, his unalterable determination to be a motor-man.

The older boys, too, those of the right age to make good recruits, are not the sons, but the grandsons, of the soldiers of the '60s, and, strange as it may seem, the farther away the country gets from the conflict of those years the less becomes the fascination of the army. All of which accounts, in part at least, for the difficulty that the government is having to fill the ranks.

Perhaps the War Department might profit by the example of the topshops. The young man is not attracted by the bright colored pictures of figures in uniform standing at salute, which he sees, or fails to see, tacked up in the post-offices and in front of the recruiting stations. He is interested in dynamos and railroads and bridges. Why not let him know that the United States army builds roads and bridges, operates great power plants, and carries on wonderful work in communication by wire and wireless and by a dozen other contrivances, the very names of which are fascinating to the young man?

To suggest just one source of supply that might be tapped by such a method, there are over 25,000 boys enrolled in the technical and manual training high schools maintained by the cities of the United States as a part of the public system of education. The entire enlisted strength of the army, according to the latest report of the Adjutant General, is 52,168, or 20,513 less than the authorized number of officers and men.

It is altogether probable that some of these boys might be induced to fill some of the vacancies in the ranks with suitable benefits to themselves and to the army. If they knew the advantages of the service for men interested in electrical and mechanical work, and who expect to make a living by it, it is also probable that some of them could not be kept away from the recruiting sergeant.

But the chief trouble is that they do not know of these things. Neither do their parents nor the general public. To the average citizen of the United States the army of his country is either a myth or a thing of evil. He knows nothing whatever about it, or he knows many things that are not so. Probably the only figure that he has ever heard in connection with it is "thirteen dollars a month." The regular army soldier means to him simply a man who works or loafs, according to the point of view, for that amount of compensation. If he gives a second thought, it is that the man so compensated is a worthless sort of vagabond who has enlisted to escape jail or starvation. Another notion, just as far away from the truth, is that men in the army are scantily fed on poor food. Still another that a man is sure to be morally wrecked by the service if, by any chance, he weren't ruined before he entered. For the rest the army is a vague institution about which Congress quarrels periodically, and an aggregation of men who should or should not have a centen, or who should or should not have more pay. Such is the general public idea, in time of peace, of the United States army, and nothing could be more superficial or misleading.

Thirteen dollars a month is the minimum pay. Nothing is ever heard outside the ranks, of the other extreme—the eighty-five dollars which a master electrician of the Coast Artillery gets. And between the two there are many grades of pay, attained by good men, which compare favorably with the wages of civil employment, where it is taken into consideration that the soldier is housed and fed and has the best of physical and medical care at the expense of the government and only look forward to retired pay if he stays in the service long enough. In what industrial or commercial business of the whole country is the lowest wage of the raw apprentice held up as an example and hurled upon as the only man to be considered?

The soldier is not scantily fed on poor food. On the contrary, he has excellent fare and plenty of it. The army does not receive the derision and the dereliction which is heaped on a last resort. There can be no more effective answer to that widely held opinion than the figures of the Adjutant General's report. Last year

70,525 men applied for admission to the service, and 54,638 of them were rejected at the recruiting stations as morally or physically unfit.

All of this has a bearing on the question of these boys in the technical high schools merely as showing that the army is not synonymous with perdition.

As most of the schools referred to have four-year courses, six thousand graduates approximately come out each year. Some of them continue school work in the colleges and higher institutions of technology. Many of them are obliged to take immediately the best paying jobs available and do what they can to aid their families.

But there must be others, hundreds at least, and perhaps thousands, whose families are on the border line between moderate and ample means, who are not sent to college, but who, on the other hand, are not expected to contribute to the family fund. It is from this third group that the army might get some good soldiers for its depleted ranks. Show them that the army has something to give leaders, its pay and beyond what is suggested by the gayly tinted lithographs. In the Corps of Engineers, for instance, the enlisted men learn the use of instruments, and the best of them may become competent as surveyors before they leave the service. In the Signal Corps the soldier learns, on the practical way, about all there is to know of communication.

But it is in the Coast Artillery, which, by the way, lacks about nine thousand men, that the advantages for young men who want electrical and mechanical training are most apparent. The official report of the School of Submarine Defense, which is under the direction of the Coast Artillery, reads very much like the prospectus of a high grade scientific institution with big tuition fees. The electrician sergeant's department of that school is for the enlisted men.

The courses there for the private soldiers include 250 problems in practical electricity and magnetism, seventy problems in practical steam engineering and the operation of power plants, and 100 problems in machine-shop practice.

In mathematics algebra, geometry, and trigonometry are taught, and under the head of electricity and magnetism there are such subjects as induction, interaction, work with dynamos and motors, armature winding, magnet making, and the application of the laws of magnetism, in-stalling and connecting up electrolytic cells, examination of all sorts of motors, measurements of resistance, location of faults, and operating of transformers. In the machine shop there are bench and lathe work and operation of the drill press, the chaper, the grinder, the milling machine, and the gear cutter.

Besides these courses in the school the men have practical training in running the big and complicated power plants, installed at the coast fortifications at Fort Totten and for the lighting, heating, and telephone communication for the post quarters. Furthermore, a soldier must know how to install and repair machinery of all types and how to make new parts before he is considered fit to receive the school's certificate of proficiency.

While a member of this school the enlisted man is relieved from all other army duties, except in case of war; but he is, of course, subject at all times to military discipline. That is not the rest of the advantages of the system.

The question of what a man may get in the Coast Artillery in addition to his army pay, food, clothing, and housing. Suppose he is graduated from his manual training high school at the age of nineteen and isn't impelled by necessity to enter the army, how can he better spend the next three years than in the army? In all probability he will lose nothing financially, for after his service he will have a thousand times better equipped to obtain and hold a good place in civil life. He will also derive the physical benefit of the military training before and after his term in the School of Submarine Defense, and he will have the satisfaction of having been in the army.

That last, of course, is a matter of sentiment; but normal healthy minded men in their twenties are full of at least latent sentiment, regardless of what has been said about the inefficiency of recruiting office posters. And a little old-fashioned sentiment and love of the army for its own sake would do no harm.

Officers of the Coast Artillery and of the Engineer Corps to whom this plan has been suggested have approved, although it might provide necessarily for a good many reverses, which is always to be desired. Perhaps the practical certainty of provision for the graduates of army schools would remedy that in many cases.

"We would train good men," said one officer, "and then lose them at the end of three years. But even so the plan is surely worth trying, for the source of supply from the high schools would be continuous, and even a hundred such recruits each year would act as a leaven for the whole service."



Music and the Opera

TSCHAIKOWSKY AS OPERA-MAKER

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



TSCHAIKOWSKY, known in America chiefly as a composer of symphonies and symphonic poems, was yet a fairly prolific and a successful writer of operas. Certain of his stage works have achieved marked popularity in Russia, and have made their way in other countries; yet no opera by Tschai-kowsky had ever been produced in America before Mr. Walter Damrosch, with the aid of a group of solo singers, a chorus from the Glee Society, and his regular orchestra, performed the greater part of the music of "Eugene Onegin" at the sixth evening concert of the New York Symphony series on February 1, in Carnegie Hall. Let it be said at once that the enterprise

was interesting and of educational value, and that Mr. Damrosch merits public gratitude on the score of its accomplishment.

"Eugene Onegin," an opera in three acts and seven scenes, the libretto based upon a tale in verse by Pushkin, was begun (as to its dramatic framework) in the spring of 1877; the music was completed early in the following year. It is thus contemporaneous with the anti-biographical "Fourth Symphony"—the symphony stimulated by and dedicated to Tschai-kowsky's strange headmaster, M. as von Meek. He had already composed the first three symphonies, the "Romeo and Juliet" overture, the "Tempest" and "Francesca da Rimini" fantasies, the E-flat minor piano concerto, as well

as those glowing in its adherence to antique forms as if Wagner had never lived, composed, and preached his reformatory doctrine of music-dramatic art. Here are the distinguishing earmarks of the old-fashioned opera—the "set pieces": arias, duets, trios, ensemble numbers, choruses; the formal and regularly cadenced melodies, the disconnected scenes, the lack of delicate and detailed orchestral characterization.—the whole naive and tawdry apparatus, in short of the pre-Wagnerian opera. Previously what the effect of "Eugene Onegin" would be upon the stage, with its proper adjuncts of action, costume, and scenery, it is impossible to say; but in concert form, as Mr. Damrosch presented it, it is unconvincing and unimpressive. One finds difficulty in discerning the greater Tschai-kowsky here—it is hard to realize that this music came from the brain of the man who gave us the "Romeo and Juliet" overture and the later symphonies. There is much in it that is pretty, much that is grateful to the casual ear. It is melodious in a facile and quite unimportant way, and it contains certain things which it is right enough to call "effective"—some taking choruses, some attractive orchestral passages, some agreeable songs, warm in sentiment and refined in style, in the writing for the solo voices. But if this work represents the best that the operative Tschai-kowsky has left us, as there is some reason to believe it is, then it was surely better for his fame that we hear as little of him in this character as possible.

The truth of the matter would seem to be that this extraordinary genius needed, for the fring of his imagination, a kind of poetical stimulus more general and suggestive than specific and detailed. Contemplating in their outline such subjects, such dramatic and emotional figures as Romeo and Juliet, Francesca da Rimini, Manfred, Ferdinand and Miranda and the Enchanted Isle, he was aroused to the production of music—in the form of symphonic poems, program-symphonies, overtures, "fantasies" (as he chooses variously to describe it)—which is as eloquently communicative in its power of dramatic and emotional entrance as it is passionate and individual in style. But given a dramatic text to set, definite and exacting in its expressional requirements, and his imagination seems to have faltered, to have suffered a kind of palsy; his style seems to have turned aseptic and unadorned.

There would appear to be in his case, as in the case of Liszt, two conspicuous and distinct personalities at work: the Tschai-kowsky of "Francesca da Rimini," "The Tempest," the "Pathetic" symphony, and the Tschai-kowsky of the operas.

Into the midst of the Tetraxian future at the Manhattan Opera House Mr. Hammerstein has injected a fresh and contrasting element in the person of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink. The eminent and admirable contralto, whose fame has for years been associated with the Metropolitan Opera House, has been added, for the moment, to Mr. Hammerstein's company, and she made her debut at the Manhattan, on January 27, as *Desdemona*. She sang and acted it with an extraordinarily keen instinct for every emotional and dramatic facet of the character, with sweeping power, with authority, and with breadth.

Mr. Hammerstein's former pupil, "H. Tronheim," very well indeed—with notable dramatic vigor, with a sense of the character-istic qualities of the music, and with results which give pleasure to the lovers of intelligent and pure-toned singing. Mme. Schumann-Heink, it may be interesting to record, sang in German.



Mme. Schumann-Heink as "Desdemona" in Verdi's opera, "Otello," at the Manhattan.

operas "Undine," "The Opheleia," and "Vakula the Smith," beside numerous lesser works. Later in the year which saw the completion of "Eugene Onegin" (1878) he wrote the first suite for orchestra, and the opera "The Maid of Orleans." He was therefore in the first splendid flush of his creative activity—he was thirty-eight years old, and he had given two superb and indisputable demonstrations of his astonishing gifts: namely, the "Romeo and Juliet" overture and the two symphonic poems, "Francesca da Rimini" and "The Tempest." "Eugene Onegin" was first performed at Moscow by students of the Conservatory on March 17, 1879. It was not, says Tschai-kowsky's brother Modeste, his biographer, well performed, and the opera made an indifferent impression—though, as was the case with others of Tschai-kowsky's works, the character of the initial reception was afterward reversed.

The story of the opera may be briefly indicated. The action takes place partly upon a landed estate and partly in St. Petersburg, in the second decade of the last century. To the family of the Lerins is introduced a fascinating metropolitan artist, Eugene Onegin. He is greeted by his friend Lensky, the brother of Tatiana's birthday. Onegin tones Lensky's jealousy by flirting with Olga. A duel follows, and Lensky is shot. Some years elapse. Tatiana attends a ball at the house of Prince Grebenko in St. Petersburg, and in the person of the Princess Grebenko, a Russian belle, he recognizes the once humble and ingenuous Tatiana. He falls passionately in love with her, and extracts her to renounce her elderly husband for him. But Tatiana, repudiating her newly awakened love, resists him, though she confesses her longing; and the curtain falls on Onegin left alone and despairing upon the stage.

Tschai-kowsky has cast this tale into an operatic mould that is



Mr. Harold Bauer, the distinguished Pianist
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TWO OF HER—FRIENDS

The Greatest Lumber Cut

More lumber was cut in the United States last year than in any other year in its history. The enormous amount of 37,550,736 board feet was produced, and the mill value of this was \$621,161,208. In addition, there were produced 11,658,200,000 shingles, valued at \$24,155,555, and 3,812,907,000 lath, valued at \$11,400,576. On the whole, it is safe to say that the present annual hauler out of the United States approximates forty billion feet, and that the total mill value of the lumber, lath, and shingles each year produced is not less than \$700,000,000. These figures give some idea of how vast is the lumber industry and how great is the demand for its products.

A glance at the kinds of lumber produced shows very clearly the pre-eminence of white pine and oak, one of the greatest soft woods and the other the greatest hard wood which the forest has ever grown. Since 1899 the cut of white pine has fallen off more than 40 per cent., while that of white oak has fallen off more than 36 per cent. To-day yellow pine leads all other woods in amount cut, while Douglas fir—and this will be a surprise to many—comes second. Since 1899 the cut of Douglas fir has increased 186 per cent. Louisiana is the foremost yellow pine State, with Texas,

Mississippi, and Arkansas following in order. Washington produces by far the greatest amount of Douglas fir.

A comparison of the lumber producing States shows that since 1899 there have been many changes in their relative rank. Washington, which in 1899 stood sixth, now leads, while Wisconsin, which eight years ago led all others, is now third. In the same period Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Idaho, and California made great strides as lumber producing States, though, on the other hand, the amount produced in Michigan, Wisconsin, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Indiana, and Ohio fell off anywhere from 29 to 54 per cent.

The highest priced native woods are walnut, hickory, and ash, and the cheapest are larch and white fir. From the fact, however, that since 1899 the average increase in the price of lumber has been 49 per cent., it will not be long before cheap woods are scarce.

Emergency Currency

An Indiana Glass Company has a sublime confidence in the ability of its customers to meet their obligations even if they may be temporarily unable to remit in the conventional forms of exchange. In a highly

colored and very attractive folder which it recently issued, this generous concern invited orders for the commodity it manufactures upon the following unique and liberal terms: "Payment can be arranged with our treasurer to suit conditions. We take anything but counterfeit money. Our per list: Canadian and Mexican money, Wampum, Buckskin, Tarnished Coins and Moldered Bills, Double Eagles that will not pile up and with Billial references omitted. Tainted money solicited. No questions asked. Promissory notes, your own than with privilege of renewals. Postage stamps. Clearing house certificates. Stage money. Meal tickets, bridge tickets, milk tickets, and rain checks, trading stamps, mining stock, Bay State Gas, marriage certificates, cigar bands, and rumors that are likely to gain currency."—*The Believer*.

The Proper Implement

ROGER. "There's Giving over there. I'd like to catch his eye."

RANDALL. "Well, here! Take my umbrella."

The Ambitions of Youth

"JONNY, why don't you be a good boy like your brother Willy?" the mother was sternly admonishing her naughty son.

"Willy here may be President some day, while you will have to dig in the sewer."

"But, mother," said Willy, "can't I dig in the sewer sometimes too?"

Explained

"MAMMA," asked a little girl, "why do bouillon cups have two handles?"

"Well, you are stupid," cried her young brother. "Don't you know it's because some people are left-handed?"

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BROOKLYN'S NEW ACADEMY

By E. HUNGERFORD



VER on a broad street in Brooklyn you may notice a great white building rising high above the wall, and covering an enormous block front. You may wonder to what purpose it is to be put, and you ask an interested citizen who is standing close by watching the workmen place the finishing touches upon the structure. You are lucky, because the interested citizen is one of the Society of Old Brooklynites, and he tells you the big white building is the new Academy of Music, at present the pride and chief joy of the settlement that lies just across the East River from Manhattan. You express further interest, and he tells you still more of what the Brooklyn Academy of Music means to Brooklyn.

It seems that when the Brooklyn men and women of to-day were Brooklyn boys and girls there was a Brooklyn Academy of Music, and to it they were taken on certain great occasions to hear a splendid lecture with magic lantern pictures, the Swiss Bell Ringers, or perhaps even real drama, or real opera, although play acting was frowned upon in the early days of the old Academy. In those days it stood on Montague Street within a stone's throw of the Brooklyn City Hall, and was a grand building structure, the exterior gleam of which was not even dimmed by the flickering gasjets at its entrance on the nights when Brooklyn flocked to it. It opened in '61 with a concert by the Philharmonic, and within a few weeks its directors were wrestling with the problem of permitting drama upon its vast stage. To a horse-drawn show they readily acceded, but it was a long time before Richard Irod those boards waving his long sword and declaiming as to the "winter of his discontent," and an even longer time before opera was sung there. And then the opening opera was "Traviana." Not that the naughty music drama was given without protest. A discussion went up that shook the sacred portals of Brooklyn Heights, and ended in the final surrender of the directors of the Academy.

The directors took their responsibilities as no slight affairs. The Academy was decidedly a classish affair, with its stock all parceled out among the older families of Brooklyn. Each stockholder was entitled to a seat at every entertainment given, and it is related that one thrifty merchant divided his shares between the members of his numerous family. That being done, he would go to the front of the opera house on its great nights and cause disorder in the box office by standing on the sidewalk and disposing of his share of tickets at something less than regular prices.

Brooklyn went to its Academy for fun and for serious thought. It saw all the great actors of two generations on that stage—Forrest, Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Laura Keane, Jefferson, Lester Wallack. It heard such lecturers as Edward Everett and John B. Gough, when lectures were entertainment not to be tossed light-

ly aside; it listened to its own great preachers, Beecher and Storer and Talange—between the lines that unsparingly destroyed his Tabernacles; it crowded into its spacious auditorium at the Commencement exercises and the amateur dramatics of its boys and girls. The old Academy was the veritable social fabric of the old Brooklyn.

Therefore Thomas used to give rehearsals of his orchestra during the afternoons before his concerts, while the women sat tating tidies and gossiping between numbers; for Brooklyn always was and always will be—Brooklyn. Strakosch and Mapleson knew that, and when they took their troupes across the river they left half of their camp followers behind. Surpassing would be the wrath of the Old Brooklynites, who finally brought latter-day imperialism to a realization that critical taste grew shrewd and exacting upon Long Island soil.

There comes an end to all things, and a winter's morning five years ago saw the historic opera house go up in a truly theatrical puff of smoke and flame. At that the *Exile* quired: "Brooklyn has lost that by which it was almost as well known as the Navy Yard and Plymouth Church. The Academy of Music, which in its day was the peer of any place of assemblage in America, has been destroyed by fire."

Before the ruins in Montague Street were cool there were demands that the Academy be rebuilt. To Brooklynites it had already seemed as if the Brooklyn they had known was fast disappearing. Beecher was dead, the last of the Tabernacles had been burned, and the old town was fast becoming a new corner of the great New York to which it was so frailly linked by its stupendous bridge. The idea of becoming a second Harlem was appalling. The rebuilding of the Academy was a popular measure, a test as to Brooklyn's ability to preserve at least a vestige of civic unity unto herself.

It was a hard test, and it all had failed. Subscriptions to the stock of the new Academy came slowly, and there were several times when it looked to the Old Brooklynites as if they must give up in despair and join the throngs that hurry at all hours to and from sodden and unsentimental Manhattan. It appeared possible that Brooklyn would become the Cinderella of all the boroughs.

But it seems that there are still other institutions in Brooklyn, and not the least of these are the Institute of Arts and Sciences. This is a sort of civic Chautauque. Toward it several thousand men and women pay five dollars a year for an opportunity to gain culture and entertainment at the same time. They have lectures, museums, picture shows, rentals, and the like, and this institute has as its aim to put the impressive or prima donna in yet to be found who is strong enough to withstand its pleadings.

This institute came valiantly to the aid of the Academy project and perhaps saved the day. While it has no proprietary interest



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A Good Ending for a Popular Paper Up-to-date Novel

Conclusion

"WHERE am I?" As Claude feebly uttered these words he looked up at the face of an old fashioned clock. Owing to the hard times, the clock had laid off one of its hands.

Claude was reclining on a lot of soft sofa pillows, and all about the room stood tumbled furniture, the kind usually found in the wealthy Spanish houses.

Thence the inspection of the place was suddenly interrupted by the tread of tiny feet.

"Are you longing for anything, sir?" asked a sweet feminine voice.

"Yes," gasped the injured young man, "I am longing to know how I got here."

"I'll tell you," responded the pretty woman, seating herself on a costly tiger rug beside Claude.

"The other day from my latticed window I have watched you laying bricks on yonder skyscraper. Strange as it may seem, my heart went out to you. I became infatuated with you. Perhaps my loneliness helped, for, you know, my husband is a coffee salesman and lives himself to our coffee plantation eight months out of every twelve. But he has been away so long now that I fear he will never return. Yesterday, at the thought of this and in a fit of despondency, I wanted to throw my weak form to the cold pavement below; but, on reaching the window, I caught a glimpse of you. My horrible intention was arrested. Upon realizing that I had committed near suicide, I let out a hysterical shriek. The shriek startled you. I saw you step back suddenly into a tub of mortar. In endeavoring to extricate yourself, you made a fatal misstep and went down, down, down through the forty short stories, as a magazine reader would say. On seeing this, I had no time. Changing my clothes and putting on all my rings, hat, and furs, I rushed down to the street just in time to—"

"See my tangled form lying on the architect's blue print on the ground floor," interposed Claude.

"No; but just in time to place where I thought you would fall this—my precious ring. It saved your life."

"How can I thank you," began the rescued man. "Perhaps if I am allowed to remain here—"

"No, no, no," almost shrieked the woman. "It is impossible. My husband is of a frightfully jealous disposition. He once threatened to kill a doctor for looking at my finger. I am certain he would kill me instantly should he enter and find that I am sheltering you, a stranger."

"For our safety, then, I will stagger away. But I beg of you permit me to take with me just one little token of your kindness; something that I can remember you by."

"But what can I, the wife of a poor millionaire, give you?"

"A kiss!" Claude whispered these two words nervously, anxiously.

"You forget! I told you my husband is liable to return and kill us both—"

"But, my dear, he is thousands of miles from here."

There was a few moments of deathlike silence. Then, after looking cautiously all about her, the sweet little woman bent over Claude, and her lips were just touching his when the door flew open, and three, eyes filled with jealous rage and fingers twitching madly, stood—CLAUDE'S WIFE!

THE END.

Now, honestly, didn't you think it was the woman's husband?

E. P. FIZZER.

The Food Fads of Royalty

"LIVING like a king," is a favorite republican expression to designate the acme of luxury, but, as a matter of fact, most modern rulers live very simply. Edward of England's cook receives a salary of \$10,000 a year, but he is rarely called upon to prepare an elaborate meal. Both the King and the Queen prefer simple dishes. Plain and nourishing food is what the King likes. He is very fond of oysters, and of vegetable soup. Potatoes, with toasted bread and asparagus, is quite a favorite dish on the royal table, and his majesty generally takes a second helping of prepared fruit and lamb.

Queen Alexandra is very fond of pastries and sweets. "I have the appetite of a dairy maid," she once declared. A cook was brought from Germany to prepare her steamed fruit, for which she has a remarkable fondness, and to which she attributes her unusually long complexion. She is also very fond of the American "fritter," and until a short while ago an odd Virginia cook was employed to make oven fritters, poach fritters, and to prepare egg-plant with butter and butter sauce.

The Queen of the Netherlands is especially fond of chocolate in all its forms, and has a special "chocolate chef." Queen Wilhelmina has also a devoted penchant for all kinds of milk dishes, and for everything made with cream.

King Alfonso of Spain was formerly noted for his liking for highly seasoned and French dishes, but his Queen, Victoria, has taught him to like roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. It is said Spanish dishes, this English Queen of Spain declares, are "too oily and too garlicky."

TEN TO SEVENTEEN

A Boarding-School Diary

By **JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON**

Author of "The Memoirs of a Baby"



From "Ten to Seventeen"

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uine school-girl point of view, and expressed in the exact language of the age. Any one who had forgotten what girls at school are like between ten and seventeen would need to read only a single page to remember. The book is sure to please equally those who are young and those young no longer.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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ON ADMIRAL EVANS' SHIPS

· BY ROBERT DUNN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

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Music Critic of "Harper's Weekly"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY for NEXT WEEK

TOUCHING HANDS WITH ETERNITY

¶ The evidence upon which Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, bases his conviction that the living can communicate with the dead.

¶ The methods used and some of the results achieved, including photographs of automatic writing, are given in next week's HARPER'S WEEKLY

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

ADVENTURE
TRAVEL NATURE
REMINISCENCE
INDUSTRY SCIENCE
LITERATURE

SHORT STORIES BY

MARGARET CAMERON
JAMES BRANCH CABELL
GEORG SCHOCK
ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE
MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE
Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY
Etc., Etc.

Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD'S
GREAT SERIAL

"The Testing of
Diana Mallory"

A Delightful Novelties by Henry James. Mr. JAMES has never written anything more whimsically charming than his two-part story "Julia Hyde," which begins in the March number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The situation presented is unique in fiction. Not since "Daisy Miller" has Mr. JAMES done anything that will have so wide an appeal. The illustrations by W. T. Smalley are peculiarly sympathetic.

The Esparto Pickers of Tripoli. Esparto is a grass, the harvesting of which is one of Tripoli's chief industries. From this grass a very light paper is made, which has been much used in books, particularly in England. Mr. CHARLES W. PERLONG writes interestingly of the work of the natives and of scenes among the esparto pickers, and has made many delightful illustrations, which are reproduced in tint.

The Spring Awakening of the Sea. Mr. H. J. SHANNON has made a study of some of the curiously interesting forms of vegetable and animal life of the sea which the naturalist watches in the early spring, and has made a group of drawings which show most interestingly some little-known sea life in its course of development. His article opens up a delightful new field.

Some Diplomatic Recollections of Italy. Madame DE BUSEN contributes a most interesting paper of familiar recollections of her life at Florence, where her husband was attached to the German legation, in the days immediately following King Humbert's marriage—a paper which gathers importance from the familiar pictures which it gives of many of the great personages of the day.

At the Minerva. A delightful sketch of a quaint old English inn at Hull—formerly much frequented by seafaring men from all corners of the world. Mr. THOMAS A. JANVIER went there to look for them, and tells in his characteristically charming way of his experiences.

How Geography Regulates Commerce. The geography of commerce is an important and new recognized study. This branch of geography shows how the natural formation of continents, the character of soil, lines, harbors, etc., influence the trend of the world's trade. Professor GILBERT and Professor KELLER, of Yale, have made a special study of commercial geography, and together contribute a most interesting article.

Seven Great Stories. In addition to the beginning of Mr. JAMES'S two-part story, there are six complete short stories in HARPER'S for March. MARGARET CAMERON contributes an unusual live-story—a story of amusing complications and peculiar situations, but a happy ending. In contrast with this is Mrs. DUDENEY'S strong story, "The Night," a love-story of a different sort—of a man and his wife who have lived almost all their lives apart and of their final reconciliation—a story of power and tenderness. ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE writes of an Indian, whose ideas of justice were those of the savage, but whose sense of honor was keener than that of his white captives. ROY ROOPER GILSON, GEORG SCHOCK, and JAMES BRANCH CABELL are other notable contributors. Mr. GILSON writes of an old man whose interest in his centenary in the son who gladly accepts all the responsibilities of success which his father had allowed to pass by. GEORG SCHOCK, a writer to whose work much praise has already been given, writes again of the quaint Pennsylvania Dutch folk—a wonderful story, in which there is both comedy and drama—a story of a girl and her two lovers, and how she decided. Mr. CABELL'S story takes us out of the life of to-day back into the ringing scenes of romance when the world was younger and men lived, daringly and loved well. Illustrated by Howard Pyle.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Wise, B.M.

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COMMENT

The Government's Activity for Taft

THE WEEKLY has no desire to criticize, certainly not to condemn, the wish of the President that Secretary TART be his successor; nor does it intend to discuss, as if he were possessed of malign motives, Mr. ROOSEVELT's attitude toward the active work being done by officers of the Federal government calculated to procure Taft delegates to the Republican national convention. Mr. ROOSEVELT denies that he has employed the Federal patronage in aid of his friend and colleague. Mr. TART asserts that he will not accept a nomination procured by the abuse of patronage. The facts are, however, that the Federal officeholders of the country are actually working to procure the nomination of Mr. TART, with or without the consent of the President, and undoubtedly contrary to the wishes of the Secretary of War. This has now been demonstrated, and it has caused trouble, as it ought to. One phase of Mr. ROOSEVELT's conduct cannot be understood. He is professionally opposed to such pernicious activity on the part of Federal officeholders. He is on record in private and official documents as taking the position which GROVER CLEVELAND so persistently maintained, that a public officer must serve the whole public, and must not take an active part in party politics. Some of the Federal officers, however, whom Mr. ROOSEVELT has appointed are working for Mr. TART, while some have been working for other candidates. They are using for these candidates their influence and power, included in which are the power to grant official favors and to give public employment; the discretion incident to the selection for purchase of materials and other goods and to the routing of buildings; and the duty of reporting upon the efficiency or inefficiency of their own subordinates.

Public Servants in Active Politics

The power and influence of a public servant to control primaries and conventions are much greater, other things being equal, than those of a private citizen, and this excess of power is due to his official position. It is the right of American citizens to insist that their servants shall not interfere with their freedom of choice of other servants. Democrats have the right to demand that the servants whose compensation they help to pay, to whose impartial service, therefore, they are entitled, shall not neglect their public duty in aid of the Republican party, while other Republican candidates are right in denouncing the activity of Republican officeholders of the government in aid of Mr. TART or of any one else, and *vice versa*. Mr. ROOSEVELT has not only written and spoken and commanded against this sort of thing academically; he has positively forbidden Federal officeholders to

work for his own re-nomination. What ethical difference is there between working for him and working for his favorite? How can they be permitted to work for any one? The same principle is outraged in any case. If the President has been inadvertent, the Florida incident should recall him to the perception of the truth which he has so frequently advocated. If it does not, he is in danger of hearing from free-spoken, perhaps inconsiderate, people that he is a civil service reformer only when his own interests or his own wishes are not involved. It will not answer for him to deny this use of the Federal patronage; he must forbid the government's activity in party politics.

The Money Market and the Treasury

No good can come from the criticisms which have been made by some Senators of the action of the Secretary of the Treasury during the recent panic, and especially it is worse than useless to declare that Mr. CORTVELL favored the New York banks. It would be as wise if Senators should undertake to condemn Providence for making the place the great port of the country, at the same time snarling at the spectacle of the commercial prominence which the city has obtained. Such complainings are sectional, provincial, and essentially untrue. No preference can be given to any city in the depositing of government funds. The flow or distribution of money knows no State lines. The bulk of it may be deposited anywhere; it will, nevertheless, go where it is needed. Experience teaches, and Secretary CORTVELL's report proves, that nature's law is less obstructed by the New York banks than by the banks of any other city in the country. In the panic the New York bankers shipped more than \$100,000,000 to the interior banks, and recognized, more than other bankers, the soundness of the banking principle that currency should be free as a stream and as unbecked as the circulation of the blood. They were not wholly free from narrowness, as a matter of course; the panic was a bank panic; but they were more free of this vice than others were.

The End to be Sought

The end to be sought—an end very intelligently discussed by the Secretary of the Treasury—is the establishment of a system which will lessen or take away the Treasury's power and duty to intervene periodically for the relief of the money market. Mr. CORTVELL sets forth the evil of this extraordinary power, or unusual and burdensome duty, clearly and convincingly. No one should possess such a power, for the emission of currency to meet an emergency should be nearly as automatic as possible. This, too, is pointed out by Mr. CORTVELL, who refers always, as under existing conditions he must, to our present currency system as that on which any practicable effort of reform must be based. It is one of the virtues of the ALDEN bill that it answers the objection to the existing power of the Secretary of the Treasury. It is the present method to meet an emergency by the deposit in the banks of public funds by the Secretary. He chooses the depositories or localities in which the deposits are to be made, and he determines the amounts which are to be put into circulation. Not only is this an arbitrary power which no man ought to possess, but the money thus set free is government money which must be recalled when it is needed by the government. In this case, for example, the money deposited may be needed for the redemption of bonds or for the meeting of a deficient revenue. Under the ALDEN bill, the banks themselves—that is, the commercial communities—are to initiate the demand, and are to pay an extra price for the emergency currency. Thus the ALDEN bill, as far as is possible under the present system—which it is impossible to change for a long time to come—provides for an emergency currency that will not be issued at the discretion of government, but in answer to the demands of business, and that is an end towards which all bank reform must work if it is to be sound.

The "World" on Bryan

The New York *World* has published a remarkable pamphlet in which it undertakes to show that Bryan cannot be elected. So far as the future can be forecast, the *World* has accomplished what it set out to do. For twelve years, it truly asserts, Bryan has been the leader of the Democratic party, and the pamphlet says: "Under your leadership the party has not

been in power a single day, a single hour, a single minute"; on the contrary, "it has steadily lost ground, until at this time it is almost without force at the North." More than this, "it is menaced even at the South, where it lost Kentucky in the last November election." It may be added that the State was lost because of the domination of the BRYAN-BECKHAM machine in the Democratic party, the machine whose State leader is seeking the Senatorship, and in behalf of whom BRYAN has recently interposed with his eloquent and denunciatory voice. In 1890, BRYAN, as the WEEKLY has already shown, carried the Northern States. The pamphlet calls them Republican-Populist silver States. They cast 45 electoral votes. In the same year he lost the 82 electoral votes of doubtful or Democratic States, viz., New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and West Virginia. This was BRYAN's swap twelve years ago—82 electoral votes for 45. In four years, in 1900, he lost 32 of these 45, and received 13 electoral votes from the Republican-Populist-silver States. In 1904, ROOSEVELT carried all of these States which BRYAN had retained in 1890. The *World* maintains, and with reason, that BRYAN cannot recover them against TAYLOR or HUGHES. ROOSEVELT has not only taken away BRYAN's policies, but he has taken back to the Republican party the Populist States, and there is no reason why they should return to their momentary, ineffective, and disappointing alliance with BRYAN. No Democrat can be elected President this year who cannot carry, besides the South, New York and New Jersey and some Middle West States. BRYAN cannot even regain the Northern States which he carried in 1890, under a misapprehension on their part—a misapprehension which has been enlightened. Even if he should carry them, he will lack many votes of a majority of the electoral college. The facts and figures show clearly the folly of nominating him, and they sustain the prediction that to do so would lead to the certain defeat and the probable disruption of the Democratic party. There is a wealth of argument in the *World's* pamphlet which make it well worth the study of all who desire to understand the character and the tactics of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN—a demagogue, a false prophet, a political trickster ready to barter principles for votes, eager now to drop the few rays of Democracy with which he has sought to cover his naked guilt, and to put on in their place the particularized cloak of ROOSEVELT Republicanism. BRYAN recognizes and admits the force of the *World's* pamphlet by breaking out into screaming abuse of the paper and its editor.

Mr. Watterston's Hopeslessness

Colonel HENRY WATTERSTON when last heard from was at Naples-on-the-Gulf in Florida, getting himself in order, we trust, for political usefulness in the spring and early summer. From there he lately wrote a letter to the *New York Sun*, as follows:

"I am so used to being misquoted that I am growing careless in it; but some notice of the following, which I find in your Washington correspondence, seems to justify a word or two of rebuttal: 'In his talks with fellow Democrats Mr. WATTERSTON warmly approved Mr. BRYAN as the Presidential nominee of his party.' 'Some time ago,' he explained, 'I attempted to work up a sentiment against him, but failed. To-day he is the undoubted choice of a vast majority of Democrats and the strongest man in the country, and it would be wrong not to nominate him.'"

"I have at no time 'warmly approved' Mr. BRYAN for anything. Quite eight months ago I undertook a systematic and, as I thought, an intelligent campaign designed to organize such a volume of public opinion as would condemn the Nebraska bill short of some economic catastrophe he could not hope to carry any of the debatable States, and, therefore, could not be elected. All that is being said now against his candidacy I said then, though I wrote in a spirit of conciliation. The lesson of 1904 admonished me that he and his friends must be satisfied to unite the party and elect my ticket."

"Mr. BRYAN said in response that if the party could find a man likely to get more votes than himself he would be for that man, but that the man must be a 'regulation Democrat.' Then I said that if Mr. BRYAN were sincere in this I could name him a man answering his requirement who certainly fulfilled all other requirements. Ultimately it came out that I had Governor JOHNSON, of Minnesota, in mind. There followed six months of newspaper geysering of one sort and another; not a syllable of serious consideration. Mr. BRYAN naturally construed this to mean that my appeal had met no answering voice—he announced himself a candidate—such possible competitor Governor JOHNSON, Governor FOLEY, Senator CLEVELAND, declared they would not oppose him—BRYAN, a BRYAN stronghold, was chosen for the national convention—and nothing is surer than that he will be nominated. The only effect

of Mr. BRYAN's defeat would be a repetition of 1904. The BRYAN idea has so sandbagged the politicians and bounced the back settlements as to bring enlightened Democrats to a state of inanition, and to drive the independent vote away, except in the doubtful event of hard times."

"I simply threw up my hands in despair and accepted the inevitable. Yet if I had had, six months ago in timely cooperation, half the real nose displayed by the Eastern end of it, we could have carried our point, sending the party on some other than Mr. BRYAN; but it could not be, because you Eastern people, who think you know it all, in reality rarely learn anything of the country at large until it is too late."

This letter explains MURSE HENRY's frame of mind when he gave it out that it was too late now to beat BRYAN. It is evident that he is quite as unrecruited as ever to the fatality of BRYAN's nomination. We trust it is also becoming evident that he gave up trying to fend off that fatality far too soon.

Justice Dowling in the Shaw Case

It is not always, perhaps not often, that a New York judge can be congratulated on the dignified and purely judicial way in which he has presided over a criminal trial that may be termed a *cause célèbre*. Justice DOWLING, however, is especially entitled to commendation for the manner in which the second trial of the THAW case was conducted. The first trial lasted nearly three months, and the second less than a month. The first trial was a spectacle ending in a disagreement of the jury; the second trial was a judicial inquiry concluding with a verdict. In the first trial the real defendant was the murdered man; in the second trial the defendant was the murderer. It is not our intention to say that the presiding justice was responsible for all that made the first trial a scandal to the administration of justice in New York; he was the unhappy victim of conditions of which Justice DOWLING was fortunately free. The latter, however, was, as the judge should be, the strongest figure in the court room. He managed the case with a skill and a determined authority that ought always to characterize our criminal trials and that seldom do. One of the noteworthy, if not the most noteworthy, features of Justice DOWLING's conduct in the fact—a fact, as we are informed, without precedent in a criminal case—that not a single exception was taken to the charge. May Justice DOWLING provide at other trials that exalt public interest; and may other justices follow his example!

Another Decision in Favor of Free Labor

The United States Supreme Court has again rendered a decision in behalf of free labor. The Court holds that a boycott which affects interstate commerce is a conspiracy in restraint of trade, and is therefore within the terms of the SHERMAN anti-trust law. This is a judicial recognition of a proposition that has long been held by legislators and economists, who have regarded some of the pretensions of labor unions as bringing those organizations in the category of combinations at which the act was aimed. It is not, of course, true that the act intended to include labor unions in the definition of combinations, if, indeed, any definition at all was intended. We know, however, that some organizations have been included by the courts as within the intention of the act—railroads, for example—which the framers of the law did not intend to include. The Court must be bound by the language of the law, and not by the unexpressed or ill-expressed intentions of its framers. That a blow has been struck at the boycott—a cruel and barbarous invention, sometimes criminal in its consequences—is a subject for congratulation. It is a blow for individual liberty and industrial freedom. Three extravagant demands of labor unions, two of which have been embodied in Congressional legislation, have recently been overthrown by the Supreme Court, and while these decisions offend the unions, they also emphasize the argument for a fair and manly dealing with this vexed question by government. Congress has an excellent opportunity to do something that will be satisfactory at the present session. The successful Camptown experiment is before it, and in considering it each Congressman should seek to forget the number of labor votes in his district. Oftentimes they are fewer than his imagination pictures, and always their class interests are of less—much less—importance than the interests of the country.

Restriction of Intercollegiate Contests

Six weeks or more ago the Harvard faculty passed a resolution "that in the opinion of the faculty the number of inter-

collegiate contests should be greatly reduced." This expression of opinion they sent out to each college represented in the New England Association of Colleges. Four of the colleges thus addressed—Colby, Tufts, Vermont, and Williams—made favorable responses. Of these, the most important is Williams, which has since given evidence of the seriousness of its convictions in the matter by a resolution of its president and trustees suggesting to its faculty to provide that after this year no athletic contest shall be permitted with any institution more than two hundred miles from Williamstown, and that except in case of a tie there shall be no more than two contests in any one sport with any other one institution. This moderate but precise suggestion of restraint is based upon the report of FRANCIS LYNN STETSON, EUGENE DELANO, and FREDERICK B. JENKINSON, a committee of the Williams trustees appointed in the fall of 1906 to consider the matter of intercollegiate athletic contests. They reported that in the last eight years Williams had had an average of fifty-seven intercollegiate contests a year, very nearly half of them outside of Williamstown, in which a yearly average of twenty-three students contested, the number of contestants being insignificant compared with the number of students in attendance to look on and cheer. Admitting that the contestants got some good out of their sports, and that no wise friend of youth would wish to deny them the chance to get it, the committee found that "from the primary and proclaimed purpose of a college there had been such a diversion to a secondary and subordinate incident of collegiate association as to induce the student belief that the true college spirit is to be evolved not through the curriculum or in interchange of ideas, but most potently in the arena of athletic sport." Such in effect had been the formal declaration of the students' publications. This sentiment the committee felt unable to endorse. Our national temperament, they said, tends to push beyond bounds what in moderation may be good. They found their college to have been founded, and to be maintained, principally through the gifts of serious minded men and women, who denied themselves in order that generous youth might pursue those liberalizing studies which should establish them as men of intellectual power and integrity of culture. They said they would rather see the college decline in number than swell its lists by students whose interests and ideals were alien to those the college was founded to foster. Finding that generally in American colleges there is grave danger of departure from the essential ideals of a college as distinguished from an institute of physical culture, they assented to the view of the faculty that there should be a large reduction in the number of intercollegiate contests, and offered the moderate resolution to that end, which the board passed. It is a significant resolution which is likely within a year or two to be the pattern for others.

Anti-gambling Agitation

There is a lot of energy in the course of expenditure just now over gambling. The President has invited Congress to try to think of some safe way "to prevent at least the grosser forms of gambling in securities and commodities, such as making large sales of what men do not possess and cornering the market." In this State Governor HUGHES has condemned racetrack betting as conducted under the PECK-GLAVY law, and there is a very vigorous movement at Albany, led by the International Reform League, to abolish it. While their hands are in, the Albany legislators are invited to pass a bill punishing by imprisonment gambling in a private club, residence, or hotel, or buying chances in a church fair lottery. Also to pass the bill to amend Section 344 of the Penal Code making it a misdemeanor to buy and sell stocks, bonds, and such things, "on margins." The reformers find no trouble in getting testimonials as to the objectionable qualities of gambling. BISHOP DOANE, speaking against racetrack betting, says that all gambling "is essentially wicked, since its root is in the deadly sin of covetousness—the desire to get something for nothing." He cites the eighth and tenth commandments against it, not, we think, with entire justice, for a large proportion of gaming and betting is a playing with money rather than for it, and is done purely for amusement, and in a good many cases with almost Christian hope that the other fellow may win. Taking the other man's money is often repulsive to players and bettors who like the excitement of the game, and we are confident that of the men who

in a city like this play cards for stakes in clubs or private houses, only a small proportion are actuated by covetousness, or the desire to get something for nothing. What they are after is amusement, and to the pursuit of that they are often willing to sacrifice time, sleep, and energy, the money value of which is ridiculously out of proportion to the value of the stakes they play for.

Stock Speculation as a Symptom

We have not noticed, either in the President's message or in accounts of the proceedings of our Legislature, the suggestion that there ought to be legislation prohibiting a rising temperature in fever cases. We have always understood that a high temperature was exhausting and hurtful, and killed the patient if it went high enough or lasted long enough. But legislatures don't seem to care to make laws against it, nor is it down in the lists of the Reverend WILSON F. CHARTS as a thing to be suppressed. All that is done about it by the authorities is done by boards of health that try to prevent fevers. Stock gambling seems to us a good deal like the rising temperature in fever cases, a symptom, rather than itself a disease; a result rather than a cause. The disease that causes it seems to be the seizure called prosperity. When the times look good and stocks begin to rise, unscrupulous folk who think they see a chance begin to buy them, and if their confidence is strong or their judgment weak, they strain their credit all they can to do it. Keep prosperity down to a modest level, and there won't be much complaint about excesses of stock speculation.

The Horserace Business

As for the racetrack betters, we dare not undertake to demonstrate that the show they patronize is a highly moral show. Very likely the Adversary invented the horse, endowing him with possibilities of speed, and turned him loose in the world to lure mankind to perdition. Undoubtedly a horse that can be urged to go inside of three or four minutes is an immortal machine, fit to be grouped with the fare box and the roulette table. People play cards abundantly, and with happiness, for nothing but fun, but it appears that when horses run races it belongs absolutely to the job to bet money on them. Without bets, the horserace folk tell us, the horserace industry cannot be maintained, nor the breed of horses continue to be improved, nor the agricultural fair to be maintained in vigor. Shall racetrack betting be abolished, then, and horseracing with it in New York State? If it were ours to say, we would think a long time before abolishing it. It amuses a lot of people, wastes their time and money, and keeps them from doing other things. Nobody but ERNEST SINCLAIR knows what they would be doing if they were not at the races, but we fear the worst. The damage done to public morals by racetrack betting under the present law in this State does not seem so disproportionate to the joy diffused by the races that the races should be suppressed.

A Little Freedom is a Handy Thing

For our part we hate to trust the Rev. Dr. CRAFTS or any other oppressive reformer with too comprehensive a mandate for the regulation of society. We are always afraid that when the CRAFTS has perfected society according to their standards, it would be too much like a golf course from which all the bunkers had been eliminated. There ought to be a few temptations left in the world for us to grow on. Protect the young and the weak; shield the incompetent and the timid; but, in the name of all the Fathers, do not make pigs of all mankind. Leave some folks on earth who can take care of themselves, who can kick temptations out of the road, or keep them for playthings, and other way be safe. The President should shut us out of the mails if we corresponded with a broker. Not on any such meet as that did our CANNON feed while he was getting great, nor is greatness, nor even robust proportions, achieved on a diet of prohibitions. There cannot be freedom to do right unless there is considerable freedom to do wrong. There cannot be horseracing to keep away from unless there are horsemen to go to; nor rum to let alone unless there is rum to drink; nor stocks to avoid unless there are stocks to buy. Freedom is sometimes costly, but it is worth a lot of prohibition. As for speculation, it is the very breath of business, and almost of life itself, since the greatest speculation on earth is a new baby.

The Length of Human Life: Other Facts and Opinions

We referred the other day to the method of prolonging life advocated by Professor METCHNIKOFF, the well-known discoverer of phagocytes, and present sub-director of the Pasteur Institute. The distinguished Russian is by no means the only scientist who has held that human longevity should not be so short as under present conditions. It generally is. HALLER, a conspicuous Swiss physiologist of the eighteenth century, thought that man ought to live two hundred years. BUFFON was of the opinion that if a man did not die from some accident or disease, he would reach ninety or a hundred years. METCHNIKOFF holds that the fact that many men over seventy years old are well preserved, both physically and intellectually, makes it impossible to regard that age as the natural limit of human life. There is no doubt that such philosophers as PLATO, such poets as SOPHOCLES, GOETHE, and VICTOR HUGO, such artists as MICHAEL ANGELO, TITIAN, and FRANZ HALS, produced some of their most important works after they had transcended the Scriptural age of threescore years and ten. Significant also is the fact that deaths of people at an advanced age are seldom due to senile debility. In Paris, for instance, in 1892, of the cases of deaths between the ages of seventy and seventy-four, only 8.5 per cent. were attributed to old age. Confirmation of the theory that the natural limit of man's life is not at seventy or seventy-five years is to be found in the well-established fact that very many men reach a much greater age. It is now demonstrated that centenarians are really not rare. In France, for example, nearly 150 people die every year after having reached the age of one hundred or more. In 1830, out of a population of thirty-three and one-half millions, there were 146 centenarians. In some other countries, particularly in eastern Europe, the number of centenarians is still greater, relatively. In Greece there are nine times as many as in France, proportionately to the population. According to M. CUMBY, there were living, in 1896, in Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania more than 5500 centenarians.

What is the greatest age that can be reached by the human species? Passing over Scriptural, Homeric, and legendary data, we find an astonishing case of longevity recorded in Hungary, where an agricultural laborer in 1539, died in 1724, or, in other words, at the age of 185. The Hungarian records of the eighteenth century contain other cases of death at ages between 147 and 172 years. The case of DIARENDEG is even more authentic. He was born in Norway in 1626, and died in 1772, at the age of 146. The well-known case of THOMAS PARK seems likewise to rest on good authority. PARK was a Shropshire peasant, who did hard work until he was 130 years old, and who died in London at the age of 152. The celebrated HARVEY, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, examined PARK's body after death and was unable to detect organic disease; even the cartilages of the ribs were not ossified, but elastic, as they are in a young man. PARK was buried in Westminster Abbey, as certainly he would not have been had any doubt been entertained concerning his longevity. We add that on January 26, 1896, there died at Bristol, Virginia, one Mrs. MARY RAMSEY WOOD, at the age of 129 years. Her age is authenticated by the record of her family Bible. In view of the strain to which their constitutions are subjected by child bearing it is a curious fact that women more frequently become centenarians than men do. For instance, in Greece, in 1883, there were 274 persons aged from 95 to 110 years, of whom 123 were males and 145 females. In the seven years from 1833 to 1839 there were in Paris 26 men over the age of 95, and 45 women.

Should we try to prolong human life? Would it really be for the good of the human race to extend man's existence beyond its present limit? Already we hear the complaint that the burden of supporting old people is too heavy, and statesmen are perturbed by the enormous expense which would be entailed by state support of the aged. It is taken for granted by objectors to the prolongation of human life that the more man's existence is extended the more will the resources of the young be reduced. This is not necessarily true. The prolongation of life would be associated with the preservation of intelligence and of the power to work, and it would no longer be needful to give pensions at the age of sixty or seventy years. The cost of supporting the old, instead of increasing, would diminish progressively. It has also been argued that the natural selection should be allowed free play, and that unwholesome people ought not to be preserved by scientific means. As a matter of fact, vast services have been rendered to mankind by men suffering from a feeble constitution and precarious health. Even amongst tuberculous persons and so-called physical degenerates there have been individuals who have had a large share in promoting the advance of the human race. We may mention, for instance, the names of FROELICH, LEOPARD, WEBER, NICHUMANS, and CHOPIN. It seems to follow that the sympathetic and merciful course is also the wise course, and that we should use all our endeavors to permit men to complete the normal term of life, and to make it possible for old men to play their parts as advisers and judges, endowed as they are with long experience.

The Regicidal Horror in Portugal

The aim of Greek tragedy was to excite fear and pity by depicting the great ones of earth as subjected to the most appalling calamities that may befall mankind. The conditions prescribed for the Athenian stage were satisfied by the atrocity of which Lisbon was the scene. Of the four occupants of the royal carriage, King CARLOS and the Crown Prince were killed, the second son, Don MAXIMIL, was wounded, and Queen AMALIA only escaped death by a hair's breadth. Pathetic is the account of her attempt to leap off one of the assaulons with a lampet—her sole weapon of defence. Thither it had been the boast of the Portuguese that their country had never bred a regicide, and the too successful endeavor to exterminate the reigning family seems to have had the effect of reviving a passionate loyalty and provoking a violent reaction against republicanism. The pretext for the homicidal demonstration was, of course, the decree which the King had signed the day before, and which increased the dictatorial powers of Premier FRANCO by suspending all the constitutional guarantees of civil rights. If revolutionists were ever logical, they would not have held Queen AMALIA and her two sons responsible for the decree, but would have confined their vengeance to the sovereign and his Prime Minister. As a matter of fact, it was in compliance with his mother's earnest request that her second son, become King MAXIMIL, dismissed Premier FRANCO and directed his successor, Admiral FERREIRA, to re-establish the constitutional guarantees and order a parliamentary election at an early day. The ex-dictator has fled from the country, and, as the fallen have few friends, it is most unlikely that he will ever return. Nevertheless, the historians will say that the abuses to which Senhor FRANCO was determined to put an end were real and grievous. For many years Portugal has been more governed than any other European country professing to enjoy parliamentary institutions. There was a corrupt understanding between the principal political groups, in pursuance of which each of them was to acquire by rotation possession of the offices. There was an abuse between these groups as regards the multiplication of sinecures—a single minister has been known to hold a dozen salaried posts—and the malversation to dishonest purposes of appropriations made ostensibly for public education or the army and navy. Senhor FRANCO, whose personal integrity is undoubted, made up his mind to abolish the rotative system, suppress all sinecures, and institute a rigorous economy in the public expenditures. To do this by means of a parliamentary majority was impossible when he took office, and, accordingly, he dissolved the national legislature, and refused to permit a general election until he felt sure of carrying it. In the execution of this programme, which was commended by good intention, he had the support of his sovereign; but, undoubtedly, he violated the Portuguese constitution, which limits the time within which a general election must be held. BISMARCK also in the early sixties violated his country's constitution; but BISMARCK succeeded in attaining his object, whereas FRANCO has failed.

Our National Blight

If one were to hail the first best corner in the street with the question, "What is our national blight?" he would reply now-days, according to his station in life, "Rascovism" or "materialism." But it would be a superficial answer. These evils are, after all, of a transitory nature. Mr. ROOSEVELT is not immortal, yet, and there are always painters and musicians and sculptors and foreign novelists to join us in annihilating materialism with distillates. But one is in no such hopeful case with the national blight. It has spread itself thick over our entire continent; it jumps out at us from every paper we unfold; it runs riot through the magazines, even through the most entertaining series of them, the advertising pages; it plays vulgar pranks in cheaply legitimated books; it is the spoken language of the people we meet in society, and is assuaged by those we know out of it. It is so insistent, so pervasive, so omnipresent, one lacks courage even to solve one's self with the soothing and ancient song:

"O where shall rest be found?"

When one sees it thus carpeting up the highway and through the hyacinths of life, one longs for wings to flee away and light on Mount Parnassus, there to sit down in the midst of the nine Muses and hold their hands and cry with them, but that the Muses died long ago and reincarnated, it is to be hoped, in another planet more fit for Muses to dwell in than this one.

For our national blight is none other than that cheap smartness which Mr. Kipling warned the students of Magill University against last October. Mr. Kipling himself took to the vocation of letters very early in life, and in such spirit that our own "Dean" dubbed him "a smart young man with his hat on one side," and the designation was too witty to be wholly incorrect. At any rate, as the years advanced Mr. Kipling straightened his

bat and set his square jaw, and now he is in a position to counsel the young men of Magill University.

"I have no message to deliver," he said to them. "But if I had a message to deliver to a university which I love, to the young men who have the future of their country to mold, I would say with all the force at my command, *Do not be smart!* If I were not a doctor of this university with a deep interest in its discipline, and if I did not hold the strongest views on that reprehensible form of amusement known as 'rucking,' I would say that whenever and wherever you find one of your dear little playmates showing signs of smartness in his work, his talk, or his play, take him tenderly by the head, by both hands, by the back of the neck if necessary, and lovingly, playfully, but firmly, lead him to a knowledge of higher and more interesting things."

And will Mr. Kipling's eloquence prevail? And will others of the suffering lift up their tired voices and protest against this inundation of cheapness and smartness, smartness whose relation to wit and humor is as distant as the relation of the smirk to wit? Will they parading its effluence in a hairdresser's window to a living and beautiful princess, not born in America?

Those who maintain a close watch upon foreign literatures, upon the outpouring books of France, of Germany, of Italy, of the best in England itself, will be the greatest sufferers from our national blight. It is the most depressing element in life. It induces the saddest reflections upon the scheme of the universe, the tremendous convulsive efforts and the dull and meagre results. To follow the smart young writer's account of something he has seen or heard is as painful as to see a man choke to death of a crumb in his windpipe; we see the blood rush to his face, his veins swell to bursting, he gasps for breath, he convulsively clutches the air—but the picture is too harrowing. We read, and our hearts sink lower and lower; we are overcome by that uncountable, that terrible sadness which seems to involve the whole creation, which we cannot analyze into nothingness, and cannot, by any means, away with. It is sordid there before us, increasing day by day, this mass of ridiculous effort and amazing basality. Its facility is miraculous. It almost compels our admiration by its conquering air, this vulgar and smart journalism with its hideous verbiage. All that it touches is translated from the original divine essence into a cheap point of view. The most sublime subjects cannot escape it; the moral law and the starry heavens are tainted; the soul's inner life, the heart's most exquisite secrets, the beauty of the world and the wisdom of all the arts, built up by man through the centuries, are degraded to its uses, and it filters through the seven ages of man. Years cannot cure it, and the eight-year-old boy chanting lustily to himself as he runs his toy steam engine has learned to substitute for the busy old lady who lived in a shoe, a more modern and smarter song.

"Little dabs of powder,
Little globes of paint,
Make the chorus lady
Look like what she ain't."

And one is led to believe that these people who look at life through the wrong end of the open glass, seeing all creation befuddled and belittled, yet really enjoy living in the world they have invented. It is inevitable! Take them, as Mr. Kipling warns you, lovingly, gently, playfully by the hand, and lead them to a knowledge of higher and more interesting things.

For there are things to fill the spaces of cheap smartness. Truth, for instance, though it be an unpardonable retort to state it again, is vastly more astounding than fiction or cynicism or smartness. Sincerity and simplicity never pale, but blow upon us like a fresh, wood-fringed mountain breeze when we clutch high enough to meet them. Beauty never saddens ignobly and never wearies.

But DAVIS GRAHAM PHILLIPS is telling the smart ones that what they need is more originality. More of this same smartness? Never. Do not be persuaded! Do not let any one flatter you into believing you can originate anything. Seeing individually is not like to be more than dragging to light some ugly twist or excremental real artists were trying to hide. Believe Mr. Kipling when he warns you against being smart. The real masters of faithful living, the real secrets of souls, the great truths of art will never reveal themselves to smart thinkers or cheap cynics. They are to be won patiently and religiously, with subtlety and—oh! that we had eloquence to convince even the least of the little ones—with depth of consciousness and reverent awe.

Personal and Pertinent

How have the ways of the prophets changed in a few thousand years? Today, when a prophet comes from one abode to another, she has two hundred men working overtime for three months making the abode ready for her. It takes three engines and a private car and a host of the faithful to effect the little journey. Her garb is of a magnificence that would have shamed a queen of

few hundred years back, and yet this is the prophet who teaches us that there is no reality in matter. Can one conceive of AMENSA, or of JAMES the Baptist with his raiment of camels hair and his brethren girdle about his loins, setting so much matter in motion for the purpose of a little journey across the country? It would almost seem as if the less we believed in matter the more dependent we became upon it. There have been prophets who walked upon water, who defied fire, who averted through the world unbelieved material obstacles, but that was long since, and it now takes three engines to move one frail little old body from Concord to Brookline. One is irresistibly reminded of *Punch's* old queries and answers: What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind.

CHARLES FORTY SMITH was a careful gentleman, and had a good deal of influence. The daily press has told us how many newspapers he edited, and from that enumeration and from our knowledge of his official position we discern that his chief activity, whether as editor or citizen, was political. From his youth up he was a politician, and when he dwelt in New York and edited papers in Albany and in Syracuse he used to draw platforms. He was possessed of the gift of platform rhetoric, and could induce ringing sentences that meant much, or that covered up, with a blizzard of words, an evasion. Thus he was useful to his party. He was sincere from THURGOOD WELLS. He did not make candidates, but he constructed something that they might stand on for the two or three months during which they had to stand on something that would not give way suddenly and, therefore, dangerously. He was a quiet and unostentatious man, living calmly and according to law. He did not like a fuss, and never made one. He liked people, and they liked him, and some of the first people—political people—of his time owed him much and he was paid. He never seems to have made any enemies. We have already been told that he retained the friendship of both BLAINE and CONKLING when the two were bitter enemies of one another, indulging in such enmity as can be best engendered by an interchange of billingsgate. Mr. BLAINE wanted SMITH's support in the Presidential campaign of 1876, but he could not have that, for then SMITH was a New York editor, and New York Republicans followed the leadership of CONKLING. If SMITH had then lived in Maine, and if CONKLING had requested the editor's assistance and had been refused on the ground that as a Maine Republican he must follow his leader BLAINE, CONKLING would never have forgiven him; on the contrary, he would have taken the first opportunity—not that presented itself, but that he could catch up with—to pour vituperation upon SMITH'S TROTTER head and heels. He would have made another of those "gratuitous efforts of his life." BLAINE was different; he understood and greatly profited by the rationation of SMITH'S friendship. His head, as they say, came back to him. After GARFIELD'S death and ARTHUR'S accession, BLAINE was determined that he must remain in the cabinet as Secretary of State, and it was the effort of his friends, stimulated by himself, to convince the country and, incidentally, Mr. ARTHUR that the GARFIELD tradition must be preserved, and that BLAINE must remain in the administration to keep it alive. Mr. SMITH, who was then editor of the Philadelphia Press, agreed with Mr. BLAINE, and gave to the theory a valiant support. A friend of the two saw SMITH every afternoon, and learned from the Secretary the developments of the day, with BLAINE'S entire views of the situation. All this was telegraphed to Philadelphia for Mr. SMITH'S information and guidance, and so BLAINE had an official organ of much enlightenment and power. The service of Mr. SMITH'S friend came to an end one afternoon, after a brilliant meeting. At that meeting there had occurred a conversation between Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. BLAINE concerning the THURGOOD and WALKER BLAINE mission to Chile, and the atmosphere of the cabinet room at its close indicated that Mr. BLAINE'S place in the political family would soon be vacated. As it was, the effort of Mr. BLAINE and his friends to keep in were useless, for Mr. ARTHUR had stopped in Newark on his way to the White House to offer the Secretaryship of State to his old friend Mr. FAIRBANKS.

Correspondence

A PANIC PANACEA

SONA CITY, CA, January 29, 1901

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Mr. E. J. DeBell, in your issue of January 25, offers with childlike confidence the financial system of guaranteed bank deposits to cure the bad home-made "run on a bank," and to eliminate the last "panic" miracle. The writer assumes that there would be no delay, on the part of the Treasury, to hand over to the individual depositor of a closed bank whatever amount stood to his credit on the books, as soon after the closing of the doors as the necessary clearing could be done.

Would the Treasury close the business in that manner, or would the receiver of the failed bank be required to realize on the assets of the bank, paying pro rata to the depositors, the residue only

being paid from the guarantee fund? The latter course would, most assuredly, be pursued, and the process might require months of time. Another thing the writer of the article referred to has forgotten, if he ever knew the fact, namely, that the deposits of a bank are largely—much more than half—mere credits secured by some form of "I promise to pay" at some not very remote day. Now suppose Mr. Debell's proposition should be carried into effect. John Doe goes to the bank and secures a credit of \$10,000, giving his note with such security as the bank, at the time, considers good; suppose "financial stringency" comes before the obligation of Mr. Doe falls due, and the bank is forced to close its doors; suppose Mr. Doe receives the amount of his bank credit from the guarantee fund, or from the United States Treasury in case the "fund" is insufficient; suppose Mr. Doe pays the money so received to other personal creditors; suppose, further, that when Mr. Doe's obligation at bank becomes due he is not able to pay, and suppose that his security is "hundreds" or is worthless—what is the result? Simply and solely that Mr. Doe has a clean slate of \$10,000 with which to pay his matured personal debts, or to tack away in some place where the law can't find it—if, indeed, he would be "liable" if it could be found. Better at once "guarantee" all private debts and bring in the full financial millennium, a beneficent vision of which Mr. Debell seems to have had.

f am, sir,

J. W. RICH.

LOST STANDARDS

BOSTON, Mass., January 30, 1901

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—There never existed in this country but two sets of decent prices—the old-time blue-bellied Yankees and the cultivated Southerners. All the rest have ever been mongrels and mongrels, and, unfortunately, they run rampant. The American people learn from their money and will be until the American people learn something of the old deceptions existing where women were ornaments and men frequented the pathways like unto the full-breasted goblins.

We will have no parts again in the next hundred years, for it will require all of no time to outdistance the coarse people who outnumbered Bob Lee at Appomattox.

f am, sir,

J. W. McCORMAC.

SOLEMN SUGGESTIONS ABOUT SILVER

BOSTON, Mass., January 30, 1901

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—There are people who are made unhappy by the prospect that it has again become necessary to discuss the questions of currency, monetary standards, and the ratio of silver to gold. But truth is truth, and there was no connection between the two in returning again to the fray because the gold standard has brought about great evils and threatens us with commercial paralysis. There are two subjects which ought to be kept distinct in the thoughts of all men—the fatal rise of prices and the recent panic. It may be said at once that there was no connection between the two. It is not my intention to write one word about the latter, save to say that it was created artificially, and that there should be a Congressional inquiry into the matter. But with regard to the high prices that are giving all reasoning men great uneasiness, it seems to be conceded that it is the result of the lowering of gold, which is itself the result of the over-appropriation of gold due to the general adoption of the gold standard. Other things being equal, it is plain that the gold standard is preferable to the silver standard, if only some nations will be so obliging as to retain the latter. But they won't. They obstinately refused to play the part of silly sheep and allow themselves to be deceived. Every nation that has been able to do so has placed itself upon a high ledge, and the consequence is that there is not so much advantage in being a gold bug as there used to be.

If we examine the causes that led England to force the gold standard upon India, and to close the mints of that country to private individuals, we shall find there without difficulty. There is not a doubt that in the first place it was an act of vengeance for the successive bankruptcy of all the Anglo-Indian banking establishments and agency houses that had been created. They were all wrecked by the native bankers, who forced from time to time articles of merchandise of silver and then descended upon the firms with demands that could only be settled with rapers. The ruin wrought by the failure of one great bank among the families of the army and the civil service was so widespread and so terrible that English statesmen lost their heads and rushed upon taking measures that would move the situation for all time. But there was another cause, and that was that the profits of banking in India were very great, and the English wished to have the business which they created. But the native bankers were by no means satisfied to restrict themselves to purely native business. See the mints were closed and the gold standard adopted—practically if not formally. Since that time there has been unrest in India, and there is an ever-growing demand for autonomy which is puzzling the English very much. It is simply the form which the native bankers have selected as the best method of making war upon the financial tyrants of their nation. The native natives, in a word, are in a very bitter mood since India is a land of many nations, all of whom, however, are a unit upon the question of open mints for silver exchange for individuals. And this unrest has gained Egypt, which has been raised from a condition of intense misery to one of remarkable prosperity. The cry, "Shah ba shah, su Arab" ("Shoulder to shoulder, O

Arab!"), which is being circulated among the fellahs seems almost a gratification to the English, and so it is. For it would be heard as surely as Egypt should be placed upon a silver basis with the English five-shilling piece as the monetary unit. If the English do not understand these facts, then it is because the Spirit of Infinite Love that shapes our ends, roughens them how we will, has smitten them with judicial blindness. "Quem Deus urit perire, perire decrevit" as an ancient sage said.

England, having in an evil hour adopted the free trade fallacy, feels a constant necessity for lower prices, because free trade is a challenge to other nations in competitive manufacturing. England requires cheap food and cheap raw materials, and therefore the rise in prices is highly prejudicial to English interests, that their superiority as the money power serves them well, for it enables them to dominate the produce exchanges of this country, which in consequence of the tie of a common language is very open to attack. This power of the purchaser to control prices is the inherent defect of exchanges, since it is obvious that the largest purse must win. Admitting for the sake of argument that there are a number of brokers who desire to get the best prices they can for the producers of wheat and cotton, copper and silver, they can do nothing in the face of organized determination to give much less. So the wheat pit and the cotton exchange, and the tobacco exchange and metal exchange, become centers of commercial life in which the matters produced under a high tariff necessitating high prices are lowered to the rates demanded by free trade, that necessitates low prices. The exchanges do not and cannot guard the interests of the producers, and that is why there are "Night Riders" in Kentucky, and there may be something similar in the cotton States. Protection does not protect the producer, and this is a grave defect in our otherwise admirable tariff system. Those who imagine that free trade would be an efficient remedy are one-sided doctrinaires whose minds are too narrow to take in the whole of a subject.

Things are assuming a gloomy aspect entirely independent of the panic. The ten-cent can of condensed milk is twelve cents, the ten-cent pie is the same, and there is a general rise in all those little things that have made bearable the condition of the very poor. Bread is still five cents a loaf, but there is a constant diminution in the amount of flour in use, and if prices continue to soar there must be a change in the price of bread. When there is there will be bread riots as there were in Paris prior to the Revolution. It is undeniable that there is a widespread belief that the rich are responsible for the existing state of things, just as the French held the crown and the nobility to account for their wretchedness, which in fact was due to the absurd financial system of the farmers general, and to the great number of peasant proprietors trying to live on half an acre. No honest writer can deny that there is a growing hatred among ourselves of the 10,000 rich families, and a conviction that their money is tainted. As to the others who know our secret, certainly there are not many whose wealth is untainted, and is the result of successful commerce and manufacturing. We hear much of "predatory wealth," but the fact is that it would not be possible to name one hundred families whose heads owe their immense stacks of securities to that form of speculation which consists in buying mortgage bonds, selling them, and perfecting the proceeds. That is what we have in mind when we think of money robber barons. And they are enabled to float these securities through the national banks, because they own nearly all the stock that represents the capital, and the bankers must do their bidding.

However sadening it may be to those who wish to preserve the present state of things, there must be a change in our currency, in our monetary standard, in our system of banking, and in our produce exchanges. Otherwise there will be what there was in France at the end of the eighteenth century, and the money interest will be punished for the guilt of the few, and the incapacity of Congress to comprehend the meaning of very plain facts.

f am, sir,

EDWARD GARTYNSKI.

AS TO MR. ROOSEVELT

CLEVELAND, O., January 30, 1901

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—We have been a subscriber to the HARPER'S WEEKLY for a great many years, and while we recognize it as a great publication, we have not taken your editorial department has not been conducted in a fair and just way for the past year or two in reference to President Roosevelt. Referring to correspondence on page 9, January 18, we think the gentleman has gone as much too far the other way as your criticisms on the President have gone the other way. We think the President is entitled to criticism for the great many matters. However, we feel that the editorials which you have published in the past year have not only been unfair, but unjust in the criticisms of his actions. We think all Americans like to see fair play and justice done.

If you will refer to your correspondence of few years back when Theodore Cleveland was President, you will see no such criticisms in your editorial department as have been carried on during the past few years in reference to the President. We are satisfied that the majority of your readers think President Roosevelt is as patriotic and sincere in everything he does as was President Cleveland, and with this extreme radicalism on your part, it gives your readers the impression of unfairness on the part of your editorial writers, and when a journal gets into this condition it certainly will lose the confidence and its subscribers.

f am, sir,

W. D. TAYLOR.
The George Worthington Co.

"Crossing the Line" With the Fleet

By ROBERT DUNN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP "RHODE ISLAND"



U. S. S. "RHODE ISLAND," OFF RIG DE LORAIN, BRASS.
ELL, everybody aboard is a real shellback now. Early on January 6 our seven hundred peevish fed lubbers sought initiation to the domains of Neptuneus Rex, Ruler of the Raging Main. By the afternoon watch they were members, if somewhat unclean-faced lampblackened, and half drowned in the tank. All mermaids, sharks, skates, eels, crabs, suckers, pollywogs, take notice, He understand the Mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep.

No one seems to know the origin of "Neptune Day" in the American navy. Responsibility is sometimes thrust upon the Dutch, whose sea supremacy, if short, showed a sense of humor in not a few ways. Theoretically, for the twenty-four hours nearest to the time of crossing the equator, every warship from bridge to skipper's cabin is turned over to its crew; every man, from admiral to "rookie," if he has not crossed the line before, is put through a course of sports to make a Montana Elk Lodge or the Harvard "Dicker" blush with envy. Of course the exigencies of responsibility and discipline do not allow this to be executed to the letter, but the initiated man is supreme enough to mark the day with maybe the reddest letter of his life, and saute chow enough to the wind of license to make any foreign navy man's hair stand on end.

From our complement of some 800 men, perhaps 70 had "gone through" before, so the rest of us were neophytes. Ever since leaving Trinidad, the crew was strangely busy. Forward on the gundeck old suits with grey hair, and the peels of civinet, were to be seen doing a bit of light semipretentious with hand saws, machines and green and yellow calico. Behind ventilators, in the blacksmith shop, in the launch, rope was being shredded into lanky wigs, until it became demoralizing to imagine the number of chemical blondes in prospect for old Neptune's release. Veterans assumed an air of mystery and intimidation. Some youngsters got phlegm poured at their talk, which, therefore, became the more saturnine.

"What was the name o' that coal-passer they killed on the *Iracheen*, Neptune day?" would be asked after a young yeoman, and his eyes would stand out as big as saucers.

A bucket labelled—

COLGATHILLIAMS' SHAVING DOPE

appeared behind the after turret, for the initiation pivots on barbering and dentistry. Flavors of oak a foot long, with blades beautifully abraded, came from the "lawyer's" quarters, and a turret crew spent a whole watch, heads together, over the after life-boat locker, painting a flag in green and red—

WE drink

BEER

Any brand

W. H. McDonald, chief water-tender, who was in the Neptune himself, staided up his rifle, what he should say, what the skipper reply, when, as Rex, he came over the side to take pos-

session of the ship; for that part of the ceremony has been handed down by word of mouth for years, and so likes the whole to an Elizabethan pageant. The new navy has at least one tradition!

Actually we crossed the line in long, 38° 10' 24" W., at 11:42 P.M., January 3, when some of the ships had a bit hastily put through their evolutions. Early as the night of the sick, the flag-ship signalled to disregard any lights or burning barrels set alight (they might be mistaken for moon-overboard hoys); and that night and the next several flaming pyres drifted down the avenue between the alternate ships of this first squadron, weirdly illuminating their steel immensity. You see, Neptune, with his wife Amphitrite, and release of scurries, cops, barbers, and bears, elicits overside from the deep, out of his fiery chariot, on Neptune eve, to inform the skipper of the dire purposes of the morrow. Neptune and his train carry the deep-sea mail bag, filled with subpoenas of such import that when you read yours you go shiver your head and get your oldest clothes ready.

His Majesty boarded us at 7:30 Sunday night. To be literal, he must have crawled through a hatchway, for his barge burned past some time after he had appeared. Under a golden crown embossed with zodiacal pieces, and with a truly Homeric tunic, he led his long-haired minions and coy Amphitrite—who needed a chair—to the quarterdeck. As seen in the darkness, the procession would have done credit victoriously to the amateur sumo-wrestlers of a dreary suburb, the cops to slapstick work at a variety house.

The skipper was hailed, and ship-aboard; Neptune was informed that this vessel landed was the *Rhode Island*—and what was his royal behest?

That the bridge be turned over to the denizens of the deep at 8:30 next morning.

Granted.
"Thank you, sir!" answered the King, with involuntary respect.

He introduced Amphitrite, with long flaxen hair arranged *a la Vivande*; and, in order to be of the occasion, the skipper

encourage the social phantasy sought to compliment that lady:

DM. MATTY PERSHORE.

NEPTUNEUS REX, W. H. McDonald, Chief Water-tender, AMPHITRITE, MIA WIFE, W. H. P. Power, co's.

THE SKIPPER, Captain Warder.

SKIP.—And Mrs. Neptune looks even younger than when I first saw her thirty years ago.
NKP.—Well, she's not. She's a thousand years old, and she drinks like a fish!

(Amphitrite blushes, cops distribute the deep-sea mail, Neptune and release retire through the hatchways.)

But next day Neptune forget to take the bridge. After screaming on it with his herds, to see if the navigator was keeping proper distance from the *freeway*, even his mermaids found the beer and cigars forward of the quarterdeck turret for alluring.

There the tank was set, made of scurries lashed to a launch beams fixed to the rail, and to the boat deck, on the edge were



Neptune's Arrival
CAPTAIN MURDOCK WELCOMING THE RULER OF THE
SEA ON THE "RHODE ISLAND'S" QUARTERDECK

perched the barber chairs, two of them; and they marked the devilish ingenuity of our celebration, though they were minus cushions and their saw-boards were somewhat angular. The point was, they were rigged with their backs to the pond, their fronts held by a big spiral spring, the backs propped by a swinging stick like the deadfall of a trap, so that when you sat in— But wait. The three dentists set up just aft, along the bulk of the pond. The first had painted on his box that served as a chair, in white on a maroon ground—

CROWNS PAINFULLY EXTRACTED

The second had a camp-stool and a big brass oil syringe from the engine-room; the third, no seating accommodations, but was equipped with a syringe and a barrel of liquid which was a fluid extract of the shaving dope administered. That little tub was early seen in be quite inadequate, so a hophead was substituted, which contained, by analysis:

five analysis this prescription: Cylinder oil, molasses, flour, lamp-black, graphite, soap-powder, aqua immora. Apply with a broad paint brush, all over the body, and as fast as you can. Near by, Neptune, Amphitrite, and two scribbles sat behind a board propped on barrels. The flex, in a grass green and scarlet kimono effect, directed affairs with his quivering trident, the scribbles checked off the names of candidates from long typewritten lists, and Amphitrite smoked cigars and looked stumping. She wore an Old Sherry skirt of *peau d'octopus* with wide red and blue insertions; a waist of real starfish stars on a blue background, edged with silvery ermine off the wardrobe Christmas tree, over a low cut, baby-blue gimp. The barbers affected red and white harlequin suits, with broad collars and rope ruffs on sleeves and leg bottoms. The dentists wore plain bayonet clothes, long chin-beards, straw hats, and jumpers of the best-room chintz. Blond hemp wigs vied with black hair mattresses nose, the scarlet and purple kimono with the plain white nightgown, the Jacobean collar with the square jerk, rouge and white lead with the balloons and rosy pantomime mask. In the tank were the bears.

Why bears, only the mist of tradition might tell. Their fur was shrouded rope, and they wore red shellacked masks with prominent ears. The natural impulse was to call them mermaids, and very rough and unwholesome cures they were at that, with a strong taste for beer, great dexterity in drinking from a bottle, and a long arm reach for the cigars dispensed at the feet of royalty.



Neptune, Amphitrite, and their Retinue

NEPTUNE HOLDS HIS TRIDENT, AND THE "LARY," SOMEWHAT IN NEED OF A BRAVE, STANDS AT HIS LEFT IN HER WEALTH OF MOKE HAIR

So the neophytes were twirled through the treatment, to the endless shouting and squeal, shooless and generally stripped to the waist. But that made no difference. If you wore a shirt, it was yanked up in the barber chair, and the black later was swabbed on from the location for appendicitis up to the crowning hair of your thatch.

The first dentist syringed with plain salt water, tossed something from a bottle up your nose—something in the anastethin class—rubbed your face with disinfectant from a broad-necked jar, and then ordered your mouth open. Inside, you got a nice big bolus of—

HASH'S PILLS

The name was heaped across the doctor's back, and they were made entirely of salt water soap, and your jaw was held and your nose pinched until you had to taste them.

The second dentist plunked you in his chair and scrubbed your face with foam and molasses. Any syringe not being otherwise employed, and loaded from any one of the half dozen tanks of oily stuff, played all over your features. Number three stood up, ordered open mouth—gagged you till you obeyed—and filled it with a pint of the black mixture, from goblet to eyeballs. And then you were tossed into one of the barber chairs.

First it was a thorough lathering with the "dope." The barber's broad paint brush started over you—marked favorites got a shine on their bare feet—until you looked like one of the inky boys in the Sherniny Peter book. Mr. Barber moving his oaken razor, and slapped it across every inch of nakedness, and then—dip! The weapon hit the deadfall in the back of the chair. The spring in front, encouraged by a good deal of the barber's elbow grease, did the rest. You shot into the air, and convulsing a perfectly good back sawn plank, landed face down in the tank, at the mercy of Signalmann Andy O'Connor and his brother bears.

That was the climax. Above, if one had some inkling of how he was being manhandled, now he lost it utterly, dazed and spluttering in the head-clogged tank water. The bears held you under; they executed the most refined tortures in the arts of rough-house; they shouted "This way out!" and heaved you for'ard when the exit ladder was aft, just to get at you again. From the bridge above, through the spray and the squirt of the hose lines that made up for the loss of water by leakage and otherwise, one couldn't tell half the time what was doing down there; but the



A Neophyte describing a Curve on entering the Tank

IN THE TANK ARE THE "SPARKS" WHO RESERVE THE NEWCOMER FROM THE BARBER'S HANDS, AND TREAT HIM TO AN AMAZING "BATH"

follow with a Napoleonic coat of arms on his back—"N. R." quits properly, only the emblems flanking the crest were points of eye whiskey—was certainly very, very busy.

Within the first hour the tax on the deadfalls had been so heavy that a halt had to be called for repairs. Remember that, with both chairs working, the air-consumers went off in pairs; that seven hundred men were being "got through" as fast as seventy no-leashed husky sailors could handle them—and you get a faint idea of how the ceremonies started. Now screw-drivers attacked the catapults, wrenches strengthened the springs. More ammunition, in the shape of tinfuls of graphite and buckets of flour, were stirred into the hogheads. More beer was set boiling into the tank, and the game was on again, keyed up a few notches in moonshine.

The executive shouted to the men perched on the frail Morris-tube frame to climb down, and though he used a megaphone they could not or would not hear and didn't budge. Water began leaking from the tank. Once it got so low that the ship's medical force became nervous, fearing some one would land on the neck and break it. As the crowds "went through" and washed up, the grimy old clothes of the hosts on turret and stay were replaced by glistening whites.

"Strike her up! Play!" the bears shouted to the ship's band gathered under the tower bridge. "In we'll put you 'er' at once!" And of course that band played, and played "The Souler."

A barber struck the deadfall of his chair so hard his razor flew overboard; but a royal daughter of the deep at once whittled a handle to a board and honored him with it, so he went right on shaving.

Now and then the neophytes concerted a rush against the ropes, till it seemed as if barbers, dentists, and all might landslide into the tank. "Note of the cops' flexible and whacking billies. Tommy Watson, all turret captain, but now master barber, did slip in, but it cooled him off and cleaned a deck of the black from his head and scarlet pajamas; so other barbers began to duck themselves regularly. The black from the hogheads slowly was being transferred to the tank water, which assumed a soupy, smoke gray tinge. Syringes and brush were fatally spattering gay barbequins and bayoned into a neutral slaty hue, and the deck looked as it does when ship is coaled in a deluge. As the bears roared their rosy hides, they eluded them overboard. Amplitude was getting very expert at ducking her golden locks as she threw her head back under a beer bottle.

About half past ten the tank burst a leak. Maybe one of the mermaid-beasts, if you must—put her foot through it in seeking for a cigar. When it had been fixed with a new awning, the game went on faster and more furious. One man did rise from the dip stunned for a moment, with a streak of blood under his nose, but he climbed out of the tank unaided and unaided. That man and a boy named Minkov, who had his shoulder dislocated, were the only ones who suffered mishaps. The medical department set up and marvelled as the human pinwheels revolved, that not even a stray foot banged a careless nose into bloodfrenzy. But the marvel of all was that less than eight hundred men, confined on the largest between port cruise an American fleet has ever taken, with its unusual residents to amuse natural and human bickering—there was all day not one flash of ill feeling, not a single scrap. Not a personal score was settled, because this ship, as they say, is the "happy" one of all the fleet.

Those who "got it worst" were either the most popular or the least popular; any one of an incident personality up forward had to pay for it in tank and barber chair. As a rule, yachtsmen—"gyrenes" (slang for marines), real barbers, masters-at-arms, and negroes furnished the most diverting spectacles. A couple of bears ferried around a ship's cook on their backs, so obese was he. Andy the Signalman was certainly having the best time of anybody, as the roughest man in the tank. With his shirt and half his trousers torn to shreds, it could be seen that about the finest physique in



Neptune's hard earned Certificate

THIS ENDOUSSED DOCUMENT, ELABORATELY MIXED AND BEATED, IS DELIVERED TO THE NEOPHYTE AFTER HE HAS SURVIVED INITIATION

the navy was holding the negro men attendant under. And it was great to watch a neophyte lean back in the chair, shut his eyes and content his face all ready for the lather, and then get the lather at his expression from eight hundred throats, as the barber shyly held off to give him the liniment.

I have been using the phrase "you" not unduly advised. Dangling one's legs from the upper bridge, it was simply impossible to watch it all and not take off my socks and make a dental appointment. (None of the officers did, though; not because they didn't and dare or want to. But some things, even on Neptune Day, may be false dig, and the custom is for them to buy off the mummery; hence all the beer and cigars.) The sensation was about as

acute as that of a figure in a runaway limousine went through so like lightning. And if I was disappointed as to thrills, perhaps Dr. Hush is never that he couldn't lookmate a pill, and Andy that a full minute sitting on some one under water didn't feel a choke. But they say it was an exquisite lack something that one quite black "er" turned from the chair. It is very hard to keep away from certain varieties of sailors.

By dinner time, most willing victims had received their medicine. The afternoon session was devoted to the timid and the perverse. It was now up to the cops of the deep to drag them out of hiding. The ship was pulled from fighting-locks to double bottoms. Struggling culprits came on in the arms of Neptune's Tropicana.

There was a white-mustached Swede who showed real fear. Not knowing a word of English, the game probably thrilled him with the mystery and terror of an inquisition. He started in with his boots on, which is strictly against rules, so his feet and his soles almost left him together. He turned white as green-jackets in the barber chair, and tried a second of quickly rattled resistance in the tank. A yeoman caught all in a watty duck shirt and bonnet was doused under polite protest. Salswell, head master-at-arms, of whom you had heard for days, "He'll get it good," had fixated upon sick list, so he was dragged off and revived with unexpected charity. After studied pleading, ambascadors from the Royal Court expiated the executive into delivering, on a guarantee of immediate return, the five bad men who since trying to "jump ship" at Trinidad had been pondering their sins to double form. Their reception was royal. The eighth youth who at Port of Spain attempted to drift ashore in a life-preserver—but the current handed him on the Concordeist, then into our look-up—was handed gently, for confinement had weakened him. And one seaman—who shall be nameless—sank down by a ventilator in a pretended faint, where he was left flat.

To finish, Neptune flaked a sensation. Toward three o'clock, he rose on his hind legs and commanded that the Order's necessary. If painful, duty be done. The cops pounced upon none less than a member of his own court, the purple-tinted scribe who handled the typewritten list of names. His job aboard ship cuddles him close to a typewriter, but he had gained general unpopularity—never mind how. The deep-sea hero, in the true manner of deep-sea, having put him to their use at the keyboard, now turned against him. They trumped up a charge of dishevelled that he had ever crossed the line as he averred. They tore off his pink mask and hustled him toward Dr. Hush. Halfway there, he broke loose and plunged into the tank. But it was no use. The boys leaped in after him, carrying buckets of a medicine specially concocted for him. And his father was nothing milder than pure pitch, which doesn't wash off as easily as graphite. They gagged and swabbed and shaved and suffocated him under water; and when he finally escaped from the maelstrom of spray and muscled arms, he was black—almost as irreversibly black—as the darkest mess attendant looking on.

Then the skipper entertained the royal severity on the deck aft. And all over the ship you saw private winking and ear-cleaning parties, naked pairs doing love about a bucket of water, the while the Neptune present, which officially is a couple of stars, inverted on a blue field, fluttered downward from the mainmast.



The Republican Party of the Doubtful South

By EDWARD LISSNER



A QUESTION of import from the standpoint of party management in the approaching campaign is whether the solid South has become the doubtful South. By the latter term is not meant Maryland or West Virginia, but those States of the Southern section which in the absence of party discussion have hitherto been looked upon as *sure* Democratic. There are at the present time three Southern States rated as doubtful and two disputable. Under the first head are placed Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi; under the second, Virginia and North Carolina. Democratic leaders may deny this, but it is more whistling on their part to keep up courage.

By the existence of a doubtful South in place of the hitherto solid one, four changes are inevitable in the political situation of the future.

First, a diminishment of the prestige long enjoyed by New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana at national conventions as pivotal States. They will have to share this with some of the Southern ones in the future.

Second, the ending of an almost solid North, the reply of that section to the solid South.

Third, greater influence of the Southern States in the councils of both parties, one that ought to prove beneficial in character; and

Finally, the breaking down of all barriers which since the close of the Civil War have prevented men from the South being candidates on the national tickets of both parties.

An answer to the question whether the solid South has really become the doubtful South involves a consideration of the Republican party in that section, and more especially whether it has now made itself acceptable to the great mass of voters there who supported the Democratic ticket at the polls in the past merely as a protest against the manner in which the opposition party was conducted. This is the purpose of the present article.

The point to be considered at the inception is whether the Republican organization in the States mentioned has at last begun to realize its strength—not to add, importance. Sixteen years ago, prior to the commencement of the campaign of 1892, a national leader, Senator Depew the writer believes, complained of the state of affairs which gave the Democratic ticket the entire electoral vote of the South without its being obliged to lift a finger to obtain it. He did not in the same breath condemn his party managers for allowing the election to go by default, principally because he realized that it would be a waste of time to contest with the Democrats for the Southern States, and necessarily prevent adequate attention to the doubtful and debatable ones elsewhere. The Republican Congressional Committee, with slight exception, has pursued the same policy, and, one may also add, is not entitled to condemnation either for so doing. But with the State and local committees the situation is different. The vast majority have followed in the footsteps of the National and Congressional committees. Presumably existing to dispute control with the Democrats, the Republican organizations in most of the sections of the South have been content to allow election after election to go by default. This perhaps was as instrumental in keeping the Democrats in power as anything else. The local Republican leaders were satisfied with the mere skeleton of a party, not designed to keep alive before the voters Republican principles and policies, but rather as a basis to the claim for Federal patronage in their sections. Small wonder, therefore, that Secretary Taft said in his Green-shoro, North Carolina, speech, it would be better for the Republican party in the South if Federal offices were filled by Democrats.

The situation mentioned exists in Virginia at the present day. The impression prevails there among the people of all parties that no real desire exists on part of a majority of the Republican leaders to make a showing at the polls, excepting in the Ninth Congressional District. Their real object is to keep the Republican party a close corporation for use in the distribution of Federal offices. As one sums it up, the larger the cadre, the longer the division. Republicanism suffers in North Carolina from much the same cause. There are more voters in the western part of the State whose principles lean toward the party as they are understood than go to the polls. The claim is made that North Carolina has 87,000 white Republicans, though at the last Congressional election the party vote was but 67,000. The cause of this apathy is very simple: the dissensions among State and local leaders over the distribution of Federal patronage. Their quarrels on the subject are constant. It is said to be inferred, however, that the entire Republican leadership of that State is based on the foundation of Federal patronage. This would be unjust to some of the men there who write and talk for the party principles,

though they refuse to have anything to do with the organization so long as it means a squabble for office and nothing more. The feud between Henry Clay Evans and Congressman Brownlow has done much to keep Tennessee Democratic. It is the only issue for Republicans in the State. Federal patronage is the stake both sides are playing for. There is not the slightest pretense of an appeal to the people on national issues. Thousands of voters disgusted by the quarrel have either supported the Democratic candidate or remained away from the polls. The Federal administration has been lacking the Evans faction with patronage, and this has added to the intensity of the bitterness. It should be said, however, that no election goes by default in Tennessee. The Republican leaders there are run to win, though a candidate for office identified with one of the factions is bound to be knifed by the adherents of the other. The situation in Missouri is more encouraging for the Republicans. Their party has profited by the personal popularity of President Roosevelt with the great mass of people and dissensions among the Democrats. During the legislative session of 1903, there was a fight on among the Republicans over the election of a United States Senator between Richard C. Kerens and Thomas K. McElrath. Senator Warner was finally chosen. It is not believed this quarrel is going to affect the party strength in the coming election. The view of impartial observers is that, next to Theodore Roosevelt and Governor Folk, William J. Bryan is the strongest man, politically, in the State and may carry it next November. A conservative of the type of Alta B. Parker could not. The Republican party in Kentucky, partially free from the domination of Federal patronage, has been successful, and is strong at the present day. Its leaders believe that two things will give them the State in November: first, the quarrel which is destined to grow more intense between the machine of ex-Governor Beckham and the Democrats opposed to it, and second, the nomination of Roosevelt. The Westerner is not strong in Kentucky. In 1900 McKinley carried the State. Four years later it went for Mr. Bryan by a plurality of 8000. In the last campaign Judge Parker, despite the strength of President Roosevelt, carried Kentucky by 12,000.

The Republican stronghold in Virginia is in the southwestern part of the State, lying next to southern West Virginia, eastern Kentucky, eastern Tennessee, and the western part of North Carolina, this territory forming the Ninth Congressional District. The better classes of the native population are overwhelmingly Democratic. The Republicans are mainly from the element which furnished Union soldiers during the Civil War. This class has always been opposed to what it terms the aristocracy, especially of eastern Virginia, and hence, it is charged, plays some part in its vote. The Republican strength in North Carolina, the same as in Virginia, lies also in the mountainous section of the State. The Union spirit prevailed here in 1860 because there were few negro slaves, and the people at that time were opposed to the dominant element of the State. The bulk of this vote is white. These Republicans stand as well socially as the Democrats, but in the east there is, practically speaking, as such thing as a decent white Republican. The main strength of the party in Tennessee is in the eastern part of the State. The voters there are Republican because they are Republicans. Many hate the Democrats because of Civil War memories. They were poor before that time and hated the slaveholders. The Republican strength in Missouri is confined mostly to the large cities. The party has also been dominant in the northern tier of counties near the Iowa line, and has progressed much in the southwestern or mining section. The Republican strength in Kentucky is in the eastern or mountainous section for the same reasons as exist in North Carolina, eastern Tennessee, and western Virginia.

The character of Republican leadership throughout the doubtful South is no better or worse than the Democratic. It may be said that the old reconstruction type of leader has become extinct. For those unfamiliar with conditions in the South, it is only fair to add that the Republican leaders of to-day are all white. The day of the negro boss has also passed.

Bacon Sloop is chairman of the State Committee in Virginia. E. F. Summers, Collector of Internal Revenue of Abingdon, George E. Bowden, of Norfolk, member of the National Committee, L. L. Lewis, of Richmond, and Charles Canney, of Suffolk, are some of the more prominent leaders. A. Brown Allen, of Winston, and Mervin Treat, both Federal officeholders, are also factors. Most of the men mentioned are of the machine politician type. Bacon Sloop became chairman of the State Committee through depositing Park Agnew, of Alexandria, from that post. Agnew was one of the higher type of leaders and widely known and respected. As a candidate for Congress he carried a considerable vote. W. H. B. of the great Confederate leader, Marion Butler, former United States Senator, who now lives in Washington, claims to be boss of his party in North Carolina. Its other leaders are Jeter C. Pritchard, United States District Judge of the Western

District; his son-in-law, State Chairman Thomas H. Rollins, of Asheville; Judge A. C. Adams, of Greensboro; Thomas W. Nettles, a leading member of the Asheville bar, whose pamphlet on his party in the South attracted much attention some months ago; and Walter A. Hildebrand, editor of *The Industrial Area*, Greensboro. The Republicans in Tennessee are all men of high social standing. The fact is, more having the upper hand, led by H. Clay Evans, ex-Union Commissioner, First Assistant Postmaster-General and Consul-General in London. He is Northern born, his face changes him with being a carpetbagger. His chief lieutenant is Sewell Sanders, chairman of the State Committee, who is a prominent churchman. Evans, it is said, holds his present power by forming an alliance with Congressman Nathan Hale, of Knoxville. Mr. Hale is a candidate for Congressional nomination and also reelection to Congress. The opposing faction is headed by Representative Walter P. Brownlow. His chief lieutenant is Richard W. Austin, consul at Glasgow, Scotland. Austin is now a candidate against Nathan Hale for the Congressional nomination from the Second District. Brownlow was reelected to Congress in 1906 by a majority over both the Democratic and leading Republican candidates. The independent Republicans had the support of the State machine. The factional quarrel in Tennessee has a peculiar history. Tennessee is the only one of the eleven seceding States which did not have a carpetbag Governor just after the war. A Tennesseean, Andrew Johnson, was President, and he upheld the administration of "Furson," William H. Brownlow. The carpetbaggers then appeared and attempted to secure control. This was H. Clay Evans. Thus began the Evans-Brownlow feud, which has continued in one form or another at intervals since 1870. A peculiar feature of it is that the Evans faction, on the one side, and the other side, have high standing with leading Democrats. In Tennessee the native-born Republican who hates a carpetbagger. The character of Republican leadership in Missouri is better at the present time than it has been for years. Some of the party leaders are Thomas K. Veal, Attorney-General; Walter S. Bailey, State Chairman; Attorney-General Herbert S. Bradley; Thomas A. Atkins, National Committeeman; Cyrus P. Wallbridge, former mayor of St. Louis, and Charles Nard, an eminent attorney and close personal friend of the President. In Kentucky, the Republican leaders at the present time are Governor Augustus D. Wallace, a man of much standing and ability; former Governor W. O. Bradley, the present incumbent of his party for United States Senator; William Marshall Inghill, R. P. Ernst, and Mayor Grinstead of Louisville. The only danger of this leadership being ended or tainted lies in interference from Washington, which has given in the past to be the cause of the party not alone in Kentucky, but throughout the South. Twelve years ago, W. O. Bradley, then Governor, controlled the organization. He gave the State a good administration, but declined to take orders from Washington, and in consequence lost his seat to Senator W. O. Bradley. In 1890, Taylor, the Attorney-General under his administration. The party under the new leadership became profligate. Debow and Taylor only held control through the distribution of Federal patronage. With the death of Taylor for Governor, and his flight into Indiana, and the retirement of Senator Debow, the leadership was bestowed upon John W. Yerkes, an able lawyer and cultured gentleman, but a poor politician. He was named for Governor, but defeated at the polls. This did not affect his control, however, and four years later he defeated the nomination of Morris K. Bicknap, a substantial Louisville business man, and was also defeated. In the mean time Yerkes was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and held the post until last summer, when he resigned to practice law in Washington. It is said he has permanently retired from politics and will not be a candidate to succeed himself as member of the National Committee.

The influence of Mr. Roosevelt upon his party throughout the South has been great. There can be no denial that his popularity among Democrats in the various States has been a tower of strength to the Republican organization and a great factor in making part of the South both doubtful and debatable. But without attempting to rob the President of any credit for this, it should be recalled that William McKinley had already begun with much success to make his party regular in the Southern States, and Mr. Roosevelt very slowly took up the work where the late President left off. There is no doubt, though, that the present occupant of the White House has failed to exert all the influence for good which he might have, and in consequence the solid South is not so near being broken as it should be. During the last Congressional campaign the writer was discussing the general subject of this article with a prominent Southern leader of the Republican party. The latter urged that if the Federal administration would cease treating the South like a step-child, appoint some of its leading Republicans to higher Federal offices, and especially give the section representation in the cabinet, the last vestige of sectional feeling would vanish, and the Democrats would have a hard time retaining their control. This leader was probably right so far as representation in the cabinet is concerned, but he was wrong in assuming more patronage as a motive in building up the party there, he seems to aggravate the disease from which Republicanism of that section now suffers and has suffered. Instead of mitigating the evil, Mr. Roosevelt has pursued the mistaken policy of allowing the Federal patronage to be the subject of factional quarrels, and in introducing those who have thrived on it to his generation, and have been more aggressive in capturing delegates to the national convention than fighting the Democrats at the polls. This is the discouraging side to many Republicans of the situation in the South.

The President has done nothing to leave up his party in Virginia. He has recognized the same set of men who have controlled the Federal patronage under past administrations and follows their suggestions in every appointment. Any apparent strengthening of the Republicans which may manifest itself in the coming election would simply be due to the personality of Mr. Roosevelt. The President is also popular with many Democrats in the States. But dislike and distrust of the men at the head of the Republican organization might prevent many Democrats from voting for Mr. Roosevelt or Secretary Taft or whoever the party may name for the Presidency. The President has favored both factions at different times. Southern Democrats are not up to the standard of his representative. Both have carried on a spirited contest to win his favor by shouting loudly for him. There is nothing, however, on which an opinion may be based as to whether Mr. Roosevelt has been a factor in the present condition of his party in that State. There is no doubt, though, that if the President had been inclined to lend more of his influence to those Republicans already mentioned who are members of the party for the sake of principle, not office, the condition of it would be more favorable than at the present day. The President must also bear his share of responsibility for being a cause of the continued feud in Tennessee. If he would have kept out of the quarrel between the Evans and Brownlow factions, and especially refrained from strengthening one side as against the other with Federal patronage, his influence might have been powerful enough to unite the party in the end. He is personally very strong in the State. There is no doubt that were he to reconsider his refusal and be the nominee, he would not alone get the Republican and colored vote, but also that of many Democrats. Much of this support would be due to his misalliance. Whether Mr. Taft will be as strong in a contest, the President is almost strong among Democrats in Missouri. He has admitted that he has strengthened his party there. The same may be said with reference to Kentucky.

The Republican party of the doubtful South has become a white man's party. The negro is no longer a factor in the election of a leader from Tennessee, said that his organization had allowed the negroes to get their own way long ago, and charged the Democrats with trying to get their votes. This change may account for the rise of the Republican party in the Southern States.

The negro is prominent in politics in Virginia. The Constitution of 1902 has practically eliminated them from the electorate. Under its provisions there is required a payment of poll tax six months prior to election; further, that applicants to register must do so in their own handwriting, in the presence of the Registrar, in other words, from the close of the war to the early eighties, the negro wielded a powerful influence in the politics of the State, causing it to go Republican several times. It was through the aid of the negroes that General William Mahone was elected to the Senate. The negro domination ended with the second Reconstruction. At Louisville about 1870 the white and colored men in the State said that the practical disfranchisement of the negro was the best thing which ever happened to the Republicans. The fact that the negro votes the Republican ticket as sure as he goes to the polls has hurt the party in the whites, and caused the color line to be drawn with a tightness entirely incomprehensible to the people of other States. The negro is not a great factor in Republican circles of North Carolina, though his vote is accepted on election day whenever he can qualify. The colored vote in the western counties is hardly large enough to count. The only elections carried for the Republicans in recent years have been entirely through the white vote. There was a strong effort for years on part of the better element of the party to break away from the negro, and when the constitutional convention was called, mainly for the purpose of disfranchising him, the white Republicans in the western part of the State declared their acquiescence on the ground that they wished to build up a white party in the State. The negro has never been a great factor in Tennessee, either. There are some who may be placed in the category of leaders. Both factions have negro support, the Evans faction having the larger. The party is ruled from East Tennessee, which was Whig before the war, loyal during the war, and Republican since. No class of people hate the negro more than the Republicans of East Tennessee. Even the slight influence which the negro exerted in middle and western Tennessee has been disappearing. The Republican organization in Nashville some time back practically repudiated all negro politicians. The negro is only a minor factor in the party in Missouri. He is not prominent in party affairs, though he is recognized in State committees and conventions. There is no particular evidence in Missouri to break away from him. The negro as a leader has no influence in Republican circles in Kentucky.

The tariff is said not to be a factor in the strength of the Republican organization of the doubtful South, though the Southern States have turned to manufacturing to a greater degree than ever before. No doubt, however, if the tariff becomes an issue the situation will change.

Virginia is the only State where it plays a strong part, and its influence is confined to the mountainous section. A great deal of capital has been invested there from Pennsylvania, and other Northern States in coal and timber properties, and the investors are Republicans with great influence. There is little sentiment for and no special sentiment against a protective tariff in North Carolina. In Tennessee there is some inclination among Democrats to favor a protective tariff, but this sentiment is said not to be strong enough to influence any political result. It is said that the Republicans of Kentucky would rather avoid the tariff as an issue, because it would open a way for a union of the Democratic forces.



GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE

DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT

A New European Question

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



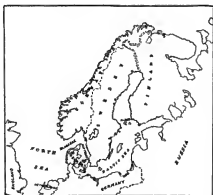
THE title of this article is perhaps a little misleading. The European Question to which it refers is the question of the Baltic and the North Sea, and of the relations of the Powers that have interests therein. It is not really a new question. There was a time when it was the chief preoccupation of European diplomacy. Many international treaties, compacts, and conventions have been framed to deal with it. But to the present generation it seems new. Not many readers, I suspect, realize the meaning of "The Northern Question" which is now making its reappearance as one of the standing headlines in the daily press, which is at this moment the subject of momentous negotiations between the leading Powers, and which in a very short while will regain most of the diplomatic prominence it enjoyed from fifty to seventy years ago.

I propose very briefly to sketch as interesting and complex as any that new confronts the statesmanship of Europe.

The event that first directed attention to the newer aspects of the Northern Question was the rupture between Norway and Sweden. The integrity of the united kingdom was guaranteed some fifty years ago by a treaty between France and England as a preemption against Russian aggression. When the union was dissolved in 1905 the treaty naturally became imperative. The question then arose as to the international status of Norway and of Sweden, and the best means of maintaining it. So far as Norway was concerned the solution was found a few months ago in a treaty guaranteeing the integrity of the new kingdom and signed by Great Britain, Russia, Germany, and France. This left Sweden still unprotected, for, more than a little aggrieved by the special position her late partner was occupying. Negotiations have, therefore, been begun between Sweden, Germany, and Russia which, if all goes well, are expected to result in a declaration affirming the status quo in the Baltic. Such a declaration does nothing to offend Sweden's pride, while it does as much as any diplomatic instrument can to guarantee her security. It is compared to the agreement of a few months ago by which Great Britain, France, and Spain regulated their interests in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

The object, then, of the present negotiations between the governments of Stockholm, Berlin, and St. Petersburg is to assure to Sweden a standing and a security equal to that which the treaty of last November bestowed upon Norway; and the means by which that object is to be attained is a declaration on the part of these three Powers that they intend to respect the status quo in the Baltic. So far as it goes, all this is quite satisfactory, but it does not go very far. Germany, Russia, and Sweden are by no means the only Powers with definite political and commercial interests in the Baltic. Denmark, for example, is emphatically a Baltic Power. A glance at the map shows that the entrance to the Baltic is here to open or close at will. Great Britain, again, has always made it a cardinal point of her policy to maintain the freedom of the Baltic. Less than three years ago the Channel Fleet was sent to Skawenish as a warning to all whom it might concern that any attempt to declare the Baltic a closed sea would be regarded as an act hostile to British policy. France, too, is equally concerned in preserving the Baltic as a *mare liberum*. Moreover, in any comprehensive discussion of the Baltic question as a whole, the problem of the Aland Islands is bound to arise. They lie, it will be seen, off the western coast of Finland and command the approaches to Stockholm. By the Treaty of Paris, to which Great Britain and France were signatories, Russia, in a loan the Aland Islands belong, agreed neither to fortify them nor to use them as a naval or military base. Different opinions may be held as to whether, in the conditions of to-day, it would be better to reaffirm that agreement or to abrogate it or to modify it. But obviously the matter is one in which Great Britain and France have a claim to be heard that cannot be ignored or denied.

For these reasons it is felt that the projected Russo-German-Swedish declaration touches no more than the fringe of the Baltic question, that it is altogether incomplete and without any real validity, and that to make it satisfactory it should be extended to include Denmark, Great Britain, and France and should settle



The Baltic and its Gateway

firming the status quo in the North Sea. But, quite apart from the inadequacy of any agreement that is confined merely to Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Berlin to settle the Baltic question as a whole, it is very doubtful whether the problem of the Baltic and of the North Sea can thus be separated. In the opinion of England they ought to be treated together. The mere fact that Denmark is washed by the waters of both seas is enough, it is held, to show the impracticability of taking the two problems one by one. The two are essentially indivisible, and the Baltic question, though a wide one in itself, is only part of a far wider one.

This greater question is comprehensively known as the Northern Question. Its essence is the growing pressure of two mighty and imperious empires upon a series of small and ill-defended states that cut them off from the full freedom of the sea. The empires in question are of course Russia and Germany; and the states upon which they impinge are Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium. It is a compromise that the key to all Russia's expansion is to be found in her desire to reach the warm waters. Japan has turned her out of Port Arthur, the British navy forbid her access to the Persian Gulf, and Turkey controls the Bosphorus. In one quarter only is there the chance that Russia may yet win her way to an ice-free port on one of the great oceans. Very few people realize that the course of her expansion has lain westwards as well as eastwards, and that to-day only a narrow strip of Norwegian territory separates her from the freedom of the northeastern Atlantic. The possibility that that narrow strip may one day be eroded and that another Port Arthur may arise on the northeastern Atlantic within a thousand miles of Great Britain, forms one and by no means the least ominous of the many aspects of the Northern Question.

Another aspect is presented by the political needs and the geographical position of Germany. Germany, also, is to some extent an imprisoned empire. Denmark and Sweden between them hold the keys of the Baltic. Unless through the Kiel Canal, the shipping of Germany's Baltic provinces cannot reach the North Sea without threading the narrow passages of the Sound or the Great Belt, both of which the Danes can command at will; and it is an open secret that the Kiel Canal has proved a great disappointment, cannot accommodate the new ships of the *Deutsch-Gründungs* type, and will have to be rebuilt from end to end—assuredly that will consume nearly ten years and over \$30,000,000. Holland, moreover, besides controlling the mouth of the Rhine, excludes Germany from the easiest access to the North Sea; and a little to the west, Belgium interposes a similar barrier. The short and difficult coastline between Denmark and Holland forms virtually the sole effective channel through which the commerce of this great and aspiring nation is at liberty to force itself with ease and security. The impregnable to break down the barriers presented by these small and weak states is constant and inevitable; and the Pan-Germans of any race have made little effort to resist it. The economic and political absorption of Holland stands high on their programme. That Germany, then, may sooner or later have her way through Holland to the North Sea, or by conquering or otherwise dominating Denmark may acquire effective control of the entrances to the Baltic, is also a possibility of the Northern Question.

Wanted: An Unfenced Refuge for Big Game

By HENRY JAY CASE



To make thousand-acre sections of the National Forest Reserve a refuge for big game is the object this winter of a wide-spread movement among sportsmen and naturalists. Twice before have they succeeded in getting a measure through the United States Senate, and each time it has been blocked in the House by a Representative from Wyoming. To-day they are again before Congress with a still more urgent appeal. Big game on the Western ranges is rapidly disappearing. No appropriation is asked for. The measure merely gives power to the President to designate here and there mountain plots in which the game laws will never be suspended. No restrictions are placed upon these timber lands against further settlement, grazing, mining or camping. The

that the Smithsonian Institute recently offered \$300 for a single specimen. Probably the most startling instance of disappearing game nowadays is the American elk. His antlers, head, hide, and horns rarely marked him a prize for pot-hunters; but if his slaughter in the past was rapid, the cash value to-day set upon his teeth as the emblem of high office in a social order has branded him for extermination.

Such have been the strides of commerce and the industries that to-day only a comparatively few million acres of mountain and timber land across this great domain are now left to thrive in their natural surroundings. Congress, by its reserve act, set them aside for public parks, recreation grounds, and settlement, holding it to be the nation's duty to check their further waste by fire and reckless cutting. Pursued by trappers, tradesmen, and



The Establishment of this Herd of Bison on the Wichita Range for breeding purposes cost the Government \$30,000. Congress, by establishing Refuges in the National Forest Reserve, can save the last of the big Game without the Expenditure of a Penny

woodsmen, rattlemen, and naturalists of the West, declare that in a few years more, unless more adequate protection is offered, the only big horn sheep to be seen in America will be confined in the cages of our zoological parks or shown under canvas by travelling shows.

The last year that the Sioux Indians obtained permission to leave their reservation and go on a hunt for meat they slaughtered five thousand head of buffalo. The next year the American bison had practically disappeared from the plains. Not so many years ago, during the migratory period of birds, the sky was darkened with the flight of wood pigeons. To-day these birds are so scarce

pot-hunters, the last of the big game and wild fowl have fled to these isles of safety, there to breed and rear their young. But even in these rocky fastnesses only the strongest and hardiest survive the winter storms and the pursuit of hunters.

There is no national law to-day to cover this animal life, and the statutes of the various States through which the big game belt extends differ so widely that little or no protection is afforded. Only in the Yellowstone National Park is big game absolutely protected, and the portions from this great government reserve already furnished much of the big game now running in the West. Outside the boundaries of the Wyoming park, in circles radiating to the coast and Canada, the game laws, despite the efforts of conscientious wardens and rangers, are openly violated. A local hunter is often caught red-handed with his kill, tried by a jury of his peers and promptly acquitted, it being difficult to make these roving men of the mountains and ranges see fairness and justice in restricted shooting.

On the day before Christmas two game wardens in Flathead County, Montana, stumbled upon an underground line on a railway line which had shamelessly been the means of furnishing the hotels of Seattle and Tacoma with a constant supply of fresh game for years. At a station named Whitefish the game protectors saw a new agent putting enough boxes and mail sacks on the train to supply reading matter for a transcontinental run. The train was a Seattle local. After it was under way they went into the baggage-car to examine the magazines, and found instead fresh venison dressed and carefully packed in ice. The news agent was taken off the train and held before a magistrate, who let him off with a fine of \$25. Afterwards the ruffian admitted that he and his partners by this trade earned up a large sum through the closed season each year.

The big game which sportsmen and naturalists are eagerly seeking to protect is not of predatory character. Even the grizzly bear will not raid the ranchers' stockyard or sheep pens. Wolves, coyotes, crows, and lark cats are not big game, but are regarded as pests, and cordially hated by sportsmen, ranchers, hunters, and trappers; in fact, such is the desire to rid the ranges of these animals that the forest rangers are given power to lure jackal-hunters to assist in their trapping and hunting.



Forest Rangers in the Yosemite Park with big Game Specimens



SAVE US FROM

DRAWN BY E

WEEKLY



OUR FRIENDS!

TON STEVENS



An Oriel in Eden

By JEANNETTE MARKS

DRAWINGS BY ANNA WHELEN BETTS



MR. JENKINS looked over at Mr. Jenkins the shop-merchant and bard, and there was love and wonderment in her eyes. He was reclining in an armchair, his long legs stretched before him, his head at rest against the chair, his hands folded over his stomach, his eyes light closed, his mouth wide open, his lips moving, and every once in a while his tongue quickly lapsing his upper lip. Junny looked away and out of the windows to the meadows that rolled up into the mist like big gray waves; this was the act of composition, she knew, and too sacred even for her, his humbler half, to behold. But the misty uplands suggested overmuch of that unnamable something which when she looked at her husband made her wish to shut her eyes, for might she not, Junny reasoned, see more than she ought to see of the divine spirit that moved behind those hills and behind the lips of Ariel Jenkins. So her thoughts slipped back into the living room of Ty Mawr while her eyes avoided the inspired contents of the armchair. She had been a bride and the envied mistress of Ty Mawr just two weeks;

however, she was forty and matrimony was late for her, and Ariel Jenkins being forty-five, it was even too early for him. Junny felt her responsibilities keenly. Was she living up to them? She was at the mercantile centre of the village, her better half was not only a merchant, but also a crowned poet, her house the most important in Glaflyn. And Glaflyn expected changes; Mrs. Parry Wynn the laird said so. Mrs. Thomas Roberts the tinsmith had prophesied, and Mrs. Jeezer Morris the minister had whispered tolette Griffiths, who had told Junny of these expectations, that she supposed—my, she hoped—Ariel Jenkins's home with a woman in it would soon look like a bird-faring place and receive some improvements. Junny's glance roved through the sitting-room. She had made a few alterations, but somehow in the half light of dusk they seemed as nothing. What was the missing or replenishing of a taper-holder, a fresh case for Ariel's harp, a new cover for the table, or the addition of a few pleasant-faced china cuts to a regimental mantelpiece,—indeed, she sadly asked herself what were these changes in comparison with the unappointed something she was expected to accomplish as Mrs. Ariel Jenkins the shop?

She was a stranger in Glaflyn, an intruder from a great outside world, and now she felt bewildered, lonely. Her eyes flitted to Ariel's face for comfort.

"Dearest!"

"There was no answer."

"Is it comin', Ariel dear?"

"Aye," he snapped.

Junny winced; she had never lived with gentleness, and somehow she thought it would be different. Her deep-blue eyes had a still look in them that suggested not only a long habit of self-repression, but also perplexity, and sadness, too; there was appeal in every feature of her face—an appeal made the more pathetic, perhaps, by the childlike lines of pale-gold curling hair about her forehead and tired eyes, and the delicate hollow beneath her cheek bones and the fragile sweetness of her mouth. It was a face in its soft bloom and delicacy forever young and yet undeniably weary. She straightened out her kittle and again her glance roved the room. There must be a clean hearth brush, new muslin curtains for the eastward; the stairway landing, where it turned by the front windows, looked even in the twilight shabby with the wear and tear of heavily booted feet and chaps; the light from the oriel window above the landing shining through with bald brightness upon the stairs. As she looked at the light Junny's eyes dimmed, her face flushed, and she leaned forward, gazing intently at the window. For the minute she had forgotten Ariel, but he, puff, puff, puff, with many sighs and yawns, was coming out of his inspired room. His awakening look fell upon Junny there where she sat, her hands clasped in her lap, her shoulders tipped forward, her chin tilted upward, a circle of quiet light about her hair, her eyes intent upon the stairway window.

"Junny dear, what is it? What are you lookin' at?"

"Oh! no—aye, lad, I—I—"

"Well, well, Junny!"

"Ariel, I was thinkin'."

"Aye, an' ye were pleasin', too."

He was thoroughly aroused now from his inspiration, and studying that object, woman, which through some twenty-five years he had sung and praised. Ariel's eyes searched her; stanzas, metres, rhyme, these, were all forgotten, for he saw that Junny possessed a thought she had no intention of parting with to him. He glanced from her to the window upon which she had been looking so rapturously when he surprised her gaze. So far as he



So Junny watched Ariel's thin fingers work skillfully, swiftly, with the pencil

could see it was like any other stairway light in Glaslyn, except that it was oval instead of rectangular, and perhaps a little deeper than some, but otherwise precisely like scores he had seen. Then he called imagination to his aid—that imagination which had been the means of beguiling shillings over the counters of his shop, which had won for him a comfortable income, commercial success, as well as made him the foremost bard in his county. He peered through the window; what he beheld was a bit of dusky sky with a shadowy star seemingly behind it. He dismissed long meditation and returned to the study of his lute. It was a whim probably; perhaps one of those unshaped thoughts, elemental, unspoken, to which women listen in their idle moments; indeed, it might even be some dreaming about him of which Janny in the shydom of their relation, still new, was too sensitive to speak. Gradually Ariel forgot the problem in his consciousness of the charm of Janny with her deep-blue eyes, her child-like pale-gold hair, the delicate lines of her fragile face, so different from the Welsh women of their village. Under his scrutiny Janny sat serenely with a more than wonted air of self-possession. She interrupted him.

"Ariel, ye've been to sea, dear?"
"Aye, when I was a lad."
"Was it for long?"
"Not long, two years sailin' with cargoes between our coast and Ireland in the company."

"Did ye learn much of the ways of sailor folk?"
"Aye, much."
"Bumins up an' down the ropes?"
"Aye, that, an' much too."
"Did ye learn tattooin', dear?"
"Aye; the marks ye've seen on my arms an' old salt taught me to do. The sailors were clever with the needle, sketchin' as well as sewin'."

"Do ye think ye could sketch a star now, Ariel, or have ye forgotten?"
Ariel laughed, partly with pleasure at this talk by the fire, partly from joy in the companionship.

"Aye, I'm thinkin' I could, little lamb."
He drew his chair closer to hers and saw her face brighten; it rested her as to have him near her, and her thoughts sped back all the years of loneliness and hunger for the things she could not have; she had a new consciousness of life and of being useful; it was not merely Ariel, it was the house, too, and what she could do to make it—well, the word escaped her: anyway it was the home as well as Ariel, and it was lovely to think of what she could do for it while he made poetry and sold things in the shop.

"An', Ariel, could ye sketch me an anchor an' a bit of rope?"
"Aye, dearie, I could; ye know I could anyway, for I had drawn at the school in Carnarvon while I was an apprentice there."

"Drawin'?"
"It was man's idea."
Janny's eyes grew large.
"Ariel, do ye—do ye—think ye could draw me a—cat?"
Ariel took one look at Janny and burst into laughter; shop, poetry, everything was forgotten in his amusement at her child-like eagerness. Suddenly he stopped, for Janny's face was quivering. Aye, he had forgotten, too, that this was no peasant woman; his laughter seemed brutal.

"Janny, little lamb," he said, softly, drawing her head to him.

"I could, dear; I'll sketch all the cats ye want."
Janny sighed comfortably, her head still against his shoulder, the words coming away from her heart. She could do it now; it would make the greatest difference; Hetta Thriftless and others should see that she was something more than a bit of porcelain in Ariel's home, that she could do something more than merely oversee house cleaning. Besides, it really was something more—it was having an idea of her own, and that, until Ariel showed her, she had never been allowed to have. She reached up and patted his face; even her gestures were incomprehensibly childlike. What she lacked in the passion of a woman she seemed to make up in the perfect trust of a child. Ariel, with all the selfishness of a man who has lived by himself and who has lived much in his own mind, thought now with a pang how lonely Janny must have been even since she came to him: the appeal of her confidence touched the best that was in him, the protection that was his to give her, and some potential sense of fatherhood. Aye, he knew how tired she was after the life that lay behind her, and he gathered her into his arms, holding her there quietly while he talked.

"What shall it be, Janny? A star, an anchor, a bit of rope, an' a cat, did ye say, dear?"

"Aye, a star, Ariel, please. I don't think I want the anchor. The bit rope would be nice, dear. An' I'd like the cat."
"An' what are ye goin' to do with these drawin's, Janny? Are ye goin' to hang them on the walls?"

"No, I'm no goin' to do that."

"Well, it's just as well, dearie, for Hetta Griffiths an' Mrs.



She imagined Ariel was looking down

had lost much in that sorry life before Ariel took her and brought her to live among strangers, whose names and feelings she had no means of postulating. But the tenderness, the innocence, the expectancy of childhood, had remained with her as if making amends for her loss or availing the easiness of untroubled inquiries. She set a candle beside the settle, lifted the cover, took out two long rolls of paper, closed the settle and laid her pencils to the table. Then she sat down with trembling fingers, rolling out several feet of green and crimson paper and a small sheet of yellow. She placed weights on the corners of the lengths, pausing to run her fingers into her hair as she gazed with rapt eyes upon the colored surfaces, commonplace enough to all appearances. She took the cat, laid it carefully on the crimson, pinned it down, and pencilled around the edges. In the same fashion she drew the outlines of four yellow stars and some lengths of yellow rope. Finally with a pair of shears she cut out all the outlined figures. She lifted the cat, freed now from the matrix of surrounding paper and colored with the lifelessness of a new liberty, and held it to the foot and a half of length against the candle light. The light shone through the crimson paper but dimly. Janny smiled, took a small cake of pumice, melted it, and with a bit of cloth sponged the cat as it lay upon the table. This she did also to the four yellow stars, to the lengths of rope, and a large piece of green paper upon which the original cat pattern had been copied. Once more she lifted the crimson animal to the light,—the candle flame shone through clearly with a beautiful crimson hood of after light. After this Janny broke a half dozen eggs, separating the whites from the yolks. Her fingers worked feverishly now and her eyes kept measuring distances; in her nervous haste there were moments when she seemed hardly able to accomplish the next step forward in the task she saw already complete in her mind's eye. She stopped to listen for sounds and steps as she worked, and again and again she imagined Ariel was looking down from the head of the staircase. But she finished the work with a hurried, interrupted, and with a sigh, half sob of weariness, half contentment, and with many a glance of admiration as she went, she tipped up the stairway. Ariel was sleeping, and as she crept into bed she put out a hand to touch his thick black hair, and then, cutting into the cool white of the pillow, fell asleep as children sleep, one hand resting feebly on his arm.

Ariel awoke at the waking time of all Glaslyn—the dawn; Janny lay beside him, still sleeping, her face heavily shadowed in her abundant hair. She seemed so wistfully childlike and her closed eyes so unforgettably weary. Perhaps it was merely the shadow of the curfew down and her hand, but the eyelids had a kind of veined transparency and her face a transparent pallor, and the mouth drooped. Ariel's emotions under him consciously; he thought with a pang of Janny, and he made

Gomer Roberts the chimney an' Mrs. Parry Wynn the baker would be hauntin' Ty Mawr. But what are ye goin' to do with them, dearie?"

"Ariel, I couldn't say now"—Janny stirred uneasily—"I might be hangin' them in our bedroom an'—an'—an' I might be puttin'—puttin' them in the—Bible to press. They'd be useful."

"Aye, that's so. An' how large shall I draw them?"

Janny thought again.

"The cat, dear, I'd like about a foot long—that is, from his tail to his whiskers,—no, I'm thinkin' that's too narrow for the cat; from the tail to the whiskers I'd like him one foot an' a half, Ariel."

Janny's glance took a flight over Ariel's shoulder.

"An' the star?"

Janny thought again.

"Six inches from point to point, an' four stars—no—one star will do—I can cut—oh!"

"Ariel, our star, please."

"An' the rope?"

"It's the twisted kind I want, an' it must go all around the—oh dear! Ariel, about an inch with, please."

"Good. One cat, one star, one inch rope. Anything more, little lamb?"

"No-o-o; could ye do it now?"

"Aye, dearie; fetch me the ruler, the paper, an' a pencil."

So Janny watched Ariel's thin fingers work skilfully, swiftly, with the pencil, the ruler measuring off star-points and a cat's length as carefully as if the paper were Welsh flannel worth one and six pence. And the next night, after a day of seasonal elation of feeling, Janny, when sleep had come to Ariel, stole noiselessly from the marital side, crept to the whitewashed wall of their bedroom, pulled in moonshine, felt for the white paper cat and star and length of rope hanging there indistinguishable, caught the edge of the paper with her fingers as she felt about, unpinning the pieces, and tipped out of the room and down the stairway.

As she moved about the sitting room in her nightgown she looked pathetically little, the dusk in her cheeks marking her eager helplessness. Much had slipped by her, and she had lost much in that sorry life before Ariel took her and brought her to live among strangers, whose names and feelings she had no means of postulating. But the tenderness, the innocence, the expectancy of childhood, had remained with her as if making amends for her loss or availing the easiness of untroubled inquiries. She set a candle beside the settle, lifted the cover, took out two long rolls of paper, closed the settle and laid her pencils to the table. Then she sat down with trembling fingers, rolling out several feet of green and crimson paper and a small sheet of yellow. She placed weights on the corners of the lengths, pausing to run her fingers into her hair as she gazed with rapt eyes upon the colored surfaces, commonplace enough to all appearances. She took the cat, laid it carefully on the crimson, pinned it down, and pencilled around the edges. In the same fashion she drew the outlines of four yellow stars and some lengths of yellow rope. Finally with a pair of shears she cut out all the outlined figures. She lifted the cat, freed now from the matrix of surrounding paper and colored with the lifelessness of a new liberty, and held it to the foot and a half of length against the candle light. The light shone through the crimson paper but dimly. Janny smiled, took a small cake of pumice, melted it, and with a bit of cloth sponged the cat as it lay upon the table. This she did also to the four yellow stars, to the lengths of rope, and a large piece of green paper upon which the original cat pattern had been copied. Once more she lifted the crimson animal to the light,—the candle flame shone through clearly with a beautiful crimson hood of after light. After this Janny broke a half dozen eggs, separating the whites from the yolks. Her fingers worked feverishly now and her eyes kept measuring distances; in her nervous haste there were moments when she seemed hardly able to accomplish the next step forward in the task she saw already complete in her mind's eye. She stopped to listen for sounds and steps as she worked, and again and again she imagined Ariel was looking down from the head of the staircase. But she finished the work with a hurried, interrupted, and with a sigh, half sob of weariness, half contentment, and with many a glance of admiration as she went, she tipped up the stairway. Ariel was sleeping, and as she crept into bed she put out a hand to touch his thick black hair, and then, cutting into the cool white of the pillow, fell asleep as children sleep, one hand resting feebly on his arm.

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resolutions. With this awakening he transferred a little of his poetry from the bard to the man. Aye, he acknowledged to himself, this might well be called the education of Ariel Jenkins, bard and merchant. And for the first time a thought that gripped his heart brought him no desire to turn it into rhyme. He recalled compassionately all her efforts to make improvements in the house, her evident inability to understand and cope with the absurd Welsh women of their village, and he remembered with fear the prying curiosity and overt enmity these women had shown towards Janny. Then he wondered in a desultory way what she was planning to do with the stars and the cat and the bits of rope. And after she awakened and they were talking at breakfast he reflected how easily his resolution won success, for Janny since he brought her to Glaslyn had not been as buoyant, almost animated, as she was this morning. Ariel thought, too, that he had not soiled before the way Janny had of looking at him, as if she expected him to discover some extraordinary joy; maybe she was merely looking to him for happiness, but certainly there was an air of anticipation about her to-day.

Upon finishing breakfast Ariel passed with a sense of secure well-being into his shop; so many problems were solving themselves, and, on the whole, the man made him happier than the bard. Even the flag sidewalk outside the shop seemed more than ordinarily lively and merry to-day. He saw neighbors passing and heard them chatting, and once in a while there was a loud outburst of laughter. Across the street, looking towards his shop, he beheld a little knot of men—Ivor Jones and Wil Penmorris and Parry Wyn—men who did not usually have time for mirth so early in the morning. They were talking and laughing, and Ariel saw one of them point towards Ty Mawr. Just then Mrs. Gomer Roberts the freewoman came in. She wanted some flannel for a blouse like the

material she was wearing, and Mrs. Roberts threw back her long cloak to display the red striped flannel. How was Mrs. Jenkins? Ariel thanked her; Janny was well.

"I'm comin' soon to have a good long visit with her," said Mrs. Roberts.

"Aye! Ye'll be welcome."

"Ye're makin' improvements, I see."

"Aye, a few," replied Ariel, using his yardstick deftly and wondering what improvements Mrs. Gomer Roberts could have had any opportunity to see.

"Glaslyn's no worse anything like it," continued Mrs. Roberts, straightening her beaver hat over the crisp white of her cap.

"No, I'm thinkin' not," answered Ariel, vaguely, rolling up the bundle of flannel with precise neatness.

He was still wondering why women talked in riddles when in came Mrs. Deezee Morris the seamstress. She had torn her blue kittle and wanted a new breadth. Ariel took down the cloth. Then were showered upon him in a compact form and one of greater authority practically the same remarks as those made by Mrs. Gomer Roberts: how was Mrs. Jenkins, she was coming to visit her, weren't improvements she saw, the like of which Glaslyn had not seen before. Mrs. Morris the washer had scarcely finished her purchases when in came Mrs. Parry Wynn the baker; they had evidently met that morning, and their greetings were purely conventional—a smile, a look of inquiry, a nod of assent. Mrs. Parry Wynn wanted some new cotton cloth, but apparently she also wished to make the same remarks as those made by Mrs. Gomer Roberts and Mrs. Deezee Morris.

Then Ariel Jenkins's thoughts began the converging process, began to gather in towards some definite centre, to fix themselves upon some one thing which all the valuable women must have in mind. And when Mrs. Parry Wynn left the shop, Ariel went to the door. Betto Griffiths walked by briskly, joining the women who had just made purchases and who were gathered in a little group opposite Ty Mawr. They were looking eagerly at the house and gesticulating. Betto Griffiths laughed as she pointed to Ty Mawr and shrugged her shoulders in the direction of the shop. Ariel's heart sank. What had Janny done to make the house such an object of attraction? He stepped out to the little group of customers and looked up.

Except for the quick flexing of the muscles in his forehead and the dilation of his eyes Ariel betrayed no emotion. The oriel window jutting over the street had been transformed; he saw no longer the clear glass of the stairway light common to Ty Mawr and the other houses of Glaslyn, but a crimson cat, forefist in air, blazoned on a green background, each quarter of the oriel brilliant with a yellow star, and the whole device bound dexterously together with a chaplet of rope.

"It does make a pretty light!" he exclaimed, thoughtfully; "pettler," he added, with pride, "than I had any idea it would."

The women stared at him.

"Aye, an' it's prettier within," he continued; "it sheds such a bright color on dark days."

"Is it so?" ejaculated Mrs. Parry Wynn.

"Aye, it is so," replied Ariel. "Out of Glaslyn ye see many colored windows like this in private houses—smart houses, of course."

"Just fancy!" responded Mrs. Deezee Morris. "We've seen them in churches, the non-conformists as well as the established, but we've never heard of colored windows before in a village house, especially not with such a cat—"

"Aye, the cat!" interrupted Ariel, in a cursing voice, the far-away, much-reverenced look of the poet in his eyes. "That cat is a copy from a medal taken from—the sar-coph-a-gus of Tiglath Pileser II. Aye," he added, dreamily, "the cat, the sacred symbol of Egypt, holy to the Muses, beloved of—"

"Mr. Jenkins, ye don't say so?" they all exclaimed, looking with curious glances at the oriel window.

"I will say," nodded Mrs. Gomer Roberts, "that it has an uncommonly intelligent look, whatever."

"Aye, so it has," agreed Mrs. Parry Wynn. "Intelligent an'—an'—lively."

Betto Griffiths glanced about the little group shrewdly.

"Aye, an' the stars, Mr. Jenkins?" she said.

"Na, the star! Betto Griffiths, ye don't say ye don't know the mesais of the five-point star, sacred in history, to sacred history, guide in the—"

"Oh, aye!" interrupted Betto, "if that's the star ye mean, I certainly do."

The little gathering took a fresh look at the window; their eyes lingered reverently now on the emblazoned group of cat and stars bound together with yellow rope.

"Aye, it's a wonderful idea!" asserted Mrs. Deezee Morris, from her superior position and knowledge.

"Aye, wonderful!" solemnly affirmed the rest.

"I'm thinkin'," said Betto Griffiths, an undisciplined look still in her eyes, "Mrs. Jenkins smile it?"

"Fut, Mrs. Jenkins! Oh no!" exclaimed Ariel, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets. "I did it."

"Ye did!" they all exclaimed, admiringly.

"Na, Mr. Jenkins," continued Mrs. Parry Wynn, whose husband, the baker, had been standing across the street, not more than half an hour ago, laughing over the crimson cat rampant blazoned on the green field—"Mr. Jenkins, if Mr. Wynn thinks he could afford something like it, would ye be willin'—"

"Aye, gladly," returned Ariel; "but it's expensive, Mrs. Wynn."

"Oh!" chorused the women, in deferential voices.

"But I'm thinkin'," continued Ariel, "through any connection



Betto Griffiths laughed as she pointed to Ty Mawr



There was the furtive aspect of a trapped animal about her

"It came," replied Janny, glancing appealingly at Ariel—"it came from Liverpool."
 "Janny dear," corrected Ariel, with a look straight into her eyes, "ye mean the material did."

as a merchant I might be able to obtain the material at less expense an—"

"If ye could!" clamored the little group.

"Mr. Jenkins, if Mr. Roberts—" broke in Mrs. Roberts.

"Mr. Jenkins, if Mr. Morris—" interrupted Mrs. Morris.

"Won't ye come in?" asked Ariel, flood-gates burst and Janny threw herself sobbing into Ariel's arms.

"There, there, dear, little lamb!" he comforted his own eyes wet with tears.

"I thought—thought it would—be so—pretty—an' people let's—expectin' me—to—to—to make changes—an'—an'—"

Betto Griffiths said improvements, an' Ariel—I—I—"

Janny's voice caught and she sobbed afresh.

"Na, na, little lamb, dearie, don't Janny, Janny, don't cry."

"Ariel, I saw—the—men—laughin' an'—an' clappin' their knees—an'—an' pointin' at the window—"

an' even—little Sil van runnin' by—"

laughed, an' then when Betto Griffiths—Jenny faltered, gulping.

"Tut, little lamb, Betto Griffiths!" exclaimed Ariel, derisively.

"Betto Griffiths is an ignorant woman. An', dearie, didn't ye hear them all askin' me to help them to get windows like this?"

"But, Ariel, didn't ye laugh at all?"

"I laugh, Janny! Why, dear?" answered Ariel, slowly, "I think—the—window—so beautiful!"

"Oh, Ariel!" said Janny, happily.

"Aye, I do, only if ye should have another idea, just tell me about it, dearie, beforehand, for it might—perhaps it wouldn't."

he added, gently, "make it awkward."

"But, Ariel, I saw—"

"Na, dear, that's enough—ye don't understand these people quite yet. The window is beautiful, aye," he continued, "I like it so we'll be sendin' it to Liverpool to get a real stained-glass window something the same—aye, dearie, I can well afford it."

"Aye, Ariel," answered Janny, with a mixture of childlike obedience and confusion: "aye, just the material."

Ariel talked a great deal; the window was admired, commented upon; there were demands for future assistance, various exclamations of delight to Mrs. Jenkins, who was given no chance to say a word, and the little group departed.

"Well, Janny!" exclaimed Ariel.

"Ariel dear, I—I saw them—the men—laughin' an'—an' then—"

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Even little Susan laughed

THE SMITH-JONES AFFAIR

By THOMAS L. MASSON

According to Smith:

"Oh, say! I met Jones. You know Jones, of course. Well, I found that he had called me a liar the other day in conversation with another man, and so I was just laying for him. I have an idea he suspected something was up, as he began to act sheepish right away. But, of course, I didn't let on at first. I just looked him calmly and coolly in the eye. Then I said, 'Jones, old man, I heard something about you the other day that I couldn't believe.' I said this in a calm, even voice, but Jones must have known something was up, as I could see him begin to tremble. 'I hope it was something good,' said Jones, with a quaver in his voice. As for me, I was just beginning to enjoy myself. 'Oh, well,' I replied, with a pleasant off-hand smile, 'that depends entirely on the point of view. Now, I may not be good for it, but I may be good.' I smiled pleasantly this time, while Jones turned pale; I could distinctly see him growing pale. 'That, of course, is a matter of opinion, but I wish, Jones—here I looked him fairly and squarely in the eye—'if you have anything of an intimate and personal nature—' By this time Jones was shaking all over. I just lingered on those words while I faced him down. Oh, it was too rich!—Why, Jones, old man, just say it to me face, will you?' and with this, in my coolest and most careless manner, I left him. You see, it wasn't necessary to do anything to Jones. It was the withering sarcasm of what I said that felled him. I can tell you it was great fun—simply great! And he won't forget it either. He'll know better next time."

According to Jones:

"Did you know Smith? Well, I was very much amused at him the other day. I had called him a liar, and some one must have told him about it. Of course, I only said it in the heat of an argument with another man. I didn't really mean it. But some one must have told him. I suppose he was told. He came up to me and started to say something, but he was so nervous I suspected at once that he had heard what I said. Finally he smiled quite a sheepish smile, and said, 'I heard something about you the other day that I couldn't believe.' He kind of gulped the words, and was so embarrassed that actually I felt sorry for him. I felt as if I'd like to help him out. 'Well,' said I, in my most encouraging way, 'I hope it was something good.' As I said this I looked him fairly and squarely in the eye. You caught to have seen him weaken. He shifted from one foot to the other, and murmured, with a faint smile, 'I suppose it depends upon the point of view. I hope I'm good.' Then he went on timidly, 'We've always been good friends, Jones,' said he, 'and I hope our intimate and personal relations will continue,' said he. He was going to call me down, but he just didn't have the nerve. 'Sure,' I said, and with that he walks away perfectly satisfied. Now what do you think of that? I was just hoping he would come right out and say, 'Jones, you called me a liar.' But he wasn't up to it. Of course, I would have enjoyed—just as I said, I meant him no harm. But that's the way—some folks are built. They drop their nerve at the critical moment."

How Soldiers Built a Bridge

By ERNEST GRAVES

First Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.



VERY seldom knows the infantry, artillery, and cavalry of the United States army, at least by sight. The public has seen them at their work. There is no mystery about what they do. The popular fancy easily associates them with the roar of battle or the martial parade.

But of the engineering branch the average civilian has little information. The officer of the engineer corps is accustomed to the question, "What do you do, anyway?"

An answer is found in an achievement of the Third Battalion, under Major Thomas H. Rees, within the last eighteen months. At a cost of one-half the lowest bid by contractors, the battalion has built, from start to finish, an eight-span bridge across the Kansas River at Fort Riley. It was a novel undertaking for soldiers, to whom the government had never before entrusted such a task, but the bridge has passed the test of a rigid inspection. According to conservative estimates, the piers, formed of steel-shelled cylinders, will endure for a century, and the superstructure is strong enough to bear the weight of a heavy siege battery, which is the most ponderous battery in the United States service.

Only one accident, a broken collar-bone, resulted from the work, in the course of which the troopers spent several months in a winter camp, snowbound, sheltering from dawn to dark with the water freezing on their uniforms, driving down the pier foundations while showers of ice spray drenched them at each rise and fall of the dredge. That they kept their health is a tribute to the physical conditions engendered by army discipline. That they



Sinking a Pier Cylinder



A Company of Engineers putting up Trusses

did the work effectively and cheerfully was due both to their training and esprit de corps and to the personality of Major Rees.

It was the major who originated the whole plan. While in a practice camp at Fort Riley with his men, he set himself to find the best way of giving them instruction. He determined to get from Washington, if possible, the authorization to build a bridge which the quartermaster's department had been anxious to have constructed, but which had been postponed for lack of available funds.

Every estimate by a contractor had exceeded \$50,000. Major Rees submitted his proposition to do the work for \$25,000, and the Third Battalion was authorized to attack the task.

Major Rees's design was simplicity itself. It provided for a structure of the sort known as the Pratt truss bridge, constructed of wood and wire cable, having eight spans, each thirty feet long, and earthen embankments 150 feet in length for supplementary approaches, making the total length of the bridge 1030.5 feet. The specifications ordered that each supporting pier should consist of two steel cylinders measuring five feet in diameter, filled with concrete, every cylinder to be sunk about twenty feet below the bottom of the river. The floor level was five feet above the highest water mark on record.

No much time was consumed in getting the governmental authority and obtaining materials that the camping season was nearly gone before the construction was begun, in September, 1906. The work was systematized from the start by dividing it among

the battalion's four companies. The most difficult feature was the sinking of the pier cylinders. Two companies worked on these. The third filled them with concrete. The fourth made and erected the trusses.

The men had their troubles before they finished. Winter had set in when the work was barely begun. Being soldiers, the bridge-builders did not stop for cold or snow or ice. From their camp on the frozen plain they went to their posts at dawn, and only when dark came did they return to the tents to shed their wet clothing and find comfort between blankets.

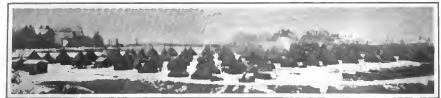
It is no exaggeration to say that the men were soaked all the time. Those who labored under the dredge ducked their heads to ward off a few drops of the water that came down upon them in showers as the bucket rose. Those at work on the trusses faced a bitter wind, from which there was no shelter.

Without complaining at the long hours and unusual hardships, these soldiers were earning their \$13 a month by doing the kind of



Mounted Troops from Fort Riley crossing the Bridge

labor that brings high wages to skilled mechanics. And all the while they were willing and cheerful. When that spirit exists in a body of soldiers, nothing more is needed to get out the best that is in them.





Music and the Opera

GIORDANO'S "SIBERIA"

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



R. HAMMERSTEIN continues to make good his promises. He assumed early in the season that he would produce at the Manhattan certain operatic novelties, among them Massenet's "Thaïs," Charpentier's "Louise," Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," Giordano's "Siberia," and Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande." Of these he has now given the first four; the fifth, "Pelléas et Mélisande," is promised at the moment of writing, for the immediate future. The latest of the series, Giordano's "Siberia," was brought forward at the Manhattan on February 5.



Mr. Bassi as "Wassili"
IN GIORDANO'S OPERA, "SIBERIA,"
RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE MAN-
HATTAN

frame-work (alleged to be original) contrived by the prolific Italian librettist Luigi illica, who has of late brought himself to mind by reason of his responsibility for the text of Mascagni's "Iris." The story of "Siberia" is that of a beautiful and adored creature who has the misfortune to awaken the love of an impetuous young soldier who is unfamiliar with her habit of life. Camille-like, she responds to his devotion; and when he is sentenced to Siberia for killing his superior officer, the lady's "protector," she accompanies him into exile. In a convict settlement in the Trans-Baikal mining district the regenerated Stephano, who is living with Wassili as his wife, is exposed to the contempt of the other convicts by one Olchy, who betrayed her in her youth, and who now openly insults her. Stephano and Wassili attempt to make their escape by killing, but they are betrayed by Olchy, and Stephano is shot. She dies in Wassili's arms. The scene of the first act is laid in St. Petersburg; of the second, on the Siberian frontier; of the third, in a Trans-Baikal mining prison. The time is the first half of the last century. The cry-lead of the scene carries this inscription: "Love and grief have no nationality," words written by a convict



Copyright by Madsen
Mrs. Agostinelli
WHO ENACTS THE SELF-SACRIFICING NADINE IN "SIBERIA"

on the way to Siberia, on the square column surmounted by the Imperial Russian eagle which marks the boundary line between Russia and Siberia."

Giordano stands among these modern Italian opera-makers who have been conveniently classed as the "veristic" school—a formidable title, which means little more than that these composers devote themselves to as forceful an expression of the dramatic substance of their operas (usually brutal in theme) as their powers permit. Puccini is their leader—both by reputation and by right of artistry; Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Giordano, Cilea, are of the lower men. Giordano shares the qualities of his kind. He knows how to enforce and accentuate the appeal of a dramatic action with a good deal of vividness, though with results which are, as a rule, musically crude. He has command of a kind of melody which is extremely fervid and full-blown, though seldom poignant or beautiful in the deeper sense; harmonically, he has at his fingers ends the conventional modern vocabulary,—for there are warlike conventions in the harmonic speech of to-day, as there are in the speech of the classicalists, which persist until some inventor like Strauss or Debussy, or, in a minor degree, like Puccini, enlarges its capacity by the creation of new materials. Giordano does not appear to be an inventor of either harmonic or melodic ideas; but he is an ingenious and resourceful manipulator of those which he finds ready to his hand. He is not an individual in style as Puccini, nor so fine and expert in his musicianship; his scores lack the kind of felicitous that are present in Mascagni's "Iris"; and at no time does he display the exuberant potent lastness for melodic expression exhibited by Leoncavallo in his "Fragliacci." In "Andrea Chénier" there was much that was interesting, not a little that was admirable; whereas "Fedora," on the other hand, is one of the emptiest and most tedious works in the operatic repertoire.



Mrs. Geraldine Farrar as "Mignon,"
A ROLE IN WHICH SHE HAS
NOT BEEN HEARD IN AMERICA

"Siberia" is the best and the most promising demonstration of Giordano's talent with which we have been made familiar. In its lyric portions it is invariably banal, without beauty of line, without character, without pitch—when the modern Italian music-maker dons his singing robes he becomes clothed with commonness and vulgarity; thus in its scenes of pathetic exaltation the music of "Siberia" is weak and abortive. Its strength lies in the truly impressive manner in which it intensifies and underscores the more dramatic moments in the action. At such times it possesses an uncommon sureness, swift-ness, and incisiveness; especially in passages of tragic foreboding, of mounting excitement, it is gripping and intense in a quite irresistible degree. Often, at such moments, it has an electric quality of vigor, a curious nervous strength, which is not precisely paralleled in the works of any of Giordano's confreres. This music has, too, a certain imaginative force which should be applauded—as evidenced, for instance, in the brief time picture which opens the second act, a picture of bleak and savage desolation whose point and power are indisputable.

Mr. Hammerstein has imposed a just claim upon the gratitude of the opera-going public by his production of "Siberia." It is an interesting and an engaging work. It would not, in fact, be excessive to say that it ranks among the best of the operas of the contemporary Italian school which are known here—with "Tosca," "Nadine Butterfly," "Iris," "Roberto," and "Fragliacci." And it is excellently done at the Manhattan.

THE ROADSTEAD OF PUNTA ARENAS, WHERE ADMIRAL EVANS'S FLEET ANCHORED



The Map indicates the lonely Site of the Town, and the Course of the Fleet through the Strait of Magellan

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST



ILLIE was first in the ring. Jen followed several minutes later, not by chance, as it might have seemed to the unthinking, but in pursuance of a well-defined plan for weakening the enemy, a plan followed with unquestioning faith by the men of the old school. They believed that if you kept your foe anxiously waiting under the stars of thousands of critical eyes on the very brink of battle the ordeal would sap his strength and shaken his spirit.

Willie, already past his prime, although still in his early twenties, was an excellent type of the fighting man of to-day—intense, swift, keen of eye, and quick to take advantage of the enemy's heedlessness with an explosion of terrific strength; yet with his natural advantage dulled and dissipated by unwise firing on the spoils of his precocious victories. Even his gentle little name was typical of the cynical antithesis in ruggedness that modern gladiators affect, an antithesis that has reached its climax in a very savage youth who is known to his myriads of admirers as *Irony*.

Jen wore his appellation as a fierce figurehead to frighten the foe. Its blunt brevity carried suggestions of bare brown knuckles hardened by pickling in brine, of a diet of raw beef, of all the mysterious paraphernalia of the arena.

Nowhere else in this country could one find the old school and the new thrown into such sharp contrast as in the meeting of Willie and Jen, for although the Willie type is common, the Jens are rare, and will soon be as extinct as the great auk. Chance had decreed that Jen while a mere lad should go from his native Ireland to England, where he acquired a beautiful accent and the art of fighting exactly as it was practiced by Finn, who lived it years ago. In England a thousand years are as yesterday. They use a glove contest of to-day the same tactics that their great-grandfathers employed in battle with bare fists—as if one should attempt to run a modern express train in the manner of an ancient coach and four.

Though his style was antique, Jen's physical condition was perfect. A few years older than Willie, he looked and he really was a much younger and harder man. For, like good old Adam, he had not applied hot and rebellious liquors in his blood, nor with unashamed forward mood the delights of the Fiery White Way. In contrast with Jen's ruggedness it was pathetic to observe the prehistoric paraphernalia in his corner—the big water bottle, the flagon of brandy, the cambric sponge, and—shades of Tom Cribb and Gentleman Jackson!—an orange to be slipped between rounds. Willie had only a water supply and a little squat green bottle of smelling salts.

A hidden gong clangd, and the two athletes leaped from their

chairs at its harsh summons and advanced to the centre of the ring. The silence was so intense that a flake of rosin trodden under foot splunked loud and sharp as the grinding of snow on a winter morning. Under the glare of a score of electric lamps Jen peaced menacingly, tooting his head gallantly, as that the muscles of his proud neck flexed and writhed beneath the smooth, dark skin, while his black brows drew together in a fierce frown that plainly said, "Alas! my bold lad, I'm going to smash you now!" Meanwhile Willie presented an ashy blood countenance, a trifle puffy, and as devoid of expression as the mask of the Sphinx. His arms, half doubled, hung loosely before him, not wasting strength in feints and experimental thrills, but ready at the first movement of an attacking fist to harden into impenetrable armor.

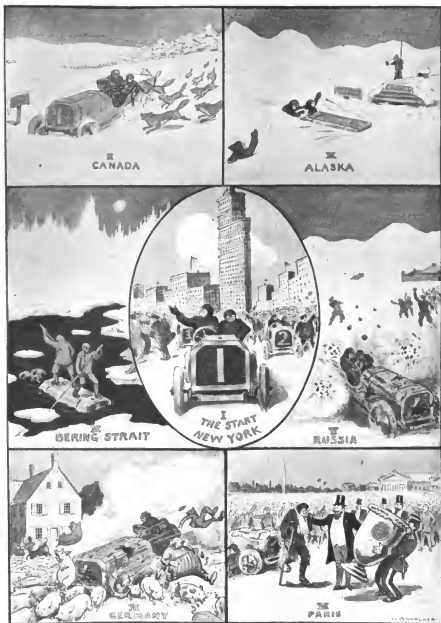
It was also a shod of eyes. Every glance from Jen's dark eyes darted out as a stab that would pierce the enemy, only to encounter an impenetrable wall in the cold gaze of the *Old Buta* amid the *thrones of Kamakura*.

Suddenly Jen's long body flew forward in a tigerish leap, while his left fist stabbed straight as a swordpoint toward the mortal spot on the side of the chin—only to waste its impact against the stolid right arm that Willie instantly flung up on guard. Like candle-flies the two grappled for an instant; then in obedience to the Rules of the time released their grips, floated rather than stepped apart.

For the second time the gong summoned the men from their corners. Jen's scowl now gave place to a triumphant grin, as of him who should say: "They told me this man is difficult. I find him easy. Watch me." Willie's aspect had not changed one tittle. His eyes were still inscrutable. Back of that sleepy stare was the gleam of a destroying intelligence, feroceous, and wordless patient.

Jen saw none of these things. He was aware only of a very dull antagonism, vaguely inconstant of the finer elements of the art of boxing for one who claimed the welterweight championship. Jen wasted but little time now in ficking with the left. He gathered his fine body for the spring, and shot in the left like a cannon ball. It was baffled again. Jen grinned and leaped in once more. This time Willie crouched so that his head dodged below the foe's fist, and at the same instant he sprang forward with the speed of a charging bull, and drove his low right fist full against Jen's body upon the soft spot just beneath the floating ribs.

Willie snatched mechanically back to his corner, added casually in response to the cheering, held out his hands to have the gloves removed, and expressed in life seconds this just and accurate opinion: "He'd 'a' been all right if he'd only been learnt in this country."



FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS—PERHAPS

DRAWN BY A. R. WALKER

THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT OF WHISKERS

A REPLY TO HENRY UNDERWOOD, D.W.

By ARTHUR PIGOTT



THE championship by Dr. Underwood of that effete, fast-rumaging anarchism, the whisker school, deserves some answer on behalf of the enormous majority of the American populace who regard the whisker as a curse and a mockery, ruinous to the soil (by reason of its free absorption of nitrogen), and unwanted to the intensive cultivation which modern methods of horticulture demand. I shall oppose the cultivation of whiskage on agricultural, moral, medical, and aesthetic grounds.

The first thing needful is to look the facts squarely in the face; and this is singularly appropriate in the discussion of whiskage. The eyes of many a maternal heart have wept over the colored sacrifice of the first whisker crop. The old whisker plantation has won our hearts in song and story. Grandfather's whiskers!—how many memories they bring back to us! But are these sentiments for the serious consideration of practical men?

I allude to whiskage as a weed, and what else is it? It sprigs spontaneously from the soil, exhausting virgin land and choking crops. It differs in not one single essential detail from charlock, couch grass, Canada thistle, oxeye daisy, and pigweed. None in the fall, winter whiskage requires endless attention. Moreover, like bearded barley, it is essentially a crop for sub-arctic climates, such as the steppes of Russia, its natural home. In our own latitudes it flourishes only in virgin soil. Who ever saw a fine head of whiskage outside the Maine backwoods or the wilds of Flushing? And may we not attribute the migration from the worn-out soil of New England to its exhaustion through long periods of whisker cultivation?

No touch from the agricultural standpoint. Morally, I intend to leave Dr. Underwood not a whisk to stand on.

I have yet to learn what faculty endowed him with what I do not hesitate to term his self-donated degree D.W.; but if "Dr." Underwood's general education were on a par with his whiskeromical pretensions he certainly would have obtained from the famous outcrop of Pope (himself a bald-faced man):

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Tosses an untutored whisk upon the wind."

a most pathetic and direct vindication of innocent, untutored culture.

I venture to state that there is no example in sacred or profane literature of any degraded and contemptible character who did not cultivate whiskers. To paraphrase an old proverb, while every whisker may not be a horse thief, every horse thief is undoubtedly a whisker.

Let us consult together.

"I caught him by his beard (whiskers) and smote him and slew him" (1. Samuel, xvii. 35). Result of wearing whiskers.

"And Jacob took Amasa by the beard (whiskers) to kiss him . . . and smote him in the fifth rib" (11. Samuel, xx. 9). Here again we see the result of wearing whiskers. If Amasa had not worn whiskers, Jacob would not have taken him by the whiskers to kiss him; and if Jacob had not perceived Amasa's whiskers he might not have been goaded into smiting him in the fifth rib.

Austrian Living Expenses

UNITED STATES Consul John S. Trevis, of Carlsbad, furnishes the following information concerning the increased cost of living in his district:

During the last five years there have been strikes in Austria among many classes of laborers and workmen, which must be chiefly attributed to the constantly advancing prices of food, clothing, and rent. At Carlsbad these have advanced from ten to fifty per cent. during that time.

Not only the working classes, but the shopkeepers, school officials, post, and municipal authorities, the various law officers, and all grades of officials whose incomes do not exceed \$1000 a year, complain that the present prices of food and clothing are exorbitant, owing to the high price of meat, efforts have been made to introduce into this market fish from the German and Baltic seas, and as the ports from which they were shipped are only sixteen to twenty hours' distant, they arrived here in good condition, but the attempt seems to have failed. The people are accustomed to animal and farinaceous foods, and with the exception of fresh water fish, taken from the rivers and lakes of Austria-Hungary, principally zander, carp, whill, trout, and a few salmon, no fish has a permanent sale in this country.

It seems probable that America salted or pickled pork and corned beef, if cheap enough and well prepared, might find a ready and profitable sale here, but it will be necessary to establish wholesale warehouses to supply the trade, and even private restaurants, direct. The price of meats in the Carlsbad market is as follows, per pound: beef, veal, and mutton, 20 cents; pork, 25 cents.

That portion of North Bohemia embraced by the Carlsbad consular district contains a population of 1,167,415, employed chiefly in manufacturing, mining, agriculture, etc. Besides the annual influx of visitors to the springs—viz., Carlsbad, 100,000; Marienbad, 100,000; and Franzensbad, 60,000. More than one-half the population belongs to the laboring classes.

"No, thank you; I would much rather be present at the operation."

Then They Dust

MISTRESS. "Bridget, how do you get rid of traps so successfully? Do you ask them to save soul for you?"

MAY. "No, ma'am, I just say the same word 'except' as 'they beat it.'"

The Age Index

ELLA. "You shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth."

STELLA. "But how are you going to tell whether the present is new or not?"

Wished to Be There

LOAN AVERLEY, better known even yet as Sir John Lubbock, who has just been elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, has a sense of humor which will doubtless be appreciated by Scotland. On one occasion he was elected to deliver a successful oration. His friends tried to persuade him to take chloroform, but Lord Averley would not consent to this, merely saying in reply,

Assiduous

FERRY CROFT'S LADY. "There's a man out there in an orchestra seat who has not missed a performance since the show opened."

FERRY CROFT'S LADY. "No! Just one of the musicians."



THE LAST TRAIN

As it looks to one who has just missed it

How Kind of the Animals

Now that the New York Police Department has dogs to prevent the friendly barker from prying open our windows with a cheese-knife and making us shake the pearl buttons from our pajamas with fear, we must not be surprised to read items like the following from our sister cities:

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—The Fire Department of this city has added several giraffes to its force particularly trained for fighting the flames. The giraffes can be distinguished from the regular firemen by the large brown spots on their hide. These quadrupeds follow in the wake of the engine. Upon reaching a conflagration, they stick their heads through the windows, grab the inmates by the back of the neck, and gently lay them down onto terra firma or somewhere near by. Frequently people slide down the necks of these animals to safety.

LANSING, MICHIGAN.—The Street and Water Department has purchased twelve elephants from the G. O. P., and has trained them to sprinkle the streets by blowing the water from their trunks. They are also used to stamp down cobblestones evenly when new streets are being laid. On asphalt streets they take the place of the steam rollers.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.—Nowadays when our local water pipes become clogged, it

is not necessary to put a lot of overpaid men on the job to locate the obstruction. The officials have trained snakes that wriggle their way through the pipes and push aside anything that tends to arrest the free flow of water. By this method the city saves annually \$456,782.043 11.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—It is a pleasing sight to witness the trained squirrels connected with the Street Cleaning Department going through the streets every morning brushing away the dust with their bushy tails.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.—The Health Board has trained mosquitoes that come to headquarters every morning, absorb quinine through their cockle-ribbles, then fly about the city visiting poor people stricken with malaria and inject the quinine free of charge.

Good Bye, Cuchullin!

Who can set bounds to the soaring imagination of the Celt? An enthusiastic New Yorker recently watching a game of hurling—which resembles lacrosse—between staidest teams, was moved to ask President Conway, of the Irish Athletic Association, how far a good man could drive the ball. "Well, I'll tell you," responded Mr. Conway, with a twinkle in his eye that con-

dicted his serious speech. "In the good old days when Cuchullin was Champion of Ireland, the King and all the nobility were assembled at the great games of Tailtiu. Cuchullin struck up a hurley ball into the sky, and then walked off to his pavilion and took a drink of potheen, and strolled back to the spot in good time to catch the ball on his hurley."

A Notable Performance

A MEMBER of the School Board of Philadelphia describes a unique schoolhouse in northern Pennsylvania, where the schoolmaster keeps his boys gridding steadily at their desks, but sometimes permits them to nibble from their lunch boxes as they work.

One day the pedagogue was instructing a class in arithmetic, when he noticed that one pupil was devoting more attention to a piece of pie than to his lesson.

"William," commanded the stern mentor, "will you pay attention to the lesson?"

"I'm listening, sir," said the boy.

"Listening, are you?" exclaimed the master. "Then you're listening with one ear and eating pie with the other!"

IT MAKES THE BABY STRONG.

Good milk contains in the most easily digested form all the elements necessary to the building of bone, flesh and muscle. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has raised three generations of strong and healthy babies. Has no equal as a baby food. * *

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT IS "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle. * *

Use BROWN'S Complimented, Superbly Sweet DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per jar. * *

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRAIN POWER

Increased by Proper Feeding.

A lady writer who not only has done good literary work, but reared a family, found in Grape-Nuts the ideal food for brain work and to develop healthy children. She wrote—

"I am an enthusiastic proponent of Grape-Nuts as a regular diet. Formerly had no appetite in the morning, and for 8 years, while nursing my four children, had insufficient nourishment for them.

"Unable to eat breakfast, I felt faint later, and would go to the pantry and eat cold chops, sausage, cookies, doughnuts, or anything I happened to find. Being a writer, at times my head felt heavy and my brain asleep.

"When I read of Grape-Nuts I began eating it every morning, also gave it to the children, including my 16-month-old baby, who soon grew as fat as a little pig, good-natured and contented. "Within a week I had plenty of breast milk, and felt stronger within two weeks. I wrote evenings, and, feeling the need of sustained brain power, began eating a small saucer of Grape-Nuts with milk instead of my usual indigestible hot pudding, pie, or cake for dessert at night.

"Grape-Nuts are a stimulant for me, and I learned to like it. I did not mind my housework or mother's cares, for I felt strong and full of 'go.' I grew plump, nervous strong, and when I wrote my brain was active and clear; indeed, the dull head pain never returned."

"There's a flower in it."

Name given by Puetz Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pages.

HOW TO SHIP AN AUTOMOBILE ABROAD



NOTHING could make a trip to Europe more attractive to the motorist than the pleasure of taking his own motor-car with him. Most men regret before the unknown possibilities of entanglements that would result from the efforts to carry an automobile across the Atlantic, through foreign lands and home. Enthusiasts will be glad to know that all the difficulties are ended.

An enterprising New York firm of steamship agents has prepared a pamphlet giving very simple directions for the various steps to be taken, and whoever follows the advice they give will find it as easy to take an automobile abroad and back as it is to make the trip across the Indian. Some of the transatlantic steamship lines carry automobiles uncrated, therefore the first step taken by the shipping agents to facilitate the forwarding of automobiles was to arrange for the necessary crating at the pier. Craters especially skilled in this sort of work build the boxes for the automobiles on the steamship pier, and tourists are thereby enabled to run their cars directly to the piers under their own motor power, thereby avoiding the jolting that a car receives while being crated across New York, besides saving the cost of such drayage, varying from \$15 to \$25.

Another convenience offered by this arrangement is the fact that the passenger may thereby use his automobile up to the day before sailing, as the car can be delivered in the morning to the carpenter, and is then immediately loaded and placed on the ship. The crates or boxes are built in such a manner that they may be taken apart on arrival abroad and used again for the return shipment of the automobile, saving thereby the cost of a new box that is otherwise required. This arrangement applies primarily to those passengers whose cars are returned from the same port where they were landed, as, when the automobile is returned from a different port, it may prove necessary to build a new crate rather than to ship the lumber of the old box from the port at which it is landed to the port where the automobile is to be returned.

The motorist has to pay these charges:
 Booking at the pier, custom-house service in New York, charge for lifting automobile into the steamer, ocean freight, charge for lifting automobile out of the steamer, unloading of car, custom-house formalities at port of destination, storage of lumber (empty car), insurance of lumber (empty car), reshipping of lumber to another port if necessary, refund of duties paid, rebonding of car, ocean freight to New York, United States customs entry at New York.

The United States Treasury Department holds that, upon non-rotation, a car previously exported is, under the rule, liable to duty at its full value if repairs amounting to more than ten per cent. of its original value have been made while the car was abroad. Under this ruling it is in no manner material whether the repairs were necessitated by accident or otherwise.

It is advisable, though not essential, to procure a passport. This is issued by the State Department at Washington, D. C., upon the payment of a fee of \$1.

The roads in France are kept in splendid repair by a large force of caretakers. The Touring Club of France has a fund for the benefit of disabled road-makers, and it would be a graceful action to make a contribution to this fund.

If driving in a country where the rule is to keep in the right, remember to place the tail lamp on the left side, and vice-versa. It is essential to give complete information on the following

items to procure licenses and triplicates (frontier pass) in France, and which is useful for like purposes in Italy and Germany:

1. Kind of vehicle; automobile, motorcycle.
2. Maker.
3. Mark.
4. Model and date.
5. Style: touring-car, runabout (with top or hood); limousine, landau, landulet.
6. Number of car.
7. Colors: body, chassis.
8. Number of wheels.
9. Make of tires.
10. Number of springs carrying body.
11. Number of seats.
12. Weight lbs. kilograms.
13. Value: \$
14. Mark of motor.
15. Number of motor.
16. Motive power: gasoline, alcohol, electricity.
17. Number of cylinders.
18. Horse-power.
19. Speed in mph.

The Automobile Club of America, Fifty-fourth Street, west of Broadway, New York, has affiliations with the foreign touring clubs of Europe, with whom they also have reciprocal arrangements; such as the use of their clubhouse, the securing of triplicates (frontier pass). The Secretary, Bureau of Tours, Mr. A. L. Weisgard, will give information in reference to the above. The dues of the Automobile Club are \$50 per year, initiation for \$100 for members residing within a radius of fifty miles of New York; \$25 per year, initiation fee \$50 for members residing outside of a radius of fifty miles of New York.

In shipping an automobile it is essential to give the following information:

- Passenger's Name, Per S. S. _____ sailing, _____
 Ship car to _____
 Consignor's name, _____
 Make bills of lading in name of _____
 Consign car to _____
 Value of the car for U. S. custom-house clearance \$ _____
 Insure automobile against marine risk for \$ _____
 The make of my car is _____
 The motor number is _____
 The chassis number is _____
 The measurements of my car are, length: width: height, _____
 The weight of my car is _____ lbs.
 If a foreign car, please fill in the following too:
 The car was imported on S. S. _____
 Custom-house entry was effected by _____
 Entry No. _____
 All charges are to be paid at _____
 Please state if car is to be returned to the United States.
 In shipping automobiles that are bonded from inland points of the United States cargo should be consigned _____
 Passenger's name, _____
 Port of shipment, _____
 It is imperative that a consular invoice be procured from the United States Consul at the port from which the automobile is returned to the United States.

The Natural Way

A SOUTHERN gentleman recently at a banquet in Washington related the following story about a certain philanthropist he knows at home. He said:

"My friend heard of a negro family that was reported in destitute circumstances, and, calling at their home, he found the report true. The family consisted of mother, a son about fifteen years old, and three young children. After hearing the mother's story, he gave the oldest son a bright silver dollar, saying:

"Here, my lad, take this dollar and get a turkey for the Christmas dinner."

"No sooner was he gone when the mother said in a stern voice to her son:

"Hear, Jackson, you done gib me dat dollar, and go git dat turkey in de mornal uny."

know, we are to write the answers on our slates. Before I thought I made four marks and counted 'em up—ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen." Then, of course, I remembered that was mental, so I wrote twelve for the answer to be fair."

Probably, in Maryland

"What does become of all the piast?" cried Mrs. X, as she vainly sought for one on her dressing table.

"I know, mamma," cried her little son, who had just begun to study Latin. "They fall to the earth and become terrapins."

An Evasive Answer

A YOUTHTFUL resident in Washington not long ago sought the criticism of a well-known publisher who chanced to be at the national capital on business with the copyright division of the Library of Congress.

"Sir," said the near poet, indignantly, when the publisher had brusquely advised him to "burn the stuff"—"sir, poets are born, not made."

Whereupon the publisher smiled broadly. "Young man," said he, "it won't help your case in the least to try to shift the blame on your parents."

Breaking It Gently

"FARMER ME, SIR," began the poorly person in the railroad train to the man who sat next to him, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?"

"Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," suggested the other.

"I did," admitted the poorly person, calmly.

Resourceful Captain Wynne

"WHAT would you do," asked Colonel Penn, addressing Captain Wynne.

"If I've a steamer you matched your men, and all of them fell he?"

"A thing like that," said Captain Wynne.

"Would never cause a rout, for if my men should all fall in,

"I'd stately cry 'Fall out!'"

—EARLE HOOKER EATON.

Parental Care

"Why do you abuse your father? He fed you, educated you, and clothed you."

"Maybe he did. If he hadn't fed me he'd have been hung. If he hadn't educated me the public school authorities would have been down on him, and if he hadn't clothed me the police would have interfered."

Just to be Fair

THE little daughter of a Boston man came home from school one day very "low in her mind" by reason of her failure that day in "mental arithmetic."

"Upon being asked what problem had proved her undoing, the youngster sorrowfully admitted that it concerned the addition of 'nine and four.'"

"Didn't you know the answer, dear?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir," said the child. "But, you

The Diet of Royalty

THE Emperor of Austria makes the plainness of his fare something of a hobby, attributing to it his long life and good health. Milk provides for breakfast, a little cold poultry and cheese for luncheon, and an equally simple menu for dinner satisfy the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Scotch broth is the only soup for which he cares.

The Kaiser is somewhat uncertain in his demands, although, as a rule, his wants are simple. The German royal kitchen is one of the best equipped and up to date in the world, so that unexpected demands are easily met. His Majesty's healthy appetite is usually satisfied with two or three plain dishes, a small quantity of wine, and a glass of beer. The national food—sauerkraut—has a firm friend in the Emperor. One of his favorite breakfast foods is macaroni with tomato sauce. The Emperor prefers English cooking, roast beef being her favorite dish.

A favorite dish of the King and Queen of Italy was invented by their cook, and consists of artichoke fried and supplemented by the crests and liver of cocks.

Roast sucking-pig is extremely popular on the Russian imperial table, as well as chickens and veal cutlets. The Czar is especially pleased when his cook prepares a dish known as vassarki, which is composed of small pastries drenched and stuffed with either forcemeat, cabbage, or plum jam, the whole being covered with rich cream.

In Vaudeville

FLIPP. "I've got a smoking jacket that's just like a banana peel."

FLIPP. "How's that?"

FLIPP. "It's easy to slip on."

Why Not?

A NUMBER of Congressmen were one day informally discussing the work of the experts attached to the Department of Agriculture, when the question of economy of production was touched upon.

One of the Representatives was inclined to poke fun at the new methods advocated by said experts in certain directions. "These chaps," said he, "reminded me of a crank farmer in Kansas, who proposed to plant onions with his potatoes, the idea being that the tear-making qualities of his onions might set on the eyes of the potatoes, and thus render the latter crop self-irrigating."

Wait

GRAMERCY. "If their rich uncle has acquired a mania for fast motor cars and flying machines, why don't they try to have him placed under restraint?"

FATHER. They talk they'll get a quicker decision if they bide their time and await developments."

Periodicals

A WELL-KNOWN actor says that while his company was touring the South not long ago, he went into one of the "clubs" in a South-Carolina town, where the dispensary system is in vogue.

"What have you in the shape of periodicals?" the player asked of the dusky attendant.

"Cora liquor, sah," promptly answered the attendant, "beer, and wine, but mostly corn liquor, sah."

A Slip

JACK (studying geography). "Father, what is a strait?"

FATHER (reading the paper). "Five cards of a—what is, a narrow strip of water connecting two larger bodies."

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have securely guard-
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manufacture for
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and who alone
possess a knowledge
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this delicious nectar.

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I. W.
Harper
Rye

The Kind
Your
Grandfather
Used

SOLD BY
Leading Dealers

Police Dogs

"We used to have policemen in
The kitchen," Bridget sobbed;
And then she added, "But we have them
In kennels now, begob."

Appalling

THE proprietor of a large clothing house
in New York tells of a letter received at his
establishment from a correspondent in the
Southwest to this effect:

"What is the proper dress for a groom?"

The clerk who opened the mail referred
the inquiry to the library department, the
head of which in due course returned the
following reply:

"Bottle-green coat, fawn-colored trousers
with top boots, silk hat with cockade. We
quote prices as follows, etc."

In a week the correspondent responded in
this plaintive wail:

"I always realized it was mighty ex-
pensive to get married, but can't you sug-
gest something a little less elaborate?"

Platonic Love

When youthful hearts burn hot in spring,
And young men become tyrants,
True passion is a vital thing;
Love is, indeed, a real tonic.

But when a man and woman love
in languid fashion, half trouble,
Promiscuous as a well-worn glove

Such passion may be called platonic love,
NATHAN HANNAH DOLL.

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SIDE-LIGHTS ON FRENCH JUSTICE

By M. L. GIRAULT

PARIS, FRANCE.



JUSTICE in France is on the point of being subverted, if that is possible for such an impenetrable institution.

Alphonse Aristide Briand, the principal agent in the separation of the Church from the State, and formerly Minister of Public Instruction and Public Worship, is now Minister of Justice, Keeper of the Seal, in the place of the late Guyot-Dessaigne, who was buried on January 4.

During the two years that Briand served as *Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et des Cultes*, he distinguished himself by doing nothing for public instruction save to direct all of his energy and remarkable intelligence towards settling the difficulties between the *clerics* and the government. In this endeavor he displayed tact, leniency, and strength. The situation he had to face was particularly hard. He had to give our priests a chance of learning how to return to independence after a century of servitude. Mr. Briand did all that was in his power (and he has secured a good deal of it for himself) to make matters easy. The clergy had been given a year in which to organize themselves. Mr. Briand, finding them unfit for freedom at the end of the appointed time, granted them an additional year. This extra year is over. As the clergy has taken no stand yet, there must be a liquidation of the church estates. This no longer depends upon the Ministry of Public Worship, but upon the Ministry of Justice, where the liquidation has been brought before the courts. In this matter the government expects trouble. Mr. Briand, as a Minister of Public Worship, has had his usefulness, but as Minister of Justice, having to deal with such a question, he can render more service to his government than anybody else; he knows the question better than any man in France, and the vacancy left by the death of Mr. Guyot-Dessaigne is quite opportune.

The government expects trouble, for the reason that the Magistrature is powerful and independent (there is practically no possibility for red tape to the organization), and most Magistrates are Catholics and Ultramontanes.

They have proved to be in the little squabbles brought before them when the disturbances over the congregations and church incomes first began. Many judges willingly departed from the legal track when they were in favor of the religious orders. The state realizes the danger of this attitude, but can do nothing to check it because of the special position held by the Magistrates.

It is very hard to enter the Magistrature. It requires long study and patient waiting. The number of charges is limited, only twenty-six "Courts of Appeal," and the charges are "inamovable," that is to say, given for life. A man who wishes to enter the list must first of all have means of support. He cannot expect to reach any kind of a position before he is thirty-five, or even forty years of age. The lowest ranks, "judge suppléant" and "attaché au parquet," are "non rétribués," or unremunerated; and the period of free services, which no one can escape, is illimited, extending over a period of five or of twenty-five years!

Therefore, an entrance upon such a career presupposes special conditions. Usually he comes from a good stock and his ancestors have all been lights of the bar. They have bequeathed him other things: their taste for studying law, their strong religion and political beliefs, a large fortune, high standards, and a reputation for great integrity.

As a *notre citoyen* he is a social power, but when the unremunerated "judge suppléant" becomes a paid "président of the court of appeal" he is a potentate. Not only is he appointed for life, but wherever he is appointed he remains for life also. This is the main cause of his continence. In the *magistrature* world he knows perfect stability! When his neighbor wonders and frets, dreams of a new trade or of a new country, he plans for his family with certitude, builds a home, buys lands, proclaims his opinion for or against the present regime. Whatever he does, whatever happens, he is safe! For a nation to have a staff of such men at its service is invaluable, but to bring such men to decide between a government they do not like and a religion they love is rather unfair to the government, for the judge's convictions are in danger of overweighing one side of the scale, as they have already done. In such, the fight threatens to be bitter. The law of retaliation is to be applied, "a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye." Has not the bishop of Clermont-Montluçon denied to the widow of Guyot-Dessaigne the consolations of Holy Mass at the funeral of her husband. Although he was not in any way concerned with separating the Church from the state, Mr. Guyot-Dessaigne was excommunicated! Under the circumstances, responsible or irresponsible, of the French Republic. His body was refused admission to the church, and all that the bishops could do to honor him was to deliver a few prayers by the side of the spread grave.

Determined to bring the matter to an end, the Minister of Justice means to compel his Magistrates to apply the law. Remembering that after most of our political crises in 1815, in 1830, 1848, and 1852, the "inamovibilité" had to be suspended, Mr. Briand now thinks that the time is opportune for the "inamovibilité" to be definitely abolished. Under this can be varied out, the first reform Mr. Briand means to introduce is a change of residence. The Minister will be able to call at will a judge comfortably and really settled in the south and order him to the north with no other explanation than "necessity of service." This he is taking the rebels by surprise, and it is a sure way of reducing them. No man can, without suffering grave losses, be moved unexpectedly from a home where he has felt severely anchored to all his interests. Such change of residence will be entirely controlled by the Minister. There will be no way of protesting or appealing; it will be Mr. Briand's decision alone, and Mr. Briand knows a man's making use of his powers.

This new Minister of Justice who proposes to inaugurate such a vital reform is a well-made man and one of the most extraordinary products of Republican France. He whom Parisian ladies court so much and call affectionately "Aristide" was only three years ago the poorly clad "avocat" of the Socialist party.

Increase in American Commerce

The Gulf, Mexican, and Canadian border ports are making a much more rapid growth in their export trade than those of the Atlantic coast. In imports the relative loss on the part of the Atlantic ports is not so great as in exports. Figures of imports and exports by ports during the calendar year 1907 have just been completed by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor. They show that exports from the Atlantic coast ports which in 1907 formed 70 per cent. of the exports formed in 1907 have 60 per cent. of the total, while all other parts of the United States increased their share from 30 per cent. in 1907 to 40 per cent. in 1907. The chief gain is, as already indicated, to exports through the Gulf, Mexican border, and Canadian border ports. The value of exports through the Gulf ports was, in 1907, 151 million dollars, and in 1907, 413 millions, a gain of practically 440 per cent. Through the northern border ports the exports of 1907 were 70 millions, and in 1907, 200 millions, an increase of 185 per cent. Through the Mexican border ports the exports of 1907 were 125 million dollars, and in 1907, 413 millions, an increase of 230 per cent.

In the case of commerce through the Pacific coast ports the figures are somewhat misleading on their face when compared with 1907, by reason of the fact that the Hawaiian Islands, which were classed as foreign territory in 1907, are now classed as a customs district of the United States, and that the value of the merchandise sent to or re-

ceived from those islands is no longer included in the statements of foreign commerce. The figures showing the trade with foreign countries by ports give as the value of merchandise passing through the Pacific coast ports 64 million dollars in 1907 and 94 millions in 1907, an apparent increase of but 47 per cent.; but the fact that the bulk of the 15 million dollars' worth of shipments from the United States to Hawaii in 1907 passed through the Pacific coast ports, but was not included in the statement of exports to foreign countries, indicates that the actual value of the merchandise sent through these ports to territory which a decade ago was considered as foreign countries is above 100 million dollars, and that the actual increase in the decade is therefore approximately 50 per cent.

Meanwhile the value of merchandise exported through the Atlantic coast ports increased but 20 per cent., or less than that of any other of the five great divisions under which the Bureau of Statistics classifies the ports, namely, Gulf, Mexican, Northern Border, Pacific, and Atlantic. The actual gain in the value of merchandise exported through Atlantic ports is, however, greater than that of all the other great sections, the increase during the decade being, in the case of the Atlantic ports, 284 millions; Gulf ports, 251 millions; Northern Border, 110 millions; Mexican border, 28 millions; and Pacific ports, 30 millions, to which, for purposes of comparison with 1907, should be added about 13 of the 15 million dollars' worth of merchandise sent to the Hawaiian Islands, but not included in the figures of foreign trade.

Lèse-Majesty in England

THAT the divinity which hedges royalty in England has lost a chip from its halo is shown by the following amusing telegram sent from Northampton to Queen Alexandra, by a body of the unemployed upon the occasion of the last opening of Parliament. The message is reprinted in England with humor and amusement.

"The Queen, London.—Very kindly secure this poster to today King's Speech:

"We learn by telegraph that seventy-five faithful hopes bearing on foot from Manchester, Bingley, and other towns, have petitioned to us for restoration of ancient right to work, lie to your order in pig-trucks at Northampton Station.

"God's will be these men are given the indignity to thrifty independence provided for their forefathers under 20 George III., cap. 12, section 13."

"Facts as stated. Some men sick, many listless, women and children shrank on journey or arrived and arriving, along with 2,000 left behind. Awaiting his Majesty's instructions.—Alexander Stewart Gray."

No answer was received, but such was the consternation evoked by this despatch that the senders, who had been marching from Manchester to London in look for work, were paid 12 by the chief constable of Northampton to leave the city.

Dropped in the Sea

DE STYLE. "While crossing the ocean, what became of that *aristocrat*?"
GENUINE. "It joined the navy."

THE WEAVERS

By
GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Right of Way"



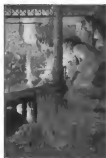
NOVEL which can be called truly great. In its sweep and immensity—a tale of rural England and the glittering Orient;—in its novelty and heroism—a sturdy Quaker youth in the toils of Mohammedan Egypt;—in its web of cross-purposes and contrasted types strangely linked together, "The Weavers" presents a story intensely human, a story of love, high resolve, and wonderful achievement.

A hero of peaceful Quaker blood, swaying the destinies of turbulent Egypt, and his heart far away in England—an English woman hedged in by high social position whose thoughts go out to the distant desert land and its great uncertainties—strange crossings and recrossings of the strands of Fate weaving mysteriously to a glorious ultimate triumph—this is but to hint at what the book holds—a rare combination of elements that defy description.

For mere surge of interest and excitement it outranks its great predecessor, "The Right of Way."

Illustrated by André Castaigne. Post 8vo, \$1.50

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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See Double Page Cartoon

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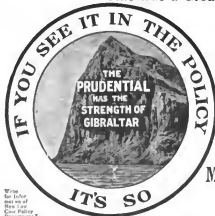
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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No. 499

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THE VOICE OF JACOB, BUT THE HAND OF ESAU

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COMMENT

The Press and the Constitution

From an address by Charles A. Dean to the students of
 Cornell University

"THERE is, however, another function of the press which is connected with this that I have now been speaking of, and which is perhaps even more momentous. In this free country our Constitution puts into the hands of the executive officers of the government a tremendous authority. There is no king, no emperor, no autocrat in the world who wields such authority, such power, as the President of the United States. We will suppose the time should come—God forbid that it ever should come!—that there should be in the post of the President a man who has gained such influence over the hearts of the whole people that they become deaf to the suggestions of wisdom, and give to his ambition a free way and an open field. Suppose that he sets aside, little by little, the restraints of the Constitution. Suppose that he tramples upon that great principle of personal liberty which is the noblest inheritance that our fathers have left us, because it is the very life of the republic; suppose that he tramples down that principle; the executive power is in his hands, even the courts incline to subservience, the army follows and obeys him. Where, then, is the safeguard of the public liberty against his ambition? It is in the press. It is in the free press. When every other bulwark is gone, the free press will remain to preserve the liberties that we mean shall be handed down to our children, and to maintain, let us hope, the republic in all its majesty and glory for ever and ever."

The Aldrich Bill in Debate

Debate has not weakened the ALDRICH bill in the estimation of reasonable people. Speeches have been made in opposition to the measure, amendments have been offered to it, and newspaper criticisms have been made upon it. It is evident, however, that the bill, in its essential features, is unshaken. A reference to some of the antagonistic arguments illustrates the futility of the opposition, and will suggest, perhaps, the necessity for moving slowly in attempting to reform our banking law. The very admirable speech made by Senator ALDRICH in opening the debate is worthy of special commendation. It was on a very high level of practical statesmanship. The Senator took the ground that the panic had demonstrated the necessity of providing for an emergency currency, and he showed plainly that under the bill such provision would be made. One critic objects that the banks will not avail

themselves of the provision because they will not be able to make money on the emergency currency. In view of recent occurrences this contention is worse than foolish. The banks and, indeed, all the financial forces have shown themselves ready to make many pecuniary sacrifices to prevent disaster. Many important commercial houses can testify that these powers have recently saved the country from a widespread disaster at a great expense to themselves. It is unnecessary to attribute these sacrifices to an altruistic or a philanthropic spirit. It pays the banks and the bankers to preserve property and prevent disaster, and they can afford to pay for it; indeed, they cannot afford to refuse to pay for it. They are much wiser than the critic who says that they will not pay a six per cent. tax for an emergency currency and loan it at four per cent. On the whole, the assumption of such a condition in the money market is not reasonable, but if it did prevail the banks would pay the necessary price to avoid disaster.

Some Further Criticisms

One critic observes, with an appearance of calmness of wisdom, that the conditions of October will not soon be repeated, and therefore there is no need for a bill until we can have one that will completely reform our banking system. Those who know history and who are familiar with Congress and its aptitudes and ineptitudes know better. This would have been just as wise in 1893 as it is in 1908, and if we have no legislation by this Congress, the subject will once more escape the attention of our lawmakers until they are again awakened by the distressful cries of the victims of the present system. Another says that the measure provides for inflation. It is only necessary to add that this is the same critic who asserts that the banks will not take out the emergency currency because it will be too expensive. Another refuses to support the bill because it does not prohibit speculation; in other words, the business community must remain liable to currency famine until the spirit of gambling is eliminated from human nature. Senator TILMAN desires the adoption of an amendment providing that "not to exceed \$10,000,000 of the emergency circulation authorized by the bill should be retired in any one twelvemonth." This, he said, was in order to prevent the banks from contracting the currency.

The Need of the Bill at Once

So we have a pretty bunch of objections and criticisms. If history did not teach the lesson, this debate shows us clearly the incapacity of Congress, at this season at least, to agree upon any measure that will depart from the essential and basic principle of our currency system. An elementary lesson in banking must first be learned, and there is not time for this in a few months of a Presidential year. Meanwhile the mere passage of the ALDRICH bill will do much to save the country from the need of issuing any emergency currency at all.

Burking the Army Pay-Bill

The action of the House authorities in respect of the increase pay of the army will be a great surprise to the country. It has been confidently proclaimed that this simple act of justice was to be done for officers and men, but now it turns out that some one has given the word that only as much is to be done as is essential in the opinion of shortsighted people, and this little is to be marked by gross injustice as well as by folly. An amendment has been prepared for the army bill increasing the pay of the enlisted men, the officers being omitted. It is just and wise to increase the pay of the enlisted men, but why are the officers omitted? The two rates of pay—for men and officers—were fixed at the same time and under the same conditions. The changed conditions—the increased cost of living, for one thing—have made the pay of the officers much more inadequate than the pay of the men, for such an increase in cost affects most seriously the man with the larger demands upon his income. It is clear that those who are responsible for this particular bit of injustice are not only guilty of willingness to commit the wrong, but that they are also guilty of folly. They are apparently moved by the fear that if they do not increase the pay of the soldier the army cannot be recruited. They know this, indeed, and it is also known that the temptations of larger emolument held out by civil life, now suspended temporarily,

are likely still farther to deter enlistments. Therefore they bid for enlisted men. This is very well, but the temptations of civil employment to officers are as great, if not greater than those to the men. The War Department has tried to induce the graduates of colleges and military schools and other civilians to take commissions, but without success. The army does not pay enough. The Military Academy does not furnish sufficient officers. There is not, for instance, a single second lieutenant in the coast artillery. At the recent graduation of the class at West Point, Secretary TAFT spoke an unusual word. He intimated that no resignations of graduates would be accepted, and resignations have always been accepted heretofore. The reason is that there are not enough officers. Officers cannot be obtained from civil life, and now Congress proposes not only an act of gross injustice, but one that will prevent the offering of sufficient pay to tempt men to take commissions. It is to be hoped that the House or the Senate will see that the wrong and the folly are not perpetuated.

Cannon's Strength

Some people in the State of New York seem to have discovered a political phenomenon to which the WEEKLY ventured to call attention some time ago. This was in effect that Speaker CANNON is a very strong candidate for the Republican nomination. The Speaker represents a good many policies. He is not opposed to those rational things on which the President insists with a violence that makes them look red. He is opposed to the extreme nationalism and paternalism to which the President and BRYAN are committed. He is the logical candidate of the stand-patter; he is the enemy of ship subsidies; he is the most eminent economist of our time. Besides, the politicians like him and think that they can handle him; perhaps they can. The President and Mr. TAFT are now said to fear CANNON. They fear that New York will go to CANNON after a short term of loyalty to HUGHES. They do not believe that the BLACKETT-ORRILL-BLACK-WOODRUFF combination really want HUGHES, but that they mean CANNON. A good many people who do want HUGHES—who want him sincerely on his merits—are also afraid of the combination. In other words, it is natural to suspect them. But this alliance is probably not thinking much of CANNON, whose real strength comes from another quarter. The gentlemen would not help themselves much with the people of the State of New York by too quickly deserting HUGHES for CANNON. Would it greatly astonish the leaders of the HUGHES League if it should be said that it has more than once been thought that FRANK BLUCK's sudden nomination for Governor might be followed by a similar experiment in Chicago?

Taft's Sentiments

Secretary TAFT at Kansas City lauded the President's recent message. Being the President's candidate, it is impossible to see how he could have done otherwise. Like others, however, we do not believe that he would have written any such message himself, or that he could bring himself to employ the disingenuous language that seems to be native to the pen of ROOSEVELT. On the other hand, TAFT said, in a later speech, that enough power had been concentrated at Washington; that any more power granted to the President over States or individuals would endanger the republic. In a word, Secretary TAFT announces a position as his own which is hostile to the policies of ROOSEVELT and BRYAN, or their logical consequences. He may approve of the truisms of the President's message; he cannot endorse its violence or its threats, and he does not believe, as the President does, in an increase of Federal power. The ROOSEVELT men's own view of the relative character of the men is indicated in the reported threat that if the convention refuses to nominate TAFT it will be stampeded to ROOSEVELT. It may be that they do not see the significance of their threat.

Bryan Wants Instructions

BRYAN's demand for instructed delegations to Denver is impressive. Is he afraid of an uninstructed convention? Does he dread deliberation? He knows, no one better, that the delegates to the Denver convention, or a large majority of them, instructed or uninstructed, will know that to nominate him will be to throw all chances away; if they nominate him, they will do so in obedience to forced

instructions, or to what they conceive to be party sentiment, or because they apathetically accept what they regard as inevitable. Left to themselves to discuss, to compare, to unite, to mutually enthrone one another, they would be likely to nominate WOODROW WILSON or Governor JOHNSON or JIMMIE HAMMON or Judge GRAY or one of several others, any one of whom could poll more votes and carry more States than BRYAN can. BRYAN wants instructions because he fears a free convention.

On What Does Bryan Base His Hopes?

BRYAN asserts that if he is nominated at Denver he will be elected. There are undoubtedly some who agree with him. On what do they base their hopes? On pure conjecture—conjecture for which there is no foundation in fact. In 1896 he and his advocates thought that the distress of the country would enable him to defeat MCKINLEY. He sought the Presidency by the votes of the discontented. It is probably true that if ever the discontented could have carried the country, the year 1896, with MCKINLEY, as he was then considered, presented them their opportunity. The discontented and their leader failed, as such a cause and such a leader are likely always to fail in this country. BRYAN now bases his hopes partly on discontent with conditions that have been remedied, partly on the votes of the unemployed, and partly on the votes of ROOSEVELT Republicans. Those who a short time ago were expressing their discontent have learned wisdom; they have discovered that conditions have never been as they have been represented by overexaggerated people; they have also learned the evils that spring from extravagant wholesale abuse of the business of the country; so far as the unemployed are concerned—and unfortunately their number is large and increasing—BRYAN will have of them only those few who believe that he can remedy their condition, and most of these have always voted for him; if he should, indeed, receive ROOSEVELT Republican votes in any considerable number he would carry only those insufficient Republican-Populist States which he had in 1896, but those he cannot carry against any Republican whom that party is likely to nominate.

Bryan Not a Democrat

BRYAN does not announce that he will seek to carry the country on any Democratic principle, or on any definite and sound policy. He has never advocated such a principle, nor has he ever advanced such a policy. Every leading policy which he has put forth has been rejected by the country. He thought that he could win by advocating the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, but he and his policy were buried under an adverse majority so huge as to be peculiar. He then sought victory by anti-imperialism as the "paramount issue," and a larger majority still overwhelmed him; he was too late, and, besides, he was himself responsible for what imperialism the country had adopted. When he returned from Europe he thought to awaken Democratic and popular enthusiasm by urging the referendum and the initiative and government ownership of railroads. His budding hopes were chilled by the wintry blast of his reception. Now he proposes to appeal to the people as the heir of ROOSEVELT at a time when ROOSEVELT has designated his own heir, and when it is a question whether the inheritance is of much value. BRYAN's hopes are political ephemera, as they have always been.

Judge Gray in Pennsylvania

Is it not noteworthy that leading Pennsylvania Republicans are saying that GEORGE GRAY can carry their State against TAFT or ROOSEVELT or HUGHES?

Union Labor and Railroad Discipline

Two articles by Mr. J. O. FAGAN in recent issues of the *Atlantic Monthly* have an interesting bearing on the employer's liability law which the President has urged Congress to pass in such form as will comply with the Constitution and still apply to railroads doing interstate business. Mr. FAGAN writes "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman," telling in a temperate and dispassionate fashion something about the operation of railroads from the standpoint of the operatives, on whose watchfulness, intelligence, and fidelity the safety of traffic finally depends. He considers the rules of the roads, and the degree of obedience that they receive from the employees whose service they are designed

to regulate. He finds that many of them are carelessly regarded, that trains are run at full speed past cautionary signals, and that operatives habitually use their own judgment in taking risks that the rules prohibit. The important reason for the lax discipline which permits recklessness of this sort he finds in the power of the unions, which have so nearly the upper hand of the railroads in the matter of controlling men that railroad officials cannot without great difficulty discharge a man for a violation of rules which has not actually resulted in disaster. To make the railroads responsible for accidents to employees when they cannot constrain to respect rules promulgated to secure their own safety as well as the safety of the travelling public seems not to proceed with equity. Mr. FOCUS finds that the propensity of the unions to protect their members from disciplinary penalties justly incurred is a mischievous practice which has grown up in the course of the long fight of the unions for recognition and power. He considers that the unions are strong enough, and should be wise enough now, to make their activities and demands more perfectly compatible with the maintenance of such discipline among employees as is indispensable to the safe operation of the roads.

Russia

For the time being the revolutionary movement in Russia seems to be dead. It has accomplished something. There is a Duma, no longer representing the Russian people, but representing some of the landholders. It is not much, but the mere existence of a parliamentary body in Russia representing anything but autocracy is something. The newspapers are absolutely under control of the police, but their presses are very active, and the censors permit them to print a vast deal of matter such as they could not have printed five years ago. It is as though the government considered that, having had in full severity the disease that is bred of priests' ink, it is immune for a while to another attack, and can afford to be careless about exposure. Having control of the army, it is willing to give the press more rope. Education has advanced, in spite of all obstacles. We read, however, of the profound exhaustion of the intellectual forces of the country and of the complete apathy of the progressive elements. The revolution has failed because the mass of the people were too stupid and ignorant to understand what they could reasonably demand, and to bear the discipline necessary to attain it. So Russia for a while must sleep again, but that she will again awaken is of course as sure as that the sun will rise. The modification of her government, the gradual lifting up of the masses of her people, are items definitely set down on the programme of civilization. There is an enormous job to be done, but there are enormous forces to do it. For the matter of that, there seem an unconscionable lot to be done in the world generally in the next decade or two. The bit of road ahead looks so rough, the hills so steep, as to induce the timorous to get out and wait. Hills ahead look steeper than they are, however, and people are apt to go on living and to head the means to do it, unless there are preceptory and conclusive reasons to the contrary.

Perforations Accomplished

The work of this issue of the WEEKLY sees the opening to the public of the first of the MANSION tunnels under the North River, from Morton Street in New York to Hoboken. The first tunnel to Brooklyn has already been some weeks in operation, and divers other tunnels under both rivers are nearing completion. Trains will soon be running in the BELMONT tunnel to Long Island City, and next year will see in use the four tubes of the Pennsylvania Railroad from New Jersey under New York and both its rivers to Long Island. These are wonderful works, that in due time should greatly increase the chances of profitable human existence in connection with daily labors in the island of Manhattan.

Savings Banks Industrial Insurance

One of the results of the late solemn experiences of the life insurance companies of New York was the election of Governor HUNTER. Another was the development in various minds of the idea that the several States in some way might provide cheaper safe insurance for their citizens than it has been possible to secure from existing companies. So far as we know, the only mind in which this idea bore actual fruit

was that of LOUIS D. BRANNAN, a Boston lawyer. He framed a law, which has been adopted, empowering savings banks in Massachusetts to establish insurance departments which should issue policies, to citizens of Massachusetts, for amounts not to exceed \$500, and make annuity contracts with them for amounts not exceeding \$200 a year. The first bank to use this privilege is the People Bank of Brockton, of which ex-Governor BURMAN is president. It has applied under the new law for a license to do business as "a savings and insurance bank," and will be the first to sell insurance over its counter to applicants who come and ask for it. The details of the cost of this insurance, and of provision for the legal reserve, and for all the matters which provide that the insured shall pay for what he gets and get all that he pays for, are being worked out by Mr. R. G. HUNTER, the State Attorney, appointed under the new law by the seven trustees of the General Insurance Guaranty Fund. The trustees were appointed by the Governor. The saving in premiums of insurance under this Massachusetts law is expected to reach, and probably exceed, twenty-five per cent. as compared with the rates of the industrial insurance companies. The industrial companies pay their solicitors, pay for their office buildings and expenses of administration, and pay their collectors who gather in the small weekly or monthly premiums of their customers. Under the Massachusetts law premiums are to be paid at the office of the bank or other prescribed place monthly. There will be no collectors or solicitors to pay, the offices of the banks will be used, and the profits of the business, after deducting modest costs of administration, will go to the policyholders.

An Important Experiment

Of course the new law is an experiment. It ought to work. Folks who want life insurance, even on a small scale, ought to be sure enough of their own needs to ask for it, and to make their own payments at an appointed place when due. Whether they are as wise and forthright as that remains to be seen. Undoubtedly a large proportion of the policyholders of life insurance companies are policyholders because some one persuaded them to become so. Nevertheless, men don't continue to pay premiums unless they really want insurance, and a large part of the labors of solicitors has been directed not so much to induce men to insure, as to induce them to insure in this company rather than in that one. Mr. BRANNAN's hopes for the usefulness of the law he has drawn and got adopted are both high and broad. In Germany, he says, the government looks after the workmen's welfare by compulsory accident, sickness, and old-age insurance, to which employer and employed have to contribute. In this country compulsory insurance suits neither our traditions nor our institutions. Our workman must himself take thought for his own future, and to help him to do so Mr. BRANNAN has aimed to make the State supply institutions which combine "the best possible conditions of management by private citizens with adequate State supervision." One new policy that Mr. BRANNAN has included especially to fit the workman's needs gives him insurance up to the age of sixty-five, and from that time until the end of the holder's life pays him an annuity. The policies taken out under this Massachusetts law cannot be forfeited after six months' premiums have been paid, each having a paid-up insurance, or cash surrender, value, at the option of the bank. Great interest throughout the country is reported in this experiment, and the Brockton bank gets many letters of inquiry from bankers and political economists who want to know what is doing.

Brand-new Crimes

A special message to Congress on February 13 urged legislation to prevent interference with government wireless telegraphy. A boy in Washington, it seems, had put up a staff for wireless experiment, and had prevented the sending of a wireless message to the President when he was on a warship bound for Panama. A Brooklyn lad had caught a wireless hound for the Navy Yard, and in other cases boys and amateurs had got in the government's way. Behold in sight a new class of rights and easements unknown to BLACKSTONE, KEYE, or PARSONS, invisible, intangible, inaudible, and yet existent and, we suppose, important. Let us see now if Congress can legislate that boys must not be boys in this matter of playing with magnetic currents.

Proposed Electoral Reforms in England and France

RECENT incidents have called into being, not only in the United Kingdom, but in the French Republic, vigorous movements organized for the purpose of effecting important changes in the electoral methods of those countries. Beginning with Great Britain, we observe that the apprehension caused by the growing strength of Socialism there, and the feeling that political parties opposed to Socialist theories should be encouraged in certain circumstances to co-operate, have given rise to an agitation in favor of such reforms in the British system of conducting Parliamentary elections as shall enable the House of Commons to mirror more faithfully the drift of public sentiment. It is well known that at present in the United Kingdom it is not possible that a candidate, in order to be successful in a given electoral district, shall obtain a majority of all the votes cast therein. Where there are several candidates, the successful one may have only a plurality. In France, Germany, and other Continental countries, on the other hand, if no candidate on the first ballot obtains a majority of the votes cast there must be a second balloting, at which only the two candidates who stood highest on the returns may be voted for. The result is that the French Chamber of Deputies as the Reichstag reflects, with a relatively close approach to correctness, the prevailing popular ideas and wishes. A majority in either of those representative bodies knows itself to be backed for the time being by a majority of the electors.

The effect of the existing British system is very different. In a speech delivered the other day before the National Liberal Club Mr. K. T. EVANS, M.P., pointed out that at the general election of 1886, which turned on the issue of Home Rule, the Unionist party secured in the House of Commons a majority of 164, whereas in the United Kingdom that party was in a minority of more than 69,000 among the voters. In the election of 1902 the Liberal party, although it had a majority of more than 100,000 among the electors, was only able to obtain a majority of 44 in the House of Commons, a majority so small that the House of Lords felt justified in throwing out the second Home Rule bill on the plea that Mr. GLADSTONE had received no popular mandate for it. Again, in 1903, when the Unionists gained a majority of 159 in the House of Commons, their majority in the country was only 117,000. In the present Parliament the Conservatives are not represented by a single member from Wales, although they have from 80,000 to 100,000 voters in the principality. Mr. EVANS pointed out circumstances which make this state of things particularly mischievous. He referred not only to the rapid rise of Socialism, which, temporarily at least, has conquered the Labor party, but also to the tendency to subdivision of the anti-Socialist parties. He recalled that in seven out of the twenty-seven by-elections, which had taken place since the beginning of 1906, there had been three-cornered fights, and the number returned did not in a single instance have a majority of the votes cast; in some instances he obtained only about a third of the votes, and in one case, where there were four candidates, even less.

What should be done to remedy the manifest failure of a House of Commons thus constituted to represent truly the predominant sentiment of the constituencies? The second ballot would, as we have seen, make the legislature more truly representative, but Mr. EVANS thought that there were some objections to that expedient. Unquestionably a second ballot causes the voters extra trouble and imposes additional expense. Mr. EVANS also feared that in Great Britain the electors, not being habituated to the practice, would not take the trouble to go to the polls on a second day in such numbers as to make the second balloting useful. Is there, then, a practicable alternative? Mr. EVANS believes that he has found one. He would have a voter at a Parliamentary election place the figure 1 opposite his first favorite on the list of candidates, the figure 2 opposite the second favorite, and so on, for as many names, *but one*, as there are candidates. In the event of no absolute majority being cast for any name on the list, the returning officer should strike out the candidate polling the smallest number of votes, and the electors who had voted for him should have their votes recorded on the second examination for their second favorites. If the second examination of the votes should in turn disclose no absolute majority for any one candidate the process of elimination could be repeated on a third inspection, and so on, till an absolute majority of the votes cast could be secured. It appears that this plan has actually been carried out successfully in the Australian colony of Queensland for some fifteen years.

We turn to the proposed changes in the electoral methods of France. The membership of the so-called "Electoral Reform Group" has more than doubled within a month, and now numbers 253 out of the 201 Deputies in the popular branch of the French Parliament. The changes demanded are twofold. First, the substitution of the *scrutin de liste* for the *scrutin d'arrondissement* in the election of Deputies. The difference between these elec-

toral systems is, of course, precisely the same as that which exists between our method of choosing Representatives in Congress, each in a separate district, and the method generally, though not always, followed in the United States of choosing Presidential electors on a collective ticket for a whole State. The *scrutin d'arrondissement*, or single-district system, prevailed in France from 1876 (when the present constitution, which was finished in 1875, became operative) to 1885, when the *scrutin de liste*, which had been earnestly urged by GAMBETTA, was adopted, partly in order to escape the reactionary minority, and partly in the hope of relieving Deputies from the pressure of petty local interests. The experiment was short-lived, because it proved disappointing in its advocates. The power of local politicians was increased, for they forthwith took advantage of the new electoral system to unite in forming nominating and electoral committees for a whole department. It turned out, also, at the general election of 1893 that the reactionists gained rather than lost seats under the *scrutin de liste*, and somewhat later General BOUTANIER made use of this electoral method to obtain piecemeal a plebiscite in his favor by putting himself forward as a candidate whenever a seat became vacant in a given department. His success at the by-elections frightened the Republicans, who accordingly hastened to restore the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, or single-district system.

The second change proposed in France is the conversion in each political party of a fraction of the seats belonging to a given department, a fraction corresponding to the proportion of the whole votes which shall have been polled therein by the party. There is no precedent for such a conversion in France, although, as JOHN STEWART MILL and other students of political philosophy have often pointed out, the wishes of a people cannot be retrofitted faithfully so long as a minority of the people is deprived of a voice in the legislature proportioned to its voting strength. It is an interesting fact that not only does the *scrutin de liste*, or general ticket system, exist to-day in Denmark, Belgium, Sweden, and Argentina, but the four countries named have also accepted proportional representation, the effect of which, as we have said, is to give each political party a number of spokesmen in the legislature corresponding to the relative strength exhibited by it at the ballot box. If the same system should now be adopted in France there would obviously be no need of a second balloting, the numerical importance of each party being determined by the first contest at the polls. Whether these changes, if adopted, would lean to the advantage of the Radical party, now preponderant in the French Chamber of Deputies, is, as experience has shown, very doubtful.

The Wind

It is an enemy when as little children we listen, cowering under the bedclothes, to his ghastly night orgies. Then all the ghastly, awful things we have heard of that people this unfamiliar world where we are not yet at home or at all seem to be up and busy. The shutters begin to creak, the air is full of strange scoldings and wisperings, weird fingers are tapping at the window panes, and pitched a note or two above the whistle of the wind an unearthly voice wails and laments an unearthly horror.

But as we grow older and heavier there comes an element of adventuring and romance in the wind's voice. We hear its hoarse galloping past us in the darkness, making for strange lands where only doughty heroes penetrate, and what is there to prevent our mounting them and galloping away from all the earth and clutch of circumstance? So fiery rides out on the cry of the winds into lonely mountain fastnesses, to the fair land that lies the further side of the moon, across snow-capped plains where far, far below we see a long, thin, bar of black wolves running, and the yelp they send up to the skies reaches us as an exultant to the wind's shrill song as we swing through space a hundred miles an hour.

Then there comes a time when, if we are good children and are well brought up, we become acquainted with a little boy named Diamond, who is the intimate of the North Wind, and who, because he knew not fear, went on a whole host of gay adventures with her, always trusting her under her varying aspects of grave and gay, cold and gentle; although he saw her at times when her whole face turned black with blowing, or when she spread out great dark blue wings that covered the whole sky; he heard her rage worse than the blacksmith's wife, and saw her turn at will into a serpent or a tiger by way of variety, and occasionally on her slightly vulgar side would leave Diamond on the top ledge of a great gray cathedral, and let him peer down into it as it yawned below him, a silent gulf hollowed out of stone.

As acquaintance that grows up from such a basis as this does away with fear, and as we grow older we learn to listen eagerly for the wind, typifying as it does to us all the scope and freedom that fills the spaces between the earth and the stars.

When the burdens and cares of this world press too heavily on frail mortality, doubtless sleeplessness is an evil thing, and a man may well have recourse to the sage medicine men to get rid

of himself and the trailing, insistent sense of his fleshly and social state. But let a man be, as by every moral right he should be, of a clear conscience, sane nerve, and becalmed ambitions, and, above all, let him be free of all debts, and he cannot but lament the loss of so much good life in sleeping. How much joy there is in lying healthily and attentively alert through the night's still vigils! Then chiefly do we hear the strange discourses of the wind. We know nothing of whence it comes or whither it goes, but it flaps past us, singing unearthly melodies, clean, unsexed, vivifying, and elemental, the infinite breath whirling from eternal spaces to eternal spaces.

Such a wind it was that SHELLEY sang to, begging to be its lyre, or just a leaf, a wave, a cloud, to be lifted and sped on the way above the thorns of life.

But the wind is not only a night friend. It is a fine companion for the striding heart: for him who, in early autumn or before the birth of spring wanders abroad, just for the joy of seeing the clouds rest a-dancing, or hurried in rough haste across the sky from east to west, for some knows what dire or gracious purposes. And have you ever, late in March or early in April, wandered out on a slash of land carpeted with brown pine needles, and sat down on the suggy ground to see the sap like a purple mist rising to the bare twigs, and heard the wind play a droll on the reeds that line the edges of the slash and the pine tops above them? Low in the reeds and high in the pines, fan pipes, the careless, mirthful goat-footed Pan, glad that his kingdom is waking to life again; and his song is only a little wistful, a few shivering minor intervals replacing the screechings and wailings of his winter alights.

Not in the song wholly silenced even in the most wineloss of moonlit summer evenings: if in the hush we strain our ears, we hear a long, deep, alternately indrawn and outgoing breath; is it Pan in silent ecstasy, or just the slow, sleep-breathing of the planet as it wings? Who has not felt his indolent dreams rise on such gentle summer breezes to go a-wandering among the vales of vanity?

DICKENS has a charming essay on the jovial winter wind, in the chapter wherein Martin Chuzzlewit and Tom Pinch leave Mr. Pecksnuff's house. What an agreeable and praiseworthy habit it was of those early Victorians (would that their like should be born again!) to sow little essays all over their novels, and what a creditable thing it would be if the living novelist would go and do likewise! But perhaps the mind of man is so narrowed by specialization that it no longer holds innumerable little essays as well as its definitely conceived plot.

There are as many winds as there are moods of man, but it is the jovial, bodacious winter wind that DICKENS painted, a wind sweeping across heavy down, "tracking its fight in darkening ripples on the grass and smooth shadows on the hills." It nipped the face and blinded the wayfarer and stopped his breath as though he had been seized in cold water.

That was another wind that blew strong and steady and cold through ROSETTE'S lines that depict more exquisitely than any others the omniscience of perfect grief:

"The wind flapped loose, the wind was still
Shaken out dead on tree and bill;
I had walked in at the wind's will,
I sat now for the wind was still."

What a universal experience that is! Who is there who hasn't taken up the burden of a sorrow too great to bear within closed doors and walked with it where the wind's wailing and screeching was a human utterance, where headlong floods and pounding waves beat upon earth too, in impatient agony?

"Still ailing, wind? Will be appeased or no?
Which needs the other's office, thou or I?"

Dost think men would go mad without a moon,
If they knew any way to borrow
A pathos like thine own?"

There is one more bit of prose in which the wind is captured and set to words almost as perfectly as in BURNING'S verse. In the last chapters of *Prisoner of Love*, where the romance rests in abeyance while the night falls and the dawn wakes, over the listless, fleeing princess "the sound of the wind in the forest swelled and sank and drew near with a rushing rush and died away in the distance into fainting whispers."

It is the very voice of life, this wind, this messenger of eternity singing from out the void into the void, beating the seas into life as it passes, cleaving the ocean into channels, bearing the petrel, the seagull, the gull on its great wings, sweeping clean the floors of the forests, brushing brighter the very stars set in the arcades of night. As the human breath utters the relief in the throat so the wind plays through all the innumerable throats of nature, waking each whistle, whir, wail, and song to a great chorus chant.

There is one other office we think of the wind as fulfilling. Who

is not at moments mindful of the last hour when the body shall have played its game to the finish and stretched itself stark and dumb for its eternal rest? And who can help hoping that as the soul unfurls its wings for the new and strange adventure, it shall be upborne, like the gull and the petrel, on the great wind's wings, coming even as its child, the soul, no man knows when, going no man knows whither, yet surely, surely passing from time to time, in the great void spaces of night, some little lighted islands of life.

Personal and Pertinent

HENRY PETTAM is doing very well with the Library of Congress, and he never did a better thing for it than when he secured WORTHINGTON C. FORD as the head of the manuscript department. He used to be head of the Bureau of Statistics when CLEVELAND was in power, but HANNA heard that his figures had a Democratic taint, and he moved him out. Ford went on to the Public Library of Boston and came back to the Library of Congress in Washington. He sits somewhere among the stacks and lives somewhere out of town—hey Chase, perhaps, for the literature of the name would attract him. There among the stacks he keeps his eye out for manuscripts. His father during his long association with GREELEY in the *Tribune* accumulated a lot of pamphlets and some manuscripts, but WORTHINGTON buys something worth while for the government. He has enriched the library, and he himself is so rich in his learning that Congressmen have to take him on faith; they go up to his desk, and in the presence of a constituent they timidly pretend to a friendship with him that they know is hollow, and they hurry away lest he should find them out, that of his presence they tell their constituent what a great man Ford is, just as if they knew all about it. MALCOLM FORD, PAUL LEBERTON FORD, and WORTHINGTON C. FORD! Three brothers, all admirable in their way; and now WORTHINGTON is working on alone, and is doing his useful job very well up in the Library of Congress.

Correspondence

THE OVERDOING OF INTERCOLLEGIATE CONTESTS, AND THE DEFECTS OF FOOTBALL.

New York, February 9, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Inter-collegiate contests have lately been discussed in the *Weekly* in a spirit that encourages me to communicate to you some convictions born of near to observation and personal and vicarious experience, of which it would be a satisfaction to me to relieve my mind. My knowledge is chiefly about football, because I have played it myself in school and on a class team in college, and because I have read a good deal of the literature of the game. And I think it is a fortunate chance inasmuch as football is the most conspicuous, the most influential, and the most completely restricted to college of our athletic sports. When I say that I think it immoral, of course I mean the way it is carried on to-day and has been in the past. My chief thesis is that, if differently, though perhaps in many cases unconsciously, teaches young men to be lawbreakers; it puts a premium on disobeying the rules for a profit. I need not rehearse specific instances of players breaking rules, for it is common knowledge that the rules are broken; and, indeed, it is a futile task to name instances, as by far the larger proportion never come to light. I am firmly convinced, however, that if an omniscient umpire could be found who would enforce every rule, or in default of that every penalty, so game of football could be finished or anywhere near finished by two present-day teams. If it is sufficient to examine the history of the game in this country, particularly as recorded by Walter Camp, to see that the development of the game has been a forced process; each change has been a new rule to take the place of an old one which players would not obey. Instead of looking for obedience to the rules, when infractions become notoriously frequent or even fairly permitted, new ones were formulated to make the old habits legal. Unfortunately the infractions always keep far ahead of the legislation in the race. (Incidentally, our American legislation is often produced in the same way.) To return for a moment, was there ever a game with so many and such complicated and ever-changing rules? And was there ever a game which required so many penalties for their infraction? Some improvement has been made recently in the ability of the more numerous officials to detect infractions; but the same spirit is there, the product of generations, to get the profit from infractions as long as you can. Isn't that immoral? Isn't it peculiarly cynical in this country, where what we send into all in our public spirit is a respect for law as law? And I don't think there's any question that those who are taught that infringing football rules is permissible for the sake of success will undoubtedly take a similarly perverted standard in business and politics. If that's what you learn at our noble universities, who is there to teach you better?

It is also unnecessary to go over the old story of the perfectly obvious evils of this tremendous pressure for winning. The darkest days were those when professional players were bought in one way

Touching Hands With Eternity

By CHARLES JOHNSTON



SIR OLIVER LODGE, who has frequently proclaimed his belief in spiritualistic phenomena, has just announced that he and his colleagues have scientifically proved the possibility of communication with the dead. He tells us that he has talked with the late Richard Hodgson, with F. W. H. Myers, with Edmund Gurney, and others, who "passed over to the other side" in recent years, and that they have furnished repeated and conclusive proof of their identity. This announcement is the more vital, because these men gave the best part of their lives to the investigation of the question of the soul's survival after death, and believed that they had proved its continuance; and if Sir Oliver Lodge is right, they are now continuing their efforts to furnish this proof on "the other side."

Investigations on "this side" have been carried on for a number of years—in London, by the Society for Psychical Research, which has numbered among its presidents Mr. Balfour and other distinguished men; and, in America, by a closely affiliated society, in which Professor Hyslop is a leading figure. The exact course which led Sir Oliver Lodge to make his recent announcement has not yet been revealed, but it is an open secret. The late F. W. H. Myers, a distinguished English critic, poet, and psychologist, and author of *Human Personality*, the classical

affirmative contribution to spiritualistic literature, left a sealed package in the hands of friends before he died. It was known that his object was to attempt, after his death, to communicate its contents through Mrs. Piper or some other well-known "medium" of unimpeachable honesty. The opening of the envelope would prove whether the communications were genuine or not.

But it is now declared that, in order to eliminate all chance of fraud or telepathy, this message was to be transmitted in two parts, through two "mediums." In such manner that, singly, they would not make an intelligent communication, but, when put together, would be at once interpretable and proved identical with the original writing. This, it is alleged, has now been done.

As long ago as 1876 Sir William Crookes published a remarkable series of articles in which he alleged that he had effected, in his own house, under test conditions, the "materialization" of the spirits of the dead. Recently Professor Richet claimed to have done the same thing in Algeria. But the interviews with Myers, Hodgson, and others do not take place directly. Sir Oliver has not seen his friends face to face. The messages have come in a different way; rather in two or three different ways, but always through a third person, one of these abnormally organized persons whom we have been accustomed to call "mediums," but whom Sir Oliver Lodge prefers to call "automatists."

There are two chief ways in which the "dead" communicate: either by "automatic speaking," or by "automatic writing." In the first case, the "medium," comfortably seated in an easy chair, falls into a trance, which is attended by

rigidity, partial or total loss of feeling, and other cataleptic conditions, and presently begins to speak, not as herself—for most of the successful mediums are women—but as the personality on "the other side," who is communicating. Where automatic writing is the method used, the medium sits in the posture of a person writing, leaning slightly forward, and the face is buried in a small pillow supported on an iron rest, which makes it wholly impossible for the medium to see what she is writing, or rather what her hand is writing, impelled by the superphysical nature of some one "on the other side."

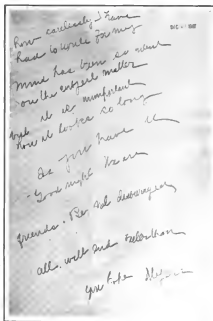
Among the mediums who have taken part in the special researches described by Sir Oliver Lodge, Mrs. Piper of Boston, Mrs. Verrill, and others have been mentioned; but there have been many more, perhaps a dozen in all, through whom communications, whether by speech or writing, have been obtained; and this constant change of the channel of communication is the chief test of genuineness. On one occasion Dr. Richard Hodgson spoke. It is believed, through three different mediums on the same day, each time ascribing to what had taken place at the earlier sittings, quite unknown to the other mediums.



Sir Oliver Lodge, who has announced that he has scientifically established the possibility of communicating with the dead.

To mention a specific case: Professor Hyslop, who made this particular investigation, received a communication from Dr. Hodgson through a lady whom he calls "Mrs. Quentin." Three or four hours later to another medium, he received a further communication from Dr. Hodgson, alluding to this first to the medium, and saying that "the place where the sitting had taken place was now water." This turned out to be true, as the home was on a bay, though Professor Hyslop did not know this, as he had always gone there after dark. Dr. Hodgson went on to say that, later in the day, he would try to communicate again with Professor Hyslop through a third medium, "Mrs. Smith,"—the names are withheld for obvious reasons,—and would try to give a message about certain books. Professor Hyslop went to "Mrs. Smith" that evening, and Hodgson tried to communicate, with an great success, though he did manage to give something about "books."

Previously to this Professor Hyslop had quite convinced himself of the identity of the intelligence which was communicating with him through three different mediums. Indeed, he reached conviction on this point very soon after Richard Hodgson's death, which took place at the close of 1905. Dr. Hodgson had, apparently, been in perfectly good health, but had been warned by the "controls"—the intelligences spraking through Mrs. Piper especially—that he should avoid violent exercise. He disregarded this warning, indulged in a handball tournament, and fell dead in the Boston Boat Club. He and Professor Hyslop had been



A "spirit" message received by automatic writing, through "Mrs. Smith," and claiming to be from the late F. W. H. Myers. It reads: "How curiously I have had to write for my mind has been so much on the subject matter, but it is impossible how it looks so long as you have it. Be not discouraged all. with much affection your friend F. W. H. Myers." This message was received on December 10, 1907.

working together, in a close alliance, at this very problem of communication with the dead, and Hodgson had agreed that, if it was in any way possible, he would communicate with Professor Hyslop as soon after his death as he could. The communications began almost immediately after the fatal accident at the hotel club; and Professor Hyslop had within a few weeks obtained what he believed to be conclusive evidence of the identity between the communicating intelligence and his late friend, the noted Psychic Researcher. On one striking occasion Dr. Hodgson was communicating with Professor Hyslop by automatic writing through the hand of Mrs. Piper. He asked:

"Do you remember a man we heard of in —, no, in Washington, and what I said about trying to see him? . . . I heard of him just before I came over. Perhaps I did not write you about this."

In point of fact, Dr. Hodgson had not written to Professor Hyslop, who could make nothing of this statement. A few weeks after, Professor Hyslop had business in Washington, and accidentally met a gentleman in charge of a department in a large business house, who mentioned that he had written to Dr. Hodgson a short time before his death about a man there who showed signs of mediumistic powers.

It is the cumulative weight of hundreds of incidents like this that has brought to Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Hyslop, and their colleagues the certainty that they are really communicating with their dead friends. It was in a large degree owing to the success of these early experiments with Dr. Hodgson that the London Psychic Researchers turned to this field of inquiry, having Mr. Piper go over to England to submit to the most stringent tests, and at the same time checking her communications by those received through other mediums.

There is a great difference in the power of mediums, or "automatics," as Sir Oliver Lodge would have us call them, to "get a message through" without confusing or diluting it. And even under the best conditions a good deal of the medium's mind seems to adhere in the message. In the case of automatic writing, there will be a difference of handwriting with each new communicating intelligence; yet at the same time there will be a general resemblance, more or less marked, to the writing of the "automatic" throughout. And the vocabulary of the medium will also have its influence. In one case Mr. Hodgson is reported to have said: "I have to use the medium's word; I can't get my own word through!"

Mrs. Piper, after many experiments with Dr. Hodgson, followed by experiments with Professor Hyslop after Dr. Hodgson's death, succeeded in opening the channel of communication with Dr. Hodgson so wide that there was much of the effect of carrying on daily communications with a close neighbor. But Dr. Hodgson was by no means the first "control" in establishing his identity to the satisfaction of the Psychic Researchers. He had been preceded, in the use of Mrs. Piper as a channel, by several others, suitably retain "George Pelton"—the name is slightly altered—who had met with a sudden and violent death a few years before. He is generally spoken of as "G.P." in these records. It seems that G.P. had attained such proficiency in the art of bridging the two worlds, that he was able to initiate Dr. Hodgson in its mysteries, with such success that abundant and conclusive evidence was soon forthcoming. For, if there is a difference in the power and clearness of "automatics," there is just as much difference between the powers and mastery of "communicators." It is said by those who have been carrying on this investigation that, while they have had abundant communications from the late F. W. H. Myers, they have found it singularly difficult to get proof of his identity which, besides satisfying themselves, will have palpable evidential value. They have obtained many statements which seem to be free and easy fiction rather than simple matter of fact and many other communications have been elusive in the highest degree.

This suggests a very interesting question. If we are, in this case, really communicating with the late Mr. Myers, with what part of him are we communicating? And in what condition is that part? Professor Hyslop declares his belief that, just as the medium has to fall into a trance in order to receive communications from "the other side," so the "communicator," the personality "on the other side," has to fall into a trance, in order to come into rapport with the medium; and until this process is thoroughly mastered, the "communicator" is quite likely to have lapses of memory, periods of muttering and incoherent speech, and periods of free invention, such as characterize the trance condition. This would account for the irrelevancy, the inanity even, of large quantities of communications purporting to come from the other

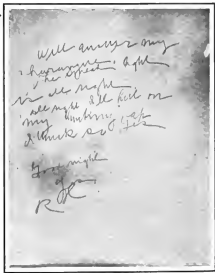


The figure illustrates the position assumed by the medium or "automatic" during the reception of a "spiritistic" message. In this position, and with the force so weak, it is impossible for the medium to see the words which his hand is writing

world. We are not communicating open-eyed with a soul wide awake; we are communicating, through the psychic nature of an entranced medium, with a soul which may be said to be in a trance, or dreaming, or even delirious, according to the degree of its new psychic state.

It seems that the trance state of the medium is not voluntary and self-induced, nor is it induced hypnotically, by the experimenter. It is seemingly induced by the "communicator" on the other side, who, as it were, hypnotizes the "automatic" from the other side, and draws the personality of the "automatic" out of his or her body, so to speak, temporarily taking possession of that body, and using it to speak, or, as in the majority of these experiments, to write messages. Sometimes two messages are received at one time, the right hand writing from left to right—in the ordinary way—while the left hand writes from right to left. And in certain experiments with Mrs. Piper, there was, at the same time, automatic speaking, as though three "controls" were using her body at the same time.

One of the group which has been carrying on this series of experiments tells a rather gruesome tale, illustrating this obsession of the medium, this taking possession of the medium's body by a control. The control in this case was a man of science, recently dead. He was new to the work, and was being taught to communicate by "G. P." and others. The experimenter, who told me the story, was called to the door shortly after the sitting began, and passed behind the medium, a woman, faintly all communications ceased, and the medium remained rigid, in a terrible condition, for twenty minutes or a half hour. (She or twice she muttered: "You won't let me die! I don't want to die!") The experimenter reassured and



A later message, received December 31, 1907, by automatic writing through "Mrs. Smith," and claiming to be from the late Dr. Richard Hodgson ("R.H."). It reads: ". . . will answer my message. The second night is all right. . . All right I'll put on my thinking cap . . . I think so . . . Yes . . . Good night, Yes, R. H." The questions which Dr. Hodgson was answering are omitted; they were recorded at the time

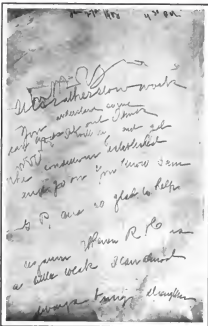
calmed her, telling her there was no danger. Finally she returned to her normal self. At a later sitting, another control, "G. P.," explained what had happened, telling the experimenter:

"It did not look as well from this side as it did from that! X— (the recently deceased scientist) had just taken possession of the medium's body, when you walked behind her, and cut off the current. Then X— realized that he was in a woman's body, and felt the small hands, and the shirt, and couldn't realize what had taken place. He began to ease like a running lion, and H. H. (Richard Hodgson) roared laughing at him. Finally we got him out, and even then he had to go through all the processes of dying. This is probably the meaning of the medium's plaintive muttering: 'You won't let me die? I don't want to die!'"

This will give a general idea of the method of investigation of Sir Oliver Lodge. Sir William Crookes, also employed, and the similarity of the same controls' communications through different mediums, which has already been illustrated, is a strong argument for identity, for the existence of some communicating intelligence, quite independent of the medium.

We have to deal in a few words with a very important question: the possibility that the communications received through the medium may come, whether consciously or unconsciously, from the mind of the living person. Dr. T. J. Hindson, author of *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, wrote much in support of this view, denouncing the spiritistic hypothesis, and asserted that telepathy from the subconscious mind of the experimenter, or of some other person, was the real source of these extraordinary communications. The discovery of the "subconscious mind" is

the most remarkable contribution which the study of psychology has given us; many have considered that, in searching for the processes of thought, investigators have discovered nothing less than the soul itself. In the simile of Myers, just as the iceberg floats with nine-tenths of its bulk submerged, so the immeasurably greater portion of human consciousness lies below the level of normal knowledge. There seems to be a sort of mental lumber room, to which is relegated all the acquired knowledge which is not needed in the daily use of the human subject. Such, for example, is the mechanical action, at first painfully acquired, but after a while used unconsciously, in riding a bicycle; such are the liminary muscular processes of the heart and stomach. Memories of past occurrences, which are never totally forgotten, are relegated to this domain, often in the dragged up into the realm of consciousness by some event, some unexpected key-word, or by laborious efforts for some name or number which has escaped us. In this unexplored wilderness the capacities greater than can be imagined; and in a state of hypnosis sleep all this heap of treasures and rubbish can be probed by the conscious or "superficial" mind of the subject, at the direction of the operator. Dr. Hyslop, himself a bitter opponent of spiritualism, believed the subconscious mind to be the true seat of the personality. He claimed that genius was nothing but an uprush of the subliminal faculties into the normal mind; that the "lightning calculations" were able to solve in a moment any mathematical problem, do so by the use of this function; in effect, that the submerged consciousness possesses supernormal powers of an almost incredible nature, and only over the subject's own memory, but over the memories of others. But the present experimenters would seem to have eliminated all possibility of telepathy, and have accumulated a mass of testimony, each part of which has some value, and all of which taken together appears to be conclusive, that these messages do really come from "the other side"; and that, in many cases, they do come from the deceased persons in whose names they are given: in fact, that Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor



At the beginning, this message, received by automatic writing through "Mrs. Smith," was said to come from Myers, but its transmission was not completely successful, only the letters "My . . ." being legible. Then "G. P." (George Pelham) came to the rescue, writing: "either show work, you understand so we can work out I think I will try and get the conditions established and go on You know I am G. P. and so glad to help again. When R. H. (Richard Hodgson) is a little weak I can almost always bring strength (for I am more accustomed to the subliming of a higher rate of vibrations which always obtains after an energetic career of any kind). This message was received on January 27, 1898."

blasted by those of the age. The idea of spirit communication is, of itself, in no wise opposed to reasonable belief, but is a matter to be decided by rigid examination alone. And yet in every age belief has swayed from pole to pole, according to the prevalent habit of thought. Three hundred years ago this belief was solemnly upheld by the chief justice of England at a time when devilry was considered evidence of demonic possession. Fifty years ago, when Darwin and Huxley imagined that they had pushed back the barriers of the unknowable to the furthest point attainable, the still, small voice of Wallace appeared, crying in a wilderness of words and jargon. To-day, even within the last few years, the pendulum has swung drastically back toward the spiritual point again. And all the while science maintains her unalterable laws, and it is the minds of the scientists which alone are vacillating.

It is an ironic commentary upon the processes of thought that, after emerging from the materialistic superstitions of all savages, and building our elaborate cosmologies and theologies, eventually unalterable, we should appear to have completed the circle, and to be driven back again upon the old traditions. There is a tradition that there is also a divine way of communicating with departed spirits, through a calling of the three-fold of man's own consciousness till it includes the spiritual realm; but there is a world of difference between this and the possession of an entranced body by some personality which has recently passed through death.

The rigid investigation made by prominent scientists in America and Europe have directly proved the existence of a series of phenomena not to be explained under the known laws of physics. The contrast is now between the champions of the telepathic and the spiritistic theories. The latter theory has by no means yet been proved, although it seems to present the easier solution. It has recently obtained the support of Professor Oscar Reiss, because, for thirteen years an ordered opponent, the dismissal of the whole subject as "hunching" is impossible to the unprejudiced mind.—EDITH.

Hyslop have really opened up communications with the departed personalities of Richard Hodgson, F. W. H. Myers, Edmond Gurney, and others.

There remains one astonishing thing—the fact that Sir Oliver Lodge speaks of this communication as the fruit of a "new" faculty. To take only two instances which prove the contrary, the *Shikong*, the oldest Chinese book, and the *Chandogya* (published, one of the oldest books of India, both contain descriptions of communications through mediums; while the Bible and the tales of the East, from Japan to Arabia (not to mention the Delphic oracle), are full of "automatic speaking"—the possession of a body by the superphysical part of a dead person, who uses the medium's lips to speak. Ancestor-worship is the faith of a majority of the human race, and ancestor-worship is everywhere full of communications with the dead. At the same time, the more spiritual and mystical teachers have universally disavowed this necromancy, declaring that, where the control is really the soul of a dead person, the communication is uniformly harmful for that soul; and, furthermore, that mediumism is a morbid and harmful condition, fraught with many perils. The Catholic Church recognizes the possibility of communication with the dead. Many people will remember the ferment which arose a few years ago over the celebration of the "black mass," or devil worship, which was supposed to be participated in by leaders of European Freemasons. More recently a woman who had sent in a petition from some small Italian village for permission to continue to hold services with her dead child was informed by the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome that such meetings were forbidden by the regulations of the Church.

It is an unfortunate tribute to the irresponsiveness of our minds to their surroundings that our beliefs are so largely



The six Cars at Times Square, New York, awaiting the Pistol Signal to start them on their remarkable Race



The American Car (Thomas), driven by Montague Roberts and Howard Brinker



The German Car (Proton), driven by Lieutenant Koepfen, Hans Knape, and Ernst Raas



The Italian Car (Zust), driven by Antonio Scarfoglio, Emilio Sistoel, and Henri Haaga



The French Car (De Dion), driven by St. Chaffray, Capt. Hansen, and Aumtzen



The French Car (Sizaine-Naudin), driven by August Pons, Maurice Berthe, and Lucien Dechamps



The French Car (Moto-Bloc), driven by Charles Godard, Arthur Hoe, and Maurice Livier

THE START OF THE 20,000 MILE MOTOR RACE FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS BY WAY OF ALASKA



FROM MAINE TO FLORIDA BY INLAND WATERWAY

THE PROTECTED PASSAGE ALONG THE COAST PROPOSED BY THE ATLANTIC DEEPER WATERWAYS COMMISSION

DRAWN BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

(See article on opposite page)

By Still Waters from Maine to Florida

(See illustration on opposite page)



TO establish a protected waterway, inland for the greater part, along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, and possibly beyond to the mouth of the Mississippi, is the ambitious and useful purpose of the Atlantic Deepwater Waterways Association. Its plan is comprehensive and of vast importance to the proper development of the most populous region of the United States.

Three benefits that will be immediately gained by the establishment of the inland waterway are of such equal value that none can be preferred above the others—namely, the better defense of the Atlantic coast in time of war, the saving of life and property from the dangers of ocean travel, and the cheapening and expediting of freight traffic along the lines of the canal.

Some of the principal links in the desired chain are already available or have been provided in part. A private corporation is constructing a ship canal across Cape Cod, and another canal is projected which will serve the same purpose of providing safe inland transportation from Maine to New York. The link between New York and Philadelphia now consists of the Delaware and Raritan canal, and its conversion into a ship canal would be one of the most costly of the proposed undertakings, but also the most valuable and important.

The next link, connecting Delaware Bay with the Chesapeake, could be provided at relatively small cost and in a few years. It is one of prime importance, and if constructed at once, would furnish an excellent object lesson on the value of the seafaring scheme. It would carry the direct waterway south to Norfolk. From that point to Beaufort an existing canal is being deepened by the Government and can soon be made available for coastwise vessels and the smaller vessels of war. North of Beaufort the plans are less definite, but the inland waterways can be carried to Florida and across that peninsula to the Gulf of Mexico.

One of the most convincing arguments advanced by the Atlantic Deepwater Waterways Association in support of its plan that the national government should add in deepening the canals already existing along the route and in digging others where needed, is the safety provided by the canals and the great shortening of distances covered by coastwise traffic. At the conference recently held in Philadelphia the Association made public this table of distances saved:

LENGTH OF CANALS

Cape Cod Canal risk Buzzards Bay.....	7.5 miles long saves 148 miles outside	
Delaware & Raritan Canal 31.4	" " " "	184
Chesapeake & Delaware Canal.....	13.5 " " " "	318 " "
Altamaha & Chesapeake Canal.....	13.2 " " " "	50 " "
	68.6 " " " "	700 " "

Avoidance of the dangers to life and property incident to voyaging around Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras would alone show ample justification for the establishment of the proposed inland water routes. The advantages to be gained by the Cape Cod Canal were clearly

set forth in a paper by William Barclay Parsons, an engineer of wide repute. He said:

"Fog, storm, and adverse currents frequently keep vessels stern-bound either at Provincetown or in Vineyard Sound for days at a time, so that no certain time of arrival can be predicated even for vessels in tow, still less for vessels under sail, while the terrible list of wrecks on the shores of the cape attests the futility of attempting to make the journey in bad weather."

"During the year 1905, the last for which statistics are available, fourteen vessels were lost on the shoals on the short stretch of thirty-five miles of Cape Cod coast. The tonnage of these wrecks comprised 24.1 per cent., or say one-quarter of the total tonnage of wrecks reported on the whole coast line of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Long Island. So measurable is the danger of Cape Cod transit, as compared with the quiet navigation of Buzzards Bay and the canal, that inquiries addressed to the Marine Underwriters in New York elicited the response that insurance rates on the ranges of sailing vessels and heavy cargoes would be reduced from ten to twenty-five per cent. to vessels using the canal."

The dangers of Cape Hatteras and the treacherous sands of Diamond Shoals have been the scourge of coast navigation since men first began to sail through this part of the Atlantic. To enable ships to proceed in safety behind Hatteras will require an extensive and improved system of the Norfolk, Virginia, and Beaufort, North Carolina, which will involve so very great expense. The saving in lives and property will be very great.

"More shipping has been lost," said Congressman John H. Small, of North Carolina, "and more weird rumors have been going upon storm blasts over departed lives upon that sandy and treacherous coast than anywhere else in the known world."

Between Baltimore and Jacksonville shore, Mr. Small declared, \$5,000,000 a year would be saved to commerce by the installation of the inland waterway behind Hatteras.

"We have a project," he added, "which has been adopted by the engineers for the Norfolk Beaufort route. We had a line surveyed in 1904 for a waterway 16 feet in depth, and the route selected. The cost of it was estimated at \$10,000,000. We thought that that scheme ought to have been adopted; but the engineers said that a lesser depth would be sufficient, and in 1908 there was another survey based upon a depth of ten to twelve feet. The engineers recommended twelve feet. The route was to extend from Elizabeth River, upon which Norfolk is situated, southward by the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal route, a distance of sixty-eight miles; thence through the inland sounds of North Carolina, by way of the Albemarle, the Croatan and the Pamlico, a distance of sixty-eight miles; thence by the Neuse River and Adams Creek, Core Creek, Newport River, and Beaufort Inlet, a distance of fifty miles. The cost of the canal for twelve feet depth was estimated at \$5,700,000, and for ten feet at \$2,700,000."

"Congress, at its last session, adopted the project of ten feet, and made an appropriation of \$500,000 for constructing the southern section of the route, extending from Beaufort to Pamlico Sound, a distance of fifty miles, so that we have this distinction, that in all these links of waterways from Maine to Florida the Norfolk-Beaufort route has the honor of having received the first recognition and the first appropriation at the hands of Congress. The detail surveys are about completed, and construction will soon begin."

CANADA'S FERTILE NORTHLAND



THERE is a stretch of country, vaster immeasurably than any remaining portion of the world which is available for white settlers, soon to be exploited. Towns will spring up, industries will arise, metals of fabulous wealth will be mined from the ground. A new dominion will be added to the British Empire in the north of Canada.

This must not be confused with the Northwest, with Saskatchewan and Alberta provinces, into which immigrants are now pouring annually by the hundred thousand. In Labrador, and west of Hudson Bay clear up to the Arctic Circle, is a great unknown country, where for a whole century isolated settlers have had their homes, wholly cut off from civilization.

With the purpose of developing this gigantic domain, hitherto given over to the Hudson Bay Company and its Indian trappers, a British commission has recently been held in Ottawa. A surprising feature has been the evidence of residents of the extreme north who came down to testify. Many of these had started first the Klondyke during the first rush of prospectors, and taken up their abodes instead somewhere along the basin of the Mackenzie.

In these regions the ground thaws to a depth of three feet during the summer months, under a perpetual snow which seals up the temperature toward the nineties. Beneath this is a layer of perpetual ice. North of the Great Slave Lake, in a latitude parallel with that of the Bering Sea, a temperature of 100° in the shade

was registered on several successive days. Wheat, peas, potatoes, and all garden fruits and vegetables have been grown during the summer months over the stratum of perpetual ice under the soil. From May until October, frosts in some sections are wholly unknown.

Mr. W. F. Bredin, a member of the Alberta legislature, gave evidence of the mineral wealth of the country. For miles he encountered wells of natural gas, which could be ignited to a height of twenty-five or thirty feet. All along the Athabasca river, bordered continually from the banks, which, for a hundred miles, consisted of asphalt. Asphalt lakes of enormous dimensions were constantly encountered by another witness. Tar sands exist all along the Coppermine River up to the Arctic Sea. Boring for petroleum was stopped by a tremendous flow of natural gas, which still continued when the spot was revisited several years later.

Among metals and minerals found were gypsum, salt, copper, coal, gold, mercury, and silver. A sulphur crater was discovered near the Great Slave Lake. East of Lake Athabasca, in latitude 60, "a fine hay country" was found. Tobacco was grown in the same district. Wheat from Vermilion was a prize at an exhibit in Chicago. Herds of reindeer and buffalo, with moose, musk oxen, and all the fur-bearing animals were constantly encountered.

The building of railways to reach these isolated regions will open to Canada a fertile territory larger than the Louisiana Purchase.



Leaves from the Log

By CAPTAIN HENRY C. DAVIS, U.S.M.C.



SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE BATTLESHIP "OHIO" OF ADMIRAL EVANS'S FLEET



NEW Year's eve, as midnight approached, there were signs about the *Ohio* that the men were not all so sound asleep as they are wont to be at that hour, and, sure enough, when the time orderly repeated twelve midnight to Jones, who had the watch, bedlam broke loose. The bell struck sixteen times, eight for the old year and eight for the new, while the crew, equipped with all the band instruments, with tin cans, dishes, pans, bells, tinles, rattles, in fact with everything that would make a noise, paraded around the deck and welcomed the new year. On the quarterdeck, Dr. Meyers, with a big horn, led a squiggle band of the officers. Sterling played the pibro, Oernas had a snare drum, Smith a bass drum, Cole a trombone, Cross a cornet, and Davis an E-flat clarinet. Their repertoire consisted of "Hawanila," "Honey Boy," and "The Merry Widow Waltz," but if any one could have told which was which he would have merited a prize. I suppose the officer of the deck on the *Missouri*, who, by the way, came up as close as he could to hear the sweet melody, must have thought a mailhouse band was performing. Taps and reveille were sounded in succession, and as the Captain's orderly rushed down to the quarterdeck and told Mr. Edgar that the captain wanted the noise stopped, we had launched into an other year.

To-day is New Year's day, and we are off the coast of Dutch Guiana. It is a holiday on board ship, but what a different holiday it would be in New York!

The trip from Trinidad to Rio is the hardest part of the cruise. There is a westerly current along the north coast of South America, and it gives us a big set to the west every day. We are making only about nine knots, and that is not getting on very rapidly. We are due in Rio on the 10th, but I think it will be nearer to the 12th when we let the mud-hooks drop.

The lantern left Trinidad two or three days ahead of the rest of the fleet in order not to delay any of the ships, and she is evidently making good time, as we have not seen anything of her yet. The crew are having a rehearsal of their ship song this afternoon. They sing very well together, and the swing of "Honey Boy" lends itself very well to a chorus of men. Here is the song:

"U. S. S. 'OHIO.'"

(AIR. "HONEY BOY.")

There's a ship which sails upon the ocean blue,

Ohio? Ohio?

And there's nothing which the good ship cannot do

As she sails along the bounding main,

When it comes to target practice or to drills,

Ohio? Ohio?

She is always O. T. J. every month and week and day,

And we'll sing this song as we go.

CHORUS.

Ohio! you certainly are a daisy,

Ohio! you drive the rest all crazy.

They are not in your class—no not at all—

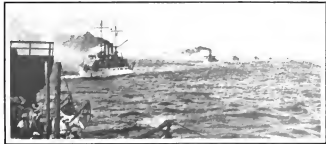
Ohio? Ohio?

Oh, she is a regular howling beauty,

And when it comes to doing duty,

You will hear, never fear, that they do it, do it,

Do it on the Ohio.



All the Eye sees for Days—Sixteen Ships and the Horizon

One effect which this cruise will probably have, if no other, will be to brace up the recruiting. The men have been allowed to go ashore and see what there is to be seen, and consequently the trip will not be one of seeing the world through a portfolio, as too many of such world-sewing cruises are. The consequence of allowing them to go ashore has been to make them feel the trust their officers have in them, and the cases in which the trust has been abused are very few. They have pitched into the nasty work of routing after their shore leave has expired with a spirit which shows the wisdom of the Admiral in allowing as many men as possible to go ashore as often as is feasible. Of course the men



Photograph by Robert Dusen

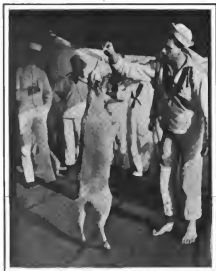
The "Rhode Island's" forward Turret as an Easy Chair

who overstayed their leave before we left home are now suffering for it, as they are not allowed to leave the ship.

On the night of the 9th of January, the only real excitement of the trip occurred. It was five bells in the mid watch and everything was quiet, when suddenly the boom of a gun broke the stillness, and the *Missouri*, from which the shot was fired, turned on the letter Z of the night signals; this means, "Man overboard." Instantly the engines of the entire fleet were stopped and search-lights from all the second squadrons were turned on the lights of the lifebuoy which the sentinel on the *Missouri* had dropped. For nearly an hour the fireboats of the *Neine* and *Hittica* searched the vicinity, and the lights roamed over the sea, but no man was seen, and finally the search was abandoned and the fleet proceeded on its way. When the commanding officer of the *Missouri* investigated the case it was found that a man whose hammock swung near an open hatch on the upper deck had had a nightmare and dreamed that he was falling overboard. He screamed "Man overboard!" in his sleep, and was heard by the officer of the deck and the marine on duty at the lifebuoy; consequently the alarm was sounded and the fleet stopped. It delayed us a bit, but every one is glad that it was only a dream.

Tonight, the 10th, we increased the speed to eleven knots, and we should be at anchor in Rio harbor by Sunday noon if everything goes well. Three men in an open boat very sighted the other day, and the fleet was about twenty-five miles from land at the time; so the Admiral sent the *Glacier* to pick them up. When the *Glacier* got alongside close enough to hail them they found the supposed coastguards to be fishermen from Pernambuco, who neither wanted nor needed assistance. I should imagine the fishing around Pernambuco to be rather poor if they have to go twenty-five miles in an open boat to get to it.

The Admiral has fleet signal drill nearly every day now, and it is remarkable to see the speed with which the signal boys can bend on and hoist the flags. Of course, there is the greatest rivalry in the fleet over this sort of thing, and to beat all the rest is quite a feather in the cap of a ship. The hoists are repeated—that is,



Photograph by Robert Dunn

The "Rhode Island's" Mascot, "Billy," is in a supplicating mood

each ship hoists the same flag as the flagship, and all the bridges are filled with the signalmen and signal quartermasters with their long glasses pointed at the flagship. As fast as the flags appear over the rail of the bridge a mile away, they are called out and hoisted on to the mast. When all is ready they are shot in the yardarm by a youngster jumping from the bridge running to the deck below. By the time we reach San Francisco we will have a corps of signalmen hard at work.

At last we have had a real tropical rain. For the benefit of those who have never been in one let me say that when the rain came down it was necessary to sound fog whistles, as the ships could not be seen from each other. That may properly be considered something for a rain.

A trip of two weeks on a man-of-war does not offer much in the way of gaiety, and the ocean gets monotonous, but the drills and the ship's work keep all hands busy, so that the time does pass quickly. If only some arrangement might be made by which we could occasionally see and talk to some of the fair sex, life would not be so stupid. It's a shame that all these lovely moonlight nights are going to waste. A transport with the sweethearts and wives on board would be a great addition to the fleet, but I should hate to have command of such a ship.

Today is the 11th of January, and, according to schedule, we should have been in port; but it will probably be four in the afternoon tomorrow before anchors are dropped.

The *Kearny* hoisted the broken-down flag today, as something had gone amiss with one of her engines, but the trouble was soon repaired and she retied her station in the column.

Several steamers have been sighted today, and it seems like being out more in the land of the living. The path of the cruise from Trinidad is not much frequented, and one sailing vessel is all that was sighted in the past two weeks. St. Thomas light will be about on the beam at midnight, and we will head a little more to the westward then.

We are all looking forward to the mail coming on board when we arrive; that is, we are hoping we will not have until after the mail has arrived. By the present schedule we are due to leave the day before the mail steamer comes, but we are a day late, so we may wait a day longer in port and get our letters before we start for Porto Armon. We are making nearly twelve knots now, and we have just changed course a little more to the westward. There are two steamers in sight, and I would like to know what they think is around them. The signal lights have been going at full tilt, and the changing of the course makes a change of the cruising formation necessary, so I imagine they must know some fleet of warships is about. It is a beautiful sight to look

down the long lines and see the signal lights flashing and the hulls shining in the moonlight.

I think the *Blower* gave the Admiral a little worry when we started from Trinidad because she burns so much coal, but she has got on beautifully, and some of the *decatur* class will arrive with very much less coal than the *Blower*. The ships which will have the least of all are the *Hobson*, *Hilms*, *New Jersey*, and the *Throton*.

We had more or less expected to salute Admiral Krane as a Vice-Admiral when we ran in with the *Fushton*, but as yet, though we have met the *Yankee*, and Lieutenant Libardi is on the *Conqueror*, no word has come, and I suppose Libardi has no message for the Admiral about it.

We have just anchored, and the bay is alive with Brazilians in every kind and condition of craft imaginable. They seem very glad to see us, and the fleet under an imposing sight steaming past the forts at the entrance. No leave has been granted yet, but tomorrow we will probably be allowed to go ashore. His has changed quite a bit, judging from the appearance of the water front. Meantime everybody is bent upon securing all the sleep that he possibly can to-night, so that he may be in the best possible condition to withstand the effects of the unbounded hospitality that the Brazilians will presently extend to us. Some wise philosopher has observed that the tropics are the variable home of hospitality, and I am sure no one in the army will gainsay him. Of course, in the tropics north, the Equinox will welcome you into his sunny igloo and regale you with real blubber and choice bits of whale treacherhood, but that is mere life-saving drill. In little old New York the lights of the Great White Way irradiate the earth in a thousand facets that are simply overpowering in their beauty and generosity. But it is only in the tropics that people have the time no less than the inclination to dangle and overindulge their fortunate guests with entertainment whose beauty and lavish scale no Oriental potentate could hope to equal.

One no longer feels that the cruise to San Francisco is a long leap into the unknown, now that we have completed more than one-third of it. Not that any man in the service ever seriously regarded the Pacific venture as a mysterious journey, but somehow the popular feeling that we were dashing away into space could not fail to be relieved in certain minds. Now that we are at Rio with so long a divisa of the cruise accomplished even the most imaginative mind recognizes the fact that the cruise is simply a long drawn test of the officers, men, and ships in the duties to which it has pleased God to call them. Our word will describe the daily and hourly routine since anchors were weighed at Fortress Monroe, and that word is—WORK!

There has been mingled with the work, from the start, a fair proportion of amusement. By this time we have consumed all the candy given to us by kind friends before we left home. For some occult reason it seems to be the fate of them that go down into the sea in ships to have huge quantities of candy bestowed upon them. No matter. We're devoted ours. Moreover, we have read every book that was sent on board; we have talked about all the people we know at home; we have discussed every conceivable topic, and some of us have had the ghastly misfortune to tell some of our stories twice over. Oh, the silence of the ward-room! Oh, the snickers of the juniors!

Moreover, we have walked the deck at all hours, especially the darkest ones before dawn, and have seen in some particular star the glowing lineaments of one who never mind; we shall go ashore tomorrow and endeavor for a few moments to forget.

Everything has gone slowly thus far, and as soon as we are all coiled we will once more be on our way to the broad Pacific. The longest single trip is over, and every one is glad. As I write, the engines have stopped and are secured—the first time in two weeks. The cool weather of the amit will be very acceptable when we get there, and until we do we are in for a good hot time. We are a long way from God's country now, and it certainly will be good to see it once more in San Francisco.



Recruits of the Marine Detachment at "Setting-up" Drill on the "Ohio"



WILL THE G

DRAWN BY



HOLD OUT?

W. KEMBLE

The Liqueur Trust in England

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



THE first measure mentioned in the King's Speech when Parliament met on January 29 was a new Licensing Bill. Around this Bill will be fought one of the stiffest battles of the year. In England, it is sometimes said, has no trusts. But she certainly has something that is a very colorful imitation of a trust. Being a free-trade country she is spared the last consequences of the unshaky alliance between business and politics. The State in England is not regarded as a machine which, worked one way, will put money into the pockets of the manufacturers, and, worked another way, will take it out again. As a rule a big industrial concern in this country has very little cause or temptation to interest itself in politics, and a joint-stock company would never think of using the money of its shareholders to make contributions to the campaign funds of political parties. A year ago it was discovered that one of the great railway companies had contributed to one of the parties engaged in the London County Council elections. There was a sharp expression of public and Parliamentary feeling on the subject; a Bill which the company was promoting in the House of Commons was all but wrecked in consequence; the directors, under the pressure of their stockholders and of popular opinion, were obliged to discontinue their own political activities; they had thus subsided; and the moral of their discomfiture was not thrown away on the other companies that might have been tempted to follow their example. As a general statement it is safe to say that in England corporations and politics either keep apart or that the connection between them is incidental and fairly wholesome. Great industries are, of course, represented, as they should be, in the House of Commons. The shipping industries and the railways are particularly strong. But on the whole the only business that is organized as a political force and that plays politics as a matter of course is the liquor business. At the present moment it would almost seem to have given up brewing and distilling for the sake of conducting a vast political campaign.

\$800,000,000 Worth of Drinks a Year

The part played by the drink traffic in the social and political life of England is enormous. The people spend over \$800,000,000 a year on drink. The revenue derived from it more than floats the British navy, and amounts to twenty-eight per cent. of the total revenue of the kingdom. The old just that the Perage should change its name to the Beverage gives the measure of the social influence of a trade which in America, I believe, is not classed among the most reputable industries. There is another point of contrast between the English and the American attitude towards the drink traffic that is not without interest. In America it is the saloon-keeper who is the prominent figure in England it is the big brewer or distiller. The political influence of the trade is represented in America by the man who sells the liquor, and in England by the man who makes it. That is the only point I am aware of at which America is frankly more democratic than England. About \$1,000,000,000 has been invested in the trade in the United Kingdom; over 110,000 premises are licensed for the sale of alcohol; and the number of people who hold shares in brewery companies must run into many hundreds of thousands. Moreover, most of the saloons in this country are what is called "tied" houses. That is to say, they are owned by the brewing or distilling companies, whose influence thus finds a local rallying-point in nearly every town and village in the land.

Why England is Sobering Up

I think there is no doubt that England is gradually becoming a more sober society. Local complaints to this effect are heard from hotels and restaurants, the managers of restaurants, the stewards of clubs, the directors and shareholders of brewing companies, and almost all from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the last six years the amount spent on drink has decreased by over \$100,000,000. The excise receipts, in spite of increased duties, has fallen off by over \$12,000,000. The consumption of wine has declined by more than five million gallons, of rum and brandy by nearly three million gallons, of whiskey and gin by six millions, and of beer by three millions. Six years, it is true, is too short a period in which to determine whether there has been or is likely to be any permanent change in the habits of the people. Heavy drinking and good trade are apt to go together, and a wave of sobriety is often only another way of saying a wave of commercial depression. If the figures of the last fifty years can be held to demonstrate anything it is that poverty does not lead to nearly so much drinking as prosperity. Had times and severity of employment meant that the wage-earner, who is the real mainstay of the trade, has less to spend at the saloon. In the real sense,

it is not poverty that takes him there, but affluence; poverty drives him out. To improve his condition, therefore, in the hope of thereby winning him over to temperance seems a policy that is shorting up for itself some bitter disappointments. On the other hand, there is the unshaken fact that England is drinking less today than in the twenties, that while her expenditure on tobacco, sugar and tea has increased from a third and a half, her expenditure on spirits, wine and beer has decreased, and that if she were spending on alcoholic liquors as much today in proportion to her population as she spent thirty years ago, her drink bill would be some \$100,000,000 more than it is. Still, it reaches, in all conscience, a sufficient total.

The Government and the Liquor Trade

The attitude of the State towards a business so huge, so pervasive, so militant, so intensely related to the social life of the people, and so productive of revenue must always be a matter of supreme importance. In England, as everywhere else, there is no free trade in the sale of intoxicants. Sale is only permitted by license, the number of licenses is limited, their duration is confined to twelve months, and at the end of the year they must all be renewed. No holder of a license possesses a legal right to have it renewed. Renewal may be refused at the discretion of the local licensing authority, and the applicant is entitled to a hearing for various reasons—e.g., if the saloon has been improperly conducted or if there are too many of them in the district. I think there is no question that the legislature intended licenses to be the property of the State, liable to termination at the end of any twelve months, and that in point of law the license-holder has no vested interest in his license beyond the period of one year. On the other hand, he has the reasonable expectation that it will be renewed unless on grounds of gross misconduct. And this "reasonable expectation" has actually developed a monetary value. The licensing justices have hesitated to cancel licenses, they have been indignantly reluctant to take away a man's livelihood. The result is that a well-conducted saloon has had little or nothing to fear from the annual formality of renewing its license. The State by levying death duties on licensed premises on the basis of the license being a continuing possession; the local authorities by proceeding on the same assumption in the matter of assessments; and the Courts of law by protecting the rights of those interested in the reversion or remainder of a license—have all shown that the expectation of renewal is all but a certainty. And in this expectation, which is all but a certainty, many millions of pounds have been invested. The brewers, as I have said, have acquired control of the licensed premises, often at extravagant prices, and they figure of course among the assets of the brewery companies. Thus the situation has become immensely complicated by the fact that a vast army of shareholders have become interested in renewing licenses, not as annual privileges, but as permanent grants. Thus, too, the feeling has grown up that compensation should be provided for every license that is extinguished. Thus, finally, it has come about that the State has practically parted with its control of the liquor traffic. It has created a vast property, largely unimpeachable in character, and has handed it over without receiving in return any adequate consideration.

Who will Win—State or Brewery?

The Licensing Bill of 1904, the work, of course, of the Unionist Government, adopted the principle that compensation ought to be paid in the event of a license being withdrawn for any other cause than that of misconduct, and it provided the necessary funds by imposing a graduated tax on all saloons in the district—a tax locally raised and administered. Thus the license-holder found a new security given to his property, its value immensely increased, and compensation provided if his license were refused renewal, without the State being a penny the better. The Bill was vigorously opposed by the Liberals who made no attempt either at the time of its passage or during the general election to general their determination to amend it when they again found themselves in power. They are now addressing themselves to the task, and the liquor trade is preparing to fight their advance foot by foot. The whole country will soon be ringing with the din of the combat. Every holder of brewery shares is already in a panic. What provisions the forthcoming Bill will contain I do not know, but it may, I think, be taken for granted that it will impose a time-limit of ten years or so, at the end of which all payment of compensation on the non-renewal of a license shall cease. Licensees will then revert to the State, and such of them as are re-licensed will be subjected to far higher duties than hitherto—duties based on the full monopoly value of the premises and the license taken together. These two amendments—a time-limit to the period of compensation and heavy licensing duties on the future—will thus in effect put the State in control of the liquor trade. Whether the State is equal to the task is the fundamental issue that is about to be settled.



Judge Jim Hargis, Killed
in a Fight with His Son

The Human Side of Jim Hargis

By EDWARD S. LINNER

TO the seeker of the picturesque, there is bound to be fascination in the human side of Jim Hargis, the one-time King of Breathitt County, who met the fate of his victims at the hands of his son. Now that he is dead, they are telling stories about him which bring out traits of character

the Judge. He was a man of some education, and in this respect he differed from many of the mountaineers who followed him blindly. He knew the part which several of the influential Kentucky papers were already playing in a warfare against him. During the



Beauchamp Hargis,
the Parricide

hitherto misled by the writers of many articles on the Breathitt feud.

Jim Hargis was, first of all, a vain man. He knew the extent of his power in the region, where law did not count until Floyd Hargis became prosecuting attorney, and it satisfied him. But his vanity had its limits. Hargis detested photographs and photographers. His enemies say that the reason was not a lack of vanity, but that the Breathitt King did not want his features too well known to the people of other sections of Kentucky. For years he had decreed at intervals that no one should ever take a photograph of him. During the feuds, several daring photographers who went to Jackson for the purpose of snapping the King were glad to escape with their lives. They did not return until the eve of the first trial of Jim Hargis for the Callahan murder. The Judge knew of their presence and vowed that his rule would not be broken. Of course all the leading papers of Kentucky had photographers at Jackson, especially to get a picture of Jim Hargis. The Louisville Courier-Journal had sent a young man named Robert Hise.

When the day came for the opening of the trial, the photographers were lined up along the main street from the store of Hargis to the court house. The accused waited in the rear of his store until the hour arrived for court to open, then covered his features with a quilt and made his way in that manner to the trial.

Several of the newspaper men thought that Hargis had won out and gave up the attempt for the time being. Hise, however, went around to the rear of the court house and concealed himself near the entrance. His idea was that while Hargis was bound to be covered with his quilt if he left by the front entrance, he might discard it in leaving by the rear. This proved to be the case. When recess came Hargis, accompanied by some of his men, left by the rear way. The Courier-Journal man thereupon came out from his concealment and snapped the Judge before he could hide behind one of his friends.

Hargis, in a rage, shook his fist and swore at the photographer. Several of his friends, knowing the rule of the Judge, seized the Courier-Journal man and were about to smash his camera, when the Judge intervened. "Don't, boys. His paper expects it of him, and I suppose he's got to make a living." The ice was broken. Hargis posed for several pictures and was never reluctant to be photographed afterward.

No one realized the power of the press more thoroughly than

the Judge. He was a man of some education, and in this respect he differed from many of the mountaineers who followed him blindly. He knew the part which several of the influential Kentucky papers were already playing in a warfare against him. During the period when the feud was at its height, the Louisville Evening Post sent Denny B. Goode, a reporter, to Jackson. Goode began to send in vivid accounts of the situation and spared no one. Breathitt was aroused. One evening Goode received word that Judge Hargis wanted to see him and give him a statement for the Post. Goode went at once to the store of the Judge. The lights there were burning dimly as he entered. He was suddenly seized by several men and dragged to the rear. One of the men then asked:

"What do you think of a man who would come among us, learn our ways, then write against us in the newspapers?"

"I think he would show he has plenty of grit," Goode replied.

"You do? Well, you have written your last story. You are never to leave this place alive."

Just then Hargis entered, and when he learned what was happening, thrust the men aside.

"No, boys, none of that," he said. "As long as this newspaper man is in Breathitt County I shall protect him."

The reporter was then allowed to go.

The Judge, however, was not so friendly disposed toward playwrights. One of them, Leon F. Ellis, of Lexington, thought the Breathitt feud would make fine material for a melodrama of a lurid type. He accordingly went to Jackson and began to jot down notes of the people and the atmosphere. For a time all went well. Ellis was allowed to go about and gather his material without molestation. When the playwright began to study his characters he expressed a wish to meet Jim Hargis. The Judge sent word he was agreeable, and Ellis went to see him.

"I hear you are writing a play about us," the Judge began. "Let me see it."

Ellis refused. Hargis repeated the request and was met with the same refusal.

"I never ask a third time for anything," the Judge remarked.

The playwright thereupon concluded it would be wise to grant the request and handed Hargis the manuscript.

The Judge read part, then handed it back.

"Young man," he said, "there is a train that leaves here for Lexington in ten hours. You and I will board it. Your baggage at the hotel will be sent to you."

There was nothing for Ellis to do but submit, and Hargis escorted him to Lexington, returning to Jackson on the next train, but not until he had reached an agreement with the playwright that his melodrama should never be produced.



Jim Hargis's Store at Jackson,
Kentucky, in which he was Shot



The Funeral of Hargis, which was
attended by Hundreds of Country Folk

With all the Honors of War

By ZOE HARTMAN

DRAWINGS BY ROSE O'NEILL



"First she had cried as though her heart would break; yes, had even howled, until the din had brought mamma flying down from the sewing-room with a breathless, 'Merry, Petronel, what has happened?'"

Long afterward she could shut her eyes and feel with a shudder the small gristly, wriggly body crunch beneath her heel, and live over that dark, inquisitorial moment when she had bent over the wee, soft thing peeping so pitifully in the hollow of mamma's hand, and had witnessed its death struggle through her blur of tears.

And when mamma had said with such a look, "Why, Petronel, how could you be so careless? Now you'll have to tell Auntie," it seemed to her intensely visual mind that prison walls stretched out before her, that she heard the click of manacles and stood a tried and convicted criminal before the jailer man and the hanger man who epitomized to her the majesty of the law. She felt herself already in its grasp. From now on she must think of herself as an assassin.

"I didn't mean to!" she whispered, in tones staccato with horror, as mamma laid the poor little collapsed feather ball in her aproned lap. "I was just raxsin' round with the hose turnin' the water on the old hen to keep her out of the 'sturnum bed. This chicken was in a puddle, an' I didn't see it, an' I s-s-stepped on it!"

Mamma gathered her first born into a consoling, if not restraining, embrace.

"Well, well, little woman, don't cry! It's too bad to kill the poor chicken, but I expect Auntie'll forgive you. She'll take them all home in a few days; then you'll have your playground free. Now dry your tears and go tell her about it. Then you can bury the chicken out there on the common where Sambo can't get at it."

Petronel trailed dejectedly away to confessionals, the corpse weighing down a fold of her gingham apron, which gaped open just enough to allow divers abominable peeps at the grass-crimping christ. The mission was solemnly accomplished when prolonged clamors of "Pete, Pete!" floated up from the quarter of the garden, and the twins and Hazel bore down upon her at full sail with a mighty clatter of express wagon and "Fast Mail." With all due respect, and not the slightest loss of prestige, she was always "Pete" to them.

"Where you goin', Pete? What you got there?"

"Wha'-chu--got, Pe-tey?" echoed fluster, the fat twin, who on state occasions answered to the baptismal name of Robert. Puffing, he shuffled up on a pair of exceedingly short, chubby legs, jerking his express wagon along behind him. He stood so straight that his killed pink frock hung short to front over his scold little paunch and sagged slightly behind, while even his black curls dragged lower upon his dimpled neck, forming a fit frame for the singular sweetness of his dark eyes.

"I've killed a chicken," announced Petronel, ingenuously, as the trio crowded around, and Miriam, the thin twin, poked her inquisitive amber curls straight into the aperture of the apron.

"Poor sticky!" she cooed, lifting big, solemn, violet eyes. Petronel's instantly brimmed over.

"I s-stepped on him!" she gulped. "I didn't mean t-to!"

Mamma gave a maw' bury him."

Hazel sidled a step nearer, gazing this afflicted Niobe with wistful wonderment, her fawn braid in her mouth.

"Way down deep in the ground like Harry Todd's ill beaner!" she demanded.

Petronel suddenly looked up.

"U-h-h-h," she acquiesced, vaguely, a light leaping into her tear-dimmed eyes, a flame of inspiration newly born. "S-s-say, I've got it! Why couldn't we all bury him?"

"Right now!" Her little, oval, freckled face reflected the glow of the fresh July morning, and enthusiasm swept her to her feet, regardless of the chicken, which slid from her apron, and rolled away in the grass. "We'll have a funeral like big folks!"

"A funeral! Oh, goody!" Joyously Hazel spun about on one leg.

"A fun-a-ler!" gurgled the

twins, whose vocabulary was all too inadequate for the measure of their understanding. "An' horse, Pe-tey!"

Petronel wrinkled her brows.

"We'll have to make believe the horse. We'll ask Charlotte an' Aleck to come over an' be in it. Aleck can be a horse an' pull the hearse!"

"Where's the hearse?" Hazel's wife worked but slowly even under the spur of Petronel's nimble executive genius.

"Why, there it is, you goony!" giving the express wagon a shove that sent its chubby proprietor head over heels, landing him on his feet again somewhat dazed and disheveled. Petronel, brimming over with her idea, scarcely saw the mishap. Her elastic spirits were soaring aloft by leaps and bounds into the ethereal regions of a limitless imagination. Scaffolds and dungeons had vanished from her horizon. Tears were as far away as the autumn storms.

"I've a show-box, just the thing for a coffin. An', Hazel, you go ask mamma for a pair of her black dress for a shroud. Oh, goody, there comes Charlotte and Aleck! Hi there, kids, hurry up!"

Over the back fence crawled the two cousins, Aleck first, with a scatters and despatch due to the prehistoric skill of his hands and feet and the monkeylike agility of his small wiry body, Charlotte, with much labored scrambling and a sudden barrel-like descent from the topmost paling.

"Where's Sambo?" called the boy, catering across the lawn, his sister jogging factotumly along behind over the mat of turf and dandelions, at a health-saving pace calculated to last all day. She was a cheerful, substantial infant adulated rather to sound sleep than to dreams, who beamed on all the world alike and vegetated contentedly very close to earth. Petronel, who had run to meet her and was dragging her rapturously along, stopped short at Aleck's question and considered.

"Oh, mamma shut him up in the barn for chasing one of Auntie's chickens," she said, adding wistfully, "She ought to have shut me up, too. Look what I've done!"

With her thin little shoulders writing perceptibly and all the elation dying out of her eyes, she stooped and slowly fished the dead chicken out of the grass.

"Huh! Only a chicken!" Aleck's downright masculine mind was incapable of making tragedy out of such small fry. Following the trend of his thoughts, he made a dive for the stable, soon to return triumphantly with a powerful, high-bred setter, a real Irish thoroughbred, a veritable canine Samson with a lamb-like face, who ambled along at Aleck's heels after the peculiar adoring fashion of his breed, his whole body wriggling friendly greeting.

"I found him on his stomach by a mouse-hole," explained



"I was just turnin' the water on the old hen!"



Next came the hearse drawn by Hazel

Aleck, "just as excited, waitin' for th' mice. He'd forgot what he'd been shut up for!"

In the midst of an admiring circle, the setter held court, politely offering his paw to his favorites, while dispensing hospitality to all impartially with his velvet pink tongue.

"Darlin' doggie, we duss forget you!" blushed Hazel, ecstatically straining him till he growled. "I duss wish Auntie'd take her old chickens away, I do! Then Saggy could have some fun."

Petronel's mercurial spirits suddenly leaped skyward. "He shall march in the funeral procession!" she cried, with a skip that set every brown curl dancing. "Come on, kids, we mus' all dress for the funeral. No, no, Saggy, you can't come—go 'way." For "Saggy," with the unerring instincts of the hunter, had already availed the contents of her apron.

"Where y' goin' t' bury it, Pet?" queried Aleck, "rough-bonning" the setter in blisful abandon.

"Out there," waving vaguely toward the broad stretch of common back of the yard, where ash-colored sage, hardy wild grasses and great patches of phlox riveted together in the light midsummer breeze. "An', Aleck, you can dig the graves an' be the preacher."

"Huh!" came somewhere from a méele of sturdy boyish legs and waving red paws as the "rustling" match waxed hotter and hotter.

"Jus'—a' leave—dig—grave,—but can't—be—no preacher!"

"Yes, you can," contradicted Miss Autocracy. "I'll lead the singin' an' tell you what to say. All you have to do is to wear your nightie an' call us 'Dearly loved brethern.' Come on, girls, we're goin' to dress up!" And away she bustled, followed by her minions.

An hour later, mamma, attracted by an unusual commotion below, looked from her upstairs window and burst out laughing.

"Come here and look!" she summoned Auntie.

Around the house, from the regions of the back porch, came an imposing cortege as ever set forth to bury the dead. First of all came the preacher in the "Fast Mail," which his feet propelled at a devious snail's pace, while at irregular intervals he rattled a decrepit cowbell, though he occasionally forgot the solemnity of the occasion and jingled it long and merrily as though for an auction, or some such profane function.

Next came the bearers, drawn by Hazel for Petronel, upon brood thoughts, had decided that it would never do to link the high sailing of a preacher with the comparatively humble one of a horse. Here expediency and conventionality had joined forces and scored a distinct triumph: in the express wagon sat the twins, back to back, with dandling legs, Miriam in the front, Buster behind, while the corpse, in a white sheet-box laden with dandelions and "sturdium," reposed securely between them. Vulgarly speaking, it was a tight fit, but if it had the advantage of anchoring the coffin firmly against the pitching and tossing of the wagon over bumps.

Lastly came the crowning glory of the pageant—Charlotte, crimson, panting, and very much impeded by her long skirt, trundling the big wheelbarrow in which were gathered the Sorrowing Friends, otherwise Auntie's hen and entire brood of little chickens; while Sankey trotted alongside as bodyguard, his quivering nostrils glued to the sheet-covered box in which his feathered friends cackled and popped their panic-stricken indignation. It was Petronel's *chef d'œuvre*. The idea had come to her in a flash of revelation, as most of Petronel's ideas were wont to come. At first, Charlotte could not be made to see its orthodoxy, much less its propriety. But Petronel, as usual, overruled her.

"How'd you feel if you were dead and your folks didn't come

to your funeral?" she demanded. "Don't you s'pose the hen an' chickens are sorry same as us? Of course all the relatives mus' come!"

And that had settled it. So Aleck had been ejected into nailing staks on a cast-off soap-box and the whole brood had at last been lured into it by a lavish supply of oats and bread crumbs, much to the edification of Saggy, who, watching at a respectful distance, with his head cocked on one side, had scarcely been able to contain his excitement.

Petronel was especially proud of this feature of her procession, though it had developed bellumine qualities rivaling those of the cowbell. Like a good field-marshal, she hovered on the outskirts, giving a push here and a pull there, exhorting, admonishing, and getting the trail of mamma's blue serotian petticoat most gloriously tangled up in the wheel of the barge.

Every cast-off ribbon, plume and artificial flower in the house had been utilized for the adornment of the ladies, on a scale of reckless magnificence. Yes, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Carls and pigtails were piled high upon young heads, mamma's last season's loquacious at varying angles on Miriam's small coquette, top-heavy from a "pompadour" of twice its size, and a picture-hat that had seen better days arose in appalling proportions above Charlotte's heated little face. Hazel blomed out in the gay alphan slumber-robe purloined from the library couch and draped about her in princess in such a fashion as to make mere walking impossible and toddling a necessity. Even Buster's cherubic innocence was crowned with papa's old campaign plug, and a sack of scarlet mosquito netting, knotted around his waistless middle added much to the impressiveness of his appearance.

In short, all were bravely attired with the exception of Aleck, who had balked outright at the "nightie" and vowed instant desertion if the matter of rector's habiliments was not dropped. He had no objection to being a tool if the ladies would just please not spell it with an "f." He would be preacher, but he would not wear a "shirt." A man must look out for his reputation, you know. And Petronel, whose diplomatic gifts were not to be despised, let it go at that.

Blowly the procession trailed around the front of the house and came to a standstill in the park. Naturally, all functions took place in the park, for here the turf was thickest and greenest, thanks to the tiny brook that trickled through it, the knee of young cottonwoods about it furnished admirable shade, and, best of all, there were rustic seats, of home manufacture—wobbly, it is true, but still one could sit on them for quite a long time before they broke down.

The ministers of ceremonies marshalled in her force, waiting there in a semicircle facing the preacher, while the coffin was placed upon an inverted water-bucket midway between pulpit and congregation. Twice it was swept off by the friendly wag of Saggy's tail before that inquisitive canine could be prevailed upon to stop sniffing at the box where the Sorrowing Friends still clung to their grief, and to sit quietly at Hazel's side throughout the service, with his destructive tail curled under him.

The preacher looked around serenely and cleared his throat.

"Dearly loved brethern," he stammered, in obedience to Petronel's imperative nod, "we-we-we'll sing 'Jesu's Little A'sh'!"

That young lady promptly seated herself on the top bar, which made a capital keyboard, she struck up that true and tried classic of virtuous infamy, giving it a cheerful, spirited swing with which all funeral dirges are not best. Severely, ecstatically, she sang, like good, her vivid little face slightly by upraised, her brown eyes aglow, her birdlike treble soaring high above the others, warbling sweet and true.

The congregation supported her, with a will, but as they were somewhat shaky on the words, their performance, on the whole, lacked conviction, not to say reverence, until they reached the immortal refrain.

"You in your small cor-nur-r-r!
An'-die-is—mine!"

When out it came with a confident roar which amply atoned for the vague mouthings of the verses and restored confidence among the singers.

The ensuing pause passed into an awkward blank. The preacher appeared to be hopelessly stranded. In a convulse of his own sex, where one indulged in such gross earthy pastimes as "rustling" or "hapdug," he would have positively shone, but here was a situation that called for imagination and the gift of "gub."



She sang like one inspired



Charlotte was trundling the wheelbarrow in which were gathered the Sorrowing Friends

Nothing saved him but a sudden collapse of the bench upon which the twins were perched—a calamity attended by much agitation and bumping of heads among the congregation, in their scramble to rescue the indignant pair and to keep the pudgy bluster from sliding by sheer force of gravity into the brook.

Petronal wriggled uneasily under those distractions. It irked her artistic sense to see the game played with so little regard for the rules. Skilled players at "make believe" could bridge over little breaks like these with equanimity and grace.

"Sing again! Sing 'Jodels'!" she tactfully prompted the preacher, who, much relieved, launched the congregation forth into a lusty chant of,

"When he cometh, when he cometh,
To us—up his joo-walls!"

and so on, until the lung power of the assembly was used up and all but the chickens were completely blown.

"Now we'll all march round and see him," announced the preacher, anxious to hurry the proceedings and relieve the pressure upon himself.

"Oh, no! You men! preach the sermon first!" chorused the ladies, much scandalized at this flagrant breach of the conventions.

"Now, I can't preach no sermon!" blurted the badgered ecclesiastic. "Dunn what 't say. You do it, Petet!"

"Petet" was much disturbed. Playing everybody else's part was also against the rules, and coaching a delinquent player in public seriously offended her nice sense of the divine fitness of things.

"I told you what to say, but I reck 'n you've forgot," she said, resignedly, adding, as a compromise: "Well, then, s'pose we all say little verses. Charlotte, you begin; and look at the coffin while you're sayin' 'em, so 't'll seem more like a funeral sermon."

As a co-operative sermon it was a marked success, for it included such familiar old friends as "Suffer l'il children 't come unt' me" and "Jessa wept," which were resurrected from the elusive memories of the twins only after a heroic struggle. True it is, the preacher got the sacred and the profane badly telescoped in his not wholly inappropriate contribution. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," but nobody noticed the slip except Petronal and she had greater things to do.

"Now we will open the coffin and see him," she announced, nasally assuming the morose, wooden expression of the professional undertaker, as she uncoiled the sheet-box. Then the mourners marched around three times with much craning of necks, treading on toes, and tripping over trunks that trailed with regal glory both fore and aft. To them, this viewing of the dead was the most important rite in the whole ceremony; in all their observations of "revel, truly grown-up funerals," they had not failed to note its dramatic possibilities.

These, however, had no opportunity to develop, on account of the irrepressible daggery curiosity of Saggy, who had lost no time in transferring his kind attentions from the bereaved hen family to the sheet-box. So indignant did he become that his bulky red body completely blocked the line of march and had to be dragged forcibly away, until the coffin could be closed and loaded hurriedly into the hearse, sans dignity, sans ceremony, out of his reach.

Once more the procession formed as before and wended its way around the house, across the back yard, and through the alley gate to the burial ground, attended by a continuous rattling far-far from the corbillion, while Petronal eventually suppressed in the interests of peace and unity, on the grounds that it lacked artistic value.

"I don't believe you ever saw a funeral before!" she wittingly rebuked the preacher.

The concluding rite was to the last degree impressive. With



Nothing saved him but a collapse of the bench

unerring dramatic instinct, she grouped her subjects about the little trench and set them to singing. "Bringing in the Sheaves," which Hazel and the twins always interpreted "Bringing in the Sheaves," by a process of analogy peculiar to infancy. Meansville, the preacher, denied the consolation of the corbillion, worked off his superfluous steam by scooping the grave deeper with a firm shovel. Saggy, too, burning to be useful, threw himself heart and soul into the fray, making the dirt fly under the swift powerful strokes of his paws.

At last all was ready and the coffin was lowered, to the piping of brave little voices as they chanted their refrain of hope and rejoicing. Thereafter, the official tension was relaxed, by mutual consent, and the six dropped on their knees to pat and heap and smooth the ground into shape and to pile it with "sturdiness" and dandelions. The preacher, who was beginning to be tremendously tired, soon retired with a whoop and a hand-spring to finish his "rattle" with Saggy.

The ladies, however, lingered over the last choiciness.

"He must have a unyusant and fresh flowers every day," decreed Petronal as Charlotte stuck in two clothes-pins, one at the head and one at the foot of the mound. "If we bury him right," she appended, impressively, "he'll rise!"

"Rise!" Charlotte stopped short, open-mouthed. Here was a passive nature that seldom challenged discussion, but here was heresy, paganism, atheism!

"Yes, rise, 'course. Isn't you ever got to Sunday-school?"

"'Course I do—but—but—children can't rise!"

"Rise!" Charlotte stopped short, open-mouthed. Here was a young theologian. "You want the resurrection all to yourself, I s'pose. If you don't care whether this shifty fies or not. Well, neither nobody cares whether you rise either, but you will, just the same!"

Charlotte sat down on her feet in one of the soft beds of phlox that sprinkled the common like silver-droplets, and stared at her cousin. In polemics, as in other things, she was no match for Petronal.

"Well, you said the spotted pig would rise too," she pursued, doggedly, "but I've been watching his grave—oh, the longest time, an' he hasn't come up yet!"

"'Course not!" This time the triumph was final—decisive. "No one can rise till the judgment day, an' if folks have to wait, why, of course, they would. Now let's pick a lot of phlox!"

"Hi, kids! Hi, hi—ade!" bawled a jubilant voice from the back porch. "You're missin' 'il Cookies! Cook—here! Fresh! Hot! Xena's got barrels of 'em."

It was like a little call to battle. With one rapturous howl the "funeral" party was over the fence in a twinkling, its members shedding their livery as they ran, in proportion as they found it an impediment to their progress.

Not long after, above the careless cluck and bubble on the back porch, a high, childlike soprano of plaintive sweetness floated up through the windows of the sewing room. Mamma looked out, and a smile of peculiar tenderness crept into her eyes—a smile that the eternal mother instinctively reserves for her first born.

On the topmost rail of the back fence, just above the new made grave, perched the little maid in all her funeral regalia, the noon-day sun streaming down upon her high piled curls, drawing red gleams from them, and making a wonderful shimmering aureole about her hairless little face. Her hands were full of cookies, her feet swung aimlessly to and fro, kicking out the folk of the blue sateen petticoat; and her eyes, lifted upward, rapt and absorbed, dreamed and belied on their way through the fields of infinite space. Sordid things were put behind, troubles slunk off hergeton, the clouds had rolled away from her soul. The fragmentary thoughts and lately awakened feelings that had been struggling to her for expression now bled in one dazzling, harmonious vision before her eyes as she blithely warbled her exaltation:

"We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in th' sheaves."



The co-operative sermon



Where Does all the Gold Go?

By A. C. SIMKINS



THE need of gold is the topic of the hour, and yet there is little less than a million dollars' worth of the precious metal produced daily throughout the world. In Australia and South Africa, and in our own Alaska, Nevada, California, and Cripple Creek, great mines, equipped with the finest machinery known to science, are working night and day, producing a continuous golden stream. And still there is a shortage, and our financiers have had to send abroad to London to borrow enough to save the country from a financial crash. And London finds itself short. It is torn between France, and then there is no more gold to be had. Where is it all? What has become of the stock, the great reserves which should be somewhere, receding from the spring which broke loose in the days of '49 and has since been pouring forth in ever increasing volume? One would be justified in the belief that in the financial centre of every country there are accumulations by now so colossal as to make the idea of a shortage for the ordinary purposes of trade a thing to be counted as absurd.

Where does it go? Some of it, a small proportion, indeed, into the arts and jewelry. The balance is supposed to be coined or held in bars ready for coinage. But where are the coins and the bars? Only a matter of fifty or sixty million dollars were needed recently to save the country from a panic, and that amount was obtained with difficulty, after a prodigious effort, by securing the whole of Europe. Think of it; fifty or sixty million dollars—the output of American mines alone for a short half year. Surely there must be something wrong somewhere. Where does all the gold go as asked again; and there is no satisfactory answer.

Does the stream run on through the ordinary channels of trade and finally disappear, as some streams do, in the desert beneath the ground, never to reappear? It would seem so.

Lord Cromer, in a speech recently delivered at a banquet at the Guildhall in London, sounded a note of alarm when he drew the attention of his hearers to the hoarding privileges of the Egyptians. He told how the hydraulic engineers had made a new Egypt—an Egypt freed from the erratic favors of the Nile, needing every year a hundred and fifty million dollars in gold to finance the cotton crop. Engineering skill has worked wonders in this old land of the Pharaohs, but we must doubt, after reading his remarks, whether the world at large has been benefited thereby, for but little of the large amounts of money expended ever leaves the country again. Year after year England exports to Egypt the hundred and fifty million dollars gold needed to pay for the cotton, which, thanks to irrigation, can be counted on with absolute certainty. A hundred and fifty million dollars is one-half of the world's yearly gold output.

Hoarding among the Egyptians and the Orientals is an old, old story. Some would treat the matter lightly, though, and laugh at what they are pleased to call an Asian myth. But it is no Asian myth. The gold we should have in our marts of commerce—to-day lies underground in India, in Egypt, and in China. It is buried. There the product of hundreds of gold mines, won by so much skill and effort, is returned once more to mother earth, to lie unproductive in the eternal quiet of the tomb.

Lord Cromer gave several instances, one of a cotton planter not supposed to be rich, who died not long ago. In his cellar there came to light a hoard of 50,000 British sovereigns, almost \$2,000,000. Another bought a piece of property for \$125,000, and said for it in coins taken from a hoard buried in his garden. This sum of money was brought to the place of transfer on the backs of slinkys. Instances such as these could be quoted without number, but there is no need to do here. Hoarding in Egypt is such a well recognized institution as to be beyond the sphere of argument.

Then there is India, that land of a never changing conservatism, where caste and hoarding are customs as unbreakable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The practice of hoarding has been the custom for ages; and by ages is meant not merely a few centuries, but time running back a thousand years and more; during all of which, except for the past century, India has been the ramping ground of warlike princes.

During the past twenty years one great hoard of silver, that of sixty million pounds sterling in rupees has been quietly exchanged for gold. The true extent of this hoard was first brought to light some years ago in evidence before the Currency Commission which sat at the time of the closing of the Indian mints in the coinage of silver. It is a true old story. There is nothing original about it. A thoroughbred tall gave his evidence to the commission, and it was widely printed.

"You know," he said, "how anxious the late Maharajah Scindia was to get back the fortress of Gwalior, his very few knew the real cause which prompted him. That cause was a concealed hoard of sixty crores of thirty million sterling of rupees in silver which he hid within the fortress, over which red-coated British sentinels had been walking for about thirty years, never for one moment suspecting the wealth concealed beneath their feet. Long before the British government gave back the fortress every one who knew the entrance into the concealed hoard was dead, except one man, and he was exceedingly old and, although in good health, might

be expected to die at any moment of sheer old age. If that had happened the treasure might have been lost to the owner forever, and to the world for ages, because there was only one entrance to the hoard, and that was most cunningly concealed.

"So the Maharajah was in such a fix that he must either get back his fortress or divulge the secret to the government and run the risk of losing the treasure for all time. When after long negotiations he was given back the fortress by the Maharajah, even before the British troops had left Gwalior territory, masons were brought from Benares, where they had been sworn to secrecy in the Temple of the Holy Cow; and when they reached the Gwalior railroad station they were put into carriages, blindfolded, and taken to the spot where they were to work. There they were kept till they had opened out the entrance into the secret vault; and when this great concealed hoard had been verified by the Maharajah the masons were once more blindfolded, put into carriages, and taken back to the railroad station and returned to Benares. The masons, who had stood guard over the masonry during the progress of the work were taken out to a courtyard and shot to death, so that the secret of the location of the great Gwalior hoard was safe once more."

For the benefit of those who doubted the truth of the extent of this hoard, it was pointed out that several smaller ones, each amounting to from ten to thirty million dollars, had been brought to the attention of the government, which had obliged the owners to invest them in India bonds. These smaller hoards had been accumulated by princes who had never had a tithe of the power and importance in the land ours belonging to the Maharajah who held his court in the city of Gwalior.

But Indian princes do not take kindly to government paper. Quickly and in the course of only a few years these bonds were turned into gold, and the gold sealed up in some secret vaults, to be lost to the use of the world. And as it is with the princes, so it is with the merchants. Take a merchant with an income of five thousand rupees a month. At the very outside five hundred rupees would replace all the furniture in his house. Beyond a few curtains and rugs, furniture, as we understand the word, simply does not exist. Even the very wealthy, who possess horses and carriages and a retinue of servants, and no furniture worthy of the name. No expensive cut glass and china were adorn their tables at times of feasting. Money thus saved the merchant hoards. Occasionally he places a little in some bank to meet a foreign draft or for some temporary convenience, but such a sum in comparison with his hoarded wealth is trivial; and in the same way the amounts on deposit in the Indian banks in comparison with that vast volume of underground treasure is a mere drop in the bucket.

At the Currency Commission the English members sought to ascertain how much gold would be needed to give value to our gold coinage. It was thought that fifty million pounds sterling would cover the demand. They were astonished to learn that that amount would be swallowed up by one province alone. Rupees by the scores of millions and ever would be brought forth from the hidden hoards of princes and merchants to be exchanged for the precious metal, and the exchange would go on until the hoards, which at that time were about equally divided between gold and silver, should be entirely gold. The commission realized later on in its deliberations that before a gold currency had been in force twelve months five hundred million sterling would be absorbed.

The hoards of the princes were largely gathered when the Mahatma armies systematically swept the plains of India, and were the accretions of hundreds of plundered cities in the good old days before the British came to introduce a new order of things. The great masses of the Indian people are native princes and merchants, they are surpassed in the aggregate by the thousands of smaller hoards, the property of the middle and lower classes.

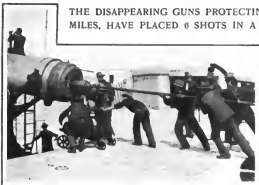
Eliminating the millions of poor, half starved wretches who merely exist in India, laboring for the wealth of a pitance as small as barely to keep body and soul together. It must be remembered that there are yet a hundred million able to accumulate something; and even if this be only a few rupees, these are hidden until the time comes when they can be conveniently exchanged for gold and hoarded.

Full financiers can determine the amounts buried in these secret hoards of India and Egypt and China, with its four hundred millions, and can discover some means to hold the gold above ground, the miners will continue mining, and the streams of the precious metal will everly pass to by.

It will not be a while before the banks and treasury vaults, and some of it even will be made into jewelry and plate; but the great bulk of it will be carried silently along the stream of the world's trade to the Orient. Once in the Orient, the work of smelters, of mills and cyanide plants, the skill and labor of hundreds of thousands of men, will have all gone for naught. In these money graveyards of the East side by side lie the billions of the Incas, the wealth of the Moctezumas, Callimachian and Australian millions, and the output of the hundreds of gold mines in South Africa and elsewhere. All is lost to the world, consigned to the oblivion of the sea, as treasure ships wrecked and forgotten in the sands under the sea.

GUARDING THE COAST IN THE FLEET'S ABSENCE

THE DISAPPEARING GUNS PROTECTING BOSTON, AT A RANGE OF 4 1-2 MILES, HAVE PLACED 6 SHOTS IN A MOVING TARGET IN 4 MINUTES



Ramming Home an 800-pound Shell in a 10-inch Rifle after the Recoil from Discharge has brought the big Piece into Position for Loading



The Centre One of the Three towed Targets is the Object of Fire



Watching for Signals from the Fort on the Tug towing the Targets



The Moment of Discharge of a 10-inch Gun.

Many of the Gunners stop their Ears and rest upon their Tons to lessen the Concussion



A Bull's-eye with a 6-inch Gun



The Centre Target (distinguished by a White Band) after a Round of the Guns. The Shot Holes would indicate a good Day's Work. It is not necessary to Strike the Target to Score a Bull's-eye, but the Shot must fall dangerously near it, as in the Photographs, to right and left



This also counts a Bull's-eye

HOW TO KEEP WARM IN WINTER



The Members of the Brookline (Mass.) Swimming Club have a cheerful Disregard for Seasons, and are as content in Snow as in Water

Famine in India

THE third periodical famine in India, which have from time to time horrified the civilized world, now seem to have become endemic. Millions of the native population have died from this cause during the past few years, and no sign of improvement exists. The viceroy of India, in a telegram sent to London during the third week of January, stated that the total number of persons in receipt of state relief in British India considerably exceeds 223,000, that the number is steadily increasing, that prices are rising, that the rise in prices is trifling severely upon the poorer population, especially in the towns, and that, although the worst signs of acute distress are not yet manifest, still the suffering is great.

The third Harrower government forecast of the rice crop is singularly appropriate in this connection. The report, which deals with a territory containing about 9.8 per cent. of the total area under rice in British India and Burma, gives as the area under cultivation 7,200,000 acres, an increase of 322,271 acres. Prospects are good, the surplus available for export being estimated at 2,510,000 tons of cargo rice, equivalent to 22,010,000 cwt. of cleaned rice.

This is a striking commentary upon modern civilization in India.

Brazil's Black Diamonds

THE scarcity of black diamonds, and their demand for rock drilling, have greatly enhanced their value during the past few years. From a comparatively small area in the central portion of the state of Bahia are taken almost if not quite all of the world's supply of the black diamond of commerce, used for the purposes of what is known as the diamond drill. This area lies along the upper waters of the river Verde, a tributary of the great river San Francisco, mostly in a range of mountains known as the "Cupidos Diamantina." The American geologist, J. C. Branner, in surveying the greater part of the northern half of the

state of Bahia, included this diamond district in his surveys, and in connection therewith made a most important discovery. It had not been supposed that the diamond district extended at all to the west and north of the river Verde, but Dr. Branner's explorations reveal the fact that the same diamond-bearing strata extend almost as far as the river San Francisco, covering an area of from 3000 to 5000 square miles.

The diamonds are found in gravel and conglomerate formations. The area in question may be approached by rail from either Bahia or Pernambuco. From the terminus of the railways a journey of many days, either by water or by muleback, would be necessary to reach the objective point.

Double-tracking the Siberian Railroad

AFTER many years' consideration the plans of the Russian ministry of communication for double tracking the Trans-Siberian route have recently been approved by the St. Petersburg government.

It is proposed to lay a double track from the station of Omsk to Baikal Station, and from Tanchai to Karymskaja; to rebuild the mountainous section of the route between Atchinsk and Irkutsk; to increase facilities both for crossing and rounding Lake Baikal; and to raise the general efficiency of the whole line.

The cost of double tracking the line from Omsk to Atchinsk is estimated, exclusive of transportation of goods which necessitates so much expense, at 25,010,000 rubles, or about \$13,000,000. This means a cost of 27,700 rubles per verst over the distance of 1132 versts (a verst is 3280 feet). The cost of the second track on the Trans-Baikal sections will be heavier: from Irkutsk to Lake Baikal and from Tanchai to Manchuria 48,140,000 rubles are needed for the 1251 versts, or an average of 39,000 rubles per verst.

The same rate per verst is also given for the section of the line to Karymskaja. The

expense of installing an additional track on the Atchinsk-Irkutsk section, together with reconstruction of the mountain section, will cost, exclusive of transportation of material, 57,148,000 rubles. This sum brings the cost of the southern line to 31,180 rubles, and of the rebuilt line to 33,000 rubles per verst. Aside from all this, some 3,000,000 rubles are wanted to better the ferry system across Lake Baikal.

The Ceylon Pearl Fisheries

NOT only the pearl, but the shell of the pearl oyster is largely used in commerce for the manufacture of penknives, opera glasses, etc. For an unlimited period the best pearl shells have come from Ceylon.

The price of pearl shells in recent years has varied from \$26 to \$35 per ton at Continental ports. While supply and demand have been the chief factors in determining the price, the quality of the shell and the mode of packing employed have also had their influence. It is expected that the price in 1908 will be higher, as it is stated that there will not be a pearl fishery season, owing to unfavorable conditions on the oyster banks. Even when a large fishery is made, it is sometimes impossible to secure large quantities of shells because of irregularities of shape, and the prevalence of worms which eat the shells. The fisheries were conducted by the Ceylon government up to two years ago, when they were leased to a company organized for the purpose.

Fishing can only be done between October and April, as the monsoon prevents the approach of sailing craft toward the banks, which lie about three days' sail from Colombo. Besides the ordinary shell, there is a variety known as "window pane." This is the product of a government fishery, and the annual yield ranges below 300 tons. The size are between five and seven inches, and the price varies between \$70 and \$80 per ton at Continental ports.

There is a good opportunity for the establishment in Ceylon of a factory for the manufacture of pearl shell goods, and American capital might well be invested.

Heroes All

THE STORY OF A RESCUE AT SEA

By DAVID B. MACGOWAN



HE determination with which men, in one circumstance, will fight to keep his life and, in another, will, with equal determination, risk it without a thought, has rarely found better exemplification than in the recent tragedy of the British steamship *St. Cuthbert*, in which both her men and the men of the *White Star liner Cyrenia*, who went to the rescue, played fast and loose with death.

The *St. Cuthbert* was a Phoenix liner out of Antwerp, with a cargo capable of turning a crew gray—matches, rags, kerosene, asphaltum, and willow-ware. On the fifteenth day out her cargo shifted and this was the beginning of the end. On Sunday, February 2, something below decks caught fire—perhaps a case of matches pounded open in the scumway—and while Second Officer Tudy was giving the alarm an explosion shook the ship and hurled the cover of the fore hatch into the sea.

The fire flashed through the cargo, and, roaring up forward, soon had the bridge ablaze. Captain John Lewis, the *St. Cuthbert's* skipper, and a sailor named Joubert got out the hose and had a stream playing on the fire, but a drum of kerosene exploded in their faces, temporarily blinding them and burning them frightfully. Quartermaster Charles Johnson clung to his post at the wheel until the poisonous fumes and the fire drove him away.

With the first alarm of fire the crew had tumbled on deck barefoot and half clad, many of the men just out of their bunks. When they realized the full peril of the fire they rushed in a panic for the boats. In order to save the boats, Captain Lewis ordered them manned by small crews and lowered. Third Officer White, with firemen, cooks, and stewards, manned the first. While it was being swung out on the davits the ship lurched, and White was flung into the water. The carpenter then took command, but the sea was too high for his awkward hands, and the lifeboat was smashed to pieces before it reached the water. Lewis was flung to those struggling in the sea, but only one man succeeded in holding on until he could be hauled aboard to the doubtful safety of the *St. Cuthbert's* deck.

Another boat was lowered empty, and this also was crushed against the vessel's side. There remained one other boat untouched by fire. Into this Second Officer Tudy, Apprentice Officer Bowman, and eight men embarked safely, although the boat was badly stove and water poured in incessantly. Young Bowman

bailed as well as he could with his cap while the water arose in the boat to his wrist. Three of the rowers soon succumbed to the cold, and their oars were swept from their hands. When Tudy ordered them to help bail they refused, and clung to the boat's air tank, which none was keeping her afloat. They did not respond to either kicks or commands and apathetically resigned themselves to death.

Daylight found the lifeboat seven miles from the burning ship. The mast was raised, but snapped like a pipe stem. All but two of the oars had been carried aboard, and two hours hard work were required to head the boat about. A jury jib carried the crazy craft back toward the ship, while the storm still raged. At four o'clock the crew, almost frozen, decided that, perhaps, the ship offered more hope of life than the gale-swept sea, so an effort was made to get alongside. As the small boat approached the burning ship a wave dashed her against the heaving steel side and every man was flung into the water. Two of the three launched sailors sank without a struggle. Bowman dragged the third man and a burned sailor up on the copper tank and passed lines around their waists, but the arms of the third man went over his head and he slid into the waves like a bag of flour. Bowman then put the line under his own arms, made the injured sailor's arm fast to it, seized his wrist, and was drawn safely to the *St. Cuthbert's* rail.

Chief Officer S. H. Hobbs and the remaining crew fought the flames half a night, a day, and another night. Standing knee-deep in water they defended the 600 barrels of asphaltum in the stern in momentary fear that the whole ship would be blown into the air. Without sleep or pause, eating only cold boiled potatoes—for nobody had time to prepare a meal of the 600 pheasants, partridges, and pigeons which were aboard—they fought the fire while the hours passed. Their one great hope was that the flames would be seen, for they were on the great Atlantic highway off Halifax, but a veil of mist screened them most of the time.

Six stowaways and three sailors had been penned in the fore-cabin. Guy Sides, of Webster City, Missouri, and James Collins, of San Francisco, homesick sailor stowaways, climbed a wire stay hand over hand to the foremast. Sides passed from the rigging to the funnel and heaved to safety. Collins was following, when the steel mast, adrift at the base, crashed over the port rail, and flung him into a hatch from which flames were rising twenty-five feet into the air. His horrified companions crouched at the bow until the flames scorched them; then crept outside. They caught the flumes of the scurber and swung their dripping and half frozen for seven hours until the fire abated, then they crawled aboard again, and crept to the stern along the blistering scuppers as the deck plates were red hot.

Early on Monday morning, February 3, the lookout on the bridge of the *White Star liner Cyrenia*, bound from Liverpool to Boston, picked up a speck on the horizon which, after half an



Captain John Lewis, of the fire-swept "St. Cuthbert"



Second Engineer Hancock, of the "St. Cuthbert," and the Ship's Parrot he Rescued



The "Cyrenia's" Boat-crew which went to the Rescue. Chief Officer John Steivley is in the Centre of the rear Line



Survivors of the wrecked "St. Cuthbert," who fought Fire in a Cargo of Matches, Fuel Oil, and Naphthalene in a Hurricane

hour's scanning he made out to be a steamer at distress. Captain Finch ordered the *Cyprie's* engine chafed, and at half-past nine o'clock an answer came as he could to the wreck, which proved to be the *St. Cathbert*. Her cattle decks were smashed, the rigging of her foremast trailed in the water, and thick, poisonous smoke and fumes were pouring from all her forward hatches. The *St. Cathbert's* crew, baddily in the damaged cattle pens, anxiously watched our four boats' maneuvering of the *Cyprie* and the *Chaucerian*, which had come up about 11:30 o'clock, before the *Cyprie* signalled that she would rescue the crew.

As soon as we had come up to the wreck and before it was decided that any attempt to take the *St. Cathbert* in tow would be useless, making the actual rescue of the crew the only alternative, Chief Officer John Steivley of the *Cyprie* had offered to man a boat and go alongside the distressed vessel. But Captain Finch refused to permit the risk. Although sailors are always unflinching in the face of the weather it is too much for them, the fact that the waves were covering our saloon portholes and lapping even upon our promenade deck was not to prompt a thought of the dangers involved. Toward 2 o'clock in the afternoon some of the crew decreased, and Captain Finch, who had intended to stand by until the wind and sea subsided, gave orders to man a boat. As it was swung out from the side, Steivley, Boswara, Robert Jones and six sturdy volunteers took their places in it.

No sooner was it outside than the sea caught it up for a new plaything and dashed it against the *Cyprie's* side, snapping the headbeams and two crew. Quartermaster Matthews was disabled by a blow in the chest, but there was no time to replace him until the next trip. Bounding from the side, the lifeboat was lifted on a wavecrest twenty feet in the air, the sea refusing to be calmed by the barrels of oil which we were pouring upon it. When the tackle broke we were cast off from the boat they were using as a buoy, the wind used to swing around the head of the boat, and the waves in coming down from one of them Steivley had to drop the tiller and instantly a wave jumped the rudder and the tiller was jammed seaward.

"Never mind! Shore off!" cried Steivley, as he took the rudder in his bare hands while perched upon the air tanks to make room for the rowers.

Feeling with their oars and guided by a line from above, the crew urged their boat around the *Cyprie's* bow and gained the open sea, their oars bending like whalebone. The boat rose on the swell of an approaching mountain of water whose foaming top threatened to swamp it. Steivley stood the danger squarely, the boat poised on the summit and was swayed from one side. From wave to wave it reeled, until it came up under the dismantled mast of the *St. Cathbert*, a mile away. A rope was cast, and she was made fast.

The emotions of the forty-one men aboard the sinking ship can be comprehended. They had lost not only all their provisions, but all their lights and signals as well, and a signal of distress had been made by relighting a torch-tick oak fender to the center of a red blanket.

Bravely the madness of Sunday morning, Chief Officer Hobbs drew a revolver, and firmly announced that he would shoot any man trying to desert without his order. Captain Lewis and Joubert were swung down in slings while the sea heaved the ship from side to side, and spray and smoke half-blinded rescuers and rescued alike. Fifteen others, not so severely injured, were slung down the rope ladders with lines under their arms, and the lifeboat started on its perilous return journey.

It reached the *Cyprie* in safety and the seawater men were drawn up. Lewis and Joubert, half crazed, waving their hands against the ship's side. And we never once thought of cheering as we watched the rescue, the plight of the men was too pitiful for that.

As we had been drifting all this time, which trebled the distance between the wreck and the *Cyprie*, Captain Finch ordered the boat hoisted in order to steam to a better position. When it came time

for the second trip and Steivley asked whether the men would go back with him or make way for other volunteers, they replied: "We got their cure and we can do it again." So the lifeboat started out once more. Snow was now falling fast, so we arranged electric reflectors and flashlights, and gave the lifeboat crew devilish lights for the *St. Cathbert*. We passed two anxious hours while the second and third trips were being made, for neither flashlights nor ship lanterns could pierce the gloom. The fog here blew steadily, of course, for the lifeboat could make no use of the compass.

The crew of forty-one were brought off without mishap, Hobbs being the last to leave the derelict. One man had burned to death and thirteen had been drowned before our arrival. At 6:30 the task was finished, and the lifeboat crew was got aboard. The boat was out adrift, as it had suffered severely on the last trip and it came back half full of water, making the pull desperately hard. The sufferers received the most careful attention from all: boots, clothing, food and drink, as well as surgical care from the Yeung.

Steivley finished the day by going on watch as usual at 8 o'clock.

Fair Division

HEWITT: "I understand that that millionaire Mennen left his entire estate to his wives, share and share alike."

JEWETT: "Yes; they got about a dollar and a quarter apiece."

The Jewel Cave in South Dakota

THE President has just signed a proclamation creating the Jewel Cave National Monument within the Black Hills National Forest, South Dakota. This remarkable cave, which is located thirteen miles west and south of the town of Spearhead, in Custer County, in a limestone formation, is believed by geologists to be an extinct geyser channel. The National Monument will embrace an area of 1280 acres.

This cave, which was explored as late as 1904, has been found to consist of a series of chambers connected by narrow passages with numerous galleries, the walls of which are encrusted with a magnificent layer of calcite crystals. The opening of the cave is situated in Hell Canyon, the walls of which are high and precipitous.

The surface of the country in which the cave is located consists of a high, rolling limestone plateau about 5000 feet above sea level. The area is almost entirely covered by a forest of bull pine, a considerable portion of which is merchantable, while the remainder consists of a vigorous young growth.

The Jewel Cave National Monument will also be given permanent protection by virtue of the Act of June 8, 1906, which provides that objects of scientific interest may be declared National Monuments if such action is deemed necessary for their preservation and protection.

Great Britain's Gas Supply

IN spite of the gradual adoption of electric lighting by the conservative British public, the use of gas shows no signs of diminishing. There are now 5,818,941 gas consumers in the United Kingdom, as against 5,515,790 a year ago. There are 1,599 gas undertakings in England, 258 in Scotland, and 140 in Ireland. Municipal gas supply is on a much larger scale in Scotland than in either England or Ireland. All the large towns in Scotland own the gas works. In England this is not so, for in London, Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle, and other large towns the gas supply is in the hands of companies. In Ireland this also is the case in Dublin and Cork. Of the gas made in Scotland, 83.5 per cent. is made in

municipal gas works, while in England only 31 per cent. is so made, and in Ireland 40.2 per cent.

The population within the London postal district is supplied with gas by 11 companies, which produce 46,023,832,000 cubic feet of gas for 1,191,896 consumers. Within this area there is produced nearly 23 per cent. of the output of gas of the whole kingdom, supplying 69 per cent. of the gas consumers. Prices range from 49 to 60 cents per thousand feet.

Ruins

* On your trip abroad did you see any wonderful old ruins? he asked.

"Yes," she replied, archly, "and guess what!"

"Well?"

"One of them wanted to marry me."

Involved

BENES: "I notice that you have a thread tied round your finger. I suppose that is to remind you of something."

JONES: "Not exactly. It is to remind my wife to ask me if I forgot something she told me to remember."

He Could Tell That

HEWITT: "Is your hump of locality well developed?"

JEWETT: "Well enough for me to know where anybody hits me."

Not a Game

HARRISER FAMILY MAN: "What do you think of this? My first has the mumps, my second has the measles, my third the hamp-scurch."

THE WIFE: "Kipping, old man! What is it—animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

A HOME COMPUTE.

The merits of BROWN'S FAMOUS BRAND EVAPORATED MILK (unsweetened) are convenience, economy, purity. Use it in all recipes calling for milk or cream. It is the product the national milk flavor is renowned. Suitable for fruits, cereals, tea and coffee. 4c.

THE BEST WOMEN'S LINGERIES FOR CHILDREN ARE BROWN'S VERMIFAGE COMBIS. 25 cents a box. 4c.

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The public's choice since 1759.

"Your cheeks are peaches," he cried.

"No, they are Pears'," she replied.

Pears' Soap brings the color of health to the skin.

It is the finest toilet soap in all the world.



Music and the Opera

AN AMERICAN SUITE, AND FREMSTAD'S "ISOLDE"

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



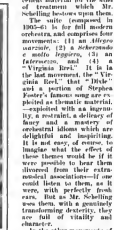
MR. ERNEST SCHELLING did a courageous and praiseworthy thing when he used in a movement of his new "Fantastic Suite," which Mr. Demarest produced on February 9 for the first time in New York, themes suggested by "Dixie" and "Old Folks at Home." It was courageous, because it was the kind of procedure that musicians and music-lovers of a certain type are apt to snarl at; and it was admirable because the tunes in question are in themselves salient and viable, and they constitute excellent material for the kind of treatment which Mr. Schelling bestows upon them.

The suite (composed in 1905-6) is for full modern orchestra, and comprises four movements: (1) an *Allegro marcato*, (2) a *Scherzando molto leggiero*, (3) an *Intermezzo*, and (4) a "Virginia Reel." It is the last movement, the "Virginia Reel," that "Dixie" and a portion of Stephen Foster's famous song are exploited as thematic material.—exploited with an ingenuity, a restraint, a delicacy of fancy and a mastery of orchestral idioms which are delightful and inspiring. It is not easy, of course, to imagine what the effect of these themes would be if it were possible to hear them divorced from their extramusical associations—if one could listen to them, as it were, with perfectly fresh ears. But as Mr. Schelling sees them, with a genuinely transforming dexterity, they are full of vitality and character.

In the other movements of the suite Mr. Schelling is less happy. It is not invidious to say that this is so because the themes that are of his own invention are less gripping in quality than are those derived from the two famous melodies which serve him elsewhere. His own ideas are never banal or cheap, or inflated in sentiment; but they do not seem to be the product of a particularly intense kind of meditation: perhaps it will suffice to say that they lack profile. Mr. Schelling's manner of speech is of today, though he is not a member of the extreme left wing. At times he remembers too well his *Dixie*, and again the pungent wind of Debussy's inspiration passes over his orchestra; but on the whole his style is delicately and fastidiously personal. His skill, it has been said, is marked; he writes with ease, freedom, elasticity, and with fertile invention in the matter of detail.

On the whole, it may be said that there are fresh and charming pages in this suite, pages that betray musicianship, a buoyant quality of imagination, flare and scintillations of taste. It is a noteworthy addition to the new too evident body of orchestral writing by Americans.

The title of *Isolde* has long been regarded by those who appreciate its demands,



Copyright by Mathis
Mr. Sammarco as the Jester in
"Rigoletto," at the Manhattan
Opera House



Miss Berta Moreno, the German
Dramatic Soprano, who has just
come to America

as the supreme test of a singing-actress, and it has come to stand as a linchpin by means of which a dramatic soprano may reveal the measure of her capacities. It is quite natural, therefore, that the recent debut of Miss Olive Fremstad in the character of Wagner's tormented princess should command wide and sincere interest. Miss Fremstad has appeared in the part during the current season at the Metropolitan Opera House, and there have been repeated opportunities to observe her conception of it under the considerable yet stimulating conductorship of Mr. Gustav Mahler, whose remarkable reading of the score was discussed in this place some weeks ago.

Miss Fremstad has built up for herself within the last five years an enviable reputation. In respect of a certain curious point point of qualities, she is unequalled to-day among Wagner singers known to the public of this country. Her voice is of intricate and pulsant beauty, she is an actress of skill and authority, and she exerts a personality of an insupportably magnetic kind; and she has both beauty and youth. She is one of the best of *Kundrys*, while as *Truus* and as *Aeschylus* she is unsurpassed. Outside of the Wagnerian repertoire she is an excellent *Carmen*, and her *Salsone*, in the music-drama of Strauss, is superlatively brilliant and engrossing.

It may as well be said at once that her *Isolde* is not so completely successful as are her other Wagner impersonations. The reasons for this are fairly obvious. In the first place, of course, the character of *Isolde* reaches heights and sounds depths of emotion that are peculiar to itself; and no singer, gifted in whatever degree, can hope to conquer its immediacies without infinite toil, patience, fervor, and meditation. In the second place, *Isolde* is an excessively difficult character to "compose," to make logical and consistent. She is both heroically grandiose and sensuously feminine; she is by turns a raging and infuriated goddess and a voluptuously tender woman.—That is, of course, a rude and summary analysis, but it will serve to make clear the point one has in view in affirming that Miss Fremstad seems to want to leave a desire to emphasize one or the other of these phases of the character.

When so much has been said, however, it remains to pay grateful tribute to a *Isolde* splendidly eloquent in action and in voice. The greatest later preters of Wagner's woman characters have, as a rule, been transcendental in the rôle of *Isolde*. The incomparable Lehmann was never more superb, even in her autumnal days, than as *Isolde*; it is said to have been Lehmann's most triumphant part; certainly it was Nipper's, Klafsky's, Termini's. Among this eminent company Miss Fremstad has demonstrated her right to be included. We have heard louder, more overblowing, and more subtle *Isoldes*; but none possessing quite the quality of magic with which she is able to imbue the part.

In the course of a recent review on this page of Vincent d'Indy's symphonic poem, "*Les églés à la montagne*," its performance by the New York Symphony Orchestra on January 18 was inadvertently characterized as the first in America. The honor of introducing d'Indy's remarkable score in this country rightfully belongs to the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, which played the work in Chicago, under the direction of Mr. Stock, on October 19, 1897.



A recent Portrait of
Miss Lina Cavalieri

The Marvels of Indian Magicians

By Thomas Seltzer

THE American fakir is probably unaware that he can trace his ancestry to a more ancient source than any royal family of Europe or the Orient. Though the dictionaries derive our word "fakir" from the Arabic *fakir* and mean a "poor man," actually independent of the ancient Avesta institution, Dr. Richard Schmidt considers the European and American fakir as merely a degenerate product of the Indian fakir.

In a volume entitled "Fakirs and Fakirdom in Ancient and Modern India," Dr. Schmidt, an eminent German authority on Hindu Indian subjects, makes an exhaustive scientific study of the marvellous feats of the various religious orders and ascetics and mendicants in that country. For the fakir has for many centuries played a prominent role in the Indian religion. Dr. Schmidt has carefully collected his data from the ancient, reliable native and European sources. His book is based chiefly upon the researches of Professor Ernst Kuhn, of Munich, and Professor Richard Garbe, of Tübingen. By adding to these his own investigations, he has succeeded in giving a trustworthy account of the wonderful practices of these "holy men" of the Indian religion, or "yogins," as they are called.

The natives of India regard the fakirs as possessed of supernatural powers, in that it is the general opinion held there as the result of a life of long-continued abstinence and cruel self-torture. Nevertheless, the religious system of the Hindus has never collected them in their practices, nor persecuted them as the Christians have persecuted magicians and witches. On the contrary, they have been invested with a religious character, and are held in awe by the believers. As a result, they have developed their peculiar art to an astounding degree of skill that some of their authenticated performances, recorded in Dr. Schmidt's book, seem almost short of miraculous.

In former French Chief Justice in Chandernagor, Jaccollet, gives an account of several curious performances that were displayed for his benefit by a yogi named Gunda-Swami on the terrace of his own house. Being by an acute credulous, disbeliever, took every precaution to prevent deception. Fine sand was strewn on the ground in order to make as even a surface as possible. Jaccollet was asked to seat himself at a table upon which were a pencil and paper. The fakir carefully laid a piece of wood upon the sand, and announced that whatever figures Jaccollet might draw on the paper the piece of wood would transfer precisely upon the sand. The yogi stretched out his hand, and the wooden piece immediately copied upon the sand the most complicated and twisted figures that Jaccollet drew. When the Frenchman stopped writing, the piece of wood also came to a standstill. The fakir sat down, and, against a wall, while Jaccollet held the paper and pencil in such a way that the Indian could not possibly see what he was inscribing.

Finally Gunda-Swami asked Jaccollet to think of some words in Sanskrit, whereupon the piece of wood instantly traced in the sand: *Adicete Vritounam Marie* (Victory shines on the Eleventh Mountain), which, Jaccollet declares, were the exact words in his mind.

The fakir next stretched out his hand toward a huge leuzee vase filled with water and weighing several hundred pounds. In five minutes the vase began to move, apparently as if by the fakir with a slight motion. When the distance between the vase and the fakir had been considerably diminished, the vase began to emit loud metallic sounds, as if struck with an iron rod. Occasionally the noise resembled the roar of a fire. At Jaccollet's request the fakir made the vase stop, move, and stop again. Then Jaccollet demanded that the metal tones should sound again at the end of ten seconds, and the vase again repeated at the exact moment, which he noted by his own watch. Then he asked that the sounds should keep time to the tune of a music box which he wound up for the purpose. This requirement, too, was

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met. "In short," adds Jaccollet, "I left nothing undone to persuade myself that Gunda-Swami was perfect master of the manifestations of this strange power. The enormous case was thus solved, and the fakirs from the ground and dropped back miserably. Though the vessel shook, the water always remained steady. This experiment was carried on in broad daylight.

Yet this third feat of the fakir, of only secondary rank, and marvellous as were the performances of his described by Jaccollet, even more astounding feats are exhibited by those fakirs who have reached the very pinnacle of fakirdom. The European investigator the most remarkable of their powers is their ability to stop their respiration and bury themselves alive for a period of time, after which they emerge unharmed. The most striking instance of the many such cases recorded in Dr. Schmidt's book is that of a fakir at Amritsar, who had himself buried for forty days. The feat was accomplished in the presence of the minister in Delhi, an English physician, and a number of witnesses. The Indian fakir, a man of about forty years of age, had prepared himself by restricting his diet for a few days beforehand to milk only, and by thoroughly cleaning his system with a purgative. He then immediately began burying himself. He had his ears, nose, mouth, and every other opening of his body stopped up with wax, and then moved his muscles as in inspiration. After doing this several times he fell over upon the ground and lay motionless, with his eyes closed. He showed all the symptoms of death, except that the middle region of his head was burning hot and his pulsebeat violent.

After other parts of his body were sealed, the fakir was placed in a coffin, the lid sealed, and the coffin laid in a grave dug in a house prepared for the purpose. Boards were placed on the coffin, the grave covered with earth, and when the river rose over it, the house was locked with two locks. One key was placed in the custody of the English General Ventura, the other with the treasurer. A strong guard was constantly kept about the house, and at intervals the grave was examined for signs of disturbance.

On the fortieth day the grave was opened, and the coffin and the fakir were found in the same condition as when first placed there, save that the man's body had grown somewhat heavier. The fakir's attendance now began treatment for restoring his power to life. He applied a burning hot piece of dough to the back of his head, which was of the same degree of heat as when the fakir entered the grave. Then he began to rub his body vigorously, and removed the wax from the orifices. Presently the fakir opened his eyes, though in all other respects he appeared still to be unconscious. He was then given a hot bath, during which he recovered his consciousness to such a degree that he was able to stand on his feet.

Naturally, in a country where practices of this order are not uncommon, it is not difficult to account for the existence of myths telling of fakirs who have slept for a hundred years; though to the Occidental it is by no means as easy to account for an actual phenomenon which many have witnessed—suspension of life during a period of many days. Dr. Schmidt confesses he is at a loss for an explanation, while various other authorities point to the liberation of animals as a possible parallel. The Indian masses, of course, believe that the fakirs are in communion with supernatural forces, though the fakirs themselves, especially when performing for Europeans, do not seem to claim any supernatural power. In fact, a regular system of physical training has been elaborated for physical training in the art of feigning death. The rules are given in Dr. Schmidt's book as follows: the long retention of the breath, the swallowing of a narrow strip of cotton which will wipe the stomach clean, and the introduction of large quantities of water into the system for the purging of the intestines.

Beginners, it is said, hold their hands tightly pressed against the orbits of the eyes, ears, and nose, because the natural heat of the body forces out the air pent up in the head and frequently bursts the parts not yet accustomed to the expansion, especially the eyes and tympanum.



The Season's Plays

PROBLEMS FROM FRANCE AND INDIANA



By "I"



HERE is distinct but unfortunate appropriateness in the title of the Paul Hervieu play with which Miss Olga Nethersole began her three weeks' engagement in New York. The title is "The Awakening," and the manner in which Miss Nethersole acted her share of the play unquestionably opened New York's eyes. Only once during the three acts of the drama did she give the slightest indication of the skill which, when she was last seen in America, won for her an unqualified admiration. Instead of proving forceful, sincere, and appealing in a role which demanded these qualities, Miss Nethersole slipped through her lines, struck attitudes, clutched at her bosom or the furniture and all save ruined the play. All this was a great pity, because when Miss Nethersole was in this country two years ago she demonstrated her abilities in no uncertain fashion, and there was much plausible anticipation over her return this season. But in "The Awakening" at least—and this, fortunately, was only played during the first week of her engagement—she was a grievous disappointment. And her leading man—but of him later.

Hervieu's play in the original French must be remarkable. It is amazingly swift in action and strikes any number of emotional keys. It is frank, savannah and, at times, powerful. Its characters are distinctly dramatic, and in capable hands, or, perhaps, let us say, in hands which would permit themselves to be capable, shaking off the stagey shackles, it is really to be seen that it would have proven one of the marked successes of the season. Its story is direct and—Continental. *Prince Jean*, the romantic son of *Prince Gregoire*, the exiled ruler of the principality of Sylvania, falls in love with *Thérèse de Meyer*, a married woman. She loves him and consequently neglects her husband and daughter *Rose*. When *Prince Gregoire*, who has arranged a revolution in his principality, tells his son that it is his intention to place him, *Prince Jean*, on the throne, the latter refuses point blank to give up the

woman he loves, theme or no theme. This so infuriates the stern, belligerent old man that he and his republic determined son come almost to blows. *Prince Jean* has arranged a rendezvous with *Thérèse* at a villa near Paris, she agreeing at last to leave home and everything there for the *Prince's* sake. *Prince Gregoire* goes to the villa by himself, learns of his son's plans, and determines to gain his point by foul means now that fair ones have not availed. *Thérèse* arrives and meets *Prince Jean*. Believing the villa to be a secure retreat, he is startled by footsteps in an adjoining room, and, upon his exit to investigate, the door is instantly closed and locked and there is the noise of combat, cries, and a fall. *Thérèse* beats upon the door, and when it is opened a stranger, a spy of *Prince Gregoire's*, announces that at last it has been possible to strike down *Prince Jean*, and that he is dead. Then, with studied coarseness, he drives *Thérèse* from the villa.

A moment later *Prince Gregoire* enters, followed by his stunned and disheveled son. Again the father demands that his son return to Sylvania to occupy the throne which awaits him, and again the son refuses. *Prince Gregoire* admits the trick which his son has played, there is another storm scene and *Prince Jean* is sent from the house reviled and disowned. Of course he goes out to *Thérèse*, who has staggered home distraught. Then she awakes to a realization of what she had been about to do. It is her daughter *Rose* rather than her husband who brings about the awakening, through a letter which the young girl receives from a youth who loves her. Then when *Prince Jean* comes in and faces *Thérèse* he learns at once that she is lost to him. *Prince Gregoire* arrives, talks again with his son, and as *Thérèse* sweeps from the room, wins him for the throne of Sylvania and loves and kisses the young man's hand.

This somewhat elaborate description of the play will adequately demonstrate its power and the swiftness of its action. That it should have been so marred by Miss Nethersole is indeed to be regretted. There were only three persons in the cast who interpreted their roles with reason and skill. As *Prince Gregoire*, Mr. Charles A. Stevenson was poised, dignified, and masterful, the king first, then the father determined, at all cost, to bend his son to his iron will for the sake of his realm. Mr. Frank Mills, who played *Prince Jean*, was a figure of words and nervously fluttering hands. Never for one moment was he part of the picture, and yet it may be truly said that his physical struggles to get into it were at all times evident. In short, his acting was unapologetically bad. Miss Nellie Pearson, as *Rose*, was an attractive little girl who understood her part admirably and so acted it, particularly in the scene with her mother in which, by the letter of her youthful sweet heart, she brings to *Thérèse* a realization of the peril of her undisciplined love for *Prince Jean*. And this brings us to the one moment in which Miss Nethersole relinquished her "great actress" efforts of nearly three acts and became human and compelling. For a brief space she was a woman, a mother, one who had awakened, and one saw how speech an actress she might be if she desired. She roused the entire audience with this scene on the opening night when it had sat in subdued disappointment for a long time. The other member of Miss Nethersole's company who made her role real was Miss Katharine Stewart as the *Comtesse de Meyer*, the mother-in-law of *Thérèse*. Her dignity and finish in a not very important part were only equalled by that of Mr. Stevenson.

"Father, two months ago this man and I became husband and wife in the sight of God," says *Princess Astride* (*Katherine Gray*) in "The Worth of a Woman" (*Act III*). Whereupon, if you happen to be gifted with critical discernment, you smile in tolerant good humor, extract your knees from the hard wood back of the seat, which the Madison Square Theatre authorities have placed in front of you, press out the drama which your feet and legs have made in your hat, and leave; otherwise you stay and see it out.

But people of less discernment seem to like this play. Its basic problem is the incidental one propounded by Bernard Shaw in "Man and Superman." If a lady has been "served," does marriage with the author of the deed improve the situation?

Mr. D. G. Phillips's play shows promise; but he does not present his characters as the showman's puppets, leaving them to explain themselves through their actions; instead, he labels them. Each one is some phase of Mr. Phillips, and each one explains Mr. Phillips's theories in a little sermon. Every good American may be a democrat, but it isn't necessary to introduce a special scene in order to enforce the fact. The characters, too, seem to possess an element of unsafety. Are there such people, and do they act that way even in Indiana? The play from the Madison Square Theatre was with her company in the city, and she told me that she seemed to feel at home. She said that *Robert Morier* reminded her of her uncle. How fearfully and wonderfully man-kind is made!



Miss Olga Nethersole

AS *Thérèse de Meyer* in "THE AWAKENING," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT DAILY'S THEATRE



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COMMENT

A Ten-Month-Old Cartoon

DATING his letter "Amherst, Massachusetts, February 13, 1908," DAVID TOSQ writes to us to say:

You months ago to-day I remember you publishing in the WEEKLY a preliminary cartoon. Pretty near come true, hasn't it? This is the cartoon referred to:



MCKINLEY FILLED IT—WILL ROOSEVELT EMPTY IT?

The Aldrich Bill

THE ALDRICH bill was prepared by men whose sole desire was to render a great public service to the country. The mere existence of such a measure on the statute books would make the remedy which it sought to apply unnecessary. It has been violently opposed by those who insist that there shall be nothing

but a perfect measure. Now a measure approaching perfection might be made by expert bankers, but never by such a legislative body as Congress, nor, perhaps, by any modern legislative body. Delicate work requiring knowledge and experience cannot be done by such bodies. At the best we can only hope for the gradual improvement of banking legislation, but there must first be a beginning, and from the very first it has been evident that the ALDRICH bill was the only banking or currency bill that this Congress would adopt, and it is fatuous not to put some law on the statute book which will recognize the weakness of the system as it is to-day. THE LA FOLLETTE-BRYAN-ROOSEVELT effort to force upon the bill a general scheme for the physical valuation of railroads furnishes abundant direct evidence of the incapacity of the projectors to deal with any question apart from their fads, and indirectly it shows their ineptitude as serious legislators. The plan thus to value railroads is absolutely impracticable, and could never, if it were accomplished, be the basis of either taxation or rates. Besides, the day might be gone by when legislation on one subject can be effected by a trick forced into a bill on another subject.

Presidents and Judges

There are only two men in the country, possibly three, of great political prominence, so far as we know, who would appoint judges on the acknowledged ROOSEVELT principle. One of these is ROOSEVELT himself, and one is BRYAN. It is the sworn duty of a judge to determine cases coming before him in accordance with the law, no matter what may be his partisan or economic or his general political views. If he believes that ROOSEVELT's and BRYAN's theory is fatal to our democracy; that if the national government should seek to control all commerce and all instrumentalities of production that became the subject of commerce, our free government would soon be succeeded by a paternal system, arbitrary, foolish, usually unfair, and generally whimsical—it is nevertheless his duty to maintain the laws which would bring upon the country such disasters and such ruin as have attended paternalism the world over. On the other hand, if the political power exceeds the authority which has been bestowed upon it by the organizing—the creating—law of the government, it is the bounden duty of the judge to declare the act invalid, whether it be the act of the power which made him a judge or not. It is well known that this is not ROOSEVELT's or BRYAN's view; it is well known that either of these would expect any judge appointed by him to uphold any political or economic policy of his, whatever might be the judge's view of the law. ROOSEVELT has already made judges feel the weight of his displeasure when their view of the law has prevented the carrying out of his purposes. Sometimes when we are told of certain conduct of the President's, we wonder if he is familiar with the history of JAMES LYNN attempt to compel from judges advance opinions on pending cases. CUCKER's refusal to permit the King to interfere or to interfere with him as a judge making him one of the great champions of the law and of liberty for all time. It seems to be absolutely essential to the preservation of the independence of the Supreme Court, four of whose justices will probably retire during the coming Presidential term, that neither ROOSEVELT nor BRYAN should possess the power to fill their vacancies. Not one of their rivals of either party, except LA FOLLETTE, would treat the court, as they would, a political power.

Reduction of Railroad Wages

SOME railroads having been brought under the necessity of reducing wages, the President has publicly intervened in behalf of the wage earners. Perhaps this seems a bold statement of Mr. ROOSEVELT's attitude; nevertheless it is substantially true. We do not care to adopt—at least not to expend—the natural response to the President's letter. It is possible that he did not intend to bid for the labor vote for Mr. TAYLOR, nor should he be charged with the intention—it would be too wicked—to instigate the men to strike if the railroads undertake to reduce their wages. The principal lesson of the episode is that it demonstrates that government paternalism would inevitably bring about intolerable conditions. Mr. ROOSEVELT, as is natural to political guardians, gives the benefit of the doubt to one side without any examination whatever, and he then demands an

examination. In this instance, for example, he has put the railroads in so false and undeserved a position before the public that they are practically forbidden to conduct their affairs on business principles so far as their wage earners are concerned. As a matter of fact, considering the present conditions of the railroad business, no one can be astonished to hear that railroads contemplate a reduction of wages. With their business so fallen off that 400,000 freight cars are idle; with a reduction of gross and net income, why should not a reduction of wages as well as of dividends be expected? However, this is not the immediate question.

No Square Deal for the Railroads

The President has at least encouraged the assumption, if he has not made it, that the railroads are reducing wages to discredit recent legislation, or the administration of the law, or his talk. They would be economically foolish to do so, but that does not occur to Mr. ROOSEVELT, nor is the question worth while discussing with him. He has sufficiently demonstrated that government control will almost inevitably be one-sided control; that the moment a suggestion to cut wages is made, those who are responsible for the management of the roads must expect the interference of the politicians who from ignorance, unreasoning sympathy, lack of forethought, failure to appreciate the mutual dependence of all the elements of ownership and operation, or from a selfish desire for votes, will bring the government to the aid of the wage earner, whether the proposed cut is or is not warranted by business conditions. In a word, under such government paternalism as Mr. ROOSEVELT is now exercising, the politicians will not follow Governor HUGHES's principle, laid down in his 22d of February speech, that the owners and managers of the roads ought to be treated justly. They cannot expect a "square deal," although its denial to them must in the end tell most seriously against the interests of labor. If the government deals fairly with the roads, it will consider equitably the interests of the travelling and shipping public, of the bond and share holders, and of the officers and other employees of the corporations, to the end that justice may be rendered to all. Any preference for one class or element must eventually inure to the injury of all.

Labor and the Law

Mr. HEARST, in his letter to his papers correcting his editors for their remarks on some recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court, unconsciously reveals the animus of such criticism of the courts as that in which BRYAN indulges himself. HEARST admits that boycotting is illegal, that black-listing is also illegal, and that both are in restraint of trade; in other words, that the courts are right in their interpretation of the law. This is sound. No mind that is not disabled by passion, or whose working is not disturbed by self-interest or by ambition, can fail to agree with HEARST and the judges. The animus is shown in the further declaration that those who, like the critics of the courts, resent their recent labor decisions are angry because of the unequal administration of the law; that the law which forbids the restraint of trade is administered against the "small" and not against the "big." This is not proper criticism, but the fact would be deplorable if it were the fact. It is not true, however, that the law has been administered against labor and not against capital, against the "little men" and not the "big men."

Some Frequent Instances

The memory of men is very sadly afflicted by their eagerness to forget, as is shown in this instance. Not to include the illegal and harmful interference in behalf of the miners' union by the President in the Pennsylvania coal strike, there are few recent instances of intervention in which the executive power has not used its influence in behalf of strikers and boycotters, often to the doing of injustice to others. In the Pennsylvania strike the Governor of the State refused to perform his duty and protect the lives and property of non-union men and employers, and the community as well, from the violence and crime of the strikers. Almost for the first time in our recent history has the law now been invoked against organized labor. Heretofore the Attorney General of the United States and the Attorneys General of some States have succeeded in securing judgments against great corporations. They have been so busy at this that they have

had no time to attend to the complaint against unions. Even now the cases which have been decided against the extravagant and lawless policy of the unions were brought by private persons, and while in New Orleans the opportunity for Federal prosecution and injunction for boycotting has been offered, the Attorney General has not seen his way to avail himself of it. Indeed, he professedly ignores it. The basis of BRYAN's assertions on this subject, as of most subjects, is an active imagination. It is fantastically untrue that the vote of the so-called big men seems to politicians of more importance than that of labor. Attorney General BONAPARTE renders no service to labor by his attitude. He does not think that he can prosecute labor union men for offences against the SHERMAN law; he says that the government must be requested to act by private persons. The administration did not think so when the Northern Pacific and Great Western railroads were the alleged offenders. Previous administrations did not wait for private initiation in the Trans-Missouri, the Addicks Pipe, and the Keweenaw cases. In the enforcement of similar laws against corporations Mr. BONAPARTE himself has taken the initiative. Why not in the labor union cases? Is there one policy for the rich and another for the poor; one for the few votes and another for the many votes? If Mr. BONAPARTE were the jurist that he ought to be, he would know that the interests of labor itself would be greatly benefited by the equal administration of the law, and in the end would be greatly injured by the granting to it of unjust favors.

Bryan, the Raider

BRYAN still objects to uninstructed delegates, and says that they would be "hushwhackers." If the delegates to Denver should really engage in the work of whisking the bushes for the enemies of Democracy, they would, sure enough, discover no enemies so dangerous as BRYAN and his raiders.

Taxing Business and Enterprise

The Massachusetts Commission on Taxation has recently made its report, and it is a report worth reading. The commission is composed of two Senators, four Representatives, and three members who were appointed by Governor GRUBB. At the head of the last group is Professor CHARLES J. BULLOCK, of Harvard, who isn't likely, on general principles, to permit any citizen who owns anything to escape taxation. Unlike many economists of the modern kind, however, he is reasonable. The report provides a scheme by which the commission thinks that personal or intangible property can be made to bear some share of the public burdens. Perhaps the scheme will work. If it does, the commission will have accomplished what tax gatherers generally have long given up as impossible. Two of its other conclusions are worthy of note. In the first place, the greedy towns, big and little, that have been seeking to tax property given to colleges for educational purposes are severely smacked. In the second place, the report speaks some wise words concerning the tax on transfers of stock as imposed by the State of New York. It recommends Massachusetts not to follow the example of New York, saying that such a tax is an impost upon the business of the entire country, therefore unjust and unfortunate. It takes the ground that it is unwise to tax commercial financial transactions; that it is a "tradition of American finance that stamp taxes should be reserved for use in time of war or other fiscal emergencies." It adds, what will evidently be news to a good many politicians, that "speculation on the stock exchange undoubtedly has its undesirable features; but it has also the legitimate and extremely important function of establishing a broad and comparatively stable market for securities, without which modern industry would be brought to a standstill. In performing this function the exchanges should not be hampered by a form of taxation inconvertible in its operation, unequal in its incidence, and opposed to American traditions of commercial freedom." When it is considered that this is signed by a professor of economics who is not a conservative, but who fortunately possesses an open and a just mind, the brick shotters against stock sales might well pause and wonder, at least for a moment, whether it might not be well for them to pause and think before speaking again.

Mr. Hearst Bows to the Judiciary

In spite of all the lessons of past experience we cannot help being temperately interested in the current proceedings of

MR. WILLIAM HEARST. The teaching of experience has been that it didn't pay, but just now Mr. HEARST is unusually histrionic. A month or two ago he made a speech or wrote a letter somewhere in which he talked as sagaciously and moderately about the predicament of business and the need of nursing it as any old banker. That was unusual. Still more so was the letter he printed in his papers here on February 18, in which he gently chided his working editors for reviling the Supreme Court because of three decisions that the editors felt to be prejudicial to the cause of labor. Mr. HEARST said the judges were deserving men, and that their decisions were proper; that boycotting was clearly illegal under the SHERMAN act (and blacklisting too), though it would not have been if his draft of the SHERMAN act exempting labor organizations from its provisions had been passed. Carefully and distinctly he picked himself out of the position of being a scornful critic of the high courts, wherein his wicked partners had deposited him, and selected for himself a handsome new stand as a patron of judicial justice and approver of its interpretations of the law. This is a respectable and very timely attitude for any one, and Mr. HEARST looks nice in it. We bestow the widest and most respectful attention to his course in this particular, and hope to see it flattered by plenty of imitation.

And Issues a Call for a Convention

Proceeding, we find him in conference on WASHINGTON'S birthday in Chicago with three hundred summoned emissaries from thirty-three States representing the Independence League, and agreeing with them to rename the League the "National Party," and issue on March 1 a call for a national convention of that party to be held after the other Presidential conventions have adjourned, and nominate Presidential candidates. The task of the new party, he said, would be to correct some of the evils of high finance, and frame constructive legislation which will encourage all legitimate business enterprises. He wanted it to be "a permanent party, wholly and harmoniously committed to the principles of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, JACKSON, and LINCOLN." It will be seen that he is drawing his plans large, since a fold that will wholly and harmoniously include the four worthies specified must be equal to a considerable spread of hospitality even though it is not specifically architected to illustrate the principles of Brothers ROOSEVELT and BRYAN. Among other measures to which Mr. HEARST in his preliminary declaration commits the four selected Fathers are an income tax, public ownership some time of all public utilities, the immediate purchase of the telegraph lines, the referendum, the eight-hour day, tariff revision, postal savings banks, ship subsidies, national incorporation laws, a strong navy, a ship canal from the Gulf to the Lakes, and other goods and bads, including popular election of United States Senators and judges. It would add considerably to the interest of the returns next November if Mr. HEARST could induce his party to stand up by themselves and be counted. Some of his proposed measures would considerably surprise the Fathers whom he counts into his new party, but it is a mighty wise Father in these days that knows his own posthumous children.

Overzealous for Restraint

CONGRESSMAN ELMER ACHESON, of Pennsylvania, has introduced in the House a resolution for an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting all dalliance (manufacture, sale, and importation) with intoxicating beverages and narcotics in this country. He is the parent also of a bill prohibiting every kind of betting in the District of Columbia. There ought to be classes for enthusiasts of Mr. ACHESON'S kind in which they could learn that the primary purpose of the Constitution was not to make men do what other men think is good for them, but to secure for them the greatest amount of free will in the regulation of their own conduct that is compatible with the reasonable enjoyment of the same great privilege by their fellows. Of course such propositions as Mr. ACHESON'S are not likely to find favor, and do not need discussion, but the principle of the objection to them may be worth stating. They are mischievous, not because intoxicants are apt to be good for men, or that betting is an improving exercise, but because freedom is good for men, and should not be taken away by wholesale from those who are fit to use it because of the follies or excesses of those who are not. Freedom is strong

medicine; dangerous stuff undeniably; yet not so dangerous as excessive or ill devised restriction. If you undertake to legislate on the theory that mankind is irresponsible and needs to be shackled, where can you stop? Constitutions have never been made on that theory. They assume that men are responsible, and undertake to conserve freedom, permitting laws to be made for the restriction of those with whom it has been demonstrated that freedom does not agree.

Master of Arts, Wits, and Signals

The papers say that Yale intends to confer the degree of M.A. on WALTER CAMP. Mr. CAMP is the parents and devoted nurse of American football. He knows more about football, its habits, discuses, diet, rules, faults, crimes, and possibilities than any one else on the earth. He has won more football games for Yale than any other hundred men alive. In other respects he is a desirable citizen without traits or eccentricities of deportment that should disqualify him for academic honors. Nevertheless we would like it if, when the proposed measure of academic canonization is about to be conferred on Mr. CAMP, there might be a competent Devil's Advocate to challenge the proceedings on the ground that the candidate's services to football had been, not a merit, but a mischief; that by so much as he had done to promote that game and the current status of intercollegiate athletics of which it is the leading feature, he had done harm and not good. There might be a fine intellectual, impersonal discussion over Mr. CAMP, in which the moral, physical, and intellectual values of football would be thoroughly canvassed and considered. The question is really worth as much trouble as a Thaw trial. We have small hope, though, of seeing any such combat. It would take weeks at least and more expenditure of mental energy than there is to spare for the job. Football will doubtless have to run along until the railroad rates law has been tried out and the tariff respected, and meanwhile Mr. CAMP will doubtless get his Master's degree unopposed.

More Than Skin Deep

Rejoicing in the overwhelming vote of the House of Representatives against the proposal to compel the District of Columbia street railways to run Jim Crow cars for negroes, the *Evening Post* says:

With what grace could we face the world as a republic in which all men are pronounced free and equal, if in our very capital men and women were banned merely because of their color?

Our neighbor's sentiments are right, and we too are glad the House expressed itself as it did and with emphasis, but the *Post's* phyllophory is out of date. Where negroes are "banned" they are not banned merely because of their color. Color is a minor element in the sum of the prejudice against them. It has taken us fifty years to learn that a dark skin is only one detail, and far from the most important, of the difference between the negro and the Caucasian.

Curious

This news paragraph from a daily paper sheds a murky light on a phase of civilization in which the American public has come to be incurably interested:

PITTSBURG, February 11.—Without exception the police have ordered all clubs closed in Greater Pittsburg at midnight in the future. Where clubhouses are used as hotels, guests will be allowed to enter and leave when they choose, but the selling of liquor will not be permitted after that hour. The order is the result of many complaints from parents and wives.

Clubs! Parents! Wives! Are there clubs for children in that urgent city, that drinks must be denied after twelve to please the members' parents? Why are the children not ailed hours before twelve? And wives! Do married men hang around the Pittsburg clubs at night? How curious are the phenomena of that remarkable civilization!

Duparity of Perception

The country is morally sound. Its standards of business were never higher. The men of business inevitably represent the intelligence and moral sentiment of the people.—*Garrison Hughes on Washington's Birthday.*

In very interesting contrast this to the theory, illustrated by policies, that the country is morally rotten, and that the men of business inevitably represent graft.

Sixteen Better Candidates than Bryan

SOME weeks ago the New York World recalled, as singularly pertinent to the existing political situation, so far as Democrats are concerned, certain memorable words of SAMUEL J. TILDEN: "Neither the Democratic party, nor the Republic for whose future that party is the best guarantor, is now or ever can be dependent upon one man for its successful progress in the path of a noble destiny." That newspaper went on to say that it would undertake to name no fewer than sixteen men, each of whom, on the score of proved statesmanlike qualifications or of electoral availability, has a much stronger claim on the Democratic nomination for the Presidency than has W. J. BRYAN. The task thus assumed it has now completed. The sixteen men whom it has designated and described are—we follow the order in which they were commended to the Democratic party—Governor JOHNSON, of Minnesota; President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton University; Judge GRAY, of Delaware; former Governor DODGAS, of Massachusetts; Senator CALLEMAN, of Texas; Governor FOLEX, of Missouri; Senator BAYNE, of Georgia; Chief Judge CULLEN, of New York; JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, of Mississippi; JESSE HARMON, of Ohio; Chief Justice FULLER, Justice PECKHAM, and Justice WHITE, of the United States Supreme Court; Senator DANIEL, of Virginia; Mayor TOM L. JOHNSON, of Cleveland; and, finally, Governor HOPE SMITH, of Georgia. Let us glance very briefly at each of these proposed alternatives for Mr. BRYAN from the viewpoint, first, of experience and achievement in statecraft, and then from that of ability to win access to the ballot box.

We begin with four names usually associated with that wing of the Democratic party which may be defined as the radical element, and to which Mr. BRYAN belongs, and, to fact, is the extreme embodiment. Governor JOHNSON, of Minnesota, is a representative of those whom LINCOLN called "the plain people," and cannot be accused of being allied with corporate interests. He is a political reformer, but the reforms which he has striven to carry through in his own State have not been tainted with class-rancor or personal antipathy; compared with Mr. BRYAN's notions of State ownership of railways, the reformism and the initiatives, they have been reasonable, sober, cautious, non-discriminative, and non-destructive. As for his comparative value, considered as a vote-getter, it should be enough to say that since 1898 Mr. BRYAN has never been able to carry his own State for himself or for any other Democrat, whereas, in 1904, JOHN A. JOHNSON was chosen Governor, although as a nominee for President Mr. ROOSEVELT swept Minnesota with a plurality exceeding 101,000. Two years later, when renominated, Governor JOHNSON lifted the Democratic plurality to nearly 77,000. We may lay it down as an axiom that the Democratic party wants for its nominee no man who cannot carry his own State. That is a test which Governor FOLEX, of Missouri, need not dread. Not only is he a genuine reformer, but he may be said to have accomplished for the administration and legislation of his State the purifying and regenerating work which SAMUEL J. TILDEN wrought for New York. But his strength at the ballot box, like JOHNSON'S, was demonstrated in 1904 when, although Mr. ROOSEVELT, probably much to his surprise, carried Missouri by about 25,000 votes, JOSEPH W. FOLEX, the Democratic nominee for Governor, obtained a plurality of more than 30,000. As for THOMAS L. JOHNSON, Mayor of Cleveland, it cannot be denied that he is one of the most radical politicians in the Democratic party; but it is as certain that he is less visionary, less flighty, and less reckless than is Mr. BRYAN; and it must also be admitted that he has proved himself able to carry his own city, which the Nebraska cannot do. Neither can it be disputed that Governor HOPE SMITH, of Georgia, is a leader of the radical, rather than of the conservative, section of the Democratic party. This he proved in 1896, when he resigned his place in President CLEVELAND'S cabinet, because he felt it his duty to support the nomination of the Democratic national convention. Touching his availability, it at least can be said for him that he can carry his own State, for he has just been chosen Governor in the teeth of formidable opposition within the ranks of his own party. We have now named four radicals, with every one of whom the country would feel safer than it would with Mr. BRYAN. Nor is there one of these who has not shown himself a more efficient vote-getter than the Nebraskaan.

We pass more rapidly over the alternative candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency whom the World has brought forward from the Federal or State bench. No well informed person would desire for a moment the thorough qualifications of Chief Justice FULLER, Justice PECKHAM, and Justice WHITE, of the United States Supreme Court, or those of Chief Judge CULLEN, of the New York Court of Appeals, to inquire or review legislation, to interpret rightly and execute faithfully the laws of the land. Cauder, however, compels us to say that there is not an atom of evidence that any one of the four would be able to poll a large popular vote, except in his native State. We have but little doubt that either Justice PECKHAM or Chief Judge CULLEN could get the electoral votes of New York. The case of

Judge GRAY, of Delaware, is in certain respects unique, for he has been not only a jurist, but a Federal legislator and a diplomatist, and, moreover, by the work which he did as chairman of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission he made himself far better known and far better liked by the hard-working masses of his countrymen than any other member of the Federal or State judiciary. Of JESSE HARMON, of Ohio, who was Attorney-General in Mr. CLEVELAND'S second administration, it must be acknowledged that he is widely respected and widely trusted among his fellow Democrats, and that he would be satisfactory to both wings of his party. It is also possible that, owing to the bitter hostility of the friends of Secretary FORAN and to those of Secretary TART, he might, next November, succeed in carrying Ohio, which would open the calculations of political prophets. We say it is possible, because for a similar reason, in 1903, only a year after Mr. ROOSEVELT had a plurality of 253,000 in Ohio, a Democrat was chosen Governor by a plurality of nearly 43,000. A Democratic victory in Ohio is, therefore, not so impracticable a thing as it may look. On the score of merit there is no room for any objection to Senator CALLEMAN, of Texas, who is the present leader of the Democratic minority in the Senate, or to JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, of Mississippi, who has long been the leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives, and who lately has been chosen a spokesman of his State in the Upper Chamber, or to Senator DANIEL, of Virginia, and Senator BAYNE, of Georgia, both of whom have long been recognized as among the ablest debaters and constitutional lawyers in Congress. Any one of the four would make an admirable President; but not one of them is available, because he could not be counted on to carry any of the doubtful Northern States. This cannot be said of former Governor DODGAS, of Massachusetts, for he held his State in a vice versa in the Presidential year of 1904, when Mr. ROOSEVELT got a plurality of 92,000. If DODGAS could do that when previously running against ROOSEVELT, what might he not be expected to do if he were running against TART or any other man identified with Mr. ROOSEVELT'S much-disputed policies?

We come, lastly, to President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton University. We need not dwell on the proofs of his capacity to play the part of a great Chief Magistrate. No man who has read his *History of the American Republic* can doubt his qualifications for that post. What is much more apt to be overlooked is his political availability. As a man who was born and reared in Virginia, and who for years practised at the Georgia Bar, he could not fail to win every one of the former slave States, including ground so debatable as that which is covered by Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. Then, again, he is the only Southerner who would be absolutely certain to get New Jersey's electoral votes. He is an adopted, a trusted, a beloved, and an illustrious son of that State. Astonishing is the record afforded by Presidential elections of the State pride of New Jersey. In 1820, when JAMES MONROE got for President every electoral vote but one, New Jersey gave her eight electoral votes for Vice-President to EDWARD STOCKTON, a native of her soil, although DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, of New York, got all other electoral votes but six. In 1844 New Jersey gave her electoral votes to the CLAY ticket, because the nominee for Vice-President was FREELINGHOUDT, a Jerseyman. In 1856 JOHN C. FREMONT obtained her electoral votes for no other reason than because his running mate was another Jerseyman, WILLIAM L. DAYTON. In 1880 the selection of a Jerseyman, SAMUEL A. HANCOCK, secured New Jersey's electoral votes to the McKINLEY ticket, although the State was really Democratic, having elected the Democratic nominee in eight out of the nine preceding Presidential years. It was by a very narrow majority that the Republican nominee for Governor carried the State last November. It is not, however, a Vice-President, but a President, that New Jersey passionately craves, and it would be utterly impossible in that State to beat WOODROW WILSON if a Democratic convention should name him for the office of Chief Magistrate. That he would carry New York and Connecticut may also be affirmed with certainty.

The Bane of Travel

It is not the dust and rind, nor is it the customary overhauling of the ears and lack of ventilation, nor is it that persistent, insistent, and resistless nuisance, the train boy with the nasal twang, who annoys us only as to the merits of peppin chewing gum, and who lays the garish-colored paper-covered north and sticky candies over us as if we were shelves for his convenience. Though all these things tend to weigh down the spirit of the traveller, one does not look for paradise when one buys one's railway ticket; and life learns one to accept the inevitable in this best of all possible worlds where most things are necessary evils. Such things as these could be borne by the staid spirit if he were but able to lean up close to the window and watch the world flit backward. The sight of the speeding trees and vanishing meadows would console us for many evils; the swelling farms and grazing

cattle, the startled colts and straggling hordes, and led us up to forget heat and dust if we might but see them. But what is it that meets our eyes as we gaze from the car windows? Proclamations of the virtues of pills—proclamations hideous enough to cause the disorders they claim to cure; merits of monstrous merchandise shrieked at us from signs so noisy that the tract boy's voice is gentle music in comparison; the back, hawking meadows disfigured with incongruous signs; fields where crows and buzzards grow, scarred with boards that shout, as we pass intrusive statements about goods. So we speed along through our land; among trees and flowers, meadows and hedges, nestling farms and cozy homes? No; but through lanes of glaring letters peering at us. Only here and there glimpses in between of the dogwood, pear, and cherry trees, the Judas-trees, and the little homes cuddled among clustering elms.

And we wonder why art is at low ebb in our land! Why is our building more hideous than that of other lands? Why do our people throw their whole energies into the making of money which they can't buy joy with after they've gotten it? Why can a Frenchman or a German have twenty times as many ways of making life beautiful and joyous with a thousand dollars as an American can have with ten thousand?

It happened not long since in the fitting room of an obscure German tailor that during the fitting his customer addressed him in German upon the beauties of the Annalsh in Thüringen, and straightway his face was illumined; he described with fervor, he recited songs, he sped to the piano, and to an exquisite accompaniment he trilled them forth; he brought a canon he was in the midst of writing, and he recited Goethe and Heine lyrics. He lived in four rooms, with a wife and three children. He was ten paces to take an order for a suit, unless the customer advanced the money to buy the goods, but his life was worth living. His mind and his heart were full to overflowing with beautiful matters. His memory was crowded with scenery undecayed by signs, with poetry, and with music. His life was a good thing upon the earth, but will the life of his children be as good? Will they elude the life of the spirit rather than a life of worldly greed and anxious gain when they have taken round journeys through lanes of advertisements? A seventeenth-century poet but recently discovered wrote thus in his book of meditations:

"When I came into the country, and, being seated among silent woods and trees and hills, had all my time in my own hands, I resolved to spend it all, whatever it cost me, in the search of happiness, and to satisfy the burning thirst which nature had kindled in me from my youth; in which I was so resolute that I chose rather to live upon ten pence a year, and to go in brother clothes, and to keep upon bread and water, so that I might have all my time clearly to myself, than to keep many thousands per annum in an estate of life where my time would be devoured in care and labor. And God was so pleased to accept of this desire that from that time to this I have had all things plentifully provided for me without care at all, my very study of Philosophy making me more to prosper than all the care in the whole world. So that through His blessing I live a free and kindly life, as if the world were turned into an Eden."

"A free and kindly life, as if the world were turned into an Eden;" this is the ambition which would save the world if we could ever more implant it in the hearts of men. Money cannot buy so fair a desire, and rampant ugliness for the sake of money must eventually dry up and kill even the conception of it.

Meanwhile is there so possible legislation that can be applied to the rampant hideousness of life? At least our railroad in England is taking steps to beautify the way through which it runs. Are there not enough people in our own land offended by hideousness to form a society for protesting against making the country through which our trains run an offense in fact? If we could not do this, could we not at least make it the habit of unconsciously seeing ugliness prevail about us. Who does not remember BUNYON'S horror at the American girls who travelled in the same coach with him through the country about Verona. They had not the faintest conception that they were travelling through the most beautiful and romantic country in the world. They sneaked home with lumps of sugar inserted in their, pulled down all the shades, and sprawled hopelessly over the seats, complaining of heat. Not a memory, not a perception lightened the gloom of their heightened little lives. But perhaps they had grown up on advertisements of liver pills in the place of scenery, and the human mind cannot acquire a new taste by so simple a means as a trip to Europe.

As things stand, we still have the sky and the horizon line left for those who can overlook the sign boards; but who can tell when the awful nightmare may come here of the man who dreamed that a new invention had apperceived the sky off into bits, let out for electric advertising of goods, so that above as about us the haze of hideousness and vulgarity might still meet the eye. Perhaps those of us who are nearer the end than the beginning of our time have more to be thankful for than we yet know, and the time may come when the clouds themselves shall be turned into the messengers of mercantile enterprise.

Personal and Pertinent

THERE are 7000 naturalized foreigners to the acre who are asking for a chance to vote in ROOSEVELT. His attacks against the money powers have worked them into a frenzy of approval.—From a published interview with Mrs. Betty Green.

A very interesting faculty for political comment seems to have been all but lost to mankind by the concentration of Mrs. GAZER'S talents upon France.

At the recent meeting of the New England college presidents, one of the most important of them all remarked that mental arithmetic did not train a child's mind, and that a mathematician *per se* was incapable of moral reasoning. Mathematicians might take notice. It reminds one of STELLAS—STELLAS, the greatest of the Yale mathematicians of his time. He, indeed, had virtues as well as mathematics, and was the graceful and learned editor of *Garden and Forest*, horticultural editor of the *New York Tribune*, and president of the New York Park Commission. Once he was ill for a long time—a very long time—and he used to say that when he became convalescent he discovered that the mathematical was the lowest order of mind. He wanted to read; he tried poetry, and that would not do; nor would fiction or philosophy or history—but when at last he tried mathematics he found that his enfeebled mind could master that.

Some appreciative people gave a dinner in Philadelphia to Colonel McCLELLAN the other day because he was eighty years old. He deserved the tribute, for he is not only eighty years old, but he has long been active in the service of the city, and the State, and the nation, and has made hosts of friends. He must have abundant pleasure in thinking over the great ghosts that he has known—Presidents from long before HAYDEN'S time down as far back as the elder HARRISON—and the migrants of Pennsylvania. He has been the familiar and potent friend of them all. TOM SCOTT, FORESTER, SIMON CAMERON, GALATHEA GIBBS, NAM RANDALL, JUDGE KELLEY. The roll of his friends is as long as the list of Pennsylvania's worthies of sixty years. He has managed politics and he has led rebellions against rings and bosses. He was an influential country editor in Chambersburg, and in partnership with FRANK McLAUGHLIN, the tasteful printer, he was the editor of the *Philadelphia Times*. That was an influential organ of the right way of thinking in McCLELLAN'S earlier day, and it was a pleasant paper to serve. It had one of the habits of the *Paris Pigeon*. When MAPLESON carried his singing birds to Philadelphia, where they were always opaquely welcomed, the *Times* used to give them all a breakfast in its pleasant library. The handsome Colonel used to preside, and LANGRISH, LANGRISH, JANVIER (who once wrote paragraphs before he fell into literary ways), and the irrepressible KENNES, used to be asked in to make a pleasant hour for MAJOR BLOOM and GRANTLEY and CAMPANELLA. These actors were breakfasted, too, and there was a gay council on the afternoon of the feast days. The Colonel did stern work as well as hospitality. He did most to clean up the city back in the late sixties and in 1880, and he is largely accountable for ROBERT PATTERSON. He partially brought up MOSES HANBY, and is, therefore, indirectly responsible for the Sassy Chevy Club. Now he is a patriarch, and his brilliant days are behind him—but they were brilliant, as brilliant as the Colonel is and has always been beautiful.

Correspondence

VEHEMENTLY FOR ROOSEVELT

East Loos, Utah, February 22, 1901

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I happened to notice yesterday, under the title of "A Mind Completely Believed," a letter to HARPER'S from Alfred R. J. Dolme, and I am hastening to second the motion in regard to his attitude.

Like him, I can claim perfect competence to talk, for I belong to the great class who in seeking a career thought more of the mental pleasures and attachments to the work than its remunerations. Meanwhile, as if stranded on a low tide island, the financial waters have risen around until I have been forced to turn my attention from this work to the regular business of the economic fight for trade advantage, and the right to live. School-teachers, musicians, artists, clerks—the great mass of people merely have been trained to devotion for their callings, and not to fight neighbors for the right to live. Yet salt trusts forming on one side, plus sugar trusts, plus paper trusts, and all of them seeking not to take out a living for their membership, and a life for the industry, but much more than this; and information forming on the other side to take out not a fair day's pay, but the last cent they can force, have combined to throw this great unorganized class into helplessness, discontent, and warfare. We demand Roosevelt. He is great because we demand him. Throw him down, reject him, and we will build another—or more powerful man. What you derisively call his policies will go on, for they are the effort of this great class to win back a right to live by their various chosen callings, without daily attention to problems which they are not equipped to fight. I can take you into an

ordinary labor-union meeting and find \$4 wages and happiness, and a card-game for four pending the call to order. I ran take you right across the street to a meeting, say, of the Press Club, and find you there more earnest talk of socialism and more boasting for Roosevelt than in all the other strange youth meetings. One will tell you that the printer who sets the type on the stories his heart and brain creates receives more money for working on them than he does. Another will tell you his sugar bills and salt tolls have gone up so steadily in the past three years that something has got to drop. He is at the head of his credit. He has got to spend hours figuring out how to right out of his economic helplessness that he longs to spend at his desk with brush or pen.

This discontent takes shape against the man who drove him out of his profession through raising the expense of his livelihood outside of his possibilities to meet them. Government regulations, government control, only mean that I refuse longer to pay eleven cents or fifteen cents for electric light, after I have spent a year of investigation to find out that electric light doesn't cost to produce above three cents, and could be sold at five cents or six cents at a decent profit. I refuse to pay more than a decent profit on the things I have to have. To find a way to send some strong hand into that robber electric company is no more of a problem than my brotherhood had to meet when they sent their men out on to the king's highway to meet the robber baron, and clear the road. The government's hand will go into these corporations controlling necessities we all must use. Do not fear for that. They are in the saddle to ride to a fall or to dismount. If government regulation is not the solution, then the loss of the people's faith is the solution. Will some governmental ownership, and if this proves not to be the solution, the best you can hope for it to mean will be socialism, and if socialism fails, then you have absolutely no alternative but to calmly look forward for the blood of revolution and settlement through this costly and exterminating final argument.

If corporations, needlessly battering their lives on attacking Roosevelt, would send forth their best brains and their most generous representatives, and would remove those situations, they would stop the "great pressure from below" which Standard Oil mentions with a sneer.

I tell you when I say I am for Roosevelt, I say I am tired of paying \$1.75 freight on one ton of coal for a haul of one hundred miles, when in the same train, hauled by the same engines, lime rock comes along at forty cents the ton; and I am tired of my helplessness to prevent myself from paying this same railroad company \$3.50 per ton for coal from mines a hundred miles from my home, when by a little investigation I find that it once charged hands on a coal contract by which it alone was made attractive to the Goolds, this coal contract railing for the delivery of 4000 tons of coal a day to the Southern Pacific for not \$3.50, mind you, but \$4.50, but \$5.50 per ton, and even at this rate it was an item amounting to five per cent of the company's total income.

It did not seem very of the colossal fortunes, then, that strikes me to a discontent, but the fact, that, hopefully, at the end of my credit, I must turn to fight to realize I have no weapon, and no chance, except through the appeal which means to end Roosevelt, to-morrow—who am I tell!

In this fight you are on the side lines. From Roosevelt I take the best means I know of to classify you—the words he used at the beginning of his troubles over objections from the Panama job—"in every fight there are men in the rear who are glad they are not at the front."

From my own poultry yard I take the best comparison I know of to explain my feeling in regard to your position.

In this poultry yard there is a big Wyandotte rooster. Two months ago I bought a young Leghorn. The Wyandotte promptly ran him away from the feed. But hungry, he kept ranging for his meals, till one day he found a hole in the roof of the feed house, and thence went well till last Wednesday.

Then the Wyandotte came to run the Leghorn away as usual. Do you think he could write or speak or think or realize beyond the horizons of his class? With all his proud neck feathers out he made the typical move of his kind, and for his the Leghorn sank deep and long and laid his knees apart into the Wyandotte's breast.

"Ma'am!" I ran hear the latter scutter as he came to me. "I want in on this feed," I ran hear the Leghorn reply. To-day there is a constitutional amendment in the supreme law of the flock. There is some talk of brotherhood of poultry. The Leghorn frods with the flock, and is given a real good time. Lessens the lesson of the Wyandotte. Mr. Dictionary, and look to the masses, to see their power and their discontent. It means a fight for his play in the division of life's duties.

I am, sir.

IRVING RUSSELL.

We judge that if our correspondent will devote somewhat less time in estimating the exact price that the electric company ought to charge for light, and the railroad for hauling coal, and will devote somewhat more of his time to earning a living his comfort will be increased. We do not think his enjoyment of a "career of mental pro-sperity" is likely to be promoted by the total collapse of order and business which, with so much fortitude, he seems to invite.—Editor.

FOR HENRY OF KENTUCKY

Lan Carver, N. M., February 3, 1901

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Ris—it is rather strange, that in the decision of Presidential possibilities Henry the Second has had as yet so serious consideration; perhaps it is the other thing for which Kentucky stands

and fills our mind, its social distinction, its faithfulness as to honor and fealty,—seriously overdone at times, because of all the plans they seem the farthest from conjuring their spirits; or perhaps, as cordially to this last, a disinterestedness of political enthusiasm which has never placed in the hands of any of its leaders financial influence. However it may be, with all the brain and power and charm of Kentucky statesmen, they are rarely considered as Presidents; and when they are, even as when the first Henry led the charge, it is not to victory.

But may not the time be ripe for a second effort? In Henry Watterson, I believe we have a figure of national prominence, only second to Mark Twain; one of whom any American, anywhere and under any circumstances, might be proud. There is not a leader who stands more clearly defined as to his policies; better posted—by reason of constant discussion and skilful handling of all the recent emergencies—as to the necessities, the delicacies, one might say, of the situation.

And, after all, from what calling could we more satisfactorily expect a man, capable in all the intricacies of our governmental administration than one who, from the high vantage of distinguished journalism, has had for years daily to study, discuss, decide on every development in our social, commercial, financial body politic?

Does he not deserve of us serious consideration? Though his pen and his tongue, doubtless wielded, have been indeed a sword, because of the very intensity of his conviction, I know of no public character who would have against him less personal opposition, he is a particularly lovable man, and since no one in public life has more vigorously and successfully and purified every cause and measure of the Bryan faction, since the Bryan possibility is at last ready to go, who more reasonably could lead, with some show of winning, than the man who, in his own party lines, has, against such continuous and unceasing attempts, fought and conquered?

Can the Democratic party find a finer gentleman, a wiser statesman, a better informed politician, and a better loved standard-bearer than Henry W. Watterson?

I am, sir,

(Mrs.) KATHARINE A. MOORE.

GREENBACKS AND CIRCULATION

COLUMBUS, GA., February 13, 1901

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

"Comment" in your WEEKLY of February 15 entitled "Another Fundamental Principle" against Mr. Bryan for suggesting that greenbacks should be used for the proposed emergency currency under the Aldrich bill, why did you say, "Even now he [Bryan] wants 'more money,' after it has been demonstrated that the largest per capita circulation known to civilization has not been possible to stop a panic?" (Our circulation per capita is \$21.41, and that of France is \$37.12.)

France is supposed to have more stable prosperity than any country in Europe, and though shocked by the immense war indemnity paid to Germany, and those tremendous losses in her attempt to build the Panama Canal, her people did not succumb. A great many of us think that a country whose industries are expanding and population growing as fast as ours needs a circulating medium per capita space with its rapidly increasing commercial requirements.

At the time Mr. Bryan was first nominated our circulation per capita was about \$18 or \$20, and the only way then to increase it was to restore silver. The ways that it became enlarged after this were not known, and were entirely subsequent to the campaign of 1896. Down to this last period and for years before, cotton was five or six cents per pound, and it was very difficult to keep it at any better price. Cotton is now ten or twelve cents per pound, and it's confidently believed that this price will maintain our circulation per capita in not reduced, and better if increased. It would give some of your readers in the pursuit of knowledge satisfaction to know your reasons, your logic, and philosophy for your aversion to greenbacks for an emergency currency. In this way we could either see your reasons for attacking Mr. Bryan were invalid ones, or that they are better than we are at this time applaud.

I am, sir,

CHARLES J. SWIFT.

Our correspondent is right in saying that France has a larger per capita circulation than the United States. But no other country has so much. Germany has \$22.46 and the United Kingdom \$11.58. Of the \$37.12 per capita circulation of France \$23.75 is gold, and only \$13.44 paper. Of our circulation (\$21.41) \$10.55 is gold and only \$10.86 paper. If we need more circulation let us do it as France has done by increasing our per capita of gold.—Editor.

A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR

TERRAHOMA, TEX., January 12, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I was puzzled to find in your issue of JANUARY 11, under the heading "Good Sense About Immigration" the following sentence:

"So far as the Japanese are concerned, their government have decided to do their own prevention." Is this strictly grammatical?

I do not presume to criticize, but ask the question solely for information.

I am, sir,

Mrs. TOWN.

We think it is defensible, at least, to use "government" in the collective sense.—Editor.

The Business of Lawbreaking in New York

By THEODORE A. BINGHAM

Police Commissioner, New York City



THAT the statement in the last report of the Police Commissioner that lawbreaking is the easiest business and the most lucrative for the work involved of any now being conducted in New York should excite surprise in a surprising circumstance in itself. If all that the daily newspapers assert can be believed, or is based on fact, it would appear that easy, lucrative lawbreaking is not confined to those classes of society with which the police come in daily contact.

The citizen who daily hears the most powerful and influential business and professional men in New York circumstantially and openly denounced in the market place as criminals—in public prints and by the living voice—ought not to be surprised to learn that in the intermediate ranks between the big culprits and the bungling malfactors who get into the prisons there are all grades of lawbreakers preying upon the community.

The police are, however, most frequently called upon to deal with the lesser rogues, and with them is the business of lawbreaking (as with the bigger criminals) associated politicians, legislators, and lawyers, sometimes men of standing, and sometimes men of no standing. It is due to these knowers that the minor lawbreakers, like the others, have retrograded themselves behind a rampart of legislation, owing to which the forces of law and order are frequently placed in the embarrassing position of being actually on the defensive as against the lawbreaker. Indeed, the courts are sometimes aided into giving the criminal protection against the police on the ground of illegal interference or oppression. For instance, injunctions have been obtained restraining the police from entering places where gambling was known to be in progress, on the ground that a legitimate business was being conducted in another part of the building.

As an illustration of the manner in which the lawbreaker is enabled, with the assistance of his technically law-abiding supporters, to safeguard himself, take the legal protection that is afforded the pickpockets who are liberally scattered throughout the city. For years the same men have almost daily been arrested, taken to court, and then discharged for lack of sufficient proof of the crimes with which they were charged. These men were all known in life by theft, and were always to be found in crowds where pickpocketing was going on, but it was almost impossible to capture the guilty men in most instances, since it is almost impossible to identify a thief in a crowd; but it is easy for the latter to dispose of stolen property by passing it to a confederate or throwing it away.

To enable the police to deal with these malfactors as vagrants a bill was introduced in the State Legislature in 1906 to define a vagrant as a person who had previously been convicted of a crime and could not show that he was then earning an honest living. This was known as the Vagrancy bill. Because of the opposition of certain legislators the bill never got out of committee. A similar bill was introduced in 1907, and it might be remarked here that the Vagrancy bill desired in the same that Massachusetts has as its statute-book.

The friends of the lawbreakers were enabled to fix bludge to the Legislature in 1907 by changing their words, so that the law as passed required two previous convictions. To complicate the situation further some magistrates require different proof as to the two previous convictions, some of them demanding the sworn testimony of a witness actually present on both occasions, aside from the records. The law thus circumscribed and thus administered has been of little assistance to the Police Department in controlling pickpockets.

There will be a bill before the present Legislature which, if enacted into law, will be of immense service to the police in the running down of all classes of thieves. Its object is to bring the pawnbrokers, junk dealers, and dealers in second-hand goods, into whose hands all kinds of stolen property come, under stricter control. Under its provisions every pawnbroker is compelled, before he closes every morning after a business day, to sign and deliver to the commanding officer of the Detective Bureau or one of its branches an accurate report, on forms furnished by the Police Department, containing a detailed description of each article received by him (the pawnbroker) the previous day, and showing the exact time when it was pawned, the amount loaned on it, the number of the ticket and the name and address, with an accurate description of the person who pawned it. The bill also permits the police to inspect a pawnbroker's books at any time, junk dealers and dealers in second-hand goods are subjected to similar regulations under the provisions of this bill.

It is apparent at once how valuable such a law will be to the police, not only in recovering stolen property and tracing the thieves, but in that it will make the risk greater for the criminal in disposing of stolen property. A thief will hesitate a long

time before pawning a stolen article, when he realizes that his description and that of the article itself will be given to the police the next day; and, of course, the greater the difficulty of disposing of stolen property, the less the inducement to steal. No pawnbroker, junk dealer, or dealer in second-hand goods who is ready to do his part in upholding law and order can object to the passage of this bill, and none but a thief, or a friend of thieves, can have any interest in preventing its passage. Yet it is by no means certain that the measure will be enacted. It is against the interests of the lawbreakers, and with assistance they will make a desperate fight against it.

As a practical illustration of the results which can be obtained by rigid police surveillance of the pawnbrokers: in one case, in the fall of 1907, a pawnbroker had been found to be reviving stolen goods. His premises were placed under close surveillance by the police. It took a large force of men, as the place had to be watched night and day. Success, however, was striking, since the proceeds of six separate burglaries were found. This is not only an illustration of easy and lucrative lawbreaking under present conditions, but also of the rich results rendered easily possible if the forces of law and order can be provided with proper tools.

Similar police regulations with regard to pawnbrokers are in operation in nearly every large city in the world. In Paris and other European cities where the pawnshops are run by the government, it is essential for a person to show a certificate of identification, issued by the police, before an article will be received.

As a concrete demonstration of the proposition that lawbreaking is a lucrative business for the work involved, it is only necessary to point to the overworked, overpaid, and overfed gamblers, who are to be seen daily and nightly in the resorts about town with their overworked, overpaid, and overfed wives and mistresses. No one in fifty of these fellows could pass the primary examination to admit him to probation on the police force, and not one in a hundred would be allowed by a respectable householder to call upon his cook, but in spite of ignorance and because of depravity they are making great fortunes. The police will not be able to stop gambling entirely. They might be able to regulate it if it were licensed. It never had been entirely stopped to say great evils of civilization, and probably never will be—at least, not until human nature has undergone fundamental changes. The problem is as acute in London, where there is supposed to be no vice graft, as it is here.

The gamblers in New York are fairly well in hand to-day, perhaps more so than in several years past; but the big gambler does not need to keep his place open every day or every night. Perhaps he will open only one night in the week or even less frequently, and his profits for a few hours' business may amount to thousands or tens of thousands. The police may have watched a gaming house for weeks, and the day the watch is removed the owner will get word to his patrons—who are as anxious to play as he is to have them—that the place will be open at a certain hour.

No big city has yet been able to suppress the social vice. In countries where disorderly houses are differently handled the evil probably is reduced to a minimum. That there are promises of protection from some source is indicated by the fact that only this week a double house that had been opened only a few days, in one of the up-town streets where rents are highest, was discovered to be illegally conducted and was raided. Some one had given the person, or persons, who paid the rent for that house and furnished it assurance that it would not be interfered with by the police or it would never have been opened. Whether or not that some one was connected with the Police Department, an effort is being made to ascertain.

Inevitable as it may seem to the decent citizen who is not informed in the matter, the women who conduct these disorderly houses have formed a regular organization, and are able to exert considerable influence in minor politics through the lawyers and politicians who are retained to assist them in their vice trade. Copies of their rules and regulations, and schedules of their rates of payment for protection, that had fallen into the hands of respectable persons, have been sent to the Police Department more than once during the last year. These women have not been able to realize that, under the new order of things, no man be of the police force, no matter how high his rank, not any politicians nor their agents, can guarantee to protect them from police interference; and hence they continue to be victimized by the second-rate lower than themselves who have hitherto been able to give them a return for their money.

It is not to be understood, however, that the Police Department is helpless to meet the situation. It is quite within the last report of the Commissioner: "The police force as coping with the situation, and is able to carry on its work, short-handed though it is." The police force must, however, be increased at once. New York requires one policeman for every 425 to 400 of population.

The Tribulations of the Suffragettes

AT HOME

THE suffragettes have reached New York, but have not yet attained to martyrdom. The public will not have eyes at them, and the police refuse to arrest them. When they hold open-air meetings, police spectators hear without hearkening and pass along. When Mrs. Borman Wells and Miss Maud Malone organize a Sunday parade in defiance of police regulations, the police close their official eyes, and beg them not to hold up the street cars.

Mrs. Charles Sanderson, who came here to arouse our downtrodden feminine population, has gone home in disgust. Mrs. Borman Wells, who came on a similar errand, fervid with determination, is still here but forlorn.

In our land, where woman terrorizes the State Legislatures, and man lies abjectly beneath her heel, this importation of foreign-made agitation would have aroused resentment save for its elements of humor.



The Suffragettes being "moved on" from Union Square by the Police. At the Head of the Procession are Mrs. Borman Wells, the English Leader, in a white Hat, and, at her Left, Miss Maud Malone, the American Propagandist

ABROAD

THE "Votes for Women" movement in England continues to make good headway. Since the series of sensational raids upon the House of Commons last year, cabinet ministers have lived under a reign of terror, their public addresses interrupted, and their houses besieged. The King has been waylaid and the law courts invaded. Meanwhile the sympathetic Premier, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, tells the women to "keep on agitating."

The women claim that since two-thirds of the country's representatives have announced their belief in women's suffrage, and their refusal to pass a measure for that purpose, agitation has become necessary to awaken public interest.

In the intervals of raiding Parliament and the houses of cabinet ministers, bands of women are engaged in chalking up advertisements of their cause and making street collections.



As soon as one of the Suffragettes started speaking, the Police broke up the Meeting



The Wandering Suffragettes going through Twenty-third Street, with "Here Man" following



Arrest of a Suffragette who Attempted to Reach the King's Coach on the Occasion of the Opening of Parliament



English Suffragettes engaged in Chalking up the Slogan "Votes for Women" upon a London Fence



By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN F. DAYHA



A SALES-MANAGER and general executive in the central offices of one of the most successful corporations of America says that he cannot define, in so many words, why, in hunting for a good man, he picks Jones instead of Smith, and turns down Robinson in place of Brown. The nearest he can come to justifying his decisions is that out of a mass of candidates there will be one or two who seem from the first to be capable of making strong friendships. They will not be the big talkers, nor the fluent talkers. Generally, they are not even the most prepossessing in appearance. But somewhere, underneath, there is this human quality in them that promises to expand and cause them to "make good."

This sales-manager is very modest about the matter. He does not pretend to be an expert selector of men. But he has places to fill, and he fills them as a part of his routine, when finding that a man whom he has picked by this system does not prove capable and worthy of steady promotion.

If you will notice the men who are getting the jobs that are worth while, you will see that there are very few "smart Alecks" among them. The man whom the big business man picks out of the rack does not, nowadays, even have to be a good talker. "The 'good talkers' are apt to tire me," says a manager who is also a big buyer. "I have frequently bought from a man who has simply said, after presenting his line, 'I want that order.' But he has said it so quietly and convincingly that I have hurried toward him."

It does very little good simply to ask for a job today. If the job is at all valuable the candidates are unlimited. The man who wins is the man who has an ingenious way of putting himself forward, of showing that he can meet emergencies. That is the one quality today that people are looking for.

There is a loud expert in New York to-day who owns his standing by a neat phrase. He had been troubling a noted head-bruise for a chance on its staff, and had been continuously turned down. The day he marched in, only to have the manager send out a curt message that there was no position open.

"Position?" said this especial youngster in tones as curt as the manager had used to his clerk. "Position? Who said anything about a position? Go back to Mr. Havens and tell him that when I want a position I'll ask for it. What I want is a job to sell some bonds this afternoon, and I want it quick."

He got it, and jobs for a good many mornings and afternoons thereafter.

It is thus to be seen that it is the man who is smart and quick, who knows enough to test a situation and make himself stand out above every other applicant, that is wanted. Even the routine-work men may happen to be needed in an emergency for other duties. Others are "plugs." You can shut your eyes and choose any one of a given number of "plugs." Any one will be as good as any other. But nobody wants a "plug" for any job, if he can pick out some one with possibilities.

A big employer the other day placed advertisements in the daily papers asking for a private secretary. "I ought to pick up a nice clever boy who could think for me and be worth a whole lot more than the good salary I am going to pay him," he told his junior partner. "I want some one who is more than a machine. I want something in trousers that is capable of things. Take my messenger out here at the gate, for instance. If it wasn't for the color of his skin I could push him about like a \$50 a week job."

"That boy is invaluable to me. Jones comes in to see me on Friday. The boy stands in the background, but he happens to hear me tell Jones that I cannot do business with him before Wednesday, but if he will come in on that day at twelve o'clock I will be glad to see him. In the same time I forget testfully about that engage-

ment, and Wednesday morning Smith drops in. "Come over to lunch with me, Smith," I say, but my messenger comes up and speaks to me. "Don't forget, sir," he says, "that you have an appointment at noon with Mr. Jones." Perhaps that boy isn't worth his salary to me! I want something of his ability in white skin, and I'm willing to pay the price."

The advertisements appeared simultaneously in all the papers, and the concern's mail was doubled on the following morning. The wheat was affixed out of a great grid of letters, and twenty of their authors were told to call. One by one these were rejected until the most likely applicant was saved for the senior partner—whose time is a very valuable thing—to inspect. The boy had an attractive personality, and the senior partner liked him from the outset.

"Where are you working?" he asked.

"In the T. & N. R. R. passenger office. I get \$20 a month, and the concern's mail was doubled on the following morning. The wheat was affixed out of a great grid of letters, and twenty of their authors were told to call. One by one these were rejected until the most likely applicant was saved for the senior partner—whose time is a very valuable thing—to inspect. The boy had an attractive personality, and the senior partner liked him from the outset."

"Want bigger money?"

"I've got to have it, sir. I've a mother and sister dependent on me, and we're not breaking even on our living."

Dependent women are regarded as pretty good credentials on men, and the boy advanced another step in the old man's favor. He gave the right answers to all the questions for a long time, and then he asked a question himself.

"What are your other hours here?"

The boss swung fiercely around in his swivel-chair and glared out from under his heavy eyebrows at the boy.

"Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, perhaps, if we need you," he asserted. "We don't run jobs in this inner office on the office-hour plan. We don't have time-locks."

But he was decent enough finally to overlook the office-hour question. There was so much about the boy that he liked that he was still anxious to employ him. Still, he was a man that never decided an important question without sleeping on it, and so he told the young man to return for his answer on some day early in the following week.

The applicant seemed loath to leave the inner office.

"How do I know," he queried, "that you're not putting me off for a week so you can measure up some other fellows against me?" Then it was that the volcano went into eruption. The old man was out of his chair in a moment and standing close to the boy.

"I'm done with you," he said. "You haven't half enough sense in your head, after all. Why, I'd all but fully made up my mind to put you in here as my confidential man, Monday week, at \$25 a week for a starter, and now you've kicked the bucket clean over, tie out."

That proved a good way to get a job. There is no use in deceasing on that boy's foolishness. Time and again chances have been spelled in some such way. There are any number of youths who seem only to have some up to a certain point.

Several years ago a young fellow, who had since become a sort of some importance, made up his mind that he wanted to get into the dry-goods business. He picked out the concern he wanted, and after some little trouble got to the junior partner. He learned that there was no immediate chance.

"I'll wait for it," he said. He was a pleasant-looking lad, and the junior partner's impression of him had been agreeable. This special job was not a necessity to this boy. He had another in a little city near New York, and, as a side issue, a church choir position. This brought him into New York each Saturday. Every Monday morning he would show up at the dry-goods house and ask if that job was ready yet.

Another youth might have been annoying and persistent. This young man was not. He simply made himself a familiar figure. The junior partner after a while got accustomed to waiting for him on Monday morning. He—the junior partner—would have been



That proved a good way not to get a job

disappointed if the fish had failed to appear. That he never did. It was not many months before it occurred to the junior partner that he wanted a young fellow that could hang on like that; and the position was finally forthcoming.

Pled out what you want, and then hang on: it is seldom that this fails to be a good rule. A good many men have learned the lesson. Here is an incident of commercial life that is an excellent proof of it. It is the case of a young man who was a specialist in his profession, and who, after running off on a tangent to inevitable defeat, was obliged to come back to the beginning and seek a position. This man measured the situation carefully. When he had left New York to embark in business for himself he had expressed a feeling of regret at parting from his old employers, and had permitted sentiment to carry him so far as to say voluntarily that if he came back to New York he would never work for a rival house—which was saying a good deal, when he knew that it was an established rule of his old employers never to take back a man who left their service, voluntarily or involuntarily.

"I couldn't bear to think of having to be not fighting the old house," he told his friends when they heard of his resolve.

So when he was driven back to first principles and drifted into New York he kept to the letter of his word and sought employment in his old line. There was but a single concern in that city with which he cared to ally himself, and he sought its manager within an hour after he had stepped from his train.

You must understand that this was a man with more than an ordinary measure of ability in his work. He was young and he was enthusiastic, and his failure in his effort to branch out for himself was not necessarily to be counted against him.

The manager listened quietly as the man asked him for a job.

"Cannot place you," was the reply. "They're asking me to cut down expenses and not increase my payroll. It's quite impossible."

Now that was not the answer that the jobless man had wanted to hear. This was virtually the only house that was open to him, and there were a thousand reasons why he did not wish to leave the vicinage of Greater New York: he was, therefore, much disappointed at this rather curt dismissal of his case. He determined to fight it out, then and there. Nothing worse, he concluded, was likely to happen to him than to be kicked out of the manager's office.

"I don't think you realize the training I have had," he began, "with an assurance which strengthened itself each minute, he told of his resources, of the way he had studied the business and specialized along some of its most interesting sidelines; and when he finished he felt satisfied with his effort. He did not really see how any manager could refuse to hire a man who had so many attainments. But—"

"I am very sorry. I haven't a position for you," Imagine how that would sound after you had been talking against an employer for twenty minutes—talking with the earnestness that a desperate and jobless man rises to at such a moment! The manager bowed himself with the papers on his desk and imagined that his caller had seen the point and departed. He imagined wrong. After

he had been immersed in some reports for thirty minutes, he heard a cough from the corner of his office and looked up.

"Oh, you're here still!" he said. "How long are you going to stay here?"

"Till I get a job."

A smile swept over the manager's face. He swung about in his chair.

"I rather like you," he said, bluntly, "and if I had a job I think that I'd give you a try in it. But they're chasing me down pretty sharply on expenditures, and I've got to cut my force, not increase it."

Perhaps that was not a victory. Somehow the manager had not said much, but that little brought some faint aroma of hope to a jobless man, and he said:

"I'm not going yet. You don't mind my standing here and looking out of the window do you? I'm going to stick it out."

The manager laughed aloud.

"You can stand there as long as you please," he said, "but that doesn't alter the situation or get a job for you from me."

"I'll stand," came the reply from the window.

Somehow the manager could not get his mind back on his reports again, and he was half sorry that he had given the stranger permission to stay in his office. He fussed and fumbled mentally for twenty minutes, then gave it up and began talking to the building's phone.

"I'm sending a man down to you that you've got to put on. Charge it to special expense or anything else you please, and we'll tuck him on the payroll at the first crack. No. I say he's got to go on. He simply won't take 'no' for an answer, and that's the sort of chap we need, I think. I'll send him right down to you."

And when that man walked out of the building that now for a month he was again employed, and employed at a more than decent wage at that.

A cub reporter in a small city in the western part of New York State coveted a position on a certain New York paper. Somehow the chances of getting on that paper's exclusive staff seemed mighty few. But one day his city editor told him to go down to the railroad station, see Lord Charles Beresford, who was to wait there a little time between trains, and get an interview from him. The boy was country-bred, and Beresford was little more than a name to him. But he had an hour to spare before he would have to be at the depot, and that hour was spent in a library reading of the fight before Alexandria and of revolving guns in the Sudan.

When he reached Beresford at the railroad depot he found the rear-admiral very gracious and obliging, and ready to fill him with much praise of the country in whole and that part of the country in particular. The boy took copious notes, then closed his book with a bang and a smile.

"That's all good stuff, Lord Beresford," said he, "but it's what every single one of you Englishmen tell us when you get over here. I want some real news."

"Real news?" was the response.

"If you would answer a single real question for me it might put me on my feet and make a big journalist of me."

The big man smiled at the boy.

"Ask me the one question. Let me see what it is!" he said.

It was at the time of the earliest troubles in the Far East.

"Why did you change your plans and not go to Port Arthur?" he was asked.

"But that's a diplomatic question, and not to be answered," he replied.

"The very reason why it is real news," pressed the boy.

"The Foreign Office at London requested me not to go there," said Beresford, as he hurried back into his train. The boy kept his secret to himself, wrote his conventional interview with Beresford for the paper that employed him, then wired Beresford's answer to his real question as an exclusive feature for the New York paper. That paper put it in its cable service and sent Beresford's answer to the country reporter's question swinging around the civilized world. Then it sent for the boy himself and put him on his feet. To-day he sits close to its managing editor's desk and draws a salary of more than \$5000 a year.

What is it that makes a good impression? Over six-

are one night a young business man recalled an incident of his boyhood.

"It's not so many years ago," he began: "I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. I was hunting my first job. I selected Wall Street because I had heard so much about it. I walked



Reading of the fight before Alexandria

down that street, going into every office on both sides of the way, asking simply this one question: "Do you want a boy?"

"No!" "No!" every one said. I had visited fifty offices, sixty, seventy. It must have been about the seventy-fifth that I found, in an office on the street floor, an old, white-whiskered gentleman, behind a railing in front. I again put my question politely. "No!" he replied. In a way that must have been more businesslike than I realized at the moment, I went towards the door. As I put my hand on the knob he stopped. "Come back!"

"I returned to the front of the railing. "There's something I like about you," he began. "How old are you? Where do you live?"

"A string of other questions followed. Then the old man said curtly, "Come and see me to-morrow morning, and bring me a letter from some one who knows you."

"In the morning the same shortness and earnestness characterized my new acquaintance. "This way," he said, and he put on his hat and led me out into the street. "I don't want a boy," he observed, so he walked me along. "But I know somebody wants you."

"He took me into an office and brought me before another white-whiskered man. It was a big insurance office, no I remember. "Smith, I want you to take this boy," my friend said.

"The old man demurred. "There are so many ahead," he answered, fidgeting with the papers on his desk. My friend uttered what might have been "Pshaw!" but wasn't. "I tell you, you want him!" he threw back. "Now, Billy," turning to me, "you give this gentleman your name and address, and he'll write you within a few days when he wants you to start."

"The other man did write, but before that I was already fixed in a job that has developed into my present position.

"Now what was it the old gentleman liked in me? I've seen him since, and talked with him about it. It was the get-up-and-keep-moving way you had," he said, "without any martins or blunders or noise about it. You stated your business proposition in half a dozen words, but you put them just right!"

There is a man in New York, to-day, well up at the top of the heap now, who had a curious experience two years ago. He came up from Havana after a half-dozen years' experience there as a manager at a good salary. Before that he had done a few things in the West, and had held a post as an assistant purchasing agent in New York.

Let us call him John William Jones. Before he went into the Indies he had been loaded down with debt, and had just about succeeded in getting them paid when he decided to come back again to New York. He was several hundred dollars ahead then, and from his experience, and because of the number of American firms he had been doing business with for years and who knew him well by name, he was confident that a job in New York of high calibre would come to him readily.

So he wrote ahead to all the big merchants whom he had done business with, announcing that he was coming, and telling them that he was planning to establish himself in New York. The mail awaiting him on arrival at a fashionable Fifth Avenue hotel was somewhat disappointing. There were but three letters from the American merchants to whom he had written, and all of these were non-committal. They contained no offer of a position, or even a suggestion of it. But they and others that arrived later presented cordial invitations to call and lunch.

The days that followed brought nothing definite, only numerous good wishes and proffers to "set some him" on. One of the heads of the corporation that Mr. Jones had been with during his previous career in New York—a power in finance—not dim on the street one day, greeted him by name, and, on learning what Jones was up to, said he might refer to him personally. Another man who is known by insiders as the "busiest man in New York" talked with Jones half an hour one day, reviewing old acquaintances, and said that he was sure he could push something through for him. Half a dozen other powerful business men gave like assurances.

Jones was not at all discouraged. He had an idea that the old phrase must be true, that there must be "plenty of room at the top." He knew, though, that all the big places must be temporarily filled, even if, here and there, with second-class men, and that it



Chasing \$10,000-will-o'-the-wisp

would take a little time to get into close touch with the chiefs and then hatch on. That there could be the slightest question of landing a \$10,000 a year job in a few weeks did not occur to him.

John Jones would not, indeed, have been a student of the president of the biggest trust in the country had been offered to him. He was received everywhere with extreme cordiality. The New York agents of his old house at once gave him temporary office room for headquarters, clearing out a large roll-top desk for his use. They had no positions open beyond small clerkships, the partners holding everything that was worth while.

But the \$10,000 offer never came, nor did one at \$7,500, nor even at \$5,000. Nobody seemed to hear of anything, and Jones could not get actually on the track of anything even fairly good. The nearest he came to it was a chance on a \$5,000 purchasing-agency job. This looked all right, and there was more than a fighting opportunity, it appeared, until, after a month, the post was suddenly filled, and then John Jones learned, from the inside, that it had all been talk so far as he was concerned, and that he had never been seriously considered at all. The position had gone by pure favoritism.

Upon investigation John Jones found that such cases were not uncommon, that others had been deluded in just such ways before. This disheartened him at first, and then he began to look the situation squarely in the face.

"Come," he said to himself, "the ways of jobs are certainly curious. I never would have believed that I wasn't wanted. But I am wasting time. Here it's four months now that I have been chasing this will-o-the-wisp." He had seen plenty of advertisements for high-grade men, \$5,000 to \$10,000 being the figures named. Some of these must be worth while, he had argued. But his answering had brought no substantial result.

Unlimited promises, brilliant prospects, were the sum total of all. A pretty poor result of four months' labor, Jones thought. It was at this point that the raillore of the man demonstrated itself. He brought into play then the judgment that has made him the man he is to-day. "If you can't get what you want, take what you can get." John deliberated this aphorism one night. He reached a quick conclusion. In his early business days he had been a stenographer and typewriter. "Twenty five dollars a week received is better than \$200 promised." That seemed certain. Quietly, the very next day, at the employment bureau of a typewriting concern, he put in his application for a temporary job as stenographer.

There was little trouble about getting that, and it was a wonderfully short time before John Jones was helped to better things.





MOLES OF MANHATTAN

The 75-foot Excavation for the new Pennsylvania Railroad Station, looking West from Eighth Avenue. The Ninth Avenue Roadway and Elevated Railroad Tracks are carried on Falsework in order that Traffic may be Uninterrupted

DRAWN BY G W PETERS

The Lesson of Portugal

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



HAVE been in the English papers innumerable comments on and explanations of the murder of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal. Their keynote, naturally, is one of horror at the tragedy and of unstinted sympathy with its victims. King Carlos was perhaps more of a favorite among the people of England than any other European ruler. He had the radiating and infectious good humor that often goes with men of his physique. He slipped without an effort into popularity with the crowd. King Edward was known to regard him with a peculiar fondness. He was an expert and unflinching sportsman, and there is still no surer road to the British heart than the ability to hold one's own on horseback and at the covertide. A hearty, jovial monarch who enjoys being a king as unselfishly as Mr. Roosevelt enjoys being President, and who bears on his face and manner the unmistakable signs of good fellowship, is somewhat of a rarity in these harnessed and exacting days. King Carlos, though he was only in England two or three times, succeeded in conveying to the average man a very distinct impression of bluff and lively geniality. All they saw and heard of him made the English people like him. Moreover, there are old political ties that considerably antedate the discovery of America between England and Portugal. King Carlos, too, did England an excellent turn when he refused to allow German soldiers to land at Delagoa Bay and enter the Transvaal "for the protection of German interests" after the Jagersfontein raid. Again, Queen Amélie was born in England, brought up here, and has always looked upon this country as her second home. For all these reasons the shock of the Lisbon tragedy was felt in England with a real and poignant intensity, and its personal aspects were inevitably those that most touched the thoughts and feelings of the people.

In dealing with its political aspects the English journals have been in somewhat of a quandary. They admire strength in a ruler, and nobody for a moment can question that King Carlos showed the highest courage and determination in choosing and carrying out his policy. On the other hand, a dictatorship is a thing so hateful in English ears that every English political instinct to hear that the Constitution had been suspended, that the freedom of the press had been abolished, that all the functions of local government were taken over by administrative decree, and that political opponents were being arrested, imprisoned, or deported by scores. English people feel that such proceedings could only be excused by a grave and otherwise insoluble crisis, and could only be justified by their complete success. Whether the crisis was really of a character that made any less drastic treatment ineffectual and a waste of time is a point on which in England, as throughout all Europe, there are two schools of opinion. To the one school King Carlos was the bold and prudent statesman who after years of self-restraint was forced to adopt extreme measures as the only hope of eradicating intolerable abuses and revitalizing the body politic. To the other school he was little less than a usurper trampling on regular rights in the old spirit, with the old motives, and by the old methods of unadvised tyranny.

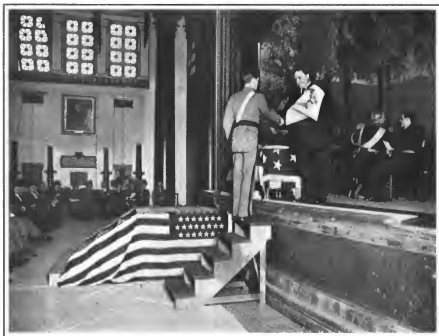
But whether the policy pursued by King Carlos was right or wrong is, after all, a minor question. An consolation proves nothing. What, as it seems to me, is the point that really matters in the crisis that has convulsed Portugal for the last twelve months is the light it has thrown on the workings of the democratic system. But this is precisely the point that has been least discussed. It takes us very little further to be told that King Carlos's policy was the only cure for bad government. We want to know how the habit of bad government was contracted, and what were the fundamental conditions that precipitated the crisis which the King tried to solve. I do not myself see how it is possible for any one approaching the problem from this standpoint to doubt that the present state of Portugal is primarily due to the failure of democracy. Some Americans regard it as a heresy even to hint that democracy can fail. Mr. Bryan, for instance, seems to look upon it as a political error-all that can be prescribed indiscriminately for men of all races, climates, and degrees of culture and civilization. I think a calm survey of its effects upon certain European countries would help to mislead him. He has had this great disadvantage, that it has fallaciously rewarded other nations into attempting to transplant it. Europe is dotted with native imitations of the British Constitution from which the quickening spirit has gone. The system of party government is an accident

even in England, where it has hitherto worked tolerably well as much through the defects as the excellencies of the British people. Elsewhere—I except of course the United States—it is a plagiarism which has worked badly. What else, indeed, could have been expected? The secret of representative government is not to be learned from text-books. The traditions and unwritten codes, the half lights and compromises, and silent understandings that direct its workings in England are not things that can be manufactured. They are properties of the blood, elements of a national character, the product of special conditions and distinctive experiences. To formulate and define them, to incorporate them in a constitution, and to hope it will prove workable, is to mist altogether their essential quality, and to indulge in the vain dream that the slow processes of time can be eliminated and the centuries taken at a leap. I very much doubt whether even the English, with all their grunts for the happy political man, would be able to work their constitution if it were suddenly to be dumped upon them. This is what Europe has never realized. There are fashions in politics as there are in dress, and for nearly a century and a half the British system of government has been "the rage," has been everywhere accepted as the last word in progress, and copied and reproduced unthinkingly. The most diverse countries, countries widely illiterate, countries that emerged from political slavery, countries that had never known and never cared to know anything but the direct rulership of a single head, have imitated the British constitution, not because it suited their temperaments or conditions, but simply because it was the mode and was taken to represent the final proof of enlightenment. The consequence is that all over the world you find elaborate paraphernalia of legislative machinery, quite admirable and perfect to look at, but with the unhappy defect of disabling all its engines.

The classic examples of this sort of feckless democracy and unrepresentative government are to be found, of course, among the "republics" of South America. But Italy supplies another instance of a country which has adopted democracy without being fitted for its responsibilities either by tradition, instincts, or education. France, again, has proved more than once, and may yet prove again, that the barrier between the parliamentary system and the centralized bureaucratic system is not so controlling as it is. It is towards the latter that all her inclinations lean; and that the attempt to combine the two is a disastrously costly, idle, and demoralizing experiment. No one can say that democracy has yet proved a political success either in France or Italy; no one can pronounce it other than a brutal and pernicious failure in Spain and Portugal. In Portugal, especially, the intolerable condition of democracy is wanting—the people are abjectly ignorant and illiterate. But the most delicate and complex instrument of government that has yet been devised in the hands of men three-fourths, perhaps four-fifths, of whom can neither read nor write, whose history during the past three centuries has been one of political crime, absolutism, and military revolutions, and who have tried to bridge in a single day the enormous gulf between autocracy and self-government—and the result cannot be anything but catastrophic. It is really the abandonment of all national use of language to speak of constitutionalism as having ever existed in Portugal. Democracy there, as in Spain, has proved worse than a farce; it has developed into an elaborate and well-kept impenetrable conspiracy against the common weal.

That is not an exaggeration, but the literal and appalling truth. Imagine New York as it is under Boss Tweed, and apply his system of government to the army and navy, and to every detail of national and municipal administration, and you get an accurate picture of Portugal's present conditions. "Politics" that begins and ends with the question of spoils; parties that have no principles whatever, except the principle of absorbing one another; a reasonable turn in office; elections that so far from being the result of public opinion are the nullification of it, are directed by the government of the day, organized by the wire-pullers and bosses, and always end in the ruin of the majority being forthcoming; a election that is one vast and apathetic, indifferent, and too thin to take the trouble or run the risks of voting; a few thousands of professional politicians, with attendant cohorts of rattle-baggers, running the machine at Lisbon, or flooding the country with their shamblering emissaries; meanwhile, industry decaying, agriculture declining, commerce at a standstill, and the national debt augmented till its periodic repudiation has become almost a habit—such are a few of the leading elements in the Portuguese present, elements that, in my judgment, find their common source in the utter unsuitability of the constitutional, parliamentary, and democratic system to the instincts and capabilities of the people. King Carlos saw, or thought he saw, in a reforming dictatorship the one hope of escape from a regime of profligacy and corruption that threatened moral anarchy and financial bankruptcy. He tried the experiment; it has failed. Was his diagnosis wrong or his remedy mistaken? If so, what is the cause of the condition which befouled him, and the true solution of the problem?

Adding 108 New Officers to the Army



Secretary William H. Taft presenting his Diploma to Cadet George R. Goethals. Upon the Platform is Brigadier-General George Bell, Chief of Staff



The Graduating Class. The Cadet in the front Row, indicated with the Star, is Glen E. Edgerton, of Machattan, Kansas, who stood at the Head of his Class

THE annual June cluster of West Point graduates matured on June 14 this year, possibly on account of the warm political temperature in the Far East, and Secretary William H. Taft handed over the sheepskin scrolls at the Military Academy.

The Secretary was received by a troop of negro cavalry and welcomed with a salute of seventeen guns. After a luncheon at Colonel Scott's quarters the graduation exercises were held in Cullum Memorial Hall. The proceedings were entirely informal in character, and were continually interrupted by outbursts of applause. After a short speech by Secretary Taft 108 new second lieutenants were added to the regular army, and each received a hearty handshake.

At the head of the ten ranking cadets, who have their choice of the five branches of the military service, stood Cadet Glen E. Edgerton, of Kansas. Fourth in his class was Cadet George R. Goethals, the son of Colonel Goethals, chief engineer in charge of the construction of the Panama Canal. Colonel Goethals was present when his son received the diploma.

"We may not have another Panama Canal for you to build," said Secretary Taft, "but we will try to find something else that is useful."

The graduates afterwards started on a brief leave of absence, before being assigned to their posts in the army.



HIS FIRST
DRAWN BY



URRENDER

B. KING



Mrs. Van Nostrand's Night of Triumph

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY Y. COBY

abandoned this as an unnecessary addition to the severe mental strain of the experience. German, Swedish, Norwegian, Irish, French, and Alsatian maids called, surveyed approvingly her charming little apartment, listened coldly to her enthusiastic recital of the simple joys and home comforts awaiting "the right person," and then, even more apologetically, disappeared.

It was at this point in the tragedy that Mrs. Van Nostrand confided to her friend Mrs. Brown, over the telephone wire, a deep satisfaction in having kept so record of the number she had personally interviewed. "For if I knew," she explained, "only, 'I should certainly have to tell some one. And no one in this wide, wide world, except perhaps Jack, would ever believe me!'"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Brown, distinctly. "I would! So would every woman who has tried to find a general housekeeper this year. American women are now divided into two classes," she continued, warming to her subject and bracing her elbow comfortably on the top of the telephone. "Those who have servants, and those who are trying to find them. You'll know the first by their apprehension, the second by their agony. Over the first the word is hanging; over the second it is not even doing that!"

Her fat, comfortable chuckle came to Mrs. Van Nostrand's ears like a taunting flout from some modern wraith's Sabbath.

"But never mind," she added, as if she had received an encore, "there is one depth you haven't reached. You don't know yet what it is to have one of them come, stay three months, win your affection, realize all your fondest ideals, make herself absolutely indispensable, and then leave because she had suddenly decided to 'specialize' and work exclusively for 'de four hundred.' When that happens you will have touched the bottom of the deepest abyss known to the American housekeeper. Telephone me then—and we'll take a little trip to Lakewood."

Mrs. Van Nostrand hung up the receiver with a puckered frown on her pretty, serene face. It occurred to her, as it had done several times before, that dear Mrs. Brown, while an admirable woman in many ways, had a humor that allied her to Nero. She expressed this lowly appreciation to Mr. Van Nostrand in the evening, over the skimpy dinner they were eating in a restaurant, with the one merit that it was near their apartment. The lady Jack designated as the "unspitful cook" had left abruptly that morning, owing to some ruffling hair with the janitor.

"That woman loves horrors," he returned, gloomily, referring to Mrs. Brown. "If there's anything worse coming than what we're getting, I, for one, don't want to know it beforehand. But there can't be. That's dimly comforting. Besides, if we ever do get a good servant, we'll have her hypnotized first, and then we'll put her on a leash the exact length of the flat."

Heard by this reflection, he resumed his dinner. His wife smiled wistfully. Never until then had she fully realized her husband's limitations and the disillusioning possibilities of matrimony. To have Mrs. Brown just airily over one's misfor-

times was annoying. To have Jack do it was a vital crisis in life. In that supreme moment she felt herself alone and at bay against the world.

When human souls are tested beyond their strength help comes from some source, call it what we will. The next day a young Danish woman came within Mrs. Van Nostrand's field of vision. She asked several respectful and intelligent questions, she furnished admirable references, she agreed to come to the Van Nostrand, and she came. All these things were new and strange in the experience of the unhappy housewife, who did not in the least expect her and who waited, for two days after her arrival, in breathless expectation of her prompt departure. She did not go. She remained; she did her work with surprising ease, and seemed to have an unconsciousness of her pitiful worth that was unmoney. She also condescended to Mrs. Van Nostrand that she desired to be called Hedvig, instead of her real name, which was Anna, explaining that she thought it less "common"; and she asked permission to change the boys on her cap, and expressed a preference for Wednesday instead of Thursday "out." These were distinctly encouraging incidents, marking a progress never reached before, and certainly justifying some hope that she intended to remain a week or two; but her mistress guardedly refrained from taking them seriously. She also resolutely diverted Jack's gaze from the rainbow of promise on which he gazed with

astonishment. "You are not going to let this warp your nature, are you?" asked Mrs. Brown, anxiously. "Sometimes it does, you know. I've known noble women whose characters were ruined by it. Meet it as a test, draw—as a source of development and all that. Make the servants slipping stones toward higher things!"

Mrs. Van Nostrand expressed an immediate and freely willingness to make the servants slipping stones, but conceded that she was a little vague as to the higher things.

"I've had my aspirations, like other women," she sighed, "but I'm resigned now to a very matter-of-fact and practical plane. If I can persuade some servant to live with me and do my work until we give up this apartment in a little while over no nothing more."

Hedvig sought her a little later and turned on her a radiant bland face.

"I wash clean all de silver," she observed, affably. "You got nice silver an' dishes. Wen we give little dinner parties we make de table look fine. Wen you going to have fren's dine wit' you? I like to get up little dinners!"

Mrs. Van Nostrand felt her being leap, as Dana's may have when the shroud of gold began; but she was a woman of character, and it showed none. She heard herself speaking with entire calmness. "Little dinners," long dreamed of in the past, had never taken a more tangible shape than dreams since her marriage four months ago.

"We will have no one until Saturday evening," she said, placidly. "Then we will have only two guests, so you may get up a nice little dinner for less. That will not interfere with your routine work on the general sweeping and cleaning of Friday."

When she returned to her library she sat down to write her first dinner invitation, her chest swelling with a sense of the greatness of the moment. The note closed, however, the stern disciplinarian of past months. Like all Mrs. Van Nostrand's recent expressions, it was guarded:

"DEAR EDITH.—Do you and Herbert have us enough to dine with us until Saturday evening at half after seven o'clock, and let us try a new cook in you if she is still with



To write her first dinner invitation



She furnished admirable references

me and strong enough to work? If she is not, we will dine at The Imperial.

"Affectionately yours,
"HENRIETTA VAN NOSTRAND."

The next twenty-four hours brought the reassuring information that the devotion of Edith and her husband was equal to the venture. Mrs. Van Nostrand read their note at the table with a satisfied smile, and the grim reflection that possibly Edith and Herbert were fond of dining at The Imperial.

"Mr. and Mrs. Verbeck are coming to dinner Saturday, Hedwig," she then said, blithely. "and we must do our best."

Hedwig turned to her with a sudden alert interest she had never shown before.

"Verbeck?" she repeated, quickly. "Is that the millionaire what lives on Sixty-eight Street?"

"Oh no," replied Mrs. Van Nostrand, carelessly; "quite another family, I think."

The face of Hedwig fell. She walked out of the room with a flogging step, her inert hand holding the tinsy at a dangerously acute angle. Mrs. Van Nostrand looked at her husband with a puzzled frown.

"Wasn't that odd?" she remarked. "She really seemed disappointed. Perhaps she was once in service with the other Verbecks."

Saturday evening brought the Verbecks that were not "other"—but prompt, optimistic, philosopher—an ideal twain on whom to try a domestic experiment. Great was their reward. Mrs. Van Nostrand had planned a very simple dinner of five courses, and had taken the precaution to order the dessert at the exterior's. She had herself laid and decorated the table and attended to the candles; but even with these old and tried friends her nervousness, as she seated herself, was so great that her first oyster found difficulty in making its way down her contracted throat. For a few moments she could not speak. The soft light of the candles seemed to dance before her eyes, and the cheerful voices of her guests came to her from a distance. Then she became conscious that a very deft, quiet figure was moving about the room, that plates were changed without a sound, that Mr. Verbeck was uttering almost too casual commendation of the soup. What had he expected? She drank a spoonful. It was streaming hot and perfect. She sat up and began to exercise her rôle of hostess.

Looking back on that dinner, she remembers it as one of the most delightful experiences of her life. Course after course was smoothly served, and the viands were so delicately cooked and seasoned that her old friends were wonderfully enthusiastic. Nothing could have been more admirable. Like her husband and her guests, Mrs. Van Nostrand gave herself up to the happiness of the hour. The foot lingers over each dish, new stories were told, old memories were recalled. When Hedwig had served the coffee and liquors in the drawing room Mrs. Verbeck turned to her friend with a look of inquiry.

"Well, I like your affectation of modesty about your dinner," she said, "and your own insinuations about your cook. I suppose this is like sending out your visiting card with 'Dancing' in the corner, when three hundred people come at twelve and stay till four. Not that we are complaining, my dear. If Herbert and I had a pearl of such price we'd never drop out!"

Henrietta smiled with fatuous assent. She was having many new ideas this evening, all strangely stimulating. She indulged in the luxury of another.

"Yes, she does very well," she said, condescendingly, "but, like all the rest of them, she needs constant watching—and a great deal of training!"

The "little dinner" was the first of many. For Mrs. Van Nostrand promptly adapted herself to her new position as preserver of a *chef*, and gave two or three dinners for four and six guests every week. She discovered a stout and capable German woman who was willing to help on such occasions for a small compensation, and so the winter passed the time of Hedwig's cooking and the Van Nostrand dinners grew up. Jack, who was the son of a famous editor, drew into his home



Saturday evening brought the Verbecks

many distinguished artists and men of letters who had known his father; and Mrs. Van Nostrand, herself the daughter of an eminent Western bishop, presented her letters of introduction, and in time attained to herself a host of the right kind of people. Hedwig soon knew them all, remembered their names, and had special favorites among them for whom she prepared her best dishes. Occasionally she made personal comments; usually on amusing that her mistress had not the heart to check her artless peevish.

"You got nice fr'a's," she once said, approvingly; "very nice, high-toned people. As I had heard Ingwich in his house what I never heard anywhere else. Such beans dey had! De night Mrs. Carmichael was here—my! I bin in de country twice years, but dat night I couldn't—understand—von—vord!"

There was a smile of pure bliss on her round features as she wandered away.

At other times a shadow crossed her fair sky. "Don't you know Mrs. Van der Peyster?" she asked, wistfully, one morning. Mrs. Van Nostrand admitted with some indifference that she did not. She was deep in her household accounts, her leave quivered a little over the discovery that there was a financial side to her simple dinners which was larger than she had realized. Hedwig looked disappointed, but held her ground. These chats with her mistress, whom she really sincerely liked, were bright spots in the day to her, and she had no thought of permitting the exigencies of domestic bookkeeping to prevent them. Her conversational flow rippled on until Mrs. Van Nostrand suddenly became aware that the domestic affairs of various members of the "four hundred" were being revealed to her in unctuous detail. "You know my sister, she married de coachman at de Schuyler Manhattan," cooed Hedwig, blithely. "so dat's how I know about dat scandal. De butler, he told my brother-in-law."

Mrs. Van Nostrand dropped from the intricate realm of finance into Hedwig's society, a flash of annoyance darkening her face as she realized that she had apparently been listening to a maid's gossip. It must be stopped at once—but guardedly. It would never do to offend a paragon of a servant.

"I hear Mr. Hedwig," she said, with an uneasy little laugh. "I know nothing about those people. I never give their private affairs any thought. Shall we try the new fruit salad for dinner?"

But Hedwig was deep in reflection.

"It's due to work for dem—de de four hundred," she said, gloomily. "Dey got everything. I often tink I'd like to work for a nice family—in sook!"

Mrs. Van Nostrand recalled the long array of church and legal dignitaries of her line that stretched far back into the past; and her lip twitched as she realized that she and Jack were found wanting, as to social position, by their excellent servant. Her eyes were brimful of amusement as she turned them on Hedwig, but that individual did not see the glance. She was following her own train of thought.

"You got nice fr'a's," she repeated, kindly and in a way of course—"this with a heavy sigh—"dey ain't in society."

Mrs. Van Nostrand remembered the world-famous artist and the great money-maker, when, only two evenings before, had been in New York was still limited, but as a girl in her Western home she had been a beauty and a belle; and in Paris and London, where she had been educated, she had friends. In such society as Hedwig could barely picture in her dreams. It was a proof of the degradation to which the servant problem reduced woman that for a wild moment some revelation of this social glory on Henrietta Van Nostrand's lips. She experienced a strong desire to mention casually to this general housekeeper the names of some of her titled intimates. But she was a gentlewoman and the honored moment passed. She turned to her desk with decision.

"Here is the menu for dinner, Hedwig," she said, quietly. "There will be no one here except my husband and myself." And Hedwig, feeling for once the superior force of a strong personality, resented her plump finger lingeringly from the jamb of the door and sought the retirement of her kitchen.

It was at this very hour that Fate directed the footsteps of Mrs. Brown toward the Van Nostrand home. To her the young housemaker recalled this most recent chapter in her domestic experience.

"You know," she ended, despairingly, "she actually looks down on Jack and me because we're not in 'de four hundred.' It's too utterly absurd, but it's quite true."

Mrs. Brown surveyed her with deep sympathy.

"Oh course," she corroborated. "And I'm sorry for you, my dear—but it's the beginning of the end. They're all snobs, and



The revelation was too much

apparently eaten one of Hedwig's little dinners. Her acquaintance in New York was still limited, but as a girl in her Western home she had been a beauty and a belle; and in Paris and London, where she had been educated, she had friends. In such society as Hedwig could barely picture in her dreams. It was a proof of the degradation to which the servant problem reduced woman that for a wild moment some revelation of this social glory on Henrietta Van Nostrand's lips. She experienced a strong desire to mention casually to this general housekeeper the names of some of her titled intimates. But she was a gentlewoman and the honored moment passed. She turned to her desk with decision.

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"Oh course," she corroborated. "And I'm sorry for you, my dear—but it's the beginning of the end. They're all snobs, and



A typical English girl

the praise you have been giving her has helped to ruin her. She feels now that she is good enough for 'society.' She wants to be a waitress or a parlor maid in some well-known family, and she will. I warned you. I told you it would be the next step. Better get ready for Lakewood. I give her a month more at the hotel."

Mrs. Brown was no Cassandra. As the days passed Hedwig grew restless and dissatisfied. She did her work apparently from force of habit, but half heartily; and she entertained numerous cousins in the kitchen, who, she afterwards proudly explained, were brothers and cousins in various families of high society.

"I can get a place in some nice family any time I want," she said one day. "My brother-in-law, he can get it for me." Then she added, kindly, "But I don't like to leave you, Mrs. Van Nostrand; you are very kind, and I like the place."

Mrs. Van Nostrand turned to her impulsively. "Then away, in Heaven's name," she said, desperately. "Try to realize when you are well off, Hedwig. Mr. Van Nostrand and I both like you and are willing to do anything we can to make you contented and happy. We have never spoken an unkind word to you. We have raised your wages twice in three months. We give you a great deal of time to yourself, as you know. We have the laundry work done for you. We will pay your wages while we are away this summer. What more, in reason, can you ask?"

Hedwig surveyed her with affectionate approval. "You bin very kind," she conceded, "but—I like to work in a nice family!"

Three days later Mrs. Van Nostrand received a cable from an English friend.

"Flossie and I sail Celtic June 15," it read. "Can you put us up?"

MARY SEYMOUR.

For the first time in many days Mrs. Van Nostrand broke into song. There was real happiness in this prospective visit of an old school-mate and another close friend, and it was especially fortunate that they were coming so soon—before Hedwig left! They would not stay long; they were "globe trotters," and probably prepared to exhaust all New York's attractions in two or three days—then, returning again to bright reflections. Mrs. Van Nostrand decided that it was very sweet to have them. She sought Hedwig at once, and explained. After two rapid glances the three agreed that the friends would arrive within a fortnight and he with her for several days.

"Of course you won't desert me until they have gone?" she asked, anxiously. With a look of deep injury at the mere suspicion, Hedwig stoutly asserted that she would not, and Mrs. Van Nostrand sent a cable as hospitably worded as her purse and cable rates permitted.

The trifle arrived, and so did "Flossie" and Mary Seymour—the former a typical English girl, tall, pink clothed, hair haired, wholesome, and athletic; the latter a matter-of-fact and middle-aged Englishwoman whose complexion had "gone off a bit," and whose hair was reluctantly twisted into the unyielding British bun. Mrs. Van Nostrand conducted them with pride to her tiny but exquisitely spare bedroom and listened with sympathy to their announcement that that very day they desired to see the Stock Exchange, the elevated train system, Mr. Vanderbilt's private gallery, "for which we're invitations, dear," the shops on Broadway, Brooklyn Bridge, and the Central Park. "And you're to lunch with us at the place they call Sherry's, my dear. Not that we doubt your cook, but we want to try his," remarked the older woman, with true British cordiality.

After the exertions of the day, however, they were glad to dine quietly at home that evening and Mrs. Van Nostrand prepared for her eight o'clock dinner with an apprehension. Hedwig was in good humor and looked very wholesome in her sunny cap and apron. It was Mr. Van Nostrand who newly precipitated a crisis during the second course.

"What did you think of the Stock Exchange, Lady Mary?"

Lady Mary Seymour.

he asked, casually; and as the Englishwoman replied Mrs. Van Nostrand, who had been observing with natural pride her guests' prompt appreciation of her husband, heard a dull click and saw one of her best pieces of old glass fall from Hedwig's nerveless hand. The maid flushed deeply as she bent to recover it, and her service during the remainder of the evening was of the faultless kind to which she had accustomed them. But when it casually developed over the dessert, due to some remark of Lady Mary's, that "Flossie" was not only the youngest, but the best beloved daughter of his Grace the Duke of Shropshire, the revelation was too much for the simple soul of the Van Nostrand's servant. She went from the room with almost a stagger that made Mrs. Van Nostrand follow her progress with anxiety.

Then suddenly grasping the explanation, Hedwig's mistress permitted herself the luxury of a swift inward chuckle. Late that evening she sought her husband with instructions concerning breakfast, and found her in the kitchen surrounded by several awe-struck servants from other apartments in the building. These words were hanging on the air as Mrs. Van Nostrand walked in on the impressed group:

"I know de minute I saw dose two," Hedwig was saying, solemnly, "and I was up against 'em—red ladies; and do kind here in America. But tilled ladies out 't best blood of Europe in dose women!"

Hedwig rose as she entered, and received with abject deference and humility the new instructions her mistress pleasantly gave her. Mrs. Van Nostrand's smile was very cordial as she returned to her guests.

"What an excellent waitress you have, Henrietta!" remarked the daughter of his Grace of Shropshire. "She seems so bright and intelligent. Don't you lost some one may steal her from you?"

"Yes," said Hedwig's mistress, "she is very satisfactory. But as to her leaving, I'm quite sure that no one can ever get her away from us now."

Two years later Mrs. Van Nostrand added a postscript to a long letter to Lady Mary Seymour. It read:

You will appreciate the strength of the chains of devotion that bind Hedwig to our home when I tell you that even the arrival of the lady has not weakened them. She adores him and is horribly jealous of his amusement. Of course he makes more work for her, the blessed darling, and the laundering of his little white dresses alone would fill any other maid's time; but Hedwig's affection stands the strain. She was in a fair way to spoil him, at first—wanted to walk about with him, and rock him to sleep, and do the other unhygienic and unmaidenly things on which science frowns so severely nowadays. But I read her an extract from one of your letters, describing the up-to-date care your brother's baby trevies, and Hedwig at once saw the error of her ways. She attaches an immense amount of importance to your views on all subjects. You seem to have won her entire confidence during your stay in our home."



The arrival of baby



Surrounded by several awe-struck servants



JAPAN'S FORMER MINISTER TO WASHINGTON RETURNS AS AMBASSADOR



THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS BARON TAKAHIRA ON BOARD THE "KUREHA," WITH MR. M. HANIBARA, SECOND SECRETARY TO THE EM-BASSY, ON HIS RIGHT, AND MR. K. MIZUNO, THE JAPANESE CONSUL-GENERAL IN NEW YORK, ON THE LEFT

THE AMAZING PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE IN KENTUCKY OF THE 119 COUNTIES 93 ARE ENTIRELY "DRY"



THIS MAP REPRESENTS THE PRESENT CONDITIONS IN THE BLUE GRASS STATE. THE BLACK COUNTIES AND BLACK SPOTS INDICATE "WINEKEY" TERRITORY; THE WHITE ONES SHOW PROHIBITION TERRITORY

DURING a period of less than two years the liquor traffic has been almost wiped out of Kentucky. It began with the passing of the County Unit Law, a year and a half ago, whereby the people obtained the right of local option as to the existence of the saloon. Of the 119 counties in the State, fifty-eight went wholly "dry." Nearly all the remainder abolished the sale of intoxicants outside the limits of certain cities.

Breathitt County went "dry" from the beginning, as well as a batch of counties through the mountain regions; but these, as everybody knew, the native moonshine industry was merely getting in its fling against competitive manufacturers and retailers. There was a slight migration of colonists, and weeds sprang up among some of the mist fields, but most people scoffed. There were few places in the "dry" zone beyond the reach of a nearby saloon.

Then, one by one, the counties began to turn out the liquor traffic. Bourbon went partly "dry." Now, after twenty months of local option, ninety-three counties are wholly "dry," and only four—Meade, Jefferson, Kenton, and Campbell—still remain "wet" as before the passage of the law. [Here is an interesting sequel:

The members of the General Assembly of Kentucky, now in session at Frankfort, have just received copies of the following letter:

"The Association of the Jailers of the State have caused to be drafted certain acts for their relief, now before the General Assembly for their consideration. These acts are intended to relieve the acute pecuniary conditions in which the jailers have been placed by the general adoption of local option laws in the State.

"The office of Jailer in counties having a population of less than 25,000 is now worthless, the fees being totally insufficient to compensate the Jailer or feed the prisoners . . . the compensation of Jailers . . . averaging less than \$100 per annum.

"The jail doors in nearly every county in which local option prevails are wide open and the Jailers have been compelled to engage in other pursuits for the purpose of eking out a scanty support for their families."

The passage of a proposed amended County Unit Law during the present session would result in 113 "dry" counties out of 119.

The Rich Man and His Money

By CHARLES JOHNSTON



SHOULD like to write an essay on "How a rich man comes by his money." I should try to show that, in every case, without exception, he comes by it because he brings some one something which that person urgently requires, and, further, he comes, seeing to it a certain breadth of faculty, he is able not only to bring something urgently needed to a great number of people, but by a further faculty of co-ordination he is able to set a great many at the same task, showing them what to do and how to do it, in order to make themselves effective. It is by thus rendering a double service to a great number of people, bringing what they want to these, and setting them to work, that a rich man comes by his money. He may give too little and ask too much; he may charge too high for his faculty of co-ordination; both these things are quite possible, and very often take place. But the point is, that he would have no power to ask too much, unless he were bringing something urgently wanted, and would have no power to charge too much for co-ordinating the work of others, were it not that he is rendering them an indispensable service.

One bears it said that the rich compel the poor to work. To this Cincinnatus has most wisely replied: "The rich do not compel the poor to work; Nature compels them to work. Work, the search for food, is the universal law of Nature, imperatively laid on all, young and old, male and female alike; and lasting the whole lifetime. All that the rich do is to show the poor what to work at; and this they do, not because they are rich, for a rich fool cannot do it, but because they have the useful power of seeing what is needed to be done, and co-ordinating the powers of others, to get it done. The poorest man in the country, if he have these two powers, will soon become rich. It is not capital that makes power effective; it is inherent power that makes capital effective. The richest men among us to-day began with no capital but their inherent power; and what we call capital is merely the register of that power, the evidence that the power has been exerted; but the inherent power is the real thing. Whatever form the state may have, we are, and always shall be, dependent on those who have the twofold power of seeing what is to be done, and of co-ordinating workers to do it.

But let us return to the present theme: "How a rich man spends his money," leaving for another time the fuller consideration of how he comes by it. Two or three days ago I heard a passionate orator and an ardent lover of his kind inveighing against the rich, for their boundless luxury; and at it once came into my mind to ask myself wherein does this luxury consist? I suppose the first thing that would occur to most people when luxury is spoken of, is a large amount of very rich food to eat, and rich wines to drink. But let a rich man try as he will, he cannot really eat much more than a poor man, and it is certainly the experience of most people that it is not wise for him to try, or pleasant for him if he does try. I do not believe that the richest man in the world really eats much more than other people, or gets a disproportionate share of the food supply of the world. He may pay a very big price for the food of himself, his family, his guests, but that big price does not represent a larger quantity of food, or does so only to a slight degree. What does it represent?

For any one who has imagination, there is a curious and wonderful story behind a "luxurious" bill of fare. Let us begin with the wines; and let us assume that they are genuine, for one can usually have the authentic thing by paying the price for it. The wines on a richly decked table really represent the work of hundreds of French peasants, with their wives and children, who, in the midst of a lovely country, rise early and toil late, with plowing and tender care watching over the growth and ripening of the fruit of what is one of the most beautiful and decorative plants in the world. Millions of these thrifty, simple people depend for their well-being and comfort on the constant demand for wines, and for the best and purest, and therefore the most expensive wines. The rich do not compel these people to work; Nature compels them to work. What the rich do is to influence the direction in which they shall work, and to bring within their reach all kinds of commodities in exchange for their work. Whether these good Frenchmen with their wives and children would be better employed tending some other kind of plant in their gardens is a totally different question, and one which I am not going to raise. But the fact is, that the most obvious feature of the "luxury" of the rich, the use of costly wines, really represents the well-being, the comfort, the home-life, of millions of good Frenchmen, in that sunny land where the vineyards are so rich a source of beauty, and of similar thousands of families throughout the Rhineland, or Italy, or Portugal, or the Crimea.

So other things on the same table represent the well-being, the family comfort, of shepherds on the hills, perhaps, of our own West, or of Wales or Scotland; or the wealth of fishermen on the rivers of Maine, or along our New England coasts; or down South, in the Gulf, or in the cotton-beds at the mouths of our rivers; or, again, the rarefied of hunters along the fringes of the swamplands, or among the woods and hills, or on the prairies; vigorous, adven-

turous men, with a warm love of every changing aspect of natural beauty, who are thus able to lead half-wild lives under the fair dome of heaven. It is just this putting in motion of a huge army of folk, scattered over widespread regions, carrying out exacting tasks, that makes the cost of an expensive banquet; and the rich man is simply the factor determining in which of a score of directions a constant stream of resources shall flow, bringing the power to work, and response for work, in a varied army of good people all over the world. Therefore, I am not raising the question whether these people might not be better employed doing something else. It is quite enough to say that they are their employments, and that they are able to keep them, because there is a demand for just these things, a demand wholly due, or in large part due, to the possession of riches. The rich man is something like a pool in the stream, past whom flows a continual current. He can divert it, to some degree, in this side or that; but the stream flows to him and from him, and his flow is perpetual.

For the basis of the whole thing is, that the richest man in the world cannot spend a penny except by paying some one for something. Simple as that fact is, it is perpetually forgotten, and we are harangued about the "luxury" of the rich, the creators ruthlessly forgetting that that "luxury" is only possible because a vast army of people are set to work, and paid for their work. The rich man is merely the focus of redistribution, and the redistributing process must go on all the time, otherwise we get nothing at all for his money, and in as poor as the poorest.

So we get this result as regards that most obvious part of luxury which consists in having very rich things to eat and drink. Then again, we may think of the "luxury" of the rich man as represented in rich clothes for himself, his wife, and his children. Now let me say very frankly that the richest man in the world does not wear two pairs of trousers at a time, and that the poorest, if so disposed, can generally come at one pair. So where is the great disproportion? The rich man, it is true, can have a different suit for every day in the year; and a young child conceivably not so long ago declared that his gentleman could wear the same suit twice. Far better is the saying of George MacDonald, that only a gentleman can wear an old coat gracefully; for any man who can has something of the gentleman in him. The numberless suits of a rich man who comes to have them represent the wages paid to numberless tailors, to numberless wood-makers, to numberless shepherds, and to the sailors and seafaring men who bring these wares from over seas. Again, it is a question of distribution.

Or take the splendors of the rich man's wife and daughters. These represent, somewhat as the wines do, the wages of hundreds and thousands of thrifty French people, not only those who do the cutting out and sewing, but the persons of charming taste, who make the gowns, the lace, the decorative buttons, the frills, and feathers. Then there are the thousands of other thrifty persons, who weave silks and satins and velvets; and, far away behind these, you can discern millions of dinky folk on the plains of Bengal, little brown children and their mothers feeding tooth-edged milberry leaves to white, crawling silkworms. A rigorous reformer may say that these Indian folk might be better employed at something else. Quite possible, though why cotton should be more virtuous than silk I cannot quite see. But the point is, that the raising of silk worms is what they are employed at; and every silk worn represents months of home life for such as these.

So with jewels of silver and gold, diamonds, rubies, pearls, and so on. They represent not only the well-being of gem-cutters and gold-smiths in the factories of our jewelers; but also the food and clothing of pearl-divers as far away as the South Islands, or New Guinea, or the Gulf, or of ruby-miners among the Burmah hills, or sapphire-seekers in interior Brazil, or of Kaffirs in South Africa.

But it may be said, that, in the case of French dresses, most of the money goes to M. Worth, or his like. A good deal does, no doubt. But what becomes of it then? M. Worth is no exception to the rule. He can only spend his money by paying some one for something. He is only a mere centre of distribution. For we should always remember that a dollar is not so much a commodity, as a means of exchanging commodities. An industrious dollar, even if it does not work on Sundays, may easily buy a dollar's worth a day, and so, at the end of the year, have purchased three hundred dollars' worth, and be just as good as ever, and ready to start on a new career of usefulness by the New-year. A dollar is not used up by being spent. It is just as good as before, and can keep on being spent indefinitely.

But what becomes of all those suits which the rich man, if he is also a covetous, lays aside at the end of the day or the week? Some one wears them out in every case, you may be sure; and his wife's Paris gowns in like manner. They told a tale not long ago, of the daughter of a man of wealth who, at a request, met a score of her former Paris gowns on the backs of a score of her fellow guests. Was any one wronged by that? The point is, that the rich man does not in reality get more than his fair share of clothes, any more than his fair share of food; or at least not very much more; and no one has less because of what the rich man has.

(Continued on page 32.)

Music and the Opera

DEBUSSY'S "PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE"

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



THE most memorable event in the history of opera in America since the first performance of "Tristan and Isolde" twenty-one years ago was commemorated on February 19, when Mr. Oscar Hammerstein produced at the Manhattan Opera House, for the first time in this country, Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande."

The occasion was memorable—was, indeed, of the first importance—by reason of the fact that Debussy's famous lyric-drama exhibits not merely a new manner of opera-making, but literally a new kind of music—a new way of conceiving and arranging tones; it is, to say the thing briefly, as strange and novel an apparition in the musical art that is contemporary with it (the point cannot be too often reiterated) as was "Tristan" when it left the desk of Wagner.

The history of this astonishing work may be outlined in brief. Based upon the familiar drama of Maeterlinck, and arranged as a "drame lyrique" in five acts and twelve tableaux, it was first performed at the Opéra-Comique in Paris on April 30, 1902, and it has since then held a place of increasing importance in the repertoire of that theatre. Early in January of last year it was performed at the Monnaie in Brussels, and in April a much-revised version of it was displayed in Frankfurt. Its production by Mr. Hammerstein is the third outside of Paris. Debussy began work upon the score in the autumn of 1903, and he was occupied with it at intervals until the spring of 1905, when the rehearsals at the Opéra-Comique developed the fact that the interludes between the different tableaux would have to be lengthened in order to occupy the time needed for changing the scenes.

The cast of the original Paris production contained Miss Mary Garden as *Mélisande*, Mr. Jean Périer as *Pelléas*, Mr. Hector Dufrane as *Golaud*, and Miss Gertrude Heuché as *Arcturion*; and it is a singular and fortunate event that Mr. Hammerstein should have been able to secure these singers for the Manhattan performances. To complete the record, the rest of the cast may be noted here: Miss Garden, Miss Gertrude Heuché and Messrs. Périer and Dufrane of course assumed the parts which they created six years ago; as to the other characters, Mr. Armand Goussier, Miss Sigrist, Le petit Yveland, and Mr. Charles Fa' Mésien, Mr. Clouffe Campaniel conducted. The stage manager was Mr. Jacques Cohn.

It has been said that "Pelléas et Mélisande" represents a new manner of writing opera, and that, further, it exhibits a new order of music, a novel and strange way of conceiving and combining tones. The characteristics of Debussy's art in general have so frequently been remarked upon in this place that it is perhaps unnecessary to discuss them again in detail in connection with a work so completely typical of him as is "Pelléas"; a score which displays every phase and condition of his art; which manifests all of his peculiarities, and every aspect of his style. In brief, these are its features, so far as they may be considered from a non-technical standpoint: The music is built upon a system of tonal structure (deriving its chief peculiarity from a use of the old church modes instead of the modern major and minor scales) which results in totally new harmonic and melodic effects. The voice parts are written with an entire disregard of lyric design—the characters, however, what is its effect a kind of stylized and diversified chant. The leit motif system—the scheme of associating persons, objects, and events with representative and recurring tones—is used, but it is used with suggestive subtlety and restraint.

Here, then, is an opera, which diverges startlingly from even so emancipated a thing as the Wagner music-drama, *Tristan and Isolde*. In moments of exalted emotion, utter that emotion with the frankest lyricism; *Pelléas* and *Mélisande*, in moments of like fervor, still adhere to the unformed and unsymmetrical declamation in which their language is elsewhere enclosed. It is the character in which they sing, who "Pelléas" has written music that is the dramatic moment. And with what an amazing order of eloquence it expounds the play! The huge and irresistible eloquence of Wagner is not to be sought for here. Taine once spoke of the "violent sobriety" of Victor Hugo's style, and it is a phrase that comes often to the mind in thinking of the music of Richard Wagner. Debussy's style, like "Pelléas," has written music that is rich in sobriety; but it is not violent. In its strange reticence, its unprecedented harmonic and melodic style, the exquisite quality of its instrumentation, inheres a kind of enchantment that



Miss Mary Garden
as "Mélisande"

musical has not before exerted—an enchantment that invades the mind by stealth yet holds it with exclusive power. This is music which it is difficult to praise with reserve, for it is, almost throughout, a product of inspiration, of one of the most exquisite and scrupulous intelligences in the history of musical art. It is saturated and suffused with beauty of a deeply individual kind, and it has enlarged the expressional boundaries of the art in a degree which is not really to be defined. The vast and inexpressible shades of Wagner's genius insipid at times upon the score—that is not to be denied, and it is a condition that is well-nigh inevitable; but it is a fact that is mentioned here only that it may be dismissed. The voice of Debussy speaks constantly out of this score, even when it momentarily takes the timbre of another, and none other, since the superlative voice of Wagner himself was stilled, has spoken with so potent and magical a blend of tenderness and fire, emphasis and allurement; with an accent at once enchanting and unique.

It is not possible within a limited space to consider in adequate detail the many phases of this singular work which invite discussion. One carries away from a survey of it, as has been said, a conviction of its almost continuous inspiration, of its profound originality. The score overflows with ideas, ideas that possess character and nobility, and that are often of deep and ravishing beauty—a beauty that takes captive both the spirit and the sense. In a curious degree the music is both contemplative and impassioned; its prevailing accent is that of still flame, of emotional quietude—the sweetest and most convincing of such a work as "Tristan" are absent; yet the dramatic fire of the score is strong and rich; for all its delivery of texture, it is neither pallid nor wan, and it is never lachrymose. The effect in performance of the voice parts, which would seem at first glance to threaten a certain persistence of accent, is the reverse of monotonous, for a constant variety is given to them by the prismatic and ceaseless harmonic changes in the orchestral current upon which they are upborne.

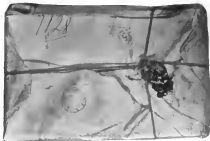
A necessarily brief word remains to be said concerning the performance of Debussy's unprecedented score by the forces assembled by Mr. Hammerstein, and it may best be summed up in the declaration that it was both surprising and delightful—surprising because of the formidable and disheartening difficulty of the work, and delightful in its almost undisturbed harmony of ensemble. For Miss Garden's *Mélisande*, Mr. Périer's *Pelléas*, Mr. Dufrane's *Golaud*, there is but one word: they were consummate. Miss Garden's *Mélisande* is an imagination which, in its absolute truth of conception and the beautiful and infinitely skilful manner in which it is bodied forth, is simply beyond praise. The *Pelléas* of Mr. Périer is a figure that must have filled the heart of Debussy with joy—a figure that seems to be an actual materialization of the ardent and native dreamer who lives for the imagination in the pages of Maeterlinck and his company. Mr. Périer is an actor of flame and imagination, and he employs a voice and in itself extraordinary with delightful artistry. The *Arcturion* of Mr. Dufrane is not only an ideal *Golaud*, he is one of the most admirable and impressive artists who have ever emerged upon the operatic stage of New York. His voice is superb, as is his use of it, both in respect of musical and dramatic execution. Miss Gertrude Heuché as *Arcturion* performed well an unimportant part. The *Idyl* of Mr. Armand Goussier is less satisfactory—he seems, as is natural enough, ill at ease in it, and he lacks both emotion and dignity. Miss Sigrist does creditably in the small but significant part of the boy Yveland. Of the manner in which Mr. Campaniel, assembling in an incredibly short time a musical ideas strange and new to him, read the orchestral score, the warmest praise would scarcely be excessive. It was a sheer miracle of comprehension and a good and lovely interpretation. The orchestra, by its accomplishment of a task full of peril and difficulty, covered itself with glory.

Mr. Hammerstein has furnished a setting for the work which is in most respects excellent. Its prime defect is its excess of brightness. Certain of the scenes, as they are put upon the Manhattan stage, lack illusion—they are not enough subdued, either in color or in lighting.

Of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, for his unexampled artistic courage in planning and effecting this remarkable presentation, let it suffice to say that he is happy for himself in the excess of brightness he rendered to him when, in responding to a certain call, he expressed the modest wish that, through his production of Debussy's work, he might perpetuate himself in our memory.

THE EYE THAT NEVER SLEEPS

WHAT THE RUSSIAN CENSOR DID TO PRINCE URUSOV'S BOOK



THE two cuts on this page illustrate in a pointed and vivid way the rigorous nature of the censorship in Russia. They are from photographs showing the obverse and reverse of a package sent from this country to Russia which failed to pass the vigilant eye of the censor. The parcel contained a copy of Prince Serge Dmitriyevich Urussov's new book, *Memoirs of a Russian Governor*, recently published in this country by Harper & Brothers. It was sent from New York by Mr. Herman Rosenthal, who translated Prince Urussov's manuscript into English, and was addressed to the author at Ruzica, in the Province of Kaluga. It was returned to Mr. Rosenthal stamped with an inscription to the effect

that it had been refused by the censor of foreign mail at Warsaw (in the reverse may be seen the wax bearing the impress of the Imperial Russian seal).

The contents of Prince Urussov's book are not of a kind to please the upholders and representatives of the Czar's rule in the empire. In it the truth about conditions under the Czar's rule is told by one of the "inside circle"—a prince of an ancient family, a member of the first Duma, and a courageous patriot. Prince Urussov reveals the methods of the governors, the machinations of the police department, and the intrigues and contraptions that are sapping the Slavonic government.

THE OLDEST CUSTOM IN THE WORLD

By BERTHA R. McDONALD



HE custom of setting aside a day for the playing of harmless pranks upon one's neighbor is almost universal and yet nothing positive seems to be known of its origin. Some authorities gravely go back with it to the time of Noah and the ark, and the *London Public Advertiser* of March 13, 1769, prints the following paragraph concerning this theory:

"The mistake of Noah sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first day of April, and to perpetuate the memory of this delinquency it was thought proper, wherever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand similar to that infernal message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch."

Another argues that at this time in the year the passion of our Saviour took place. As the Jews sent Christ back and forth to mock and torment Him—that is, from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back again to Pilate,—so this ridiculous and impious custom took its rise thence, by which we send from one place to another such persons as we think proper objects of our ridicule. Further confirmation is sought in the French name for an April fool—*poisson d'avril*, on the supposition that "poisson" is a corruption of "passion." This is a gruesome and wholly unpleasant hypothesis regarding an innocent pleasantness, and fortunately it cannot be credited. All *Poisson* day is both too old and too young for being coincident with the time of Christ—too old, if looked upon as a day set apart for amusement at the expense of others, and too young if the merriment be especially associated with April 1.

The most plausible theory is that which ascribes the origin of this custom to France. This notion held all Christendom in commencing the new year on January 1 instead of on March 21. Before the change was made the merry-making culminated on the octave of the feast, April 1, when visits were made and gifts bestowed. With the adoption of the new calendar in 1564, New year's day was carried back to January 1, and only pretended gifts and mock ceremonial visits were made on April 1, with a view to making fools of those who were so slow as to forget so important a change. The custom, once started, was kept up long after its origin had been forgotten, and its continuance will always be assured, for it appeals to a phase of human nature which asserts itself at all times and among all nationalities. The term "*poisson d'avril*" means just what it says, an "April fish"—that is, a young fish, and therefore easily hooked. Our American slang term "nicker" probably means much the same.

The Roman Saturnalia correspond in character to our All Fools' day, although it occurred at a different season and the same is true of the medieval Feast of Fools, when the classic wits of the pre-Renaissance period joined in all sorts of absurdities.

In Scotland a bit of foolery dating back a century or two is still practiced on April 1. It is called, "Hunting the Goshawk," pork, originally a crooked, meaning, by extension, a fool or a simperton. The trick consisted in sending a victim at some stated distance with a letter which contained a couplet such as this:

"This is the first of April,
Hunt the goshawk another mile."

The first victim then seeks a second, who he sends some distance further; the second sends a third; and so the deception is kept up until the victim suspects or is warned.

The ancient event which is most startlingly analogous to our All Fools' day from every standpoint is the *Pood* of Bhul in Hindustan. On the last day of the feast, March 31, the chief diversion is the sending of people on all sorts of wild-goose chases, which furnish merriment only to the sender and those who share his secret.

It is quite probable that the English borrowed the custom from their French cousins, as no trace of its existence in Great Britain can be found prior to the eighteenth century. What are known as "sleeveless errands" have always been special favorites on this day. Great fun is the rejecting if a rustic can be found so simple as to apply at the village bookstore for a copy of the *History of Eve's Disobedience*, at the grocer's for a pint of pigeon's milk, or at the haberdashery for strap oil. This last is a prime favorite, and the colder, usually familiar with the game, proceeds to give the applicant plenty of strap without the oil.

The old custom of leaving a valuable looking pocketbook with a string attached in a public place, and the trick of making it heavy and hard, so that he who contemptuously kicks it aside may come to grief as surely as he who trustingly tries to pick it up, still find their victims with April 1 of each succeeding year. The small boy of 1908 will probably take as keen delight in pinning an "April Fool" on the coat tails of the dullest as did his great-great-grandfather before him.

Our American youth is huddling over with ideas for April fooling. What solid comfort it is to the street urchin to place a brick under a hat on the sidewalk, and see the passer by kick at it with disconcerting effect upon the toe, or to lay a hot brick or iron carelessly where it may be picked up—and dropped! What joy in the youthful offspring who can persuade Peterkin to wipe an imaginary bit of sweat from his nose and be called "April Fool" for his pains!

Indoubtedly the passing years will still find the youths and maidens exchanging chocolate crosses filled with cotton or cinnamon drops plentifully stowed with anyone on April 1, and we would not deny them these pleasures, for hank it not been written.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."



Making the World Go Round

By PROFESSOR SIRIUS J. ASTEROYD

A MOVING experiment was recently witnessed inside the chapel of Columbia University, where hallowed memories cluster thickly around the walls. The earth, which had suspended to the public holiday, was moved by the pleading of the Star Room, and, after a special permit had been obtained from the dancing delegates of the Union of Interstellar Star-waltzers, all went spinningly and half closing-down time at half past five.

The felt inclined to drowse inside the hot, sleepy chapel, where visitors and alumni clustered thickly on all the seats that were available. In the front row was a small but bearded deputation, which many took to be Columbus, Copernicus, & Co., but subsequently turned out to be the committee of the Rabway (New Jersey) Flat Earth Association, who had come to see fair play.

Addressing this small minority of unbalanced theorists, the Professor said that the earth went round, and nothing was easier than to prove it. With patience, perseverance, a moderate outlay, and two life insurance policies, she can be set spinning within the limits of any average flat.

The first thing needed is an oblate spheroid, such as can be obtained from any druggist or hardware store. Lift up the cover of the bleed piano, insert the hand deftly and incessantly within the movement, pull out a hundred and ninety feet of wire. Attach one end of this to the dome of the flat, and from the other end suspend your spheroid over the breakfast table, with a small tondril of hair trailing below, such as you can obtain from your wife's dressing table in the night watches. Now make a pool of ink in the centre of the tablecloth, and set the spheroid swinging. In such a way that the tondril sweeps through the ink and records a fine line across the cloth. After a lapse of time divergent lines appear, and by the end of twenty-four hours you will have a beautiful pattern of the

Japanese flag, as well as the knowledge that the world goes round.

This is how it is proved, said the Professor. When the weight is set in motion, the vibrations of its pendulum-like action moving in a plane parallel to its orbit, across the transverse line which the earth's axis in its lateral swing by calculating the diurnal relative plane of transverse oscillation has been reckoned upon the latitude which a pendulum laterally inclined over the rotatory, . . .

The Professor said that he was going to set the earth in motion and proceeded to do so.

A blushing miss now came forward to turn

the string which held the weight from oscillating. Meanwhile Professor O'Rynn took up his station behind a telescope and peered anxiously through.

"Is her string on straight?" shouted Professor Polariss.

"Yep," said Professor O'Rynn.

"Then let her go," he shouted.

He was too late, for the string had been loosed through; and with a darting motion the weight began to swing through space. Fascinated by the flight of the iron ball, the scientists regarded its long and solemn swoop with eyes that burned. None of them hardly seemed to breathe.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" gasped Professor O'Rynn.

"Oh! Isn't it cute?" exclaimed a rapturous Bernard freshman, who by some strange chance had managed to include herself among the elect. A simultaneous and icy glare from eight wise men from the poor girl so suddenly and effectively that she has not to this day giggled the charming little giggle with which she intended to emphasize her explanation.

The iron ball now glided to and fro as smoothly as the far-famed frigate-bird over ocean's foaming crests. The scientists gazed, enraptured. And still they gazed and still the wonder grew how that great thing could flow and flow and flow.

"Stop it! Oh, stop it!" cried a pallid prof who had dashed furiously all the way across the campus. He leaped toward the iron ball and would have grabbed it in midflight if he had not been tackled and neatly thrown by a Columbia hero who had recently turned his attention from football to astronomy.

"Stop it, I tell you!" gasped the pallid prof, still struggling in the grasp of the tackler. "You don't know what you're doing—"

"Thirty cock, I call that," commented Professor Polariss, with a frosty stare.

"You're disorganizing the harmony of cosmic dispositions," growled the pallid one upon the floor. "For the last five minutes the recorder of the seismograph, which it is my function to attend in yonder tower, has been quivering and jiggling, then plunging by leaps and bounds. It's awful! You've knocked London and Paris off the map."

And still the iron ball swooped noiselessly to and fro. Presently a stout, military-looking gentleman wrapped in a huge and shaggy coat of fur marched with dignity up the aisle.

"In this company," he began somewhat testily, "I presume I need no introduction, but in order to be quite safe I will tell you that I am Major Ursa, whom you astronomers pretend to know so well. Listen to me. You are jangling the music of the spheres, filling universal space with conspicuous discord. Will you stop this infernal experiment? Will you?"

"We will," replied Professor Polariss.

They did.





The Season's Plays

OTIS SKINNER AS AN ADMIRABLE SWAGGERER

By "I"



FOR a fancied reason of relevancy the writer recalls his introduction to Mr. Otis Skinner. It was in the street in Baltimore, the day after that city's memorable fire. With his brother—and many thousand others—Mr. Skinner was wandering about the shattered highways, gazing in the compelled silence which affected every one there at the monstrous destruction. He and Miss Ada Rehan had come to town to give two Shakespearean plays, and that Monday night were to have played "The Taming of the Shrew." Incidentally, but for an obvious reason, there was no performance that night, so in the afternoon Mr. Skinner was strolling up and down the crowd-filled streets shoulder to shoulder with the population of Baltimore.

Mr. Skinner was a most decorous citizen. His hands were thrust deeply into his pockets, and as if he realized that he was an outsider, as it were, at such a time, he persistently clung to the background of the scene, moving close to the wall, and otherwise yielding way to the eager, hurrying people of the town. He was particularly quiet and inconspicuous.

The next time the writer met him, what a change had occurred! The meeting was in the small French town of Lucan, and into this seclude community he came with wide strides, outstretched, mouth filling out, and much vehement bending of an elbow came. Gone were the decorum and reserve, gone the self-effacement and modesty, and in their place a most dazzling assertiveness and arrogance accompanied by an assurance without parallel.

The curious feature of this second manifestation on Mr. Skinner's part was that it instantly won both sympathy and regard. He was a bully to be uprooted, and his noise and bluster were delightful. Every time he lunged his cane and set the atmosphere aflutter for yards around, the temptation to get up and bang too was almost irresistible.

Now in justice to Mr. Skinner that while, during the Baltimore incident, he was in *person*, in the French environment he was Colonel Philippe Brada, late of the army of Napoleon Bonaparte and an officer of the Legion of Honor. By way of further explanation it should be stated that the era of French territory which he so superbly dominated had been transplanted to the stage of the Hudson Theatre in order to afford a setting for one of the most admirable examples of character-acting New York has seen in many seasons, "The Honor of the Family."

The play is an English adaptation by Mr. Paul M. Potter from the French play, "La Rabouilleuse," which is based upon a story by Balzac entitled, "Le Moine de Clermont." This is certainly an array of cooks, but the result is satisfying to a degree. For Mr. Skinner the play provides him with a great personal success, and it is quite sufficient to say that the rôle of the rollicking Colonel fits him as admirably as do his skin-tight breeches. As for plot, it is simple enough: a rich and sensible noble, Jean Jacques Rouget, has installed in his house a housekeeper, one Flora Braster, whose chief occupation is that of swindling money out of the old man. She has a lover, Max Gilet, and, of course, much gossip centres upon them. To effect the convictions of the villagers, and, at the same time, to clear the way for her supreme stroke, Flora persuades again her childish benefactor to install Gilet in the house in order, as she expresses it, "to have a man in the house." The scheme of the immortal young woman is to get old Rouget to invest a large sum in her name and then fly with Gilet and the money. At this juncture arrives the swaggering Colonel Philippe. His mother has just been refined a son by her brother, the old skinflint, and is in despair. Philippe is not in the house five minutes before he thoroughly masters the state of affairs, the cruelty of Flora, and his uncle's ignorance of her true character. Thereupon he appoints himself rescuer, and declares war upon Flora and Gilet. As this is all made clear in the first act, the succeeding three scenes themselves with the most delightful duel of wits between Philippe and the young woman. Of course he is victorious, although this involves a real duel with Gilet, in which the

latter is killed, and the old man and his money are not parted. The entrance of Philippe upon the scene is admirably effected. Just when Flora and Gilet have announced all the things they intend to do to this hapless Colonel fellow, he strides past the wide window, stalks into the house, proclaims in a very loud voice that he has come to see his uncle and, incidentally, to intend to get him out of the house, and then stalks out again with the disconcerting statement that he will be back as soon as he has finished his cigar. The few moments he is on the stage during this first act suffice to indicate what the swaggering woman may expect of her visitor. In the subsequent acts he justifies the most extravagant expectations.

As a rule, one feels a decided disinclination to sympathize in any way with the man who bullies a woman, but the Philippe of Mr. Skinner does it so well, now with the most persuasive courtesy, now with equally polite force, that his appeal is irresistible. He is detestable enough to meet the woman's cry of "No!" and his happiest and most successful moments are those in which he has succeeded in leading her into a tangle. Old Rouget is as much opposed to the methods and intent of Philippe as is Flora, but, bless your heart, this simply delights the middle. He is determined to save his uncle and his fiancée in spite of him, so he takes the upper hand with his uncle just as firmly as with the woman who is plotting for the money. If uncle wants to do something which nephew thinks ill advised, nephew sees to it that uncle does not do it, say, does not come anywhere near doing it. And with what rare good nature does Philippe deal with the household from maid to master! However loudly he may bang with his cane he is never for a moment ruffled out of his easy, good-natured mood. All he asks is that people do as he says and do it now! (Crack! falls the cane.) It is in the scene in which Philippe makes it quite clear to Flora that it is time for her exit that Mr. Skinner demonstrates his fine grasp of the character of Philippe and is at his best. Mr. Skinner's portrayal of the part is, throughout, upon such a high plane that it is unsafe of criticism to remark on any moment as better than others, as what is here meant is that the playwright in this scene provides him with lines which permit of stronger character-drawing by the actor. It is delightful when Philippe, after telling Flora what a nice, pretty girl she is, and how readily he himself could fall in love with her, stops and kisses her on the back. Flora is far from pleased with this attention, nor does she accept as a career the astounding slap upon the bare shoulder which Philippe gives her by way of emphasis to one of his jewels of advice. With all his brusqueness, Philippe does not treat her roughly even when she attempts to strike him. He then catches her arm, slips it into his own, and with a low, cooing her from the room. Again in Mr. Skinner delightful when Flora throws herself at his head, trusting to prove as resolute to him as to his doddering uncle. Philippe accepts her homing, and when she leans upon his bosom he goes as far as to take her in his arms. And just as she is congratulating herself upon a belated conquest, Philippe holds her very tight and tells her that he is far too old to be entrapped by any such ruse. Then he lets her go.

It is this sort of audacity which wins Philippe's way for him throughout the play, and it is conducted with such restraint that one can not fail to appreciate that one false swagger would ruin the part, make it swindling and ordinary instead of dashing and convincing. The rôle of Flora is played by Miss Percy Hawfield, and while at times her interpretation lacks fire, particularly in the last act, her performance is decidedly the best thing she has done in years. Old Rouget is played by A. G. Adams, and is a most convincing and truthful characterization. The other members of the cast are good, but of course Mr. Skinner dominates the scene. His reception in New York must certainly have been most gratifying to him.

None can dispute the courage of Miss Olga Nethersole in presenting "L'Idiotisme de la Vierge," with which she opened the second week of her engagement at Daly's Theatre. To revive this grotesque, inept play of Scrible and Legance in these days when its poor old bones



Mr. Otis Skinner is that admirable Swaggerer, "Col. Philippe Brada," in "The Honor of the Family"

THE FINAL ACT OF PORTUGAL'S TRAGEDY



THE DUK OF THE INFANT KING CARLOS BRIMS PAST THE SPOT WHERE THE ASSASSINATION TOOK PLACE. BEHIND THE CATA-FALQUE WALKS THE KING'S FAVORITE CHARIOT ACCOUTRED IN FUNERAL TRappings

WHAT THE BANKS DO FOR NOTHING

By CHARLES W. STEVENSON



HE government at Washington is so relentless in running down counterfeiters, that there is little danger in taking the coin and currency of the realm. Still, there are a few counterfeiters floating around. The fascination of making money in mounds, and by means of dies and stamps, seems to be greater than the moral courage of man. It is to be believed that

as long as money is used there will be continued attempts to counterfeit it. Therefore, to have a counterfeit detector in the community in which you live is no small boon to the business man. This is one of the gratuities of the bank. It has in its employ an expert who is able to detect any counterfeit, and who will do so for a customer, indeed for any one, without pay. The bank charges nothing at all for this service. It is a distinct one, and there are few men in business who have not at some time availed themselves of the privilege and favor.

And speaking of money, the bank keeps a stock of good money of all denominations on hand all the time. It will exchange one coin or bill for another at any time it is asked to do so, and holds itself ready to furnish a customer with any denominations he may want. The advantage of large bills and of small change is too apparent to every one to require more than mention. Also the bank, knowing the desire of men to have clean new money, crisp, crinkling bills, gathers the old money and sends it into the Treasury to be replaced by new. The expense of shipment is borne by the bank. There is no charge whatever for this good work. It goes as a part of the business, and the teller does not ask whether the man is a customer or not. He performs this service with gladness, accuracy, and dispatch.

The handling of money, however, is but a small part of the business of a bank. We have been educated by the late panic to know just what part the check plays in our business affairs. Under unusual circumstances, and the scarcity of currency because of the war, customers were requested to write checks in place of using cash. They did so with remarkable unanimity and appreciation of the situation, and the result was that all domestic business was transacted without the use of money. In normal times this is going on all the time. The check is written against the depositor's credit. It calls for money, yet in but few cases is the money actually demanded, even when there is no financial disturbance. The money in use is just enough to pay for those small articles of purchase for which a man does not wish to write a check. It is the balance in the merchant's drawer after he has made his regular daily deposit. It is that which the farmer carries for his current

needs. It is the funds a traveler must have where he is not known. Even he, however, carries the bulk of his money in a draft or a letter of credit. Money, it has been found, is two to four per cent. of the volume of trade, as measured over the bank counters. The experiment was tried for the purpose of ascertaining proportions with this result. So that in normal times there is very little money in passage from hand to hand. The check, therefore, need not call for money, and does not as a rule. It is deposited as so much cash. It is charged to the account of the drawer and credited to the account of the drawee. It will be seen that, after checks have thus been in use for some time, the deposit represents not money, but credits deposited, and these credits are based on a man's ability to pay in the ordinary course of purchase and sale. They do not represent money, but rather financial ability.

A man may originally check on a credit arising from borrowed money. This is checking on his business standing and ability, and this is what the bank credit must represent. So that men pay their debts in business with the debts of other men; and the process goes on with great variation and endless continuity. The part the bank plays is to stand as the temporary custodian of this credit power. It holds the man's declared ability to pay, his financial capital, if such a term may be used, in trust. Under his instructions it pays this to another man and gives him credit on its own books. Millions of dollars are thus transferred every year. The individual bank becomes a clearing house for customers' checks. And if, as we have noted in the immediate past, there should be a part of the money or cash the checks represent called for, and the money should not be forthcoming at its own expense, based on its assets, the bank issues in small denominations what are known as cashier's checks. These take the place of money. Now when one thinks of the numberless transactions of a year's work in business, and at the items which the banker handles, he is convinced that here the bank does a great and useful work for nothing. The accommodation of the bank is shown when it is observed that the size of the balance kept with the bank has nothing to do with the size of the check. Small accounts are cared for with the same facility as large ones. Indeed, the small account is valued because it is small; a large number of small accounts being better than a few large ones. But the amount in the credit of the individual has nothing to do with the number of the checks he may write, albeit the large account avails the deposits and makes more for the volume of business. These checks are firing about like leaves in autumn. The bank handles them all. They



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TEN TO SEVENTEEN
A Book of Fun



carred all the debts of the community by transferring the credits due from one to another, that is, they transfer the unexpressed capital of one to another, cancelling the indebtedness of the people. This cancellation of indebtedness by means of checks that pass each other and neutralize each other in the bank is one of the prettiest benefits of the bank to the people. No other institution performs this service. And since it does not make any more money for the bank to pay two checks than one, or twenty than one, here is a purely gratuitous service little thought of by the customer. Again, it is of inestimable advantage to the customer that this check may bear any amount to the single cent, and still be paid at the bank. We are able to make payments thus that if they had to be made in money would take time and cause error.

The writing of exchange is one of the features of banking that does not bring a proper return. The immense expense in labor, postage, and collection charges borne by some of the large city banks is one of the problems of banking. But taken as a whole, there is for the customer little charge for foreign exchange. The draft on New York, Chicago, San Francisco, or St. Louis, as the case may be, costs the customer practically nothing. Yet the bank must pay expressage on the transfer of money to these centres, and does so without charge to the customer. Here and there a nominal fee is charged for writing a draft without reference to its size. But in countless places there is no charge whatever, no matter the size. That a man should ask another business man to send him money—the customer's money, if you will—all over the world to pay bills, and charge nothing, would be considered outrageous in any other business. It is an integral part of the banker's free service. He does not expect anything else than that his customer shall ask for this accommodation. Nor does the customer hesitate to ask the favor. If one will try to think of the inconvenience of paying bills at a distance by the sending of exact amounts of money he will readily appreciate the good work of the bank in this particular, for which practically nothing is charged.

Another thing the bank does without charge, since there is no charge save the interest collected on loans, is the keeping of a stock of credit on hand. The business man waits until he needs the money, then he goes to the bank and borrows it. The individual money lender could not thus keep a stock on hand all the time. It is the margin of small amounts that enable the bank to keep on hand at all times an adequate stock of credit. This is a favor not fully appreciated because not understood.

If one were to undertake to enumerate the special individual services that are performed without charge for customers it would include most of the ordinary affairs of business. The bank holds itself in readiness to give financial advice as far as it is able to a customer. Anything in the ordinary customs of business would come under the head of knowledge one may derive from the banker. In a large institution where there are many men, it is a fact that there is scarcely any kind of financial transaction that cannot be explained to the layman or customer. And in a hundred other ways that need not be enumerated the bank is ever performing some service for the customer and the public for which it charges nothing. And it stands all the losses and never complains.

Felicitous

A NEW ENGLAND MAN, who flatters himself upon his aptness in saying the proper thing at the proper time, recently revisited his old home in Vermont, whither he has not gone in ten years or more.

Among those he met during the first day of his visit was a quizzical speaker, who, with a shrug, said:

"I'm Miss Mullins. You don't remember her, of course."

"Remember you!" exclaimed the New England gallant. "As if I could help doing so, Miss Mullins! Why, you are one of the landmarks of the town!"

A
GRAND
FINALE
TO A
CHAPTER
OF
COURSES

A
GRAND
FINALE
TO A
CHAPTER
OF
COURSES



**LIQUEUR
Pères Charreux**

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting-up of the article since the monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle, and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious secret. No liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain. At New York: Wm. Stearns, Green, Horst, Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

TEN TO SEVENTEEN A BOOK OF FUN

Imported Cocoas
Are higher in Price
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The fact that our Government collects Heavy Duty on the same ABSOLUTELY does not improve the Quality, but only INCREASES the Price.

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Is the Perfection of American Manufacture, and to

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stands without an equal.

Quality Higher than Price

Price within the reach of all



IT'S UP TO YOU
See Your Grocer

Bruno, the Butcher's Boy; OR, THE SECRET OF A SOCIETY SAUSAGE

By F. P. PITZER



W

"This has nothing whatever to do with the game of Bridge. It is merely an ejaculation by Mary, the cook. She thus ejected upon hearing a rap at the cellar door.

She knew the master was out—she didn't know how much. She knew the mistress was out, or almost, as she had on her opera dress. She knew the children—but there were no children.

Then who could this intruder be?

Taking a firm grip she threw up the window. Looking out, she saw, standing by the basement door—Bruno, the Butcher's Boy.

II

Now Mary knew that her master, in a fit of jealousy, had threatened to take this young man's life. He didn't say where he would take it to.

This threat was brought about when the old man learned that his wife was infatuated with this boy.

And yet, despite this warning, here was Bruno. Mary hurried down the stairs and flung open the door.

We might add right here that our story opened on a rainy day. We know it sounds foolish to open a story so far along, but we must honestly confess that we overlooked the matter when we began, and there's no use rewriting the whole thing just on account of a little weather.

"Bruno," began the cook, "why do you come when you know if Master Gustavus ever caught you your life would not be worth six pence."

"Now, Mary, don't talk that way; you know I have come to see Mrs. Gustavus, the woman I adore, the woman I love." At the boy said this his head dropped; but he picked it up again. It was a pig's head that he had in the basket for a customer.

"But, Bruno, remember she is married."

"I know it. You see, when I was a lad my mother often called me to her and told me that when I grew up I should be sure and take unto myself a good wife; and Mrs. Gustavus is about the best wife in the neighborhood. Is she not?"

"Yes; it was too rainy for her to go to the links to-day."

"I suspected as much, so I have brought the links to her. Upon saying this, Bruno brought forth his basket a big string of sausages and handed them to Mary.

"Give them to Mrs. Gustavus with my love," he added.

Then he left.

III

Three days are supposed to have elapsed since our last chapter. It is needless to say that Mrs. Gustavus, upon receiving the gift,

pressed it to her lips. "The papers said this was ground-slag day," she whispered.

Little did she wait, however, that her husband was wise to the whole situation.

And now, on this third day, something dreadful happened—something I almost hesitate to describe.

Upon opening her parlour Mrs. Gustavus staggered back. Then she let out a terrific scream. The servants all rushed into her room to learn the cause of the disturbance.

They learned it. As she lay back in a chair their mistress gasped:

"One of the sausages has been stolen!"

IV

The scene changes to a little butcher-shop on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington.

Behind the counter, in a white and immaculate apron, stands our hero, Bruno.

Suddenly a tall, handsome-looking man enters. He wears a frock and a fur overcoat.

"Have you any sausages?" he asks.

"Scarcely," says Bruno, as he hops into the box and brings back a plateful of sausages that were formerly employed on the New York Police force.

"One pound, please."

Paid! What horrid associations that word has with sausages! Receiving his purchase the man flung Bruno a coin and hurried out.

Bruno smiled at making such a rapid sale.

But little did he know that the man who had just left him was the husband of the woman he admired—Mr. De Altye Gustavus.

V

The big divorce proceedings which the papers had pictured and printed about were on.

"Did you ever give this woman any presents?" the lawyer for the plaintiff asked Bruno.

"Never," hissed Bruno. He couldn't tell a lie from potato.

"It's a falsehood!" yelled Mr. Gustavus.

The Court roared for order.

"Can you prove it?" Gustavus was asked, internally, by the defendant's counsel.

"I can," he almost shrieked. "I can." And then he put his hand into his inside coat pocket, pulled forth his checkbook, and took therefrom the accusing message. The sausage was matched with those brought in the store in color, thickness, and quality. Mrs. G.—fainted. Bruno confessed.

And Mr. Gustavus lived happily ever afterwards—alone.

THE RICH MAN AND HIS MONEY

(Continued from page 24.)

Then there are fine houses. And here we do see a great advantage in favor of the rich. They can get better locations and more space, more elbow-room. But, on the other hand, if they do get more space in our towns they pay big taxes, which are spent for Board of Education lectures in the People's Free University, or in shoveling snow off the streets, or paying the salaries of policemen, sheriffs, mayors, and so forth, who are there to provide for the well-being of the poor. And the building of the houses has brought an immense redistribution: wages to expert bricklayers who get five or six dollars a day; or to skilled stone-cutters or carpenters or wood-carvers, or painters, or paper-hangers, and so forth of infinitude, to say nothing of men with more brains—architects, designers, and a host of others whom any one can fill in for himself. And even if we do admit, as we must, that the rich man has a great advantage in the matter of room-space, we should at the same time remember that even the richest man in the world cannot be in two rooms at once; just as he cannot with convenience wear two pairs of trousers at once; while even the poor man can come by one room and one pair of trousers. Things are much more on a level than our orators will admit, and the difference, where it does exist, is almost wholly mental, of the thought and feeling, rather than of fact.

And here I must say frankly, if the vast mass of poorer people do not get very much for their work, it is because they do not give very much. They can only do one thing over and over again, and that not a very difficult thing, or one that another cannot do just as well. They are monotonous repeaters of one single movement or

act, because they have never evolved their talent originally, never dared to roll on their minds to come forth and illumine their work, and set on it a seal that no other man can imprint, and so make it priceless. The remedy is more soul.

Then the rich man has increased facilities in transportation, steam-yachts, special trains or private cars, automobiles, and so on. But one can be just as secure in a yacht as in a fishing boat; and I for my part get far more pleasure out of a sailboat that I can handle myself than any multimillionaire does from a yacht with a score or two of hired people to do all the work. And we should remember, too, that if the rich man does get his private car, it is due to the creative energy of him and such as he that are less gifted folk are able to ride in the day cars and get across our towns in a few days, something we could never have come at by ourselves. So if he has his yacht, we have the ocean liners, save more the work of creative and gifted men, of whom we are the beneficiaries. And if automobiles are the plying of the few to life, something will come from that which will benefit the rest of us to-morrow. This is the universal rule of human life.

So we have run through the more obvious things of luxury. We have seen that in every case the rich man only seems to have more than the rest of us. And, finally, we have seen that riches are but the result, the register, of two things: power to see what is needed, and power to set many supplying the need. We look too much at the results. By the time the riches are visible the power has been exerted already and has passed on. We should look less to the result, and more to the power. If we did, many orations would have to be modified, and much saffron would result.

When We Take Care of the Pennies

Amount saved by the American people eating one-fourth less meat for a year, \$225,000,000.

United States gold reserve, December 1, 1907, \$173,000,000.

Amount saved by the American people drinking one-fourth less liquors for a year, \$110,000,000.

Net imports of gold, November 1 to December 31, 1907, \$106,000,000.

Amount saved by the American people smoking one-fourth less cigars for a year, \$37,000,000.

Cost of New York Subway, \$40,000,000.

Amount saved by the American people wearing clothes one-fourth longer, \$125,000,000.

Standard Oil Company fine, \$25,000,000.

Amount saved by the American people wearing hats one-fourth longer, \$12,000,000.

Largest benefaction ever made in one year by any American philanthropist, \$15,000,000.

A Prisoner

AN army officer stationed at an inaccessible island post in Narragansett Bay recently engaged a young woman of Hibernian extraction as a domestic. Three days after her arrival at the post she announced to the family her intention of leaving.

"What is the matter, Mary? Is the work too hard?" inquired Mrs. Blank.

"No, indeed, ma'am," replied the maid; "the work is easy, and you're a nice family to live with."

"Then why don't you stay?"

"Faith, and it is so hard to get away from here. When you told me this place was on an island I did not understand that it was entirely surrounded by water."

Ring Out the Old

"I'm a belle!" said a spinster of Delaware.

Which we thought was absurd (though to tell her were

impertinent and ill bred).

But her rude nephew said,

"We're of aunt's anti-bellum air well aware."

J. ADAMS STRAWSON.

A New Answer

Mrs. BENTHAM. "Why does a hen cross a road?"

BENTHAM. "Well, some old hens go around to tell the latest gossip to the neighbors."

Indian Girl Telegraphers

ACTING upon the recommendation of the telegraph committee, the Indian government has just authorized the employment of women operators.

The candidates must be between eighteen and thirty years of age, and they must be unmarried or widows. They must undergo training of twelve months in the telegraph training classes, during which time they will receive \$6 a month, the same allowance that is drawn by male operators. Selected candidates on leaving the training classes will be on probation for one year. Upon appointment, they will receive salaries varying from \$10 to \$20 65, which are very large upon the scale of living expenses in India. There will be pensions, with no liability to transfer; but resignation will be compulsory in the event of marriage.

As Usual

Dr. STYLE. "You say Miss Gotrox is a clever ice skater. Can she cut the figure eight?"

GUERBERTA. "No; but she cuts the figure seven, reduced from eight."

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Guest: "Thank you, no. I'm entirely too nervous."

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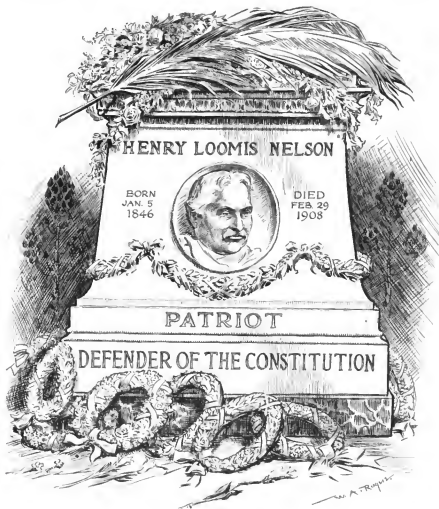
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COMMENT

DIED, February 29, 1908—HENRY LOOMIS NELSON, journalist, a true patriot, a noble man, a beautiful spirit. God rest his sturdy soul!

The Fowler Currency Bill

There are very interesting suggestions in the FOWLER credit currency bill which on February 28 was ordered reported to the House by the Committee on Credit and Currency. The committee voted 11 to 6 to report the bill. It divides the United States into twenty commercial zones with a note-redemption agency in each zone. The banks in each zone elect a board of nine managers for their zone, who have charge of the examination and supervision of the banks in the zone. The chairman of each board is a Deputy Comptroller of the Currency. The boards meet once a month. The chairmen (Deputy Comptrollers) of the twenty boards meet every six months to consult and advise with one another and with the Comptroller of the Currency acting as their chairman. With this machinery operative, national banks are authorized to take out for issue and circulation notes equal to the capital of the bank, not secured as now by government bonds, but protected by a gold reserve as now by law, provided and guaranteed by a deposit of about \$700,000,000 in the United States Treasury. With the approval of the board of managers of its zone any bank may take out in time of special need additional notes equal to its capital. The bill further provides that government deposits shall be equitably distributed throughout the United States, that no deposit in any bank shall exceed fifty per cent. of the bank's capital, that the government shall receive in payment of dues national bank notes or the checks and drafts of solvent national banks, and shall pay its own debts by checks or drafts on such banks. It shall deposit its receipts from day to day in national banks. No bank shall pay more than two per cent. on any account subject to check.

Meanwhile, Pass the Aldrich Bill

Such are some of the provisions of the FOWLER bill. Its author is a respected authority on finance, and his bill has some excellent features, and deserves and will receive careful study. But we have set forth enough of its substance to make clear that it undertakes to revolutionize our whole financial system. It is a measure of radical reconstruction, and will have to fight its way in competition not only with the defective system that now obtains, but with such plans as that which includes a central bank, which many high authorities believe to be the best solution of our fiscal perplexities. Mr. ALDRICH's bill does not profess to be a cure for these perplexities, but merely such a temporary remedy as will keep us safe from monetary disaster until our case can be effectively dealt with. It is the only practical measure

offered, or that can be offered. It can be passed at this session of Congress. Mr. FOWLER's bill cannot. It must be, and should be, exhaustively discussed. A banking commission would very likely be asked to pass on it. Let this work proceed. It is vastly important, and inevitably slow. Let it go on by all means, but first pass the ALDRICH bill and provide for comparative safety until a more thorough measure can be devised and accepted. Do in this matter what every prudent householder does—insure the house while it is building. The argument that if the ALDRICH bill passes we shall never get a better one is like saying that if we insure our house abiding we delay its completion.

Beckham and Bryan Beaten

Four Democrats voting on February 28 with the Republicans in the Kentucky Legislature elected WILLIAM O. BRADLEY, Republican, United States Senator, and authorized ex-Governor J. C. W. BECKHAM to stay at home. Our good friend MARIE HENRY WATTSOON will undoubtedly take kindly to this disposition. He and the *Courier-Journal* have been urgent in opposition to BECKHAM, on the ground that he and his machine stood for all that was worst in Kentucky politics and most ruinous to Kentucky Democracy, and that under BECKHAM's administration as Governor Kentucky had been (and still is) "the worst governed State in the Union." It seems rash to assert that Kentucky is worse governed than Nevada, but the facts of the tobacco war seem ample to sustain Colonel WATTSOON's opinion. Mr. BRYAN, who worked all he could for BECKHAM's election, lives in the Republican State of Nebraska, and is not affected by the devils that prevail in Kentucky and make it unsafe in many districts for law-abiding men like Mr. WATTSOON to be out after dark. Mr. BRADLEY, the new Senator, is the second Republican that Kentucky has ever sent to the Senate. He is a veteran of the Union army in the civil war, and also of Kentucky politics, in which he has been a Republican leader for nearly forty years.

Instructed or Uninstructed

Mr. BRYAN grieves at the advice reported to have been lately offered to Southern Democrats by HERMAN BROWER while travelling through the South. He hears that Mr. BROWER urged our Southern friends not to instruct their delegates for Mr. BRYAN, who could not carry a Northern State, but to let them go to Denver uninstructed. Whereat Mr. BRYAN replies, "Why," says the *Commoner*, "should the rank and file of Democracy leave to their representatives the duty of doing what the rank and file should do? Why not trust the rank and file to say what the party's course shall be?" Indulgent, placid man! Why not trust the rank and file, Colonel, to plan the battle as well as to fight in it? Why have a convention of delegates at all? It takes a lot of time and trouble. Denver is far away. Why require a thousand men or so, most of them needed at home, to travel out to lofty Colorado with mere orders from the rank and file? If there is not to be deliberation and choice, the convention will be as perfunctory as a proceedings as a gathering of Presidential electors at Washington. Dr. BRYAN has an ungrateful soul. He would kick down the ladder by which he rose. It was not a convention of gagged and shackled delegates that he made the cross-of-gold speech that got him his first nomination.

Charlotte on Bryan's Chances

This is what the *Charlotte News and Courier* thinks of BRYAN's statement that he will be elected if he is nominated at Denver:

The nomination of BRYAN would mean defeat and the disintegration of the Democratic party. He could not carry a single State outside the solid South, and we believe that he would fail to receive the votes of Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland. Yet he dares himself persistently upon the situation. He holds himself above his party, and, having put the party down, he intends to keep it down. If there were only the least bit of courage among the Democrats of the North and West, if they only would display a little independence of initiative and self-reliance, BRYAN's nomination would be defeated and the party would be saved, and, with the triumph of the party, the country.

Two Attacks on the Public Business

Two attacks are in progress on the public business—one on the business of the United States, and the other on the business of the State of New York. There is a bill pending before Congress, against which the President has made a

perfectly valid protest, providing for the appointment of census employees by what are known as pass examinations, meaning the examination of personally selected and recommended persons by officers also named to please the politicians who have selected and recommended the candidates. The politicians who are eager for a share of the spoils say that this method is better than a competitive examination, because in the one case nothing is known of the character of the person who, out of a multitude, wins the competition, while the recommender knows the character of his man. There seems to be some truth in part of this, but the government officers know that the selections of the politicians do not depend on character, but on party or personal services; that experience has shown that the probation period of the other method has worked better than the judgment of Congressmen; that the classified service, both in character and in efficiency, is a great improvement upon the old service; that, in a word, pass examinations are intended, in this instance as in others, to secure spoils. The bill ought to be lent. In New York an effort is making to secure the adoption of a constitutional amendment giving to veterans of the Spanish war preference in appointment to places in the civil service. Nothing could be more absurd than this. Civil war veterans are preferred in gratitude to them for saving the Union. Did Spanish war veterans render any such service to the country? Giving them all the credit that is their due, is it not a trifle ridiculous to put them on the same footing with civil war veterans? It would be better for the public business, of course, if the law did not prefer men because they fought in any war, and it might be cheaper to increase their pensions; but don't let us make the civil war veterans comical by raising the Spanish war veterans alongside of them. Both of these projects are attempts to transform the public service from a business organization into a pool to be divided among favorites who may perform, or neglect if they please, the public service for their own gain, but at the expense of the people.

Temperance Reform in England

According to the figures given in Mr. SYDNEY BROSSE's London letter in the WEEKLY of February 29, there are 110,000 licensed drinking places in the United Kingdom, \$1,500,000,000 is invested in the trade, and \$800,000,000 a year is spent for stimulating beverages. Nevertheless it appears that the British are more moderate in their potations than they were thirty years ago, drinking much more tea, and spending more for tobacco, but less by \$100,000,000 a year (in proportion to population) than they would be spending if they drank as hard as they did in the seventies. According to the *World Almanac*, the United Kingdom drinks almost exactly as much beer (1,500,000,000 gallons) as the United States with a population more than twice as great, though of wines and spirits Americans and British drink, man for man, about the same amount. The statement that the British, in spite of their improvement, drink still in excess of their needs and of their means is of course the actuating motive of Mr. ASQUITH's new licensing bill, introduced on February 27. It aims to regain complete government control of the liquor business. Licenses have come to be recognized in England as property in which licensees had vested rights which should not be disturbed except for cause or with compensation. Mr. ASQUITH (Chancellor of the Exchequer) proposes that all licenses shall presently again be held as they originally were, absolutely at the pleasure of the licensing power. He proposes to abolish 30,000 drinking places, paying compensation to their owners, but he stipulates that after fourteen years no compensation shall be paid when a license is taken away. His bill provides for local option in some cases as to the granting of new licenses; for annual renewal of all licenses; for police inspection of all drinking places, including clubs; for exclusion of children from bars, and for closing all bars on election day and on Sundays except for three hours. We are used in this country to measures as sweeping as this or more so, but in England a great cry has risen over the bill. A billion and a half of dollars is a serious sum, and it shudders with apprehension at this bill. The brewers, who own a large proportion of the public bars and of the licenses, say they will be ruined, and their stocks have fallen ominously. The Conservatives say the new bill will overthrow the Liberal government. Even if this bill goes through, however, there seems to be no immediate danger that any thirsty British person who has a

shilling will find difficulty in quenching his thirst. Mr. ASQUITH by no means aspires, as so many of our reformers, including a large number of State legislatures, do, to put intoxicants absolutely out of the reach of folks who want to consume them.

Criminal Appeals in England

Some time ago the WEEKLY explained to its readers the new criminal-appeals bill which had then been introduced into the British Parliament under the auspices of the government, and especially of the Attorney-General. The bill is now a law, and it is unnecessary for us to repeat the explanation of all its details. The subject and the legislation are extremely interesting. The country which has prided itself, almost complacently, upon its pure and impeccable administration of justice, now recognizes the existence of an age-old error in its system of criminal law. That innocent persons have suffered by reason of the refusal of the law to permit appeals is now obvious, and their suffering has brought about a modification of the ancient law. At the same time Great Britain, in establishing its court of appeal, has evidently carefully considered some of the mischiefs of our own hose system, or rather mischief that has grown out of the loose practice of indifferent, or ignorant, or delinquent judges. Under the new English law stays that defeat justice and new trials that do infinite harm to the proper administration of justice are not to be granted. The decision of the appellate judges is to be final, and they are to exercise a discretion and a power in the dismissal of cases, the reversals of convictions, the modification and changing of sentences, which will probably enormously improve the criminal procedure of England, without bringing such scandal upon it as our own appeal system permits. While more carefully guarding the rights of the accused and indicted, the English law does not in the least improve the chances for the escape of the guilty or the indolent.

An Education Problem

A suggestion is made by a correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* which is worthy of serious consideration. It is well known to teachers that one of the most serious defects of our educational system is the quality of instruction imparted in the primary and the secondary schools of the country. The Kentuckian who writes this communication desires to go to the root of the matter. He pointedly asks how better work can be expected from the public schools of the State so long as the teachers are employed, maintained in their places, and dominated over by the unfit persons who are elected to be school trustees. He says that for years Kentucky has been burdened with an incubus of about 25,000 school trustees, "5,000 of whom can neither read nor write, and 10,000 more are absolutely devoid of any idea as to the duties and responsibilities of a school trustee." This is, indeed, a painfully grotesque fact, but Kentucky is not singular. It is high time that those who are concerned in the teaching of children and in the education of the country—including university and college authorities—should make some effort to rid the schools of this burden.

The Golden Age of the Reformer

When all the saloons are shut, and a few vineyards, breweries, and distilleries supply what stimulant is called for by judicious and responsible (certified) drinkers; when a few surviving stock-brokers attend twice a month to the necessary business of the *bona fide* investors; when an occasional horse-race is permitted strictly for the delectation of horse-lovers who never bet; when the captains of industry and finance always retire from the game as soon as they have made comfortable provision for their declining years; when labor unions cease to attempt to keep non-union men from working; when entrance fees at intercollegiate contests are abolished, and the presiding bishop of the Methodist Church and the president of the W. C. T. U. divide the command of the United States army; when all the trusts are dead and all the railroads carry freight and passengers for nothing, and everybody forty years old has six children and a pension, and duties are abolished and income and inheritance taxes support the government, and JACK LONDON is President, and BATYAN is Congress, and ARTHUR BURNHAM and URBAN SEAGRAM are the Supreme Court—what a wonderfully improved country this will be, and how very, very happy shall be our lot if we have the great good fortune to be living in it!

The Crusade Against Vivisection and the Crusade Against Rats

WHILE we have no thought of applying such terms as sentimental and hysterical to the promoters of the movement, we have no inclination to support the campaign against vivisection if the aim is a complete abolition of the practice. Even if vivisection were employed with the reckless, indiscriminating and appalling cruelty of which its most passionate opponents complain, there is Scriptural authority for it, so far as the serpent is concerned, and what is true of snakes must, by analogy and implication, be true also of vermin, insects, and animals which are noxious or deadly to the human race. It is only, however, by way of dialectics that we cite Scriptural authority. From the scientific point of view, it may be urged that, in sacrificing some of the lower animals to the discovery of remedies for dangerous diseases to which the human race is subject, the vivisectionists do but follow nature's law of exterminating many of the inferior forms of life, in order to assure the survival of the fittest. But while up to this point the vivisectionists seem to have the better of the argument, we would not for a moment deny that a reasonable concession should be made to their antagonists. It is not unreasonable that the authority of the State should be exercised to designate the particular persons permitted to perform vivisection at all, and, secondly, to prescribe the conditions under which experiments should be conducted, so as to attain the maximum of prevention against the infliction of needless pain. If the anti-vivisectionists would confine themselves to presenting such a demand as this to the Legislatures of important States, they would probably be successful. As a matter of fact, all great or worthy investigators habitually take the utmost precautions against the infliction of unnecessary pain, and we believe that they would welcome a wisely drawn law which should confine the right to prosecute researches by vivisection to men qualified for the task, not only intellectually, but morally. The truth is that those leading reformers who desire to stop vivisection altogether, no matter how sympathetically conducted, and no matter how lofty the end in view, are Buddhists rather than Christians. Where the precepts of GAYATRI BIRJANA are rigorously followed, the material transmitting miasma, the plague-conveying rat, the venomous serpent, and the man-eating tiger would all equally be immune from resistance or interference on the part of their human victims. According to the Buddhist doctrine of the transmigration of souls, a doctrine nominally accepted by a large section of mankind, each of the forms of life that we have mentioned may be the temporary abode of the spiritual part of a human being, who must, in equity, be left to work out his upward or downward destiny. In a word, the more advanced and uncompromising assailants of vivisection are Buddhists without knowing it.

We infer, therefore, that the crusaders against vivisection would not take part in, or even condone, a crusade against rats. Such a crusade has been organized, however, in England, and is to be prosecuted with vigor throughout the British Empire. An association has just been formed in London to wage a war of extermination against rats, and at a meeting of professional men of high standing, held under the chairmanship of Sir LAURENCE BURNES, a fervent and elegant address was delivered by Sir JAMES CAIRN-ROSE. Sir JAMES admitted that the antipathy to rats depicted in the first instance upon selfish prejudices, but he pointed out that it now had a scientific basis. In former times rats were hated on account of their feeding habits and their predatory nature. It is certain that no more destructive animal exists. Nothing comes within its chattering teeth and its insatiable jaws. It makes heavy depredations on fields of corn, on stockyards, granaries, and ship cargoes; it devours eggs, kills poultry and game, makes uncleanly visits to dairies and pantries, butcher shops and bakeries; it gnaws through lead pipes, causing household floods, and it is even suspected of arson, by nibbling insulating material on the crossing of electric wires, and so short-circuiting them. All this is doubtless true as regards the mischievous acts of the rat. But the indictment of the animal on the score of its measure to public health is far weightier than any that can be brought on the ground of its depredating propensities. By unquestionable scientific authority rats have been glorified guilty of horrid and disgusting deeds, which almost certainly are the principal agents of propagating plague. The London *Lancet* has lately published an abstract of reports issued by the advisory committee appointed by the Secretary of State for India—by the Royal Society and by the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine—regarding the cause and control of plague in India, which we need not say has had appalling consequences in recent years, and in former days used periodically to scourge Europe. The ingenious and complete series of experiments devised by Major GEORGE LAMM and Captain W. G. LAYTON proved conclusively that the rat does spread plague through the agency of fleas which have bitten it. The *Lancet* has also published the evidence brought forward by Dr. J. A. THOMPSON, head of the Department of Public

Health in New South Wales, who demonstrated that in the Sydney epidemics there has always been a close association between plague in rats and man, the former preceding the latter, and that the chronicity of the epidemic is an important clue to the severity of the disease in man. It is well known that another disease is laid to the score of the species of rat which exists in Europe and America, but, fortunately, this disease is not a serious menace to those peoples who do not habitually eat half raw and often ratted, fresh pork or ham. The London *Lancet* reviews that the public attention that has been called by modern scientific research to the peril which rats constitute to a community of human beings is a matter of great importance to the British Empire, and it welcomes the formation of a league for their extermination, hoping that the public mind will not relegate the scheme to the ranks of fads. The *Lancet* does not understand, however, the difficulty of the task of exterminating the countless millions of rats, most of which are inaccessible. It cites the observations of Lieutenant-Colonel A. BRYANAS on the relation between the keeping of rats and the incidence of plague in Indian villages. Colonel BRYANAS is convinced that cat-keeping abolishes the rats, and, consequently, plague. The rat-eater and his dog are time-honored means of extermination; and another instance of the militant method is furnished by Jamaica, where mongooses have been imported, and have completely cleared the sugar plantations of rats by destroying their young, thereby saving a large proportion of the sugar crop. The experiments of the Plague Commission in India and the experience of Dr. THOMPSON in New South Wales tend to show that the most effective means of meeting the rats in fighting plague is prophylactic, and consists in rendering dwellings, and especially food stores, rat-proof. The crusade against rats, however, will not rest content with interbreeding human beings against the enemy's hordes, and the *Lancet* deems it probable that science has provided us with a most potent weapon of offense in the form of a bacteriological virus intensely fatal to rats, which readily feeds on bait which has been changed with their doom. Two separate preparations are said to have been prepared which are poisonous to rats, setting up a quickly fatal disease, but which are harmless to man and to the domestic animals. Will the anti-vivisectionists approve of this organized attempt to exterminate rats from off the surface of the globe, and will they deny that such extermination would be a cheap price to pay for the discovery, let us say, of a cure for spinal meningitis?

The Parlor Lady

WHEREVER argument and discussion reign, the clubwoman always wishes there were space for a *tertium quid*, one who might step in from the outside, being free of passionate conviction either way, to explain mere verbal differences, misquotations, inapplicable axioms, and evaded issues. An American weekly last year encouraged a discussion between one of the most radical of our suffragettes and a very old-fashioned Southern lady. The *Fortnightly Review* has recently conducted a more intelligent and interesting discussion on the comparative merits of the "parlor lady" and the "club woman." Between Miss CHRISTINE SMITH, a well-known writer, and Mrs. FRANCES LAW, who pleads hard here and in the *Spectator* for an anti-woman's rights party whose motto shall be "Back to the Home." Naturally, and with all the delightful incoherence for which women have so often been adored by men, she urges, in the *Spectator*, that there are thousands of "good, quiet women," like herself, still extant, who desire only the reversion of the home, "with its limitless opportunities, its wider, truer sphere for the woman's role, its immeasurable, incomparable duties, responsibilities, and influences, etc."

To the unprejudiced observer, one who is still more or less calmly whittling on the fence and wondering how long the battle will rage and what the issue will be, the tendency of the old-fashioned lady to inject venom into argument and resort to personal abuse and such sweeping conclusions as that only in her own party are there such really widespread blessings as "good, quiet women," is very disconcerting. It is somewhat unconvincing to hear a woman plead for such high-sounding matters as "God ordained laws," "morality," "holiness," "a line kingdom of starlike radiance," "divine mould of development," "highest evolution," "harmonious expression and expansion of intellect, heart, and soul," and to see inventive and unreasoning to advance them. One sometimes wonders if reason and incentive could be quite so ready to hand if they had never found their way, just as a sort of preliminary practice, into "the little kingdom of starlike radiance." And if so, the little kingdom the closer one would be to the firing. We remember, with much regret, that the Southern lady topped her argument a year ago by calling her antagonist "a viper."

Research resulting in such discourses reminds one of the reply of a young professor of social sciences, who had made an attempt

out community living, and on being asked if there were many difficulties amongst the women, responded promptly: "Oh no. But now we were there are many womanly women; if there had been—!" But words failed this young professor of economics to say what he thought life would be in a community of twenty families of "new womanly women."

It cannot be too often reiterated, perhaps, that there are saints and sinners in every religion, wearing the banner of every creed. There has never yet been found a doctrine, religious, political, economical, that absorbed all the virtues or weeded out all the vices. We even dare to believe that there are suffragettes who are welcome in their own homes, and who apply intelligence, patience, and tenderness to the rearing of their children, though perhaps it is unfashionable in that set to play too freely with such terms as "sanctity," "holiness," "starlike radiance." We can even see that Miss SUMNER's opening statement has truth in it. She says, "When the growing needs of the community took the manufacturing of household commodities from the home, and supplanted them with mechanical inventions worked in factories on a gigantic scale: when man, in short, usurped the fields of housewifery, and took it on himself to do the pickling and preserving, the spinning and dyeing, the curing and the salting, a tremendous force of unemployable female vitality was set free in the prosperous classes of the community." So far so good. We cannot go so far as to admit with her that "the first step was the logical and possible result of the introduction of machinery," despite Mr. GRANT ALLEN's assertion as to taking her in to dinner twice a week. It may be the result of a limited experience, but we have not met bored young wives who played with pistons, amused themselves by betraying their admirers to their honest passions, and who finally shot themselves because living was too great a bore. We have not met them, but no faithful student of the condition in the newspapers can fail to see that the material for building such a character is still to hand for him who seeks. What we have actually seen with our own eyes is a large number of young wives of men making anywhere from four to ten thousand a year, who do no manual labor, who have not more than two or three children, whose household ordering requires not more than an hour or two of daily attention, who find that clothes can be more economically bought ready made, and who therefore do not do the household sewing, upon whose hands time hangs heavy, and whose lives are often most unprofitably spent. Many take refuge in card playing. In vying with others in giving social entertainments, in novel-reading, or in pursuing a superficial culture which results in nothing. There would seem to be no doubt but that in this country, at any rate, there is too large a leisure class, and it is a leisure class without the wealth for philanthropy or the training for responsibility. There was a time when wealth was largely an inheritance, when certain families were trained to the responsibilities of using money, when position belonged to people brought up to command and to rule, and who understood that the fundamental lesson was self-command, but this is much changed. Democracy and science, liberty and equality, are introducing new conditions of life whether or not we want them.

Men are adjusting themselves to these new conditions, and doubtless women will have to find some way out for themselves. A fundamentally healthy soul will find means, even in a transition period, to withstand the ravages of idleness and ennui. Romance can no more fill a woman's life than it can a man's though with her it is doubtless, as things stand now, a more vital incident than it is to men. Children, if the old-fashioned families of twelve and fourteen prevailed, might well give a woman thirty years of wholesome employment, but such families are now an exception. Also, it is found distinctly better to take the larger part of the education of the child out of the mother's hands. At four or five the child goes to a kindergarten for scientific and regulated play and amusement, companionship, and development. At seven or eight the child goes to school for the larger part of the day and plays out of doors the remainder of it. More and more we are accepting the English ideal that it is best for children to be sent to school at fourteen or fifteen years old. The mother is fortunate who manages under this new system to have three or four hours a day with her children, and once they leave her for the school she has more than ever time heavy on her hands under the new dispensation. Let the German Emperor continue to exclaim that woman is fit only for the three K's, *Küche, Kirche, and Kinder*, it will not kinder women from finding somewhere the employment which will keep them healthy and happy. Children are disposed of for a large part of the time, and praying and cooking, the Emperor to the contrary, are special virtues, not general ones. A man, if we told him his whole work in life was war, politics, and staffwork, would not stop to refute as if his whole soul were centred upon becoming a chef.

So we suppose that sooner or later the suffragettes will win out and try their experiment. By no means can we recall the conditions that made our grandmothers what they were, and while we are undergoing the painful processes of change, each woman must apply such intelligence and courage and patience as is hers to the flux of circumstances, and realize the ancient adage that happiness

is within, not without, and that there are no circumstances so thwart that they may not be transfigured by a strong will and a noble patience.

Personal and Pertinent

IN view of the theory that a little wholesome work is an antidote to social unrest and crime, we have Miss LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA lecturing in this country now on "The Meaning of Happiness." Amongst other things she assures us that happiness consists largely in having some work to do and doing it. It soothes unrest, it devours time unobserved, it broadens and strengthens human relations, and gives one the delightful sensation of expansion, and the persuasion that one's influence plays out in ever widening circles among men.

No mild is Senator ALDRICH that one would hardly credit him with the ability which he really possesses, if one did not know him or his reputation. He is as social as Senator HALE, and there are a good many people in Washington who would be astonished to learn that there is anything that ALDRICH prefers to a good dinner or to a pleasant breakfast in the interior rooms of his suite at the Capital, which outwardly is a meeting place for the Senate Committee on Finance, while inwardly it is his private office. Before they come to Washington most Senators speak of breakfasts as luncheons, because of the time at which they are eaten. It used to be said that Senator TATUM gave the occasion for the application of the French term for the gilded meal. He once went to France and returned with some new ideas, one day he informed some of his gossip of the Parisian custom of "poor boys." When one dines in a cab in Paris, or ate a meal at a restaurant, so the versions (Thouan said, one gave something to the driver or to the waiter, and the money, as he understood it, was for the "poor boys" of the city. He also informed them that to the Parisians breakfast was a real meal. They took a snack in the morning—whether or not compelled to do so by reason of the events of the night he did not say—and therefore the first meal at which substantial food was served, and during which general conversation was called a breakfast. So, many Senators have called their luncheon breakfast ever since, in memory of the old Roman. ALDRICH—to come back to him—has never been demonstrated in Washington, but no one is more familiar with its many ways, or better able to put his local knowledge to use. He has glided into the pleasant social life of the capital, the social life with the richest cream on it, and he has also glided into the minds of Senators until Washington and all who are concerned with Washington are conscious of the presence of a leader—one of those real leaders who do not have to tell the world who they are and what they are, who make no noise about their leadership, and who have always time for everything, no matter how prodigious may be the demands upon them.

They call Congressman GILLET the "den" of the Massachusetts delegation in the House of Representatives. He is now in his eighth consecutive term, and as he represents the Springfield district, is approved by the Springfield Republicans, and is chairman of the Civil Service Reform Committee, he is likely to remain in Congress as long as he wants to, but he is not likely to be Governor or Senator. His fame does not flow over the borders of his district—at least not outside of Washington. But why do they call him "den" when "SAM" McCALL has served just as long and is a few months older? For the same reason that GILLET was made chairman of a committee years ago, while McCALL was given a chairmanship only this session. People like McCALL as well as they like GILLET personally, and McCALL has more conversation. He can't play bridge as well as GILLET, and he doesn't like society as well; not that GILLET has a passion for either. He hasn't any passions—at least none serious. He and MOORE are still old bachelor chums, and they eat a good many free dinners. Bachelors are in great demand in Washington, because there aren't many of them. There are really too few to go round. SAM McCALL likes dinners, too, but he is only occasionally a bachelor. Sometimes his wife goes to Washington, and then there is a nice little social eddy around the family, but the people in the centre of it think more of talk than they do of food. There is a rumor that a McCALL hearthstone is being brightened up now at the capital after it has been out for some years. I'm sorry Mrs. McCALL prefers Winchester, where she can look down from her errie on EDWARD EVERETT's old residence, and catch occasional glimpses of her sons, who, of recent years, have been hating their way through Harvard. The difference between GILLET and McCALL is essential; GILLET is loyal to persons, and McCALL is loyal to ideals. If one wants easy honors, a good social position, and is judiciously fond of good dinners, it is a good thing to be loyal to persons. If one picks out one's person with the same perspicacity that one employs in selecting one's oysters and his ducks; on the other hand, if a man loves his ideal he is likely to be a trifle short on dinners, but to be very long on talk. One has his choice, and his selection depends somewhat on his temperament and somewhat on his mind and his conscience.

Correspondence

HOW WE ARE DOING GOOD

PASADENA, CAL., February 13, 1900.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I subscribed through a subscription agency for your publication, beginning with January 1, but have only received three numbers at this date.

While I do not agree with your policy of persecuting President Roosevelt and others who are trying to stop this "money mania" which is destroying all respect for law and is making us a nation of stock gamblers, yet I believe your perverted views are doing good by calling to the support of the President the thousands who ordinarily do not take enough interest to perchem themselves in times of peace.

In the hope that you will have the courage to acknowledge the wrong you have done when time and results will have shown the Roosevelt policy to have been a masterpiece in both statescraft and political courage.

I am, sir,

Mrs. H. E. ARMSTRONG.

THE ONE CONTINGENCY

New York, February 10, 1900.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I want to congratulate you on the very able campaign you have been conducting against Bryan and Roosevelt, both in your editorials and your cartoons.

I am an independent, with Republican leanings, but there is one contingency in which I may vote for Bryan, who, it seems, will be nominated at Denver, and that is Roosevelt's nomination at Chicago. I think Bryan is even worse than Roosevelt, but the former would be harmless with a Republican Senate.

I find there are many others who think like I do. Am I not right in assuming that the Senate will be Republican after March 4, 1900?

I am, sir,

G. D. J.

Yes, the Senate will continue to be Republican.—EDITOR.

HOW IT STRIKES THE ENLISTED MAN IN THE ARMY

February 10, 1900.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The article of Mr. Charles W. Seiden in your issue of the 15th Inst. has been perused by me, and no doubt by very many others interested in the army, with a good deal of satisfaction, as the author seemed to be fairly well posted. The only matter he is mistaken in is when he thinks that the young man who has gone successfully through a technical high school could, on entering the army, at once pursue his profession in the coast artillery, the engineers, or the electrical department or branch of the service. No sir! He must stay first for about two months in a recruit depot and learn how to walk, to salute officers, to hand coal, shoes, and soap to and from officers' and civilians' quarters, to do manual labor for which other establishments and foreign armies have navies. Then must learn that in donning the uniform of the United States army he has ostracized himself (at least in peace time) from the average civilian; that he must look up to the commissioned personnel of his calling as something far above him in social standing, in manners, etc., no matter who wears the shoulder-straps, be he a gentleman or political harridan. While the actual discipline of the United States army is far below the standard of any other army in civilization, the social distinction between the officer and the enlisted man is far greater in this country of much vaunted equality than the same distinction is between a duke and a peasant in England.

While, for instance, the German officer when on duty would not allow his brother, should he be in the ranks, wink an eye, and would demand strict obedience and respectful salute from him as if he were a stranger, yet after drill or the day's duty is done he would go with him to the theatre or some other social function without giving the matter a thought. But in our army the reverse is the ticket. I have served in a post where two brothers were serving, one as an officer, the other in the ranks. Now the one in the ranks was shown all kinds of leniencies and favors in the line of duty and discipline, because his brother was a lieutenant, but if he wanted to have a familiar conversation with his brother, the lieutenant, when he had to wait until dark, and enter his brother's house in the officers' row by the back entrance. Now does Mr. Seiden think any sane man out of high school would stand for that kind of alienation? There are very many of our officers who are gentlemen in the fullest sense of the word by birth and education, and who would not think that their title would be degraded by talking to an educated enlisted man outside the line of duty as man to man; but it is the political harridans who got their commission through the number of votes their relatives could buy or sell, and who have no other claim to the title of gentleman than their commission gives them, who make the lives of well respecting men disgracing in the service, and who try to impose the enlisted man that he is just a little better than their Portuguese or negro servant.

As to the manual labor, why does this rich country of ours not establish a service corps with clerks, mechanics, bakers, teamsters, messengers, to do these and other like duties now performed by the man who enlisted to become a warrior and not a scavenger? Why not give laborers to perform the scavenger work, the same as every other civilized army in the world does? Why is the American soldier subservient to the officer's servant?

Countries much poorer than ours, and with standing armies six

and seven times the size of ours, do have service corps, and find it profitable.

Germany has never had any trouble to fill the ranks of her colonial troops (which are voluntary enlisted men none as ours), with the best men picked from a large number of applicants. The pay of the German colonial private is 80 marks = \$20, and he is not required to do scavenger work for the officers and civilian employees.

What is the matter with the army?

This: give us a service corps, bid laborers to do the scavenger work and assist the officers' servants. Treat us as full-grown men, and not as protégés of the W. C. T. U. (that blows their ignorance); and give the other privates and non-commissioned officers living salaries, and you will always have the ranks of your army filled to the limit of the law with good and reliable men.

TWENTY YEARS AN ENLISTED MAN

P. S.—From Mr. Seiden the public had the viewpoint looked at from the officers' standpoint; the above article shows how the soldier looks at it. For reasons obvious to the army man I cannot sign my name, but should some of the facts stated above be questioned, I will furnish you with date and places of occurrence.

THE ALDRICH BILL

New Mexico, February 10, 1900.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—It is curious to watch subterfuges and dodges, almost immoral, surely unworthy, a serious illness will bring a body, corporate or incorporeal, I have seen a man of exceptional judgment and control under normal conditions agonized with pain, sought to attend physicians. "Can't you see I'm dying?" and the drug for which he prayed, though at the time it would have had the sweetness of the honeycomb, in the aftermath of anguish would have called curses, and, worse, as those who, in his weakness, should have been strong.

I have seen an overcharged engine groaning helplessly because of some flaw in its workings, and yet it did not seem to occur to the engineer that a safe way to make it available might be to increase its moving power, extraneously, placing upon it a burden beyond that of its generating force.

Such therapeutics may have a shade of plausibility in the theory of the strong-physis practitioner of bygone days, who imposed upon his patient as powerful a poison that first, in paralysis, there was a sickness as of death, and then, if the constitution was strong enough, a final rally and return to normal, but always under pressure of more serious distress, more fearful remedy.

And now I see a nation sick with illness as complicated in form that, though the best we have of money men have diagnosed and formulated their prescription, the end, not yet, has seemed to justify the cure: we've had a panic, and surely now, though shortly, are doing something in the righting of ourselves; and this perhaps is best, always adding to the method instinct freedom, the wise word of every statesman; but not a fallacy; money is the moving power of the machine of government—the force which is its own as mathematically as the steam is the right product of the coal. If, through clogging of the passages, or undue loading at rare points, from poor manipulation, we find ourselves without the power, there is no remedy secure enough, when the welfare of a nation is involved, but to remove the cause, directed by the best we have of brains in matters fiscal.

But to demand a greater motion than our wealth commands, to mortgage with the highest guarantee we have, something non-existent is running wild; our standing in good government and credit will be injured, and thus the very possibility of a remedy, as easy will bring upon the nation at large an inertia, while now it is seriously at work on the dilemma, and by such a bit of potentialism folly we should find ourselves rid of our initiative and subject to similar conditions constantly recurring.

I am, sir,

K. A. M.

It is not quite clear to us what our correspondent wants.—EDITOR.

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE

CHICAGO, ILL., February 10, 1900.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—May I thank you for the expression of your views in Harper's Weekly for February 13, on "What is Worth While?" It is not often in this day or, as you so aptly express it, "on this step" of materialism that one finds thinking people who have the courage to step aside from the highway of popular opinion. All the more, then, it does the heart good to find one like yourself—confiding not only courage of conviction with a high ideal, but purity of expression as well.

Whatever of literature might otherwise be, for us, in the knowledge of our personal insignificance and helplessness may be compensated by the knowledge (or hope) that through our children our influence on the coming generations may be as powerful as our own is the reverse.

I am, sir,

P. B. H.

QUALIFIED ENCOURAGEMENT

Go to Cavalry. The 10th of March (1900) will leave Julius II. still doing, however; possibly through Antony.

H. B. R.

Henry Loomis Nelson

By E. S. MARTIN



HENRY LOOMIS NELSON, editor of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* from 1894 to 1898, and of more recent years one of its most valued and important contributors, passed from earth on Saturday morning, February 23. His death (from angina pectoris) came so unexpectedly and with so swift an approach, that it can almost literally be said that he laid down his pen to die.

A private sorrow deep and widely extending in Mr. Nelson's death, and at the same time a public loss of serious magnitude, he was two months along in his sixty-third year, and for such a man to die at such an age is no light misfortune to his generation. He could learn and had learned and was still learning. He could remember and did remember. He could think and reason straight and clearly. He had integrity, industry, character. He had lived a full life in the midst of important affairs, had known well many men worth knowing, and for at least thirty years had been a student and a teacher of the greater sort of politics, and kept keenly constant use his facilities of observation and comment. To long in the future of his powers a man so equipped with sound and secure knowledge, and so practised in the use of it, is a trial to philosophy as well as to affection.

His life, like most lives of men who earn their bread in a hard-working profession, was more eventful mentally than in stirring episodes. He was born in New York in January, 1835, and went in due time to Williams College, where he graduated in the class of 1857, having among others as classmates Francis Lynde Stetson and Hamilton W. Mahie. He studied law at Columbia, was admitted (1860) to the bar, and practised law for some years, but soon after his marriage (1874) he went with his wife on a legal errand to Kalamazoo, Michigan. There he stayed two years, and incidentally fell into the habit of writing for a local paper. The habit took so strong a hold

on him that on his return to New York he bought a country newspaper at Greenvale, Massachusetts, and went there to edit it. It only lived a year, but when it died (1878) he was offered and accepted an engagement as Washington correspondent of the *Boston Post*. In this employment he continued at Washington for seven years, during some of which he served also as private secretary to John G. Carlisle, at that time Speaker of the House of Representatives. The associations thus formed gave Mr. Nelson a wide and close acquaintance with public men, the more so as he was himself an exceedingly interesting and agreeable companion, very ready in discourse, able to give no good talk as he got from any one, and withal kind, sympathetic, appreciative, and trustworthy, a good and faithful friend, and delightful company.

From Washington he went to Boston (1883) to be the editor of the *Post*, but that paper had fallen at that time into difficult pecuniary straits, and when in the course of a year it was sold to new owners, Mr. Nelson came back to New York to help the late Mr. William Dorsheimer make a self-supporting newspaper of the *Star*. In spite of Mr. Nelson's help, however, that gallant aspiration proved far beyond Mr. Dorsheimer's powers. In due time the *Star* sank below the horizon, and Mr. Nelson hired out an editorial writer to the *Mail and Express*, then owned by Cyrus Field, and about to pass into the memorable possession of Elliott F. Shepard. From there, after a year or two, he moved over to the *World*, in the editorial page of which he expounded sound finance and Democratic policies with excellent ability, until in

1894 he became editor of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, succeeding to the place left vacant, late in 1892, by Mr. Curtis. For four years he edited the *WEEKLY*, conducting it through the important campaign against free silver in 1896, and through all the lively period of the Spanish war.

In 1892 he accepted an appointment to the newly established professorship of political science at Williams College, which he still held at the time of his death. He took very ardently in his duties as a college professor, developing very great interest both in his work as a teacher and in the problems of college administration, taking in particular a very decided stand against what he considered to be the heterogenous propensity of intercollegiate athletics to shoulder the more scholastic interests into a corner, and become the dominating feature of college life.

The work of his professorship left him leisure for other labors.

For the last year or two he had been again a regular and considerable contributor to the *WEEKLY*, besides continuing his long-standing practice of writing occasional articles for *Harper's Magazine*, the *North American Review*, the *American Monthly*, and other periodicals. A more considerable work that he undertook about three years ago was to write the life of George William Curtis. But for a serious illness which laid him up two years ago the book would have been completed some time since. As it was, the manuscript is so nearly finished that its completion would have been to him only a matter of a few weeks' work and can now be accomplished by some other hand. It will gratify his friends, who are very many, to have this substantial record of the working of his mind, and of an able and diligent pen shared by far the larger part of the products have been launched day by day in the passing current of journalism.

Thirty-five years ago Mr. Nelson wrote a novel called *John Rastoul*, which was published by James R. Osgood & Co. He published in 1884 a little book on *Our Unpaid Tenth Part*, and another in 1896 called *The Money We Need*. Two of these works are inconsiderable, and the novel was an experiment in a field which he did not cultivate further. It is far the best permanent record of his matured literary powers, as well as of his thought in politics, will be the biography of Mr. Curtis which is to come. Himself always a staunch guardian of civil service reform, he was particularly in sympathy with Mr. Curtis's labors and great achievements in promoting that movement.

In politics Mr. Nelson was a Democrat of the Cleveland and Carlisle pattern, but moderate in his partisanship and quite incapable of following his party in its curious misadventure. Mr. Bryan's guidance into the wilderness of unsound finance and socialist hopes. He had accurate knowledge of politics, history, and finance, and was stoutness in his adherence to views based on that knowledge. He could always remember (not a common capacity, nowadays) not only what his opinions were, but why they were his opinions. If the impression is given by this incomplete record that he devoted unusual powers and exceptional industry to a protracted and often disappointing profession, that impression is doubtless justified by the facts. Journalism was more liberal to him than it is towards him. Nevertheless, he filled the work he wrought so hard at; it never failed to interest him, he took his share of the joy of combat, and loved always to lay on for truth as he saw it, and for the causes and principles in which he believed.



Henry Loomis Nelson

The Lengthening "Bread Line"

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU



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The slow, shuffling "Bread Line," tattered in Garb and Spirit, which Waits and Waits and Waits



LINE of men are leaning against a wall. One curls his frozen fingers under the fringes of his ragged coat sleeves; one stamps with alternate feet upon the icy pavement; one, stiff with cold, stands like a sentinel against the wall, immobile; one flaps his arms and dares to get warm; another turns from the curious gaze of some pedestrian. It is the bread line. During past years the drunks and has-beens often crawled into some mission shelter for the sake of the rest, the warmth, the cup of coffee which cheered their chilled brains; but these are neither. They are mechanics and casual laborers, clerks, out-of-work from every stratum of life. Seventy per cent. of them, as municipal investigations show, can produce straight references.

It is midnight upon the Bowery. Across the street the lights of the Thalia Theatre are dimmed by the sparkle of the elevated railroad station. Trains are thundering overhead. Pedestrians have grown less frequent, and the street in front of the Bowery Mission is almost deserted.

At half-past twelve the basement door will be opened and hundreds will throng the steps, eager to snatch a cup of coffee

and a five-cent loan from the hands of the attendants. This charity was founded by Dr. Klopsch, of the *Christian Herald*, five years ago, and is continued between Thanksgiving day and Easter Sunday annually, at an immediate cost of about \$250 a week. Until the present year about a thousand rolls and rations of coffee were distributed nightly. Since February 5 the number has been increased to 1500, while the 500 men who find resting room during the night inside the chapel receive each an extra ration in the morning.

"And it is growing worse," said John H. Long, the assistant superintendent. "Still, we catch very nearly all; only a few are turned away each night. We don't

perch to them; we only wish them a good welcome and feed them."

Down in the basement the volunteer workers are standing beside the huge cans of coffee and the barrels piled high with loaves. Mr. Long puts on his coat and pins to the lapel a police shield. He has been authorized to wear this as a deputy policeman, though the famished men who will soon be waiting for a meal are almost all incapable of making any disturbance.

"How do you pick your 500 who are to sleep in the chapel out of three times that number who receive rations?"

"We feed 'em," said Mr. Long, chuckling (and this spirit of mischief seems curiously at variance with the old superintendent's kindness). "We feed 'em. Some nights we make believe we're going to open the chapel doors, and then when they're all gathered outside we let the rear lot in by the basement. No picking favorites, no parsonage business, and keep 'em guessing. Evening, Bill."

Bill, the big policeman at the door, nods contentedly. "How shall we feed 'em to-night, Bill? Shall we let 'em in by the door as usual? All right; in at the basement for food, then turn 'em all into the street again and throw the doors open."

It is half-past the hour. The light over the door goes up.



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Soon after Midnight the Bread Line begins to form around the entire Block in which stands the Bowery Mission

Then, from side streets and dark hallways, where they have been lurking under cover of night, figures come running into the bread line. It stretches round the whole block—Hayward, Canal, Chrystie, and Bowery; and the ragged tail of it scatters itself upon the pavement down toward Clatham Square.

Then the basement door is opened and they file in. As each man enters he receives his roll from an attendant, passes on to take a cup of steaming coffee from the table, drains his cup, sets it down, and passes out again, then by one they enter and file past, a seemingly endless line of men. You watch the first; here seems to be a mechanic, out of a job. The second is a young country boy—prob-

ally he has recently left his home up State to try his fortunes in the city. Next comes a bony Irishman; then an Italian; then a Bowery looking, then clerk or musician. Presently this long, serpentine line which rolls and undulates before you ceases to present a clear impression of the types it contains and acquires an individuality of its own. That of an aggregation of humanity rather than isolated men. The tall man, the foreigner, the clerk, the boy; the tightly buttoned coats, the unshaven faces, many of them sunken; the sallow, the sallow, the sallow; the ravenous hunger units to form one composite picture of poverty.

"Hello, Frenchy," says Superintendent Long.

Frenchy looks round and smiles. He is a very tattered and forlorn replica of one of du Maurier's pictures in *Trilby*—of the student reeling upon the doorstep in drunken slumber. He takes his roll and throws away the stub of a cigarette.

Frenchy was an actor until his last engagement terminated in 1893; he is now a loafer by occupation. He has been known along the Bowery for fifteen years, and has partaken of the hospitality of the Mission since it was opened. He never sleeps, but wakes away his time smoking cigarette stumps.

"Oh, I guess he's a good-hearted fellow," said Superintendent Long. "Refuse him a meal? Not if he's hungry. Why should we? The great trouble with the majority is that they're too good-hearted. If a miser loses his job he has something to fall back upon. Oh, there's the Banker."

The Banker is a dismal old fellow, professionally a picker up of paper. He wears a thick nose round him, summer and winter, for reasons which have not been discovered. He is reported to have a bank account.

"But I can't refuse him," says Superintendent Long. "'If I spend that money now, what in the world will I do when I get old?' he says. Have you seen Greeny, Sam?"

Greeny is a paralyzed fellow with a peculiar gait, apparently of an interesting nature. He did not put in an appearance, but soon there entered a tiny man, a tiny poisonous man, whose head reached just to the level of the table. His black mustache curled out beyond his tiny face.

"That's little Sherry," says an attendant with some pride. "Used to be a policeman at the Tom Thumb night city in Dreamland. I've often seen him walking along with his big badge on him—and look what he's come to."

And still the line winds itself along, the drunk, the out of work, the cripple, the tall man, the foreigner, the clerk, Sam-times two men, nose-times two men, jostle one another against the table and turn round snarling, like two dogs fighting for a bone. A light begins

"But him? hit him, Jack!" cries the Superintendent, snapping his hands. "Go for him, Bill!"

A ring is formed and shouts of laughter are heard. The men regard each other sheepishly for a moment and slouch away. And

still the line goes on. Stay! What are the probabilities that two villainous-looking negroes, each with a blind right eye, a broken nose, and a sinister scowl, will both apply for coffee and roll upon the Bowery at 12:45 during the same morning? Or that two bald and long-faced men with slippers and cracked brown derbies will join the throng?

I asked the assistant superintendent

"Especially?" said Mr. Long. "Let 'em repeat. We feed 'em and they feed us now and again. Turn 'em out! Not while the rolls hold out. It stands to reason they must have slipped in not very far from the tail end, don't it?"

The line goes on, slouching past the bread barrel waiting down the crusta greedily. And now the rolls are coming to an end.

"Twice more, Bill!" calls the attendant.

"Twice more," repeats the policeman outside. "One, two, three . . . ten, eleven, twelve." The basement door slams upon a vision of lean faces and of outstretched hands; and a thirteenth man, who has slipped past, grabs a de-air in a broken fragment of bread on the table.

"Now all out," says the assistant superintendent suddenly to those within who are fingering at the threshold of the door which leads up to the chapel, with its coveted five hundred places. "Go in through the front door and take your chances with the rest."

They fight and squeeze each other in the entrance. It is cold in the street, and no mean privilege to see for four hours in a warm room, packed together tightly upon hard chairs, watching the large crucifix that hangs upon the opposite wall.

"Now all that is required of you is that you will behave like gentlemen," says Mr. Long, pronouncing his valedictory from the platform railing. "And remember when you go out in the morning to leave the pillows and sheets behind you on the bed."

He withdraws amid shouts of hoarse laughter, the hearty mirth that comes with a hail-bill stomach to a starving man. The lights go out, except a little cluster over the center of the hall. They stretch themselves upon the chairs, yawning, snoring, and billing over one another, until the rapping of the attendant's stick wakes them at five o'clock. They stir, put on their broken shoes, slouch down to get their coffee and rolls, and vanish through the side streets of the Bowery, to slink back under the cover of night again.

But the Bowery Mission is only one of those institutions which feed the bread line. At North Street and Broadway the Fleischmann Bakery has dealt out rolls and coffee to the hungry at mid night for the past thirty-two years. Every night several hundreds are fed there. Then, if you are very hungry, and the Bowery and well

will still have time left you to hurry to the tail end of the bread line outside the Mission. Then, again, every day at noon bread is distributed to needy applicants from Miss Holmes's institution at the back of the Army, in Fifteenth Street, where she conducts a self-supporting home for old women.



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The Five Hundred who are fortunate enough to gain Entrance to the Chapel of the Bowery Mission sleep on Chairs until Morning



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For Thirty-two Years at this Corner, Broadway and Ninth Street, Coffee and Rolls have been given to the Poor at Midnight

And though it is universally conceded that the number of the unemployed shows no decrease, that any amelioration must first filter down from the top to the half-submerged stratum, certainly nobody need starve in New York City to-day.

Women need never starve, for, according to the Salvation Army officials, even now the demand for scrubwomen and domestic helpers is greatly in excess of the supply. It is the man who has to make shift from charity to charity for food, lodging, and clothes. And here is a peculiar characteristic of the respectable unemployed. He prefers to partake anonymously and under cover of night of the wretched bounty of private and semi-public chrematophorous institutions rather than go to the municipal authorities for aid.

Let us contrast the recently opened shelter of the Salvation Army on West Nineteenth Street with the Municipal Lodging House.

Until the new structure shall have been completed on Twenty-fifth Street the municipality continues to house all applicants in the old building two blocks away. From these doors no man or woman possessing less than twenty-five cents has ever been turned. At six o'clock the doors are opened. Applicants are vaccinated, receive free medical attendance, are fed with an unlimited supply of bread and coffee, and cleanly lodged between frosty-panched sheets in an airy room kept pure by exhaust fans. In the morning they can have baths. While the law proscribes three times a month as the limit to which a man or woman is entitled to admission, in practice Superintendent Yorke is permitted to keep those who are deserving for an unlimited period. Every occupant must register, and the records are investigated; but it is only the habits of the city's caravanserai, the drunk-



The Line which forms each Day at Noon to receive free Bread from the Osborne Home for Old Women in West Fifteenth Street

trifle is too small for consideration. The wagons go into every street to collect things which seem to have passed beyond the ingenuity of man to make use of. Waste paper is collected, sorted, tested with acid to discover wood stock, and put up into great bales which bring from three to four dollars each at the paper mills. Tins, leather, rags, bottles, artificial limbs, toys, old shoes—all contribute to the funds of the institution. There is a repairing department for old broken furniture. Old clothes, many of the fashions of the sixties, are sold by auction twice a day to the crowds of the very poor who attend for that purpose. "It cuts us both ways," say the Salvation Army authorities. "The distress is greater than ever before, while those who used to contribute to our funds are now unable to do so."

In spite of the reluctance of homeless men to seek municipal relief, some idea of the poverty now prevalent can be obtained by consulting the records of the Department of Charities. The number admitted to the Municipal Lodging House during the month of January was 11,864, as against 2007 for the January preceding. Of these nine-tenths were men, and the remainder women. Very few children sought the city's shelter, for children over three years of age are turned over to the City Society.

During the last quarter of 1907, 3126 applicants sought for hospital relief, as against 2850 a twelve-month previously; 1068 were sent to the Home for the Aged and Infirm, as against 835. Tickets for meals to those awaiting the authorities' disposal of their cases increased from 710 to 1720; 186 received free transportation to their homes—an increase of 56.

Contrary to the statements of all unofficial charitable societies, the municipal authorities announce a slight decrease in the number of applicants for relief. They believe that the present era of poverty reached its high-water mark during the middle of January and is now slowly subsiding.

Of all charitable benefactions recently inaugurated the best is (Continued on page 32.)



Feeding the Poor in the new Salvation Army Shelter in West Nineteenth Street, from which no one is ever turned away

ards and those with bad characters, who are sent to the police courts as vagrants. The self-respecting man or woman has nothing to fear.

At the foot of West Nineteenth Street, amid the slime and garbage of the riverside, two miserable shanties have been knocked into one by the Salvation Army to house the unfortunate. Everything that is possible has been done; nevertheless, the shelter, which has only been in operation during the present year, has the atmosphere of a hog trough. The air is foul with the exhalations of the unfortunates who crowd it in preference to seeking the charity of the municipality. Here they snore paper and saw wood; and those who are in excess of the number of cots lie about on planks and benches. Poverty, say the attendants here, is 500 per cent. more prevalent this year than they have ever known before. The Army is working heroically to provide more decent quarters; but even at its worst this shelter is preferred to the cold, inquisitorial refuge of the municipality.

The Salvationists have another home on West Forty-eighth Street, where about one hundred men can find employment, their numbers being constantly recruited from the new shelter on Nineteenth Street. This home has a small payroll to its employees of \$250 weekly. It is one of the most remarkable institutions of its kind, for by waste labor and out of waste material it balances its account of \$40,000 a year, and has a trifling amount to its credit.

Where does all the rubbish go? Here, one might answer. No



The Line of hungry School Children to whom free Luncheon is served daily by Adolph Lorber in his Grand Street Restaurant



THE LOAFERS

By CAROLINE DUER

THE gilded world on wheels goes rolling by;
We sit here on a bench and hug our bones.

Hard is the structure of our casual thrones,
Our kingdom of the pavements and the stones.

Yet we behold the show unenvyingly
Through languid, critical eyes. There goes a pair

Of horses we could fancy, and a dame
With scarlet feathers flaunting like a flame

Above a twisted mass of coal-black hair,
Whom we might follow (were we not so lame)

To honor with a second tolerant stare;
But then, so many pass! We watch them go,—

Toys wound for our amusement, every one.
The whole procession pleases, moving on;

Smug coachmen, prancing horses, girls aglow—
We are content the thing should be well done,

(And some of us are competent to know)
We, the Olympians, idling in the sun.

But give us night, and bitter winds to face,
That whistle through our tattered panoply;

And set us, numb, with stiffened necks awry,
Shivering and shuffling as we keep the pace,

Hunched in the bread line that we may not die—
God! How we'd like to see them in our place!



The Irish Party and America

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



UNDERSTAND that Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Nationalists, is shortly to visit you, collecting his fund. He is after your money, or such of it as your recent troubles have left to you. It is a laudable quest, I will not say it is a degrading one, but I do not think it is one that Mr. Redmond can find the smallest pride or pleasure in. Of all the unmythical depreciable necessities which his position entails, this of begging must be by far the most depreciable. Look at it whichever way you please, it is a reflection on the skillfulness of the Irish Nationalists, and on their capacity for self-sacrifice that they should show this constant and pronounced reluctance to support their cause out of their own pockets. It is not as though they had not the money. There are at this moment some three hundred million dollars on deposit in the joint-stock banks, the post office, and the savings-banks of Ireland. The number of professed Nationalists in Ireland can scarcely be less than three million. I am willing for the purposes of this argument to write two-thirds of them off the list as non-effectives. That would leave a million effective members, of each of them were to subscribe to the party funds a sum of twenty-five cents a year, an annual income of \$250,000 would be the result; and this amount would be amply sufficient to provide for the support of the eighty-eight Nationalist M.P.'s and leave a handsome margin for the purposes of propaganda. I repeat that the Irish people have the money. They spend some sixty or seventy million dollars every year for drink, and there always appears to be plenty of loose cash when it comes to a question of horse-racing or of building a new church. Yet they are so miserably in the support of the cause of nationalism that its leaders have to tramp the world begging for the means to carry on their work.

This is a curious and significant phenomenon. It raises in an acute form the doubt that always assails the dispassionate inquirer into Irish affairs, the doubt as to how far the Irish people really care for home rule. I believe it was Lord Dufferin who remarked that the Irish did not know what they wanted and would never be happy until they got it. There are many cases in which the paradox still holds good. The Irish suffer from a clumsy, extravagant, and above all unmythical government; and that is a positive grievance. But I have never been able to detect among them any of the fierce spirit of an oppressed people struggling to be free. They show none of the determination of the Poles or the Finns. They protest against the eternal enemies of the British Empire, yet they fight its battles and extend its dominions. They pose before the world as a nation held down by force, but at the same time it is they themselves who supply the bulk of the recruits for the army of subjugation. They insist that they have a distinct nationality of their own, yet they have voluntarily allowed themselves to become almost wholly Anglicized in speech, dress, manners, recreations. With an endless flow of rhetoric they reiterate that nothing but home rule will satisfy them, yet they hand over to Americans and Australians the known duty of financing the agitation that presumably lies so near their hearts. What is the cause of all these contradictions? Is it that home rule appeals to the Irish merely as a sentimental sentiment, and that their patient willingness to sacrifice anything for it gives the measure of its essential hollowness? I confess I do not know. Perhaps Mr. Redmond when he reaches America will solve the conundrum. For myself I merely observe the historical fact that the demand for home rule only became really formidable when it was linked on to the agrarian agitation. The land hunger of the peasantry has unquestionably supplied the motive power of the movement for political autonomy. That land hunger is now at last by way of being appeased. Will home rule, deprived of what for thirty years and more has been its life-blood, be able to stand alone? Has it sufficient innate vitality to hold its own when divorced from the question of the land? Of the many fascinating problems which Ireland presents that, perhaps, is the most fascinating.

The Irish Party, I fear, are in a bad way. I say "I fear," because though I dislike many of their methods, their ultimate aim, so far as it looks, is a noble one. They are bent on the spirit of English rule in Ireland and directly associate the Irish people with the management of their own affairs, has my warmest sympathy. But it is impossible to ignore the fact that Irish nationalism is passing through a troublous period. The practical cessation of the land war raises, as I have said, the momentous question whether the agrarian movement, having got all its own out of political agitation, will any longer take the trouble to support the

home rule cause. Moreover all sorts of movements are springing up in Ireland, and proceeding upon the formula that politics after all is a mere by-product, and that the salvation of Ireland is not to be wrought by speeches in the House of Commons, but by the practical work of business in Ireland. The sun-brothers even go so far as to advocate the complete withdrawal of the Irish M.P.'s from Ireland until the constitutional issue has been definitely decided. They have postponed the work of practical emancipation till home rule has been granted, and when others, who either do not favor home rule or are tired of waiting for it, have initiated movements of immediate and constructive benevolence, movements eagerly and obediently followed by the people, the Irish politicians have done all they could to cripple them. They have thus separated themselves from the best Irish thought, and have raised the deplorable presumption that the Irish demand for home rule is in inverse proportion to Irish prosperity.

That is one of the reasons why Ireland is palpably tiring of the Irish Nationalists. Ireland wants to work, and the Irish Nationalists insist on playing politics. Then, again, the more vigorous and stalwart home-rulers intensely resent the degree to which the Irish party has fallen under the domination of the priesthood, of the liquor interests, and of the gentry class. The saloon-keeper, the money-lender, and the hierarchy pull the strings to which Mr. Redmond and his followers are so helplessly attached. The party is full of men who in their heart of hearts do not care twopence about home rule, but who are virtuous in their opposition to any movement that touches on the clerical control of education or on the interests of the publican or on the tyranny which the gentry class exercises over almost the whole of rural Ireland. In many ways I greatly admire and sympathize with the Irish party. They are brilliant parliamentarians. Both as orators and as tacticians they are superior, far superior, to any other group in the House of Commons. Although the majority of them are poor men, who could not live in London unless their expenses were paid for them, as a body of orators and tacticians with the Irish party, they are honestly aloof from the wild scramble for government patronage. Although often torn by personal feuds they manage on the whole, against unnumbered odds, to preserve a unity that is little less than marvellous. Their life can hardly be an enjoyable one. Parliament is sick of Ireland, and the great debates that used to well when reported verbatim in the Irish papers take place in an empty, yawning chamber. Of all political existences I have often thought that of the Irish party in London the most discouraging and pitiable, just as the post of Irish leader has always seemed to me the most anxious and difficult in the whole circumference of British politics. For all these reasons and many others I feel, as I have said, admiration and sympathy for the Irish party. But I cannot see that at present I care more for them than for the Irish people.

The future of Ireland rests with the new order of peasant proprietors that the land purchase acts have called into existence. On their success in increasing the output of the land and in getting the full market for their produce everything, simply everything, depends. The great majority of them are in debt to the gentry class and face the responsibilities of citizenship with a minimum of capital, skill, business training or technical knowledge. They can only be saved from bankruptcy, they can only win to a position of economic independence, by a vast and detailed expansion of the principles of agricultural cooperation. That is how Denmark has made herself one of the most prosperous and contented countries in the world. If Ireland is ever to be a prosperous and contented land most follow in Denmark's footsteps. A splendid beginning has been made. Over 50,000 Irish farmers have been enrolled in some size hundred cooperative societies with an annual turn over of \$10,000,000 a year. But that is a beginning only. More, infinitely more, will have to be done to aid the peasant proprietors on their feet. Sir Horace Plunkett and the Irish Agricultural Organization Society of Lincoln Place, Dublin, stand ready to do it. The Irish party is violently hostile not only to Sir Horace Plunkett, the best and most helpful friend that Ireland has ever had, but to the whole idea of organizing the farmers to insure their welfare. If Americans have any money at all to spare for Irish purposes it is to the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, to send it. Mr. Redmond, that I should respectfully advise them to send it.

The Flight of Man

By ROWLAND STRONG

PARIS CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



PARIS In a thousand years man may be able to accomplish in the matter of flying one-thousandth part of what a sparrow does every minute of its existence." This was the pessimistic opinion expressed to me recently by a French Professor of Natural History after witnessing an afternoon's trials of the Voisin aeroplane at Issy-Moulineaux. The professor knew everything about birds, but this was the first time that he had seen an aeroplane. The mere fact of seeing a man perched on the back of what looked like an enormous kite rise a yard high in the air, and maintain himself in this position, while speeding along at twenty miles an hour, for a quarter of an hour, was wonderful enough, and filled one with hope that at last the secret of aviation was within measurable distance of being discovered, but the professor shook his head, and related such wonderful facts about bird flight, illustrating his remarks from the actual movements of the sparrows flitting about the neighboring house-tops, showing how they could fly on their backs, and practically in every possible position, that they could cope with the strongest winds, that their flying apparatus was limitless in its resources and a perfect instrument, that one again felt despondent.

The recent winning of the Archdeacon prize of \$10,000 by Mr. Henry Farman, who performed a circular flight of one kilometer, has led many to believe that all the problems of aerial flight have been solved.

But as reports upon recent aeroplane feats in Paris have been in many instances highly exaggerated, and not a little misleading, it would be well, perhaps, to put the date upon the "Ia" and describe with impartial accuracy what so far has been actually accomplished. The pioneer of aeroplaning in France is M. Blériot, who, seven years ago, made his debut with an aeroplane with flapping wings, closely resembling the shape of a bird. He was unable to achieve any appreciable results with it, and he abandoned his experiments, until 1903, when he made the acquaintance of Mr. Archdeacon, who is the President of the Aero Club. At Mr. Archdeacon's suggestion he resumed his trials, but this time upon water. The apparatus rose in the air, but promptly turned over, and M. Blériot took a bath for his pains. He then associated himself with a young and energetic engineer, M. Voisin, and began the construction of a new model, with which he experimented once more from the surface of the water, on the lake at Enghien, a suburb to the north of Paris, but still without result. Last year M. Blériot removed to the military parade-ground at Issy-Moulineaux, and with a twenty-four horse-power motor he

managed to fly 100 yards, but the motor proved too weak for further distances. He replaced it by a sixty horse-power motor, and at once rose 25 yards in the air, and flew 184 yards, came to the ground with an unintentional plunge, but won the first prize that had so far been awarded for aviation to an aeroplane—the Aero Club's medal. Encouraged by this success, the indefatigable and ingenious M. Blériot began the construction of an entirely new aeroplane with a fifty horse-power motor, with two wings instead of four, and with a tail movable in all directions. With this machine he has so far made three flights. On the two first occasions he had accidents with the



Henry Farman, who flew a Kfmo-motor in an Aeroplane heavier than Air, and gained the Archdeacon Prize of \$10,000 France



Farman winning the \$10,000 France Archdeacon Prize



An Antoinette Motor in Place in Santos-Dumont's latest Aeroplane



The Blériot and Voisin Aeroplane, two of which met Disaster



The Delagrè-Archdeacon Aeroplane on Lake d'Enghien

The latest Blériot machine has the elegant form of a dragon-fly, while the newest model of M. Voisin, with which his partner, Mr. Farman, gained the Archdeacon prize, does not resemble anything in the animal creation; but might be compared to a small racing automobile to which a system of parallel cubical flappers had been attached of the shape of Japanese kites. It has a fifty horse-power motor of the Antoinette model invented by Levassour. It has a central screw with long narrow blades, and, in fact, resembles on a gigantic scale those flying toys which were the delight of the last generation, and which were operated by a screw placed at their apex, and wound off upon a string. In the centre is placed a vertical rudder, which is movable only to the right and left. There is also a second rudder placed fore and horizontally to regulate the ascent and descent. It weighs 300 kilos, a little over 1000 pounds.

The Santos-Dumont aeroplane has been very little seen, and only a few trials have been made with it as yet. It

(Continued on page 25.)



Governor Hughes addressing 15,000 Spectators at the Dedication Exercises before the Hoboken Entrance to the new Tunnel



Sixty Feet below the Surface of the Hudson



The Entrance to the double Tube, looking toward New York



One of the new Type of under-river Cars



The Crowd which besieged the New York Tunnel Entrance

THE CONQUEST OF THE HUDSON

THE FIRST OF A SYSTEM OF TUNNELS UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER WHICH WILL CONNECT NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY WAS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON FEBRUARY 25, AND A REGULAR TRAIN SERVICE WAS INAUGURATED THROUGH THE DOUBLE TUBE BETWEEN MANHATTAN AND HOBOKEN. THE MANHATTAN ENTRANCE IS AT SIXTH AVENUE AND NINETEENTH STREET, THE HOBOKEN ENTRANCE AT HUDSON PLACE AND SIXTH STREET. THE SHORT-CAR TRAINS RUN AT THREE AND FIVE MINUTE INTERVALS, AND THE TRIP CONSUMES TWELVE MINUTES. THE DISTANCE FROM TERMINAL TO TERMINAL IS 2.85 MILES. THE WORK WAS BEGUN UNDER THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION IN 1901, AND IS SAID TO HAVE COST \$50,000,000.

The Army, and What It Offers

By LIEUTENANT FRANKLIN R. KENNEY, RECRUITING OFFICER, U. S. A.



Is the soldier just a thing of the past? Is the baby drum no more to awake in infant America the desire to do and die for the colors? Is the song of the sword that inspired an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Caesar, no longer to shape the fancies of the mothers of men? Hardly! Start a war rumor with even the slightest basis of fact, then watch the recruiting offices.

As an example—which, although it is not along the line of war, still furnishes a parallel—the cruise of "Fighting Bob" Evans and the fleet around the Horn filled the army and marine corps, a thing that had been impossible since the Spanish-American war. Unluckily the army cannot cruise around the Horn, but for almost any boy that desires to see the world and to educate himself by the broadening influence of travel there is offered the chance for duty in all the United States, in sunny Cuba, in Alaska, in romantic Honolulu, then on to the Philippines, and then the stop that all transports make in Japan, and, if you're lucky enough (and to date some 20,000 American soldiers have been that lucky), back through the North Canal and the Mediterranean, belting the globe as they were used to trace on the map of the old school geography in the days when Sir Francis Drake was a hero, and Napoleon an inspiration. And all this not on a personally conducted tour of the most popular lady teachers of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, but as the guest of the U. S. A., with rations, clothes, medicine, and medical attendance free, with ample time to study and to observe and acquire knowledge, and (sailing or sleeping, sick or well) pay coming in every month just the same. True, it is not so very much; but if you do not care to spend it, you may leave it with the army paymaster, where safe and safe in the strongest bank of the world it starts to earn you four per cent, payable with the principal at the completion of the enlistment. As I like to come to my mind the name of a soldier, a non-commissioned officer of the army, who in the last seven years has been to Cuba, Porto Rico, and all over the United States, Honolulu, the Philippines, Japan and China, and who has about \$3000 to his credit in savings. The name and address of this soldier will be gladly furnished upon application. And the soldier need not necessarily take this trip as a stranger among strangers, but he can go with his colon or colonel, or any army recruiting officer, can, by a little extra trouble, procure the assignment of desirable men, who do not wish to be separated, to the same command, and can have them designated, if requested, for foreign service.

If the young American is absolutely inclined, and prefers a thorough training in mechanics or electricity, he may enlist for the coast artillery, make application, and, if capable, go to the artillery school at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, to be turned out a finished and practical man in a profitable modern profession of the greatest commercial value, in which the demand for skilled men is constantly increasing.

The subjects taken up in their order according to the curriculum of the army training school are:

(a) Elementary mathematics; (b) Boilers; (c) Engines (steam, oil, and gasoline); (d) Machine-shop work; (e) Electricity and magnetism.

After completing the course, and qualifying according to the methods of procedure required by the rules and regulations, the soldier may become a master electrician at \$75 per month, an engineer at \$62 per month, or an electrician sergeant at \$45 per month. And the \$75, \$62, and \$45 do not indicate, in effect, the equivalent of the same amounts paid for labor in civil life, for this money is practically clear profit, and any persevering, economically

inclined man can save nine-tenths of his pay, because there goes with it a comfortable little house of four rooms and a bath, including a well-equipped kitchen with cooking utensils all supplied.

With rations free, and properly measured by a flintless housewife, that is ample for two; and Uncle Sam does not object in the least to the tried soldier of this class, who has proved his industry and sobriety, taking a wife. The fuel and lights are also free, as are the clothing and medical attendance.

The Signal Corps of the United States army offers training to the enlisted man along the same lines, with the addition of Aeronautics, or the science of ballooning and airships. This includes the making of trips through the air in balloons handled by soldiers, and the teaching of wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony. According to the pamphlet issued by the War Department, these are some of the subjects in which instruction is first given: telegraphy, practice in sending and receiving; field exercises; night signaling; shopwork; telegraph and telephone instruments; deep sea cables. Members of the next, of advanced class, are given instruction in theoretical electricity, and a special course includes instruction in laboratory work, signal engineering, motors, engine, electric lighting, dynamo, electrical testing, power transmission, transformers, teleboards, hydrogen gas generation, fire control installation, photography and topography.

At the completion of this course the soldier, if qualified, may become a master signal electrician at \$75 per month, with the same allowances as a master electrician of coast artillery.

The pay in these grades and in all grades of the army is increased twenty per cent, for service beyond the limits of the United States.

Should the least educated but applicable recruit, with no knowledge of electricity whatsoever, desire to become an electrician, he has ample time and material at hand at any artillery post to enable him to educate himself in the profession. And when one stops to think of the great advantage in being paid while one is being educated. There is comfort in the fact that, instead of the first of each month bringing the landlord, the baker, the butcher, and the grocer (to say nothing of the plumber) with their bills, it brings instead the paymaster with his always ready check and its never erring certainty. And above all, with this surety come the certainty of the mental and physical betterment both of the ambitious recruit and of the sluggish compelled by intelligent discipline to better himself.

The moral betterment of the man lies with himself alone. If he is a weakling the odds are that he will wind up in the "Mill," officially known as the guard house; but if he possesses even average strength of character the constant contact with older soldiers (and there are lots of them in the army to-day that have gone several years without missing a roll-call) will make him steady and reliable; and should he come out of his enlistment with nothing but a reputation for good character, the mere fact that the bugle had kept him at the job for three years without a breach should add greatly to his value in the eyes of almost any civilian employer to whom he might apply.

Much might be said for the excellent libraries with which each organization is supplied for the use of its enlisted personnel, of the gymnasium, boxing alleys, and billiard and pool tables, of the baseball, football, and basketball and track teams of each army post. Even the much belabored sentence persists in a new tie of white ribbon and rechristened the "Post Exchange," and over its counters is displayed solidly elaborating but very filling "near beer."

The army in time of peace adds to the bulwark of the nation a collected mass of trained soldiers who are living constantly discharged to take up various vocations in civil life.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE

By M. E. WALLER

"WHOLL buy? Wholl buy?"
Is the careless cry

That we hear in the market-place.

Panders of souls and traders in gloves,

Merchants of titles and sellers of doves

Hawk loud their wares.

To him who fares,—

"Wholl buy? Wholl buy?"—

Through the market-place.

The Droll himself smiles freely with all,

With as hearty good-will as before the fall;

He cries to the sinner: "Repent, repent!"

He smiles on the saint: "Tis good fasting in Lent,

But we're all in the market-place;

This barter and bargain rejoice my soul:

Here—I'll take gold."

And the clink of gold is heard in the market-place.

At first a tinkle, and then a clink,

A swift crosswords to rattle and roar

Off a golden estimate over the brick,

The steady, dextrous, golden pair.

To a golden streamlet, in which to sink

The setting sun;

And the day is done, . . .

Buyer and seller each goes his way,

To gather strength for another day;

And over the waste and deserted space

Lie the refuse and slime of the market-place.

A passerby, if he care to look,

May find some things—that are not in a book—

In the slime and waste of the market-place:

Dead aspirations for higher things,

A man's heart with pulsed wings,

And noble thoughts foul-mired by trade.

A woman's heart, in the balance weighed

With a sum of gold—then cast aside.

For another, heavier-portioned bride;

And tears of widows, and orphans' cries,

Strong men's curses, honor, and lies;

A dead-born babe in a refuse-heap,

And things to make the live flesh creep. . .

O search for the name of the man

Of a nation's shame

If it selleth its soul in the market-place!

And I, too, stand in the market-place.

I play for others to sing and dance,

With buyers and sellers I take my chance,

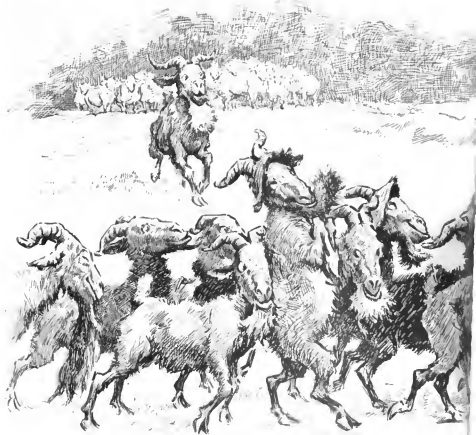
And show my heart.

To the careless mart

For the sake and gain of a little profit—

That body and soul together may hold:

As I stand in the market-place.



THE PIE-EYED PI



ER OF POLITICS

THE SPONSORS OF OUR WARSHIPS



A SHORE OF YOUNG WOMEN WHO HAVE DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES BY BREAKING WINE BOTTLES OVER THE PROWS OF AMERICAN WARSHIPS IN THE ACT OF CHRISTENING THEM HAVE ORGANIZED THEMSELVES INTO A "SOCIETY OF NAVAL SPONSORS," AND THEY RECENTLY MET FOR THEIR FIRST CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON. THE NAMES OF THE MEMBERS, AND OF THE SHIPS THEY HAVE CHRISTENED, ARE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, AS FOLLOWS: (FIRST ROW)—MISS MAY BIERLEY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, SPONSOR "BROOKLYN"; MISS BARRETT BARKER, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, "WILKES"; MISS ELANOR GOW, QUINCY, MISSISSIPPI, "CUTTLEFISH"; MISS LORNA PINNOCH, BALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, "SALOME"; MISS MARY CAMPBELL, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, "ALABAMA"; MISS KEITH FRAZIER, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, "TENNESSEE"; MISS MINNIE COVAD, MONTANA, "MONTANA"; MRS. O. W. STEEDMAN, IOWA, "IOWA"; MRS. JOHN G. BOWEN, KENTUCKY, "KENTUCKY." (SECOND ROW)—MISS HELEN BASHLEY, OHIO, "OHIO"; MISS DOROTHY APOSTOL, CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA, "CHESTER"; MRS. JOHN PEAR, DENVER, COLORADO, "DENVER"; MRS. J. EARL MORGAN, WISCONSIN, "WISCONSIN"; MISS HELEN BERRY, SOUTH CAROLINA, "CHARLESTON"; MRS. WILHELMINA LAMBERT BIRD, "BARBACUE." IN THE THIRD ROW ARE ADMIRALS BULLY AND SHORRER.

Bearding the Governor

A SIDELIGHT ON AN EPOCH-MAKING EVENT

By THEODORA BEAN



I took only one hour to put a hitherto univided chapter into the life of Governor Hughes.

The time was February 19, 1908, 3 P.M. to 4 P.M.; the place, the Executive Chambers in Albany, and the dramatic causes were the Women Suffragists of New York, and their established enemies in the New York State Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women.

3 P.M.—Women enter; suffragists to the right, "antis" to the left.

3.02—Governor Hughes whispers to his gold-embroidered secretary.

3.03—His Excellency turns—a speaking chair breaks the gray silence.

3.04—Electric lights blaze a welcome.

3.05—Governor Hughes, still seated, formally declares himself ready for the hearing.

3.12—Revered clash in courtesy of Opponents.

3.20—Picked up feminine pencil dropped by ardent anti.

3.25 to 3.45—Addressed six times as "Sir," five times as "Senator," three as "Mister," twelve as "Excellency," and once as "Oh, Mr. Hughes!"

3.55—Another speaking of the chair.

3.56—A flash of a white handkerchief from an inner pocket.

3.58—Declares "what the women want, women in control of time will have."

4.00—Shakes hands with all, and departs, while both sides claim sympathetic and ultimate victory.

And all the time there was a blizzard out of doors, but the furs, go-bobs, and umbrellas in the Executive Chambers gave vital testimony that truth and special trains prevail against the adversity of the elements. Had they not arrived as planned? Did they lose heart because they had been stalled thirty minutes at Yonkers? They did not. Their fellow-travelers had been the pros

and sons of the Race Track Mill, who had equally been full of definite purpose and torturing hope.

Thus the day had started with practical emotions, and there was no sign of a let-up in any kind of a storm.

They watched in with firm, unflinching step, and smiled an anxious greeting Governor Hughes-way.

His hour had come. At 7.30 His Excellency had asked for his working list, at the same time noticing the increasing sternness without. "Possibly," he ventured, but there was no second word to that sentence. He recalled the persevering character of the women he was about to see, yet when the time came he did not seem a bit afraid of anything, as he wheeled about to face those who did and did not want his assistance in bringing about suffrage for women.

Where his sympathies were was not disclosed. Not once did he flinch or look at the clock. And when the time came during which the two opposing factions were busy with their rhetoric, he did not call out "Ladies, ladies, I beg of you!" He was simply moving all that was coming, and his mind was on the situation. As Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, who marshalled the suffragists, began to explain that her ancestry had contributed much to the patriotic graveyards of the country, Governor Hughes unbentened his fresh coat, revealing a watch chain with key attachment in the centre of his black waistcoat.

The hearing was on. Governor Hughes was getting a finished touch in his public life.

Mrs. Anna Garland Spencer, in quaker gray, with a little bonnet and rubbing at her cuff, in a mild voice declared for the rights of women, smiling gently meanwhile; and Mr. Byrne, who seemed to impose the Governor as a new species of woman suffragist, talked in behalf of two hundred and fifty thousand men who, he said, could scarcely get along much longer without votes for women. Mr. Byrne, the boy-suffragist, was not quite so much as seated when there was a stir on the side of the enemy, the "antis." The

stirring was done by Mrs. William Crenell, large, important looking, and determined.

"But we are not through," ventured Mrs. Blatch.
 "Yes; but you are through with your time," retorted Mrs. Crenell, with foreboding menace.

Mrs. Crenell approached the table and turned a convincing eye upon the Chair. She pointed to her typewritten notes, after a few sections of speech, full of why women should not be given the ballot, and then she lost her piece. The table helped none. It was big, and wide, and long, and smooth, and she shuffled the sheets skillfully, but with little success. Three minutes of her time were consumed by confusion.

"I must have left that part here," she exclaimed. "But I can go on without it, and tell you what I have to say, sir."

"There are many names signed to some of the Suffragists' petitions than there are women in the cities and villages," she affirmed, with a defiant toss toward the "pros."

Mrs. George Phillips, the chairman of the "anti," got up to warn Mrs. Crenell that time was going, but Mrs. Crenell still had words unused. Again Mrs. Phillips arose, and then she did the same thing once more. She held a little watch behind a fat snuff, and the shadow of a picture had concealed the anxious twitching of her face. Another "anti" must speak, or soon it would be too late, and Mrs. Adeline Knapp, with spectacles, and morning glories in her hair, came forward with her argument against the woman's vote. Miss Knapp, it was said, wrote, or dramatized, or something like that, an arithmetic for use in the Philippines,—whether it was approved by the Kaiser or not was not made known to Suffragists who surrounded the gubernatorial table.

Once more it was Mrs. Phillips's turn to move.
 "We must go now," she explained: "we must hurry back to the Senate. Come, Miss Knapp."

"Not that we wish, but that we must," she said, with a sweeping gesture that included Governor Hughes in its exulting atmosphere.

His Excellency watched the trailing departure, and did not betray by so much as a twinkle the slightest amusement when one abandoned "anti" thrust a handkerchief and a toe-rubber in her muff, preparatory to a hasty exit.

Mrs. Blatch looked regretfully at her sitting opponents. She had so many trump cards that had not been used. One was Mrs. Florence Kelly. When Mrs. Kelly got up there was almost a nod of recognition from the Governor's Chair. Mrs. Kelly was one of the first women, by the way, who really have done things with Legislatures, and she was as natural and easy in her manner as if she had been saying a few words to a partner at bridge.

"When we get laws enacted, we cannot get them enforced," said Mrs. Kelly. "In Colorado the wishes of every working woman are counted just as much as the wishes of the Italian in New York who has stayed here long enough to get his citizenship."

The doorway was suddenly blocked by some visiting preachers who had spent the afternoon protesting faithfully against race-track betting; for the clock was now closing up the hour's work.

And Mrs. Blatch was talking in a sobbing. That is a very polite way of having the last word and knowing it, and it seems to be awfully popular at all gatherings of women.

"We are living in the eighteenth century," began Mrs. Blatch, impressively: "I mean the nineteenth,—no, the twentieth. We are living in the twentieth century and not the eighteenth, and we women, through no fault of our own, are out in the world as wage-earners and workers. We want to serve the community. Governor Hughes, hear in mind, Governor Hughes,—Governor Hughes, Governor Hughes, we do not ask you to declare for or against. We want an intelligent light on our work."

In a way she got all she asked for, as Governor Hughes did not declare for or against.

As the Governor's chair revolved the long fingers of the State Executive relaxed their hold upon each other.

"I have no direct power," he smiled. "I am glad your views were presented. I am a firm believer that anything that is right and makes for progress is bound to come."

The visiting preachers in the doorway thought this was good enough to be meant for them, but Governor Hughes was still addressing the Suffragists.

"If you proceed in an orderly manner without upheavals you will be rewarded. I believe heartily in debate as truth may emerge. Whatever is right will eventually appear to be right, and will be ultimately established. I firmly believe the decision will rest with women. What intelligent women want they will have. The demand on the part of women will in course of time be irresistible."

Governor Hughes bowed, and started forward. The women smiled and rushed to meet him, and everybody shook hands. In their excitement they did not forget to grip their umbrellas.

A preacher who had an Adam's apple which necessitated a cut-away collar asked Mrs. Blatch if she would not say something at the Bors Track hearing.

"Will you work for woman's suffrage?" she said.

"I? Certainly not," was the reply. "Women ought to be home. Besides, I have daughters to bring up."

Governor Hughes was a bit late for dinner. It was told in strict confidence. The reason is not really that Mrs. Hughes received the members, delegates, and all who were not talking, at the Executive Mansion from five to seven o'clock.

AN "OLD MASTER" OF THE VICTORIAN AGE



THIS WHITE-BEARDED MAN IN THE BATH CHAIR IS GEORGE MEREDITH, THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH-WRITING NOVELIST, WHOSE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY HAS JUST BEEN CELEBRATED AT HIS HOME AT BOXHILL, IN SURREY, ENGLAND

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Hichens

AUTHOR OF "THE GARDEN OF AILAN," "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," ETC.

CHAPTER I

THE SPIRIT THAT BENTH UPON A LIFE IN A SPIRIT IN PRISON



SOMEWHERE, not far off on the still sea that held the tiny islet in a warm embrace, a boy's voice was singing "Napoli Bella."

Vere heard the song as she sat in the sun with her face set towards Naxos and the distant peak of Ios; and instinctively she shifted her position, and turned her head, looking towards the calm and untroubled water that stretched between her and Naples. For the voice that sang

of the beautiful city was coming towards her from the beautiful city, hushing the shores it had left perhaps but two hours ago.

On his pedestal set upon rock San Francesco seemed to be attentive to the voice. He stood beyond the sheltered pool of the sea that divided the islet from the mainland, staring across at Vere as if he envied her; he was now rooted in Italy and deprived of her exquisite freedom. His head hung down to his waist, his cross protruded over his left shoulder, and his robe of dusty grayish brown touched his feet, which had never wandered one step since he was made, and set there to keep watch over the fishermen who come to sleep under the lee of the island by night.

Now it was brilliant daylight. The sun shone vividly over the Bay of Naples, over the great and vital city, over Vesuvius, the long line of the land towards Sorrento, over Capri with its shadowy mountain, and Posillipo, with its tree-groved villas. And in the sharp radiance of May the careless voice of the sailor-boy sang the familiar song that Vere had always known and seldom heard.

Today, why she did not know, Vere listened to it intently. Something in the sound of the voice caught her attention, roused within her a sense of sympathy.

Curiousness and happiness made a swift appeal to young hearts, and this voice was careless, and sounded very happy. There was a delicate gracefulness in it, a determination to be manly, which proved the vocalist to be no man. Vere knew at once that it was singing, and she felt that she must see him.

She got up, went into the little garden at the edge of the cliff, and looked over the wall.

There was a boat moving slowly towards her, not very far away. In it were three figures, all stripped for diving, and wearing white cotton drawers. Two were sitting on the gunwale with their knees drawn up nearly to their chins. The third was standing, and with a languid but strong and regular movement was propelling the boat forward with high-bladed oars. This was the singer, and as the boat drew nearer Vere could see that he had the young, lithe form of a boy.

While she watched, leaning down from her eyrie, the boat and the song stopped, and the singer let go his oars and turned to the men behind him. The boat had reached a place near the rocks that was good ground for *fratelli di mare*.

Vere had often seen the divers in the Bay of Naples at their curious toil. Yet, it never ceased to interest her. She had a passion for the sea, and for all things connected with it. Now she leaned a little lower over the wall, with her eyes fixed on the boat and its occupants.

Upon the water she saw corks floating, and presently one of the men swung himself round and sat facing the sea, with his back to the boat and his bare legs dipping into the water. The boy had dropped down to the bottom of the craft. His hands were busy arranging clothes, or tackle, and his body once again rang out to the glory of "Napoli, bella Napoli." There was something infectious in his happy-go-lucky light-heartedness. Vere smiled as she listened, but there was a wildness in her heart. At that moment a very common desire of young and vigorous girls assailed her—the desire to be a boy; not a boy born of rich parents, destined to the idle, aimless life of aristocratic young Neapolitans, but a brown, badly dressed, or scarcely at all dressed, boy of the people.

She was often light-hearted, careless. But was she ever as light-hearted and careless as that singing boy? She supposed herself to be free, that was she, could she ever be as free as he was?

The man who had been dipping his feet in the sea rested one hand on the gunwale, let his body draw forward, dropped into the water, paddled for a moment, reached one of the floating corks, turned over head downwards, describing a circle which showed his chocolate-colored back arched, kicked up his feet and disappeared. The second man lounged lazily from the boat into the sea and imitated him. The boy sat still and went on singing.

Vere felt disappointed. Was not he going to dive too? She wanted him to dive. If she were that boy she would go in, she felt sure of it, before the men. It must be lovely to sink down into the underworld of the sea, to ride from the rocks their fruit, that grew thick as fruit on the trees. But the boy—he was lazy, good for nothing but singing. She was half ashamed of him. Whimsically, and laughing to herself at her own absurdity, she lifted her two hands, brown with the sun, to her lips, and cried with all her might:

"Va dentro, pazzo! Va dentro!"

As her voice died away, the boy stopped singing, sprang into the sea, kicked up his feet, and disappeared.

Vere was conscious of a thrill that was like a thrill of triumph. "He obeyed me!" she thought.

A pleasant feeling of power came to her. From her eyrie on the rock she was directing those strange sea doings. She was ruling over the men of the sea.

The empty boat swayed softly on the water, but its three former occupants were all hidden by the sea. It seemed as if they would never come up again. Vere began to hold her breath as they were holding theirs. At last a dark head rose above the surface, then another. The two men paddled for a minute, drawing the air into their lungs. But the boy did not reappear.

As the seconds passed, Vere began to feel proud of him. He was doing that which she would have tried to do had she been a boy. He was rivaling the men.

Another second slipped away—and another. He was more than rivaling; he was besting the men.

They dived once more. She saw the sun gleam on their backs, which looked polished as they turned slowly over, almost like brown porpoises.

But the boy remained hidden beneath the veil of water.

Vere began to feel anxious. What if some accident had happened? What if he had been caught by the seaweed, or if his groping hand had been retained by some crinoid of the rock? There was a pain at her heart. Her quick imagination was at work. It seemed to her as if she felt his agony, took part in his struggle to regain his freedom. She clenched her small hands and set her teeth. She held her breath, trying to feel exactly as he was feeling. And then suddenly she lifted her hands up to her face, covering her nostrils. What a horrible sensation it was. This suffocation, this pressing of the life out of the body, almost as one may push a person brutally out of a room! She could bear it no more, and she dropped her hands. As she did so the boy's dark head rose above the sea.

Vere uttered a cry of joy.

"Bravol! Bravol!"

She felt as if he had returned from the dead. He was a wonderful boy.

"Bravol! Bravissimo!"

Seriously unconscious of her enthusiasm, the boy swam slowly for a moment, breathing the air into his lungs, then swamly dived again.

"Vere!" called a woman's voice from the house—"Vere!"

"Madre!" cried the girl in reply, but without turning away from the sea. "I am here! Do come out! I want to show you something!"

On a narrow terrace looking towards Naples a tall figure appeared.

"Where are you?"

"Here! Here!"

The mother smiled and left the terrace, passed through a little gate, and almost directly was standing beside the girl, saying:

"What is it? Is there a school of whales in the bay, or have you sighted the sea serpent coming from Capri?"

"No, not! But—see that boat!"

"Yes. The men are diving for *fratelli di mare*, aren't they?"

Vere nodded.

"The men are nothing. But there is a boy who is wonderful."

"Why? What does he do?"

"He stays under water an extraordinary time. Now wait. Have you got a watch, Madre?"

"Yes."

"Take it out, there's a darling, and time him. I want to know—there he is. You see?"

"Yes."

"Have you got your watch? Wait till he goes under! Wait a minute! There! He's gone! Now begin."

She drew into her lungs a long breath, and held it. The mother smiled, keeping her eyes obediently on the watch which lay in her hand.

There was a silence between them as the seconds passed.

* Copyright, 1907 by HARRIS & BROTHERS.

"Really," began the mother, presently, "he must be—"

"Hush, Madre, hush!"

The girl had clasped her hands tightly. Her eyes never left the sea. The tick, tick of the watch was just audible in the stillness of the May morning. At last—

"There he is!" cried the girl. "Quick! How long has he been under?"

"Sixty seconds."

"I wonder—I'm sure it's a record. If only Gaspare were here! When will he be back from Naples with Monsieur Emile?"

"About twelve, I should think. But I doubt if they can sail." She looked out to sea, and added: "I think the wind is changing to southwest. They may be later."

"He's gone down again!"

"I never saw you so interested in a diver before," said the mother. "What made you begin to look at the boy?"

"He was singing. I heard him, and his voice made me feel—"

"She paused."

"What?" said her mother.

"I don't know. I'm *però disincantata*, I'm afraid. One thing, though! It made me feel to be a boy."

"Did it?"

"Yes, Madre, tell me truly—sea water on your lips, as the fishermen say—now truly, do you ever want me to be a boy?" Hermione Delaney did not answer for a moment. She looked away over the still sea, that seemed to be slowly losing its color, and she thought of another sea, of the Ionian waters that she had loved so much. They had taken her husband from her before her child was born, and this child's question recalled to her the sharp agony of those days and nights in Sicily, when Massimo lay injured in the *Casa del Prete*, and afterwards in the hospital at Marchese—of other days and nights in Italy, when, isolated with the Sicilian lady, Gaspare, she had waited patiently for the coming of her child.

"Sea water, Madre, sea water on your lips!"

Her mother looked down at her for a moment.

"Do you think I wished it, Vere?"

"Today I do."

"Why to-day?"

"Because I wish it so much. And it seems to me as if perhaps I wish it because you once wished it for me. You thought I should be a boy?"

"I felt sure you would be a boy."

"Madre! How strange!"

The girl was looking up at her mother. Her dark eyes—almost Sicilian eyes they were—opened very wide, and her lips remained slightly parted after she had spoken.

"I wonder why that was?" she said at length.

"I have wondered too. It may have been that I was always thinking of your father in those days, recalling him—well, recalling him as he had been in Sicily. He went away from me so suddenly that I remember his going, even when it had happened, for a long time seemed to be an impossibility. And I fancied, I suppose, that my child would be him in a way."

"Come back!"

"Or never quite gone."

The girl was silent for a moment.

"Povera madre mia!" at last she said.

But she did not seem distressed for herself. No personal grievance, no doubt of complete love, assailed her. And the fact that this was so demonstrated, very quietly and very completely, the relation existing between this mother and this child.

"I wonder, now," Vere said, presently, "why I never specially wished to be a boy in to-day—because, after all, it can't be from you that the wish came. If it had been it must have come long ago. And it didn't. It only came when I heard that boy's voice. He sings like all the boys, you know, that have ever enjoyed themselves, that are still enjoying themselves in the sun."

"I wish he would sing once more," said Hermione.

"Perhaps he will. Look! He's getting into the boat. And the men are stopping too."

The boy was very quick in his movements. Almost before Vere had finished speaking he had pulled on his blue jersey

and white trousers, and again taken the big oars into his hands. Standing up, with his face set towards the boat, he began once more to propel the boat towards it. And as he swung his body slowly in and fro he opened his lips and sang softly once more,

"O Napoli, bella Napoli!"

Hermione and Vere sat silently listening as the song grew louder and louder, till the boat was almost in the shadow of the pier, and the boy with a strong stroke of the left oar turned its prow towards the pool over which San Francisco watched.

"They're going into the Saint's Pool to have a swim," said Vere. "Isn't he a splendid boy, Madre?"

As she spoke the boat was passing almost directly beneath them, and they saw its name painted in red letters on the prow, *Sirena del Mare*. The two men, one young, one middle aged, were staring before them at the oars. But the boy, more sensitive, perhaps, than they were to the watching eyes of women, looked straight up to Vere and to her mother. They saw his level rows of white teeth gleaming as the song came out from his parted lips, the shining of his eager dark eyes, full of the endless meriment of youth, the black, bushy hair stirring in the light sea breeze about his brow, bronzed by sun and wind. His slight figure swayed with an easy motion that had the grace of perfectly controlled activity, and his brown hands gripped the great oars with a firmness almost of steel, as the boat glided under the lee of the island, and vanished from the eyes of the watchers into the shadowy pool of San Francisco.

When the boat had disappeared, Vere lifted herself up and turned round to her mother.

"Isn't he a jolly boy, Madre?"

"Yes," said Hermione.

She spoke in a low voice. Her eyes were still on the sea where the boat had passed.

"Yes," she repeated, almost as if to herself.

For the first time a little cloud went over Vere's sensitive face.

"Madre, how horribly I must have disappointed you," she said. "The mother did not break into pre-eminence. She always treated her child with sincerity."

"Just for a moment, Vere," she answered. "And then, very soon, you made me feel how much more intimate can be the relationship between a mother and a daughter than between a mother and any son."

"Is that true, really?"

"I think it is."

"But why should that be?"

"Don't you think Monsieur Emile could tell you much better than I? I feel all the things, you know, that he can explain."

There was a touch of something that was like a half hidden irony in her voice.

"Monsieur Emile? Yes, I think he understands almost everything about people," said Vere, quite without irony.

"But could a man explain such a thing as well as a woman? I don't think so."

"We have the instincts perhaps, men the vocabulary."

"Come, Vere, I want to look over into the Saint's Pool and see what those men are doing."

Vere laughed.

"Take care, Madre, or Gaspare will be jealous."

A soft look came into Hermione's face.

"Gaspare and I know each other," she said, quietly.

"But he could be jealous—horribly jealous."

"Of you, perhaps, Vere, but never of me. Gaspare and I have passed through too much together for anything of that kind. Nobody could ever take his place with me, and he knows it quite well."

"Gaspare's a darling, and I love him," said Vere, rather incoherently.

"Shall we look over into the pool from the pavilion, or go down by the steps?"

"We'll look over."

They passed in through a gateway to the narrow terrace that fronted the *Casa del Mare*.

After Veronius, entered the house, traversed a little hall, came out again into the air by a door on its farther side, and made their way to a small pavilion that looked upon the Pool of San Francisco.

Almost immediately before, in the cool shadow of the cliff, the boat was moored. The two men,



He lifted his brown arms above his head, uttered a cry, and dove cleanly below the surface

lying at full length in it, their faces buried in their hands, were already asleep. But the boy, sitting astride on the prow, with his bare feet dangling on each side of it to the clear green water, was manning slowly, and rather seriously, a bunch of yellow bread, from which he cut from time to time large pieces with a clasp knife. As he ate, lifting the pieces of bread to his mouth with the knife, against whose blade he held them with his thumb, he stared down at the depths below, transparent here almost to the sea bed. His eyes were wide with reverie. He seemed another boy, not the gay singer of five minutes ago. But then he had been in the blaze of the sun. Now he was in the shade. And swiftly he had caught the influence of the dimmer light, the lack of motion, the delicate blush at the feet of San Francesco.

This time he did not know that he was being watched. His reverie, perhaps, was too deep, or their gaze less concentrated than it had been before. And after a moment Hermione moved away.

"You are going in, Madre?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind if I give something to that boy?"

"Do you mean money?"

"Oh, no. But the poor thing's eating dry bread, and—"

"And what, you mean?"

"Well, he's a very obedient boy."

"How can you know that?"

"He was idling in the boat, and I called out to him to jump into the sea, and he jumped in immediately."

"Do you think because he heard you?"

"Certainly I do."

"You conceived little creature! Perhaps he was only pleasing himself!"

"No, Madre, no. I think I should like to give him a little reward presently—for his singing, too."

"Get him a dove, or a cat, from Carmela, if there is one. And you can give him some cigarettes."

"I will. He'll love that. Oh dear! I wish he didn't make me dissatisfied with myself!"

"Nonsense, Vere!"

Hermione bent down and kissed her child. Then she went rather quickly away from the pavilion and entered the Casa del Mare.

CHAPTER II

AFTER her mother had gone, Vere waited for a moment, then ran lightly to the house, procured herself of a dove and a packet of cigarettes, and went down the steps to the Pied of San Francesco, full of hospitable intentions towards the singing boy. She found him still sitting astride of the boat's prow, not yet free of his reverie, apparently; for when she gave a low call of "Proccatori!" prolonging the last syllable with the emphasis and the accent of Naples, but always softly, he started, and nearly dropped into the sea the piece of bread he was lifting to his mouth. Recovering himself in time to save the bread deftly with one brown hand, he turned half round, leaning on his left arm, and stared at Vere with large, inquiring eyes. She stood by the steps and beckoned to him, lifting up the packet of cigarettes, then pointing to his sleeping companion.

"Come here for a minute!"

The boy smiled, sprang up, and leaped on to the inlet. As he came to her, with the easy, swinging walk of the barefooted sea people, he pulled up his white trousers, and threw out his chest with an obvious desire to show before the pretty Padrona of the inlet. When he reached her he lifted his hand to his bare head thoughtfully, meaning to take off his cap to her. Finding that he had no cap, he made a laughing grimace, threw up his chin, and, thrusting his tongue against his upper teeth and opening wide his mouth, uttered a little sound most characteristically Neapolitan—a sound that seemed lightly commendatory of himself. This done, he stood still before Vere, looking at the cigarettes and at the dove.

"I've brought these for you," she said.

"Grazie, signorina."

He did not hold out his hand, but his eyes, now devoted entirely to the cigarettes, began to shine with pleasure. Vere did not give him the presents at once. She had something to explain first.

"We mustn't wake them," she said, pointing towards the boat in which the men were sleeping. "Come a little way with me."

She retraced a few steps from the sea, followed closely by the eager boy.

"We shan't disturb them now," she said, stopping. "Do you know why I've brought you these?"

She stretched out her hands, with the dove and the cigarettes.

The boy threw his chin up again and half shut his eyes.

"No, signorina."

"Because you did what I told you."

She spoke rather with the air of a little queen.

"I don't understand."

"Didn't you hear me call out to you from up there?"—she pointed to the cliff above their heads—"when you were sitting in the boat? I called to you to go in after the men."

"Why?"

"Why! Because I thought you were a lazy boy."

He laughed. All his brown face gave itself up to laughter—eyes, teeth, lips, cheeks, chin. His whole body seemed to be spiriting. The idea of his being lazy seemed to delight his whole spirit.

"You would have been lazy if you hadn't done what I told you," said Vere, emphatically, forcing her words through his merriment with determination. "You know you would."

"I never heard you call, signorina."

"You didn't?"

He shook his head several times, bent down, dipped his fingers in the sea, put them in his lips: "I say it."

"Really?"

There was a note of disappointment in her voice. She felt threatened.

"But then, you haven't earned these," she said, looking at him almost with rebuke, "if you want in of your own accord."

"I go in because it is my mother, signorina," the boy said, simply. "I go in by force."

He looked at her and then again at the cigarettes. His expression said, "Can you refuse me?" There was a quite definite and conscious attempt to enoble her to generosity in his eyes, and in the pose he assumed. Vere saw it, and knew that if there had been a mirror within reach at that moment the boy would have been looking at itself, frankly admiring himself.

In Italy the narcissus blooms at all seasons of the year.

She was charmed by the boy, for he did his baring well, and she was susceptible to all that was naturally picturesque. But a gay little spirit of resistance sprang up like a flame and danced within her.

She let her hands fall to her sides.

"But you like going in?"

"Signorina?"

"You enjoy diving?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and again used what seemed with him a favorite expression.

"Signorina, I must enjoy it, by force."

"You do it wonderfully. Do you know that? You do it better than the men."

Again the conscious look came into the boy's face and body, as if his soul were fairly swaying.

"There is no one in the bay who can dive better than I can," he answered. "Giovannino thinks he can. Well, let him think so. He would not dare to make a bet with me."

"He would lose it if he did," said Vere. "I'm sure he would. Just now you were under water nearly a minute by my mother's watch."

"Where is the signora?" said the boy, looking round.

"Why do you ask?"

"Why, I can stay under longer than that."

"Now look here!" said the girl, eagerly. "Never mind Madre! Go down once for me, won't you? Go down once for me, and you shall have the dove and two packets of cigarettes."

"I don't want the dove, signorina; a dove is for women," he said, with the complete bluntness characteristic of southern Italians and of Sicilians.

"The cigarettes, then."

"Yes, hear, that the water is too shallow here."

"We'll take my boat."

She pointed to a small boat, white with a green line, that was moored close to them.

"Yes, hear," said the boy again.

He pulled his white trousers up above his knees, stripped off his blue jersey, leaving the chest vest that he wears beneath it folded the jersey neatly and laid it on the stones, tightened his trousers at the back, then caught hold of the rope by which Vere's boat was moored to the shore, and pulled the boat in.

Very carefully he helped Vere into it.

"I know a good place," he said, "where you can see right down to the bottom."

Taking the oars, he slowly paddled a little way out to a deep, clear pool of the sea.

"I'll go in here, signorina."

He stood up straight, with his feet planted on each side of the boat's prow, and glanced at the water intently, as might a fish. Then he shot one more glance at Vere and at the cigarettes, made the sign of the cross, lifted his brown arms above his head, uttered a cry, and dived cleanly below the surface, going down obliquely till he was quite lost in the water.

Vere watched him with a deep attention. This feat of the boy fascinated her. The water between them made him look remote, delicate, and unearthly—neither boy nor fish. His head, she could see, was almost touching the bottom. She fancied that he was actually touching bottom with his hands. Yes, he was. Bending low over the water, she saw his brown fingers, stretched out and well defined, promoung over the basin of the sea as lightly and springily as the claws of a crab tiptoeing to some hiding place. Presently he let himself down a little more, pressed his flat palms against the ground, and, with the impetus thus gained, made his body shoot back towards the surface first foremost. Then bringing his body up till it was in a straight line with his feet, he came slowly upward, never moving first in this direction, then in that, with a little ease that was radiantly graceful. Finally he turned over on his back and sank slowly down until he looked like a corpse lying at the bottom of the sea.

Then Vere felt a sickness of fear steal over her, and, leaning over the sea till her face almost touched the water, she cried out, fiercely:

"Come up! Come up! Presto! Presto!"

As the boy had seemed to obey her when she cried out to him from the summit of the cliff, so he seemed to obey her now.

When her voice died down into the sea depths he rose from those depths, and she saw his eyes laughing, his lips laughing at her, from under the strange veil of the water, which had cast upon him a spectral aspect, the likeness of a thing dashed by its soul.

"Did you hear me that time?" Vere said, rather eagerly.

The boy lifted his dark head from the water to shake it, drew a

long breath, trod water, then threw up his chin with the touch of tongue against teeth which is the Neapolitan negative.

"You didn't! Then why did you come up?"

"He swam to the boat."

"It pleased me to come."

She looked doubtful.

"I believe you are birlante," she said, slowly. "I am nearly sure you are."

The boy was just getting out, pulling himself up slowly to the boat by his arms, with his wet hands grasping the gunwale firmly. He looked at Vere, with the salt drops running down his sunburnt face and dripping from his thick, matted hair to his strong neck and shoulders. Again his whole face laughed, as, nimbly, he brought his legs from the water and stood beside her.

"Birlante, signorina?"

"Yes. Are you from Naples?"

"I come from Mergellina, signorina."

Vere looked at him half doubtfully, but still with innocent admiration. There was something perfectly fearless and capable about him that attracted her.

He roved in to shore.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Sixteen years old, signorina."

"I am sixteen, too."

"They rescued the boat, and Vere got out. The boy followed her, fastened the boat, and moved away a few steps. She wondered why, till she saw him stop in a sun patch and let the beams fall full upon him.

"You aren't afraid of catch-lag cold?" she asked.

"I am sixteen, too."

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"Ruffo—that's a nice name. It sounds strong and bold"

which she considered him carefully. "You can't get anything more out of that one."

"Grazie, signorina."

"He took it eagerly."

"Do tell me your name, won't you?" Vere went on.

"Ruffo, signorina."

"Ruffo—that's a nice name. It sounds strong and bold. And you live at Mergellina?"

"Si, signorina. But I wasn't born there. I wasn't born in Naples at all."

"Where were you born?"

"In America, signorina, near New York. I am a Sicilian."

"A Sicilian, are you?"

"Si, signorina."

"I am a little bit Sicilian, too; only a little thing bit—last still—"

She waited to see the effect upon him. He looked at her steadily with his long bright eyes.

"You are Sicilian, signorina?"

"My great-grandmother was."

"Si!"

His voice sounded incredulous.

"Don't you believe me?" she cried, rather hotly.

"Ma sì, signorina! only—that's not very Sicilian if the rest is English. You are English, signorina, aren't you?"

"The rest of me is. Are you all Sicilian?"

"Signorina, my mother is Sicilian."

"And your father, too?"

The boy's face suddenly clouded.

"Signorina, my father is dead," he said, in a changed voice. "Now I live with my mother and my stepfather."

He—Petrino—he is Neapolitan."

There was a movement in the boat. The boy looked round.

"I must go back to the boat, signorina," he said.

"Oh, must you?" Vere said. "What a pity! But look, they are really still asleep."

"I must go back, signorina," he protested.

"You want to sleep, too, perhaps?"

He seized the excuse.

"Si, signorina. Being under the sea so much—it tires the head and the eyes. I want to sleep, too."

His face, full of life, denied his words, but Vere only said:

"Here are the cigarettes."

"Grazie, signorina."

And I promised you another packet. Well, wait here—just here, if you see—under the bridge, and I'll throw it down, and you must catch it."

"Si, signorina."

He took his stand on the spot she pointed out, and she disappeared up the steps towards the house.

"Madre! Madre!"

Hermione heard Vere's voice calling below a moment later.

"What is it?"

There was a quick step on the stairs, and the girl ran in.

"One more packet of cigarettes—may I? It's instead of the dolce. Ruffo says only women eat sweet things."

"Ruffo?"

"Yes, that's his name. He's been diving for me. You never saw anything like it! And he's a Sicilian. Isn't it odd? And sixteen—just as I am. May I have the cigarettes for him?"

"Yes, of course. In that drawer there's a whole box of the ones Monsieur Emile likes."

"There! And I'll make him catch them all, one by one. It will be more fun than throwing only a packet. Addio, mia bella Madre! Addio! Addio!"

And singing the words to the tune of "Addio, mia bella Napoli," she fitted out of the room and down the stairs.

"Ruffo! Ruffo!"

A minute later she was leaning over the bridge to the boy, who stood sentinel below. He looked up and saw her laughing face full of merry mischief, and prepared to catch the packet she had promised him.

"Ruffo, I'm so sorry, but I can't find another packet of cigarettes."

The boy's bright face changed, looked almost sad, but he called up:

(Continued on page 29.)



THE GENTLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE

DRAWN BY GEORGES VALLER

An Embarrassed British Ambassador

How the Blunder of Tennyson pere Almost Caused Grave Diplomatic Complications

"Very few persons in Great Britain outside the diplomatic circle know a certain incident in our international history," said a British visitor of prominence in an American club room recently. "It arose from the fact that one of our citizens talked too much, and too vigorously, in the home of our ambassador to Russia, and in the presence of people who were eminent and powerful. He came very near losing his life; and he also came near causing a grave diplomatic breach between Russia and Great Britain."

"It happened in this way: Very soon after the death of the Czar Paul, the father of Lord Tennyson, the poet laureate, visited Moscow and was entertained by Lord St. Helens, the British ambassador to Russia. He was a guest at dinner one night, and several Russian officers of rank, whose names he did not know, were also guests. During the course of the dinner, several guarded references were made to the recent death of the Czar, and Mr. Tennyson exclaimed:

"Why do you speak so gingerly about a matter which is so notorious? It cannot be a state secret."

"Please do not discuss the subject," interposed Lord St. Helens. "Please say no more."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Tennyson; "but I must say that almost everybody in England knows that the Czar did not die a natural death, but that he was murdered. Count Zoloff knocked him down; Benningson and Count Pahlen then strangled him."

"Mr. Tennyson, you will please leave the table, and go to my private office," severely interrupted Lord St. Helens. Mr. Tennyson rose immediately, protesting that he saw no impropriety in his remarks nor in his conduct. As he left the room, Lord St. Helens said:

"Go to my private office, and remain there, Mr. Tennyson. You will consider yourself under arrest, by my orders."

"As soon as Mr. Tennyson disappeared, Lord St. Helens said:

"Gentlemen, I beg of you to believe me that I have had no conversation with Mr. Tennyson on this subject. You will surely understand that I could not and would not dare to invite you to be my guests, with the purpose of insulting you, nor of having you insulted. You are gentlemen of wisdom and experience in affairs. You know that any act of discourtesy by me or by my emissaries would either cause a breach between Russia and my country or it would cause my immediate recall and my downfall for life. Therefore, gentlemen, I beg of you to believe me that I am innocent of any intention of impugning you; and I hope that you will endeavor to put yourselves in my place, and realize how deeply humiliated I am."

"It is difficult to do so," replied the distinguished-looking officer who had been especially entreating to Mr. Tennyson. "Nevertheless, we shall try to understand, and we will discuss some other topic."

"Returning himself to his own quarters, Lord St. Helens went to his private office, and started the waiting Tennyson with this statement:

"Without delay, fly for your life. The men next to you, over whom you have triumphed, was Count Zoloff. Count Zoloff was also a guest at the table. My butler will attend you. Hurry! Go!"

"Mr. Tennyson rushed off in his hotel, threw his clothes into a portmanteau, and fled taking fast horses in the snow, all the while in evening dress, although the cold was intense. At Odessa he remained in hiding for several weeks. At last, in the disguise of a waiter, he succeeded in being smuggled aboard a British frigate, and returned to England in safety."

"Several months of diplomatic delay followed. The relations of Lord St. Helens with the Russian Foreign Office seemed to be perfectly pleasant. But it was only a question of time when he returned to his duties. The world never knew that his usefulness at Moscow was substantially over."



Drawn by Peter Newell

THE TIRELESS RIDER

He loves his hobby, Billy does,
And plans again to run,
(A hobby doesn't get ahead,
But then it's lots of fun.)

Chinese Rug Makers

HAND-MANUFACTURED rugs and carpets of silk, sheep's and camel's wool, yak hair, jute, hemp, and felt are largely manufactured in China, and especially in Tientsin and Peking. The industry has recently been introduced in several schools for the employment of the poor. The silk carpets are very like those produced in India, Turkey, or Persia in colors and quality of material, but vastly different in design if left to Chinese selection. Foreign designs, if furnished, are faithfully copied.

These rugs differ greatly in quality. In some the warp is cotton, while in others the warp, as well as the nap or wool, is silk. Some are made of even surface, while in others the figures are raised. The quality also differs in the number of warp threads used to the inch, which vary from 12 to 24. The cheapest are sold at from \$1.30 to \$1.50, Mexican, per square foot, while the better qualities readily bring from \$2 to \$3 per square foot. The quality most in demand, however, ranges in price from \$2 to \$2.40 per square foot. They are made in all sizes and are made for floor, table, and piano covers and wall draperies.

The wool rugs are in far greater demand and are largely used throughout China, Japan, and the East. Many are exported to Europe, and lately to America. They are made on the same loom and in the same manner as are the silk rugs. Those of all sheep's wool, with cotton warp, range in

price from 40 cents to \$2.50, Mexican, per square foot, the size, design, and color to suit the taste of the purchaser. The wearing qualities of these carpets make them a very commendable floor covering, and are soft, and blends the colors, which are, in all reliable places of manufacture, of vegetable dyes.

The carpets especially favored by the local residents and tourists are made from ram's wool, the prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1 per square foot. These rugs are heavy, and frequently are felted one-half an inch in thickness. They are fashioned in all kinds of designs—floral, geometrical, and dragon.

The rugs made from the other materials mentioned (the yak excepted) are used only by the natives and range in price from 1 to 25 cents per square foot. Those made from the hair of the yak are very rare and expensive, comparing in style and beauty with the finest silk rugs. They are made only in the interior provinces of China.

Diplomacy

DETRA. "We can get a suit just like your mine's velvet suit for ten dollars in Bargain Brown Brothers."

NUGRA. "Yes, and I can get you for nothing," by telling me mine's about the size in Bargain Brown Brothers."



The Season's Plays

A NEW PLAYWRIGHT, AND A NEW "SHYLOCK"



By "I"



THE third act of the American play, "Paid in Full," which is now presented at the Actor Theatre, is one for which the author, Mr. Eugene Walter, deserves such commendation. The play, from beginning to end, is extremely well done both by playwright and company, and "with interest" ought well to be added to the title as an expression of what the audience derives from it.

The play deals with humble persons; humble, that is, in comparison with the "high society" folk one is accustomed to see strutting through the measures of a social drama. The reason for calling attention to Mr. Walter's third act is, that he has made it just what it should be, quick, alert, full of interest, and a striking climax of the play. After seeing it there was a reasonable suspicion that a fourth act might spoil the drama, at least might destroy the force of the third. However, Mr. Walter's fourth act does not mar his play in any way; if anything, it aids in accentuating the strength of the one which preceded it.

The compass of the play is a few months in the life of a young man, Joseph Brooks, an employee of a steamship company, whose surly, nervous disposition induces him to believe that everybody and everything is against him, that he is not being adequately remunerated for his services, that Fate has tied him by the leg. It is upon the woman who has the misfortune to be married to him that he vents his humors. How she has tolerated him up to the time the play opens is one of those things which no fellow can find out. A friend and fellow employee, "Jimmie" Smith, is rewarded by the company, but Brooks is passed over. This arouses Brooks to a scandalous and profane denunciation of the head of the steamship company, Captain Williams, upon the occasion of his visit to the Brooks flat in Harlem. Williams, who has been a sea captain, accustomed to meet such outbreaks of insubordination with a belaying pin, restrains himself with evident difficulty, but leaves the house.

Circumstances eventually become so intolerable to Brooks that he, having ready access to the company's money, steals several thousand dollars, moves himself and his wife to a semi-fashionable hotel, and provides himself thus with the comforts he upbraid Fate with having denied him. By way of explaining his new fortunes, Brooks tells his wife that if Williams has at last appreciated him and granted him not only a rise in salary, but back pay, so, apparently, everything in the Brooks household is going well.

But discovery comes and Williams is determined that his thieving employee shall pay for his dishonesty. He refuses to let Smith make restitution of the money, although Smith does succeed in causing the old sea captain to refrain from disclosing his discovery to Mrs. Brooks, who is full of gratitude to him for having advanced her husband. When Brooks learns that he has been found out, and that he has no means of escape or compromise, he suggests to his wife, of whom he knows Williams to be fond, that she go to the rooms of the old ferry captain and make a last effort to "square" him. With brutal frankness he tells her that if she does the thing properly she can save him. He leaves his room for doubt of what he means her to do. When she turns upon him, enraged and furious, Brooks taunts her with her unwillingness to do the one thing which will save him, and flings in her

face the statement that it was for her alone that he had stolen, and that it will be her fault if he goes to jail.

In order that she may not be held in the least way accountable for the theft Mrs. Brooks agrees to go to Williams' apartment that night, and the third act is devoted to the scene in Williams' sitting room. Before her arrival Williams writes something upon a bit of paper and puts it aside. After his exceptionally strong scene with the distraught woman, in which she professes him her life, and only her life, he tells her that had she been a woman of another kind she had never obtained from him what she wished. He adds, taking up the bit of paper, that he was sure she was the right kind of a woman, and in that belief had written a complete release of her unworthy husband.

The fourth act shows the return of the wife to Brooks and his suspicious inquiries as to her method of obtaining the paper. As she starts from the room, he even accuses her of intending to return to Williams. The curtain falls upon the miserable end sitting alone and despaired in his hotel room.

Of the players in the company only praise can be given. Miss Lillian Albertson as Mrs. Brooks was splendid in her scene with Captain Williams, and throughout the play gave such naturalness to her rôle. Mr. Tully Marshall as Brooks was so good that he was absolutely detestable. His temper and credulity were stimulated to a most convincing degree. The rôle of Captain Williams is in the hands of Mr. Frank Sheridan who played with both power and distinction. "Jimmie" Smith, who was Mr. Ben Johnson, made a strong appeal to sentiment. One should be willing to make a long journey to meet a man like "Jimmie" or Capt. Williams.

Mr. Henry Ludlow has recently given us an interpretation of Shylock at the Bijou Theatre, rendered, to quote his own descriptive pamphlet, "with the introspective quality of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann, and presented with the New Thought." Let us accept Mr. Ludlow's work at its valuation and confront the problems which it induces: whether or not in this respect the universality of Shakespeare's genius permits us fully to interpret Shylock in the spirit of our own age.

New Shylockisms are an out-and-out monstrosity. He has pictured the common people almost invariably as vulgar clowns. It is improbable that he had ever seen a Jew other than Queen Elizabeth's physician, Lopez, as there were none in England. Therefore, there is no doubt that he drew Shylock as the type of bloodthirstiness and craft and greed; just as he made the Portuguese Jewbreaker Iago the generous, free-hearted merchant. It is noteworthy that all the more early actors accepted Shylock in his traditional rôle, till Keas reversed it and presented the more sympathetic rendering which is at present in favor. It is only by accepting the traditional reading of this part that we can interpret *despair*—unless, surely the most conscientious headline in all Shakespeare.

Mr. Ludlow capably denotes the bloodthirsty and crafty enemy of Antonio, his revenge never in the speech "To bait fish withal"; his wild, sarcastic vengeance at the trial scene. But his mild Shylock of the domestic hearth bows in depth by breadth of treatment.

As Portia, Miss Kethi Wakeham gave her own interpretation clearly and well, but she was not as compelling Portia, Mr. Arthur Forrest was wholly noticeable as Bassanio.



The Ordeal of "Mrs. Brooks," in "Paid in Full"
THE CRUCIAL SCENE IN MR. LUDLOW'S NEW PLAY



THREE'S A CROWD

DRAWN BY ROBERT R. BROWN

Keeping Tab on the Americans Abroad

UNDER an executive order of recent date, attention is drawn to the long standing consular regulation which requires that American citizens resident abroad shall register their names with their country's representatives.

The regulation requires principal consular officers to keep a register of American citizens residing in their several districts, to make known that such a register is kept, and to invite all resident Americans to register their names to be entered therein. Its object is to obtain a record of American citizens abroad, in order that the government may be better prepared to protect them by knowing who are entitled to protection, and to afford them an opportunity to make their American citizenship a matter of official record. The regulation provides that the same general principles govern applications for passports, and the department desires native as well as naturalized citizens to register. An American citizen residing abroad is held by the government to be entitled to its recognition as long as he maintains in good faith his American citizenship.

Out and In

I KNEW a faithful Belgian dog.
The kied you read about;
He saw his master drowning once,
And pulled him out.

Now this same dog got on the fence
With other mongrel kind;
He saw his master staggering home,
And pulled him in.

F. P. FITZGERALD

Decline of British Tars

ENGLAND has been seriously concerned over the shortage of seamen to man her merchant marine. Lascars have now largely supplanted the native product. During the last fifteen years there has been an increase of 11,163 of these East Indian seamen, as against only 310 Britishers. In consequence, the British government issued a notice recently that foreign seamen should not be engaged on British ships in European waters, unless they have enough knowledge of English to understand orders given in that language. It is stated that it has been no uncommon thing to find a ship's crew composed of eight or nine nationalities with absolutely no language in common, and perhaps a lieutenant who only understands English as "interpreter." The return relating to seamen employed in the British merchant marine shows thirty English and Irish per 10,000, while Scotland supplies fifty-six and Wales forty-four.

Hope

WALTER DAMROSCH tells of a matron in Chicago who, in company with her young nephew, was attending a musical entertainment.

The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the youth; but when the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn was begun he began to show interest. "That sounds familiar," he said. "I'm not strong on these classical pieces, but that's a good one. What is it?" "That," gravely explained the matron, "is the Maiden's Prayer."

London Wants Cats' Tails

THE stray cat, which has always been a common sight in London's streets, has begun to disappear. Poets is acquiring commercial value; her tail is now coming into use in the upholstery trade. The selling price varies from two to four cents a pound, and, owing to the shortage of the domestic supply, foreign quotations are being demanded by merchants. No samples will be accepted from the Isle of Man.

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THE LENGTHENING "BREAD LINE"

(Continued from page 12.)

that of Mr. Adolf Lorber, proprietor of the large restaurant in Grand Street. During the last six weeks he has been feeling an unlimited number of school children on the two upper floors daily at noon—no charity of kinders having this, but soup of the best quality, with great plates of meat and potatoes, and bread in unlimited quantities. At night the floors are filled with diners; in the daytime the thick carpets are hidden under a coating of sawdust, and hundreds of children, of all ages and sizes, make here what is probably their only substantial meal of the day.

"There is no limit," said the manager of the business. "They come from six or seven schools around, and we feed every child who has received a ticket from his teacher. Our first plan was to give free meals to all, but my very men had to give that up, for the streets were blocked with a mob no far back as Delancy Street, and people must have come from all parts of New York to feed at our expense. Then we instituted the system of tickets, to be distributed by the teachers, feeling that the teacher generally stands as closely to the child as its own parents—and often closer."

At least a thousand children take their lunch here, and will continue to do so, according to present arrangements, until the cold weather comes to an end.

"Mr. Lorber used to give away hundreds of dollars to charitable societies," the manager continued. "Now he has resolved to give in such a manner that he will know exactly where the money goes."

You can see it go, disappearing down hundreds of hungry throats. Almost at the noon hour little folks appear, as if by magic, running from all directions to fonn in line in front of the Lorber restaurant. A mounted policeman, who has been regulating the traffic, dismounts from his horse and takes charge of the queue. Boys and girls are represented in about equal numbers. And in the center of the line waves a square board, broader than any board that ever waved before the astonished eyes of Grand Street. Behind it, where should have stood a giant of the steppes is a little, wearied man.

"What are you doing here?" shouts the astonished manager.

"All right," says the owner of the board, with an ingenuitous smile.

"Get out of here. This dinner is for school-children."

"Yes, yes, school dinner. I go to night school."

The manager is almost overcome.

"Well, show me your ticket from your teacher, then," he gasps.

"Your ticket."

"Yes, yes, ticket," says the owner of the board. He adjusts his horn-rimmed spectacles and pulls out what is evidently a pass-

port from the Russian government—a dirty ancient document, covered with hieroglyphics in unknown characters.

"Get out of there," says the policeman, yanking him backward. He sets up a shrill protest, and the board wavers and flutters in the center of the crowd, to disappear in scarlet splendor amid the traffic.

"Finish your soup," the lady superintendent says in warning notes, as some laggards push their half-empty plates away from them. "Finish your soup or you don't get any more. Why don't you eat your soup, boy?"

It is "boy's" tragedy. He fingers his bread and stares at the soup in front of him, greedily snuffing the fragrant aroma. How warm and comforting that soup would be in its right quarters! And yet—is the soup kosher?

Around him, all inconspicuous of this horrible dilemma, the rest are gobbling at their victuals. And still he stares at that savory morsel in front of him, fascinated by the first glimpse of bread, splendid sin. The seven devils of hunger batter upon his vitals, and, like Prometheus, he fights against them.

"Well, if he won't eat it, take it away."

"Boy's" face relaxes. The battle is over; he has fought and conquered. And yet, if it hadn't been taken from him—

"I don't know what's the matter with some of their appetites," says the lady superintendent fretfully.

Another charity to which the attention of late-watching New Yorkers is often attracted is that of the evangelist of Madison Square. He is a jolly, good-natured fellow, stout of chest and with a premonitory tinge. He plants an old soup-bowl, soon after theatre close, in the shadow of the Worth monument and climbs upon it. There for at least half an hour he preaches, doing as much as he can for the good of the souls of the vaids and strays assembled, and stopping now and then to take up a collection, so that he can provide for the wretched a lodging for the night.

Often he preaches for many minutes to the empty air. Sad eyes are watching from afar. Now a group of those who have stopped late stand up. They pause. The orator reminds them of their luxurious luck, their comfortable housing, the excellent meal from which they have come, then shivers, and asks what they will do for their fellow-men who are driven to rest on black trunks and in frosty doorways. The full-fed are responsive. One steps up to the soup-bowl and hands half a dollar to the orator. His companions follow the example.

Now is the evangelist's opportunity. At the first sign of alms a shivering, shivering horde assembles as if by magic. From dark doorways and from the park benches and out from the shade of the Farragut statue they sink and shuffle with all the haste their sodden and stiffened limbs will allow. They have no taste for preaching, only for warm lodgings.

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Drawn by T. O. R. C.

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In olden times, before the system of set numbers had been introduced at all, cities were still a maze of little streets, lanes were a very complicated affair, one saw an authentic specimen of a provisional card of the year 1768. It was that of a celebrated French engraver. It like this:

Papillon,
graver on Wood of the Society of Arts,
rue: Hibern Street, near the place Mar-
bert,
at door to the porte cochere on the right,
in the long alley,
the second floor up the grand staircase."

Didn't Want to Pay More

"You're fined ten dollars for contempt of court."
"I'm glad, judge, that this is not a higher sum."

Incog

The proprietor of a Chicago hotel tells of an eccentric guest who registered with him about the time of the simplified spelling flurry, and who undertook, in an ingenious way, to show his contempt for the proponents of the proposed reform.

"When the newcomer spread his signature on the register, it was at once observed that he made a most unusual one—"E. K. 'thologymrth."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the clerk, "but how do you pronounce it?"

"Turner," was the reply, "and spelled in reversed fashion, too."

"Will you kindly explain?"

"Simplest thing in the world," said Turner. "First, we have 'pth', the sound of 't' in 'ptals'; then, 'eo', the sound of 'e' in 'eual'; thirdly, 'gn', representing the sound of 'a' in 'gnal'; and, finally, 'yrth', the equivalent of 'er' in 'myth'. If the combination doesn't spell 'Turner,' what does it spell?"

The Key to the Whisk

DE KYLE: "Prohibition is sweeping the States."

GI NEUSTA: "Must be sweeping it with a windy broom, I guess."

Migration of Sea Fish

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused in the west coast of France by the appearance of a number of fish hitherto unknown in those waters, though common in America—among them being the sheep-head and bluefish. Shad are also present, but this is due to their culture in the streams emptying into the Bay of Biscay. The unexpected find appears to differ slightly in form and color from its American ancestors.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

for Next Week

The Vanishing Forests of America

Forty Billion feet of Lumber are Cut yearly in the United States, or three times as much as is grown in that period.

At this rate of consumption it is estimated by the Government's Forestry Service that the timber supply of the United States will be exhausted in from 20 to 33 years.

The facts of this alarming situation and the steps that are being taken to meet it are told in a deeply interesting article, illustrated with remarkable photographs, which will appear in the March 28th issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. It will be on the news-stands next Wednesday, March 25th.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL

Wall Street Under the Dutch

The first of a group of notable historical articles by FRANCIS THURGOOD HILL. In these papers Mr. Hill traces the history of New York's most famous street from its earliest beginning, when the street was literally a wall, or, more accurately, a wooden palisade, which was built as a protection and formed the northern barrier of the city.

A Notable American Painter

CHARLES H. CAPPIN contributes a delightful appreciation of the work of Thomas W. Dewing, one of the living American painters. Many of the paintings reproduced are from the famous collection of Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, and will form a part of his recent munificent bequest to the United States government, for which he is to build a gallery in Washington. Some of the most striking of Mr. Dewing's pictures are reproduced in tint.

The Passing of the Alligator

Mr. A. W. DUNCK writes of the rapidly disappearing Florida alligator, and makes a plea for his preservation. His article is illustrated with remarkable photographs, which show the alligator is not as bad as he is painted.

The Man Machine and How It Works

Dr. EDWARD AVERES writes most clearly and scientifically of the marvellous mechanism of the human machine. By drawing comparison with the most elaborate inventions of man, he makes plain the wonderful workings of our minds and bodies, and shows how far man, as a mechanism, is beyond all human creations.

The Church at Ararat

H. W. NEVINSON writes of his visit to the ancient monastery at Mt. Ararat, sixteen centuries old, where the Armenian monks cherish many quaint and valuable relics and ancient texts. Mr. NEVINSON describes also the Persian cities which Noah is said to have founded.

The French Element in English Speech

Prof. LOUNGBERRY writes of the elements of French which has crept into the English language, both early and late, and of the attitude of writers of various periods towards these intruders. Prof. LOUNGBERRY's own attitude is an eminently sane one.

The Courtyards of Paris

VANCE THOMPSON, the writer, and Vernon Howe Bailey, the artist, recently made a wandering trip through the streets of old Paris. Mr. THOMPSON writes most delightfully of the many famous courts with in the busy life of the city, where in bygone days famous men and women have lived—an article full of romance and charm. Mr. Bailey has illustrated the article profusely.

7 UNUSUAL SHORT STORIES

These are stories of humor, incident, character, romance—stories of all types and each the best of its type.

JUNIOR MILES FORMAN contributes an uncommonly strong tale of a man who argues that he has no right to risk his useful life to save a worthless one, of his experience and what comes of it—a love-story of city life and a strong study of character.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD writes of her country folk, a story of humor and unusual situations.

MARGARET BOWEN, a young English writer, whose work has attracted much attention, gives us a tale of early Saxon days in England, and of the love of Valerian of Ravenna (one of St. Augustine's companions) for a Saxon princess. There are pictures in color by Howard Fyke.

MIRIAM CAMPBELL DYER's story, "The Mother-Bird," is one of the strongest short stories which HARPER'S has ever printed—a story of a young girl working for her family, and of the supreme sacrifice which she makes that they may have comfort and health.

NORMAN DUNCAN, always among our best story writers, tells a tale, half humorous, half serious, of a quaint old character and his faithful and life-long saving for a pathetically curious purpose.

MARY AUSTIN's story has in it the element of the supernatural, handled with mastery skill.

MARGARET SUTTON BRIDGEMAN contributes a peculiarly interesting story which presents a study of the characters of a young girl and her father.

HENRY JAMES's two-part novella, "Julia Bride," is enclosed.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Great Serial, "The Testing of Diana Mallory"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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SEEING THINGS AGAIN

Illustrated by George

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COMMENT

Too Many Wild Tales

WHILE the President exposes himself pretty constantly to just criticism, and while various of his authentic deliverances make sober-thinking people anxious and retard the re-establishment of confidence in the business world, there are in circulation altogether too many wild stories about him, and they are received with altogether too much credulity. His friend Dr. ALBERT SHAW has thought it expedient to make public denial that Mr. ROOSEVELT has taken to drink—an absurd story. This is the season of the year when the brain-workers are particularly apt to be tired. We guess Mr. ROOSEVELT is tired, and for that reason he may be somewhat more impetuous than usual; Wall Street, which has been under an unusual strain since last October, is tired and exceptionally hysterical; the lawyers who have been trying to keep the railroads and banks out of receivers' hands, or to get them into them, are tired, and take very depressed views of the future; folks who cannot get money to pay their debts or carry on their business are tired and harassed. Altogether we are a pretty nervous community, and more hospitable to disquieting rumors, and more jarred by them, than we would be if we felt better. It seems, then, the part of reasonable prudence not to believe everything we hear from Washington. When Jones confides to us that Mr. HILL went to see the President, and that the President hit his head off; that he kicked Mr. MILLER downstairs and jumped up and down on the soft part of his stomach; that he threatened Mr. Somebody to call out "my troops" if the mal-factors did not be good; that he has committed his sacred honor to the keeping of Senator JOSEPHUS BONNE and will follow that person's judgment about conserving it—let us think several times before we believe any of these stories, or of the hundred others like them that float about, constantly renewed from day to day. The President has vast power, has done much mischief, and may do more, but it is better on all accounts to wait till he does it than to have daily fits and perish beforehand from fright at what probably won't happen. It is an excellent time to be sane. Civilization was retarded for ages by a belief in demons with awful powers and malevolent dispositions. It is time we outgrew that sort of handi-cap.

Hepburn Worries the Brokers

The Hepburn bill to stop speculation in stocks seems much too wild a proposition to lose any sleep over, nevertheless Wall Street has been anxious about it. It is Wall Street's business to be anxious, and it attends to it conscientiously. The bill provides for a Federal tax of fifty cents on every sale of every hundred-dollar share of stock. On the low price

shares this is an enormous tax—almost confiscatory. On almost all shares it is big enough to interfere with purchases not backed by very earnest intention to retain the property bought. How Wall Street feels about it is sufficiently indicated by the *Wall Street Journal*, when it says:

If President ROOSEVELT and Mr. Hepburn desire that the year 1908 shall witness another panic so tremendous in its sweep and devastating in its effects that the panic of 1907 would in comparison seem as merely a frolic of mischievous children, they have only to force Congress to pass the Hepburn bill taxing stock sales.

This would indeed destroy speculation, and also the entire system of American finance.

And again:

The Hepburn bill to tax stock sales fifty cents a share should be entitled:

"A bill providing for an easy transfer from the United States to England of a business worth hundreds of millions of dollars a year."

At this writing neither President ROOSEVELT nor Dr. BRYAN has made a public appearance as sponsor for the infant bill. We do not know yet whether either of them approves it. Wall Street seems to have taken it for granted that the President does. Maybe it has learned by solemn experience to expect the worst from the President. That at any rate is what it does expect. But, however the President or Dr. BRYAN may feel about the Hepburn bill, it does not seem to be truly dangerous. It is too foolish. Speaker CANNON's penetrating influences would be adverse to it in the House, and in the Senate there are too many men who know a little something for the bill to come anywhere near getting through, if it even so much as came to a vote. If any such measure ever should become a law, one effect that it would have while it continued in working order would be to transfer to London or possibly to Montreal the great business of making the market for stocks. That would be very inconvenient, and would put an effectual check upon the erection of office buildings below the City Hall Square in New York. To see the Battery become a residence quarter again would be interesting, but not worth the money it would cost.

True to Taft

We find our friend and neighbor the *Sun* saying on March 4:

We must unequivocally decline to consider Mr. TAFT as the candidate of the Republican party and must unreservedly accept Mr. ROOSEVELT as a claimant for the nomination. We now reluctantly join with those who reject his refusal of a third term as negligible and dubious and as meaning the reverse of what it says.

It is not so it rests with Mr. ROOSEVELT to determine the matter. It is very simple. All he need do is say "If I am nominated, I will not run. If I am elected, I will not serve."

And this Mr. ROOSEVELT must do promptly or the people will give fighting against him by default.

The *Sun* comes to this painful attitude towards Mr. ROOSEVELT because, it says, "his friends, adherents, and sympathizers, together with his army of officeholders," reject his renunciation and are using TAFT's candidacy as a blind, their real purpose being to re-elect ROOSEVELT. From minds in which this idea is firmly lodged nothing short of hari-kari that Mr. ROOSEVELT could do would have any effect to dislodge it. No disclaimer could add anything to those he has already filed, so there is no sense in his putting out another. We find the same idea expressed by the *Sun* expounded piteously by the gifted ORIN, in Mr. HEARN'S *American* newspaper, and this, together with other tokens of blundered sentiments, inspires some of the newspaper contemporaries to speculation about a possible community of interest—or at least of ideas and purposes—between the *Sun* and Mr. HEARN. For our part we have no doubt at all that the President is entirely sincere in his support of Mr. TAFT, and will do his utmost to have him nominated, and then to elect him. There is plenty to be said in criticism of the President's desire to name his successor, and of the means he takes to realize it, but the notion that he is not sincere in his support of TAFT is rubbish.

Gems from Nebraska

"Predatory wealth" and "powerful interests" are again the objects of attack in the BRYAN platform that comes from Nebraska. One would suppose that so practiced a candidate as BRYAN and one so glib of tongue would find some new catchwords for this, his 4th candidacy. But the language is

the same Populist jargon, now diluted and denatured by Republican plagiarism. Once again the name of JEFFERSON is taken in vain (JEFFERSON, what crimes, etc.), and the name of the apostle of States' rights is used to conjure with by a man who would so centralize government as to destroy every large corporation in any State. Again we see the same frayed notions, the same wild ideas about public finance, which of all governmental work is the hardest to make plain to the popular mind. Railway transportation rates are to be so reduced that "they will yield only a reasonable return on the present value of the roads, such reasonable return being defined as a return sufficient to keep the stock of the roads at par when such roads are honestly capitalized." Thus, as the *New York World* points out, if 4½ per cent. dividends were sufficient to hold stock at par, no railroad would ever be permitted to turn more. Increased profits by dint of economical management or attraction of heavier business would be instantly confiscated by the government. The stockholders would receive 4½ per cent. in times of prosperity and nothing at other times. Naturally, all the world would madly rush to purchase stock offering such splendid investment opportunities. Thus we see our old friend 16 to 1 is not an isolated phenomenon, but really part of an economic system fearfully and wonderfully made.

Citing the Rules Against Dr. Day

THE REV. GEORGE A. COOKE, a Methodist minister of Brandon, Vermont, who seems to make a specialty of overhauling his reverend brethren, has preferred charges against Chauncey DAY of Syracuse for violation of the rule of the Methodist Church which forbids speaking evil of magistrates. The chief specification in Dr. DAY's case is that in a book called *The Road on Prosperity* he spoke contrary to rule about President ROOSEVELT. Maybe he did, but if so, and if he is disfigured for so doing, where will it leave the reverend politicians of the Methodist Church? The Methodists are probably more active as Methodists in politics than the members of any religious body in the country, and their ministers participate pretty freely along with the rest. Is it to be the rule for them that they may praise and support all the officeholders, but must not assail any of them? It would seem that if the rules allow them to be active in politics at all, they should allow them to hold forth as bravely on one side as on the other. The President and his policies are now the centre of political dispute. The Methodist rules should not nag the critics of the Chief Magistrate unless also they nag his supporters. Mr. COOKE, who is after Dr. DAY, has made charges within five years against five distinguished Methodist divines. In our case his charges were sustained. In four cases they were dismissed.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Bennett

In view of the probability of Mr. BRYAN's third nomination as the Democratic candidate for President, it is but natural that episodes indicating the quality of his personal character should evoke interest. His eager effort to increase the revenue of his paper by urging his personal adherents to organize big subscription clubs, ostensibly for general political or public purposes, we are disposed to dismiss as a mere example of poor taste rather than to pronounce it a sign of mercenary inclination. We should be glad to be able to feel that the like might be said of his financial relationship with the late Mr. BENNETT, the account of which is presented in another column. Candor, however, compels the admission that analysis forbids such a deduction. Obviously Mr. BENNETT was a sincere devotee, whatever may have been the recent ambition in his heart. It may be the fact, too, that Mr. BRYAN felt justified, for the sake of a cause, in accepting money from a comparative stranger, at intervals, for a period of years, for his personal use, without pretending to render any return in value. But the way in which it was done—the surreptitious making of the will at Mr. BRYAN's house—the careful copying of the same by Mr. BENNETT in New York—the secrecy enjoined upon Mrs. BENNETT—all apparently under the direction of Mr. BRYAN—seem to fail to make an impression of disingenuousness and the sly exercise of hypnotic influence most disagreeable to contemplate as possible by a man whom millions wish to become a candidate for President of the United States. Mr. BRYAN, whom we have been accus-

ed to regard as honest, though ignorant and misguided, owes it to himself and to his followers to make a more definite statement regarding this transaction than has yet come from his pen or even his tongue.

Reasonable Regulation for Vivisection

The race-track people are trying to provide that their industry, with its necessary incidents, shall be so conducted as to be less objectionable to moralists. The brewers and liquor dealers all over the country, where they are still allowed to do business at all, are exerting themselves to secure denial of licenses to improperly conducted saloons. And the railroads are trying very hard to be good enough to avoid extermination, and the stockholders and the trusts have got their heads together over the problem of saving the said heads from being taken off. May we not give to the learned vivisectionists the friendly counsel to try to take a leaf out of the books of all these other harried interests, and instead of opposing all legislation in restriction of surgical experiments on live animals, exert themselves to get a law on the statute book which will regulate vivisection by such reasonable limitations and precautions that the repose of the less fanatical of the anti-vivisectionists may not be marred by dreams of tortured animals? Vivisection, in our opinion, ought by no means to be subjected to sweeping prohibition. Nevertheless here and in Europe there have been past abuses of it, which are matters of authentic record, that have been horribly cruel, and the records have been made and published by men apparently of decent standing in the surgical profession. We have faith to believe that no such abuses would be tolerated in any institution conducted by responsible medical men in this State, nevertheless the utmost assurance that can be given by law against such cruelties is well worth giving. Otherwise there is danger that this whole line of experimentation will be declared unlawful, and prohibited by penalties that it will be more than embarrassing to incur.

Not British Citizens

Since our republic set up for itself there never has been until very recently an emigration of Americans from the United States that was worth noticing. Some of our women have married Europeans and become subjects of kings, but until lately exceedingly few United States voters have ever given up their citizenship. Within ten years, however, a good many thousand of our North-westerners have gone over the border into the Saskatchewan country and taken up wheat lands, and these emigrants from Uncle Sam's domain have usually, as part of the process of getting their land, taken out papers to be Canadian voters. This involves finally swearing allegiance to King EDWARD, so that these adventurers give up their citizenship in the United States. And what do they get in return? Almost all of them suppose that they become British citizens, with all the rights as well as obligations of that condition. But it seems not. We learn from the *Winnipeg Telegram* that they become merely citizens of Canada, with a right to vote and hold office in the domain governed from Ottawa, but that as soon as they go outside of it they become citizens of no country. By British law, it seems, a naturalized Canadian is not a British citizen. He cannot take out naturalization papers in England until he has lived there five years. "Not a single British colony," says the *Winnipeg Telegram*, "has, as the law stands to-day, the slightest power to grant to an alien rights of British citizenship that can be enforced outside of its own boundaries. . . . There is not the slightest doubt about the law." It seems, then, that our Porto-Ricans have plenty of company in their condition of being folk without a country when they go away from home.

A Splendid Piece of Work

It was a great help to the spirits to have it announced that the Knickerbocker Trust Company would resume business. The resumption was made possible only by a long, hard, persistent struggle, led for seventeen weeks by Mr. SATTLEBAX's indefatigable committee, and helped by as many good men as could find places on the wheel to put their shoulders to. To reopen these doors was a job worth doing, and it was splendidly done. Its direct fiscal effect is important, still more so its moral and indirect effect. Well done, gentlemen! You have made us all your debtors!

The Great Powers: Which Are They, and for How Long?

It is a commonplace that empires are more of a game than the players, and, therefore, it is worth while to note the report made to his government by the representative of China, which at The Hague was relegated to the status of a small Power, while the eight great Powers took and held the front of the stage throughout the second peace conference. It is unquestionably true that, as China's delegate tells his government, while all of the forty-five nations represented at The Hague were theoretically equal, a sharp distinction was made, and enforced in practice, between eight nations regarded as great and the remaining thirty-seven, inferentially proclaimed to be small. What concerns us at this time is the justice of the Chinese Minister's refusal to accept as permanent any classification of Powers into great and small. He points out that greatness depends upon the efficiency of a country's governmental system, upon her methods of law, and upon her military and naval preparations; we may add, upon her population, her industrial and her financial resources. History abounds in conclusive and interesting proofs of this assertion. The examples prove that population and even wealth, though important factors, may be of less temporary weight than preparation and efficiency. We do not need to go back more than four or five centuries to show the truth of this assertion. In the middle of the fifteenth century there were only three Christian Powers in Europe which had any sound pretensions to be described as great. These, of course, were the Holy Roman Empire, France, and England. Spain had not yet been unified by the marriage of FERDINAND of Aragon to ISABELLA of Castile; Italy was a chaos; Poland was paralyzed by the liberum veto which enabled a single member of the Diet to defeat the will of all the rest; Sweden had not yet been risen by GUSTAVUS VASA to a position of independence; the elector of Brandenburg had not yet crowned himself King of Prussia. By 1560, on the other hand, the number of Christian Powers universally recognized as great had increased to four, Spain not only having demonstrated her right to be included in the circle, but being generally reputed the most powerful state in Europe. That supposition lasted for a century, long after all real ground for it had vanished.

If, now, we turn to the middle of the seventeenth century, to the congresses and treaties which historians term collectively the Peace of Westphalia (1648), we find a new state, Sweden, admitted to the rank of great Powers, a rank to which she had no claim on the score of population and wealth, but which she had earned by the surpassing genius of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, and by a military efficiency and prestige which survived him for many years. It is notable, however, that at this time Poland was not regarded as a great Power by the nations of western Europe, although less than forty years later the Polish king, JOHN SOBIESKI, was to rescue Vienna from an Ottoman army. At this time, too, and for some two centuries afterwards, religious prejudice excluded from a European conference the Turkish Empire, which, on the score of military and naval resources, undoubtedly deserved recognition until her fleet was destroyed in 1828 at the battle of Navarino, and until about the same time a Russian army under General DIMITRIY crossed the Balkans, took Adrianople, and threatened Constantinople. Meanwhile, an extraordinary change in the adjustment of Powers had taken place in Christian Europe. After the Seven Years' War, a European Congress which should have left out the Prussia of FREDERICK the Great or the Russia of CATHERINE II. would have been ridiculous. Both of those great nations were growths of the first half of the eighteenth century. Thenceforth, in the august circle of great Powers, Prussia and Russia took places which were never to be challenged. On the other hand, by the close of the first decade of the eighteenth century, Spain, which, for a time, had been preeminent, lost her claim to figure among first-class Powers. At the Congress of Vienna (1814-15), the great Powers were Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, and Great Britain. The same Powers assumed the duty of regulating the affairs of Europe in the Congress of Paris (1856), although in that gathering Turkey appeared in the guise of a petitioner, and, against the protest of Austria, Sardinia was admitted in a consultative capacity. For the next authoritative alignment we must go to the Congress of Berlin, which took place in 1878. Here, again, Turkey appears, not, however, as a judge clothed with equal authority, but rather as a victim protesting against executive manipulations. What renders this Congress remarkable is that it was the first imposing international recognition of the fact that unified Italy deserved to be classed as a first-rate Power. Otherwise there was no change in the signatories, which, as in the Congress of Vienna, included Russia, Austria, Prussia (now expanded into the German Empire), France, and Great Britain.

The six great Powers are now expanded into eight, the additions being the United States and Japan. It is interesting to recall the circumstances under which they secured a tardy recognition. It was by our successful termination of the great War of the Rebellion that we proved impressively and decisively our right to be counted among the world's great Powers. The fact is often over-

looked that in the spring of 1865, when, as yet, the conscription system had not been generally applied on the European Continent, we could have coped with the whole of Europe in arms upon the land, for we had at our disposal upwards of a million veterans. Another fact is frequently lost sight of, namely, that at the same conjuncture we had more iron warships than all of the rest of the world put together, for the European fleets still consisted mainly of wooden vessels. Some years elapsed before our naval superiority was lost, here we perceive the fundamental reason for England's concluding the Treaty of Washington, which provided for submitting the Albatross claims to arbitration. Yet, although our right to take part in conferences of great Powers dealing with questions of world-wide interest would not have been challenged had it been asserted in 1905, it was not formally recognized until we were invited to attend the Berlin conference, which resulted in the creation of the Independent Congo States. We have, of course, no interest in the west coast of Africa, except indirectly, as exercising a certain tutelary function with regard to the republic of Liberia. Neither have we any interest in Morocco; nevertheless, we were invited, and we accepted the invitation, to take part in the Algeiras conference. No nation would now dream of calling a congress for the purpose of arranging the affairs of eastern Asia without requesting the United States to participate. In both of the peace conferences held at The Hague a place of dignity and influence second to that of no other nation has been accorded to our country. This recognition of our importance in international councils is doubtless due in large measure to the widespread knowledge of the fact that our population is nearing the hundred million mark, and that our wealth, as attested by a British statistician, already exceeds that of the British Empire, and is increasing with an ever rapidly. On the score of military preparations, we should deserve no such rank, but as regards our navy we are, for the moment, the second Power upon the globe.

No longer ago than 1865 the suggestion that Japan would ever be admitted to the circle of great Powers would have been dismissed as incredible and absurd. After her successful war, however, with China in 1894-5, it became indisputable that she must be treated with considerable respect, and she was invited to participate in the first peace conference at The Hague, although not yet was she invested with the prestige of a first-class Power. Then came the war with Russia, in which Japan defeated a nation reputed to be stronger on land than any other in the world. The result was that in the second peace conference Japan was acknowledged, officially and unreservedly, as one of the eight great Powers. This, particularly, is the lesson which the Chinese delegates to the Hague conference would have his fellow subjects take to heart. If so much could be accomplished within half a century by Japan, whose population falls short of fifty millions, and whose natural resources are relatively inconsiderable, what ought to be achieved within a similar breadth of time by the Celestial Empire, which has between three and four hundred million inhabitants, and which, as regards the deposits of coal and iron, is the richest country on the globe? The honor of being at least the ninth among the great world Powers is that to which China's spokesmen at the second peace conference would have his countrymen look forward.

The Failure of Success

"I AM wrestling with a new subject," wrote Ingers in 1866, when he was beginning *Peer Gynt*. "But I know I shall get the upper hand of the brute before long." He did get the upper hand, although *Peer Gynt* was far from winning a quick success, and as his works follow the same line, he realized how systematically and increasingly he mastered brute matter and shaped it into art forms. Nowadays success brings swift returns, but the result of quick successes is something very closely resembling failure. It took very nearly forty years for *Peer Gynt* to run into a tenth edition; it would be difficult now to come at an accurate counting of the editions and translations of the great poem. Not only so, but we know that as the years pass there will be more and more editions of the play and its fellows, more and more translations and productions.

Nowadays we are, however, constantly confronted with the anomaly of a really fine piece of work followed by dwindling and anemic successors from the same pen. A fine novel seems the probable forerunner of two or three weak and empty performances from the successful author. There are many reasons possible to assign for the misfortune: first of all the root of all evil is sending up its shoots here as elsewhere. Authors love money as well as other men. A successful book means tempting from the publishers who use successful authors as a means to money-making themselves and who, under dominion of the same evil spirit, usually urge swift production. Production, however, lays down its own laws, and these laws are as little concerned with money-making as the laws of nature. An author who has been long rejected and overlooked is likely to gird up his loins, gather up all his forces, and put together in his book all that struggle and disappointment,

deprivation and isolation have taught him all the garner of thought and emotion of silent hours, and the result is a worthy look. When, however, the applause grows loud, and he is coaxed and bribed into doing more of the same thing immediately, he has no stored material to draw upon. If he succumb to temptation—as, alas! being human, he usually does—he can but offer a weak imitation of his former achievement, or such slight effusions as have belonged heretofore to rejected matter.

If any man were eloquent enough to persuade authors to love art more and money less, to be content after a masterpiece to let his mind lie fallow until once more, of its own accord, a compelling subject springs up, and by rare and arduous and watchfulness, the setting, the data, the decoration accrue into it, he would do that greatest service to art that can be done. Even to such great writers as M. MARCELINEK, the kind and good Mr. HENCKES, and the brilliant Mr. HICKS, one would like to send a round robin petition begging for two years' silence and then a worthy product.

When one remembers, too, the rejected rounds of most great works, one would like, too, to urge upon all readers and critics the indubitable truth that a look is great by virtue not of the evil that is left out of it, but by the vitality that is put into it. SHAKESPEARE'S masterpieces are not flawless, but they live by the power of their fulness of being, the effort, the concentration, the wealth of observation, the characterization, the human situations; these make any one of the great plays an invaluable and lasting document. But the divine afflatus cannot be beckoned down every day, and a writer who has once done a fine book should consecrate himself thereafter to the production of greater and greater work. Only thus, only by turning away the face from debilitating praise and concentrating the whole strength upon the unwon heights, shall we have a new race of giants in the realm of literature.

The Late Edward Henry Strobel

By Henry L. Nelson

THERE died the other day at Bangkok, the capital of Siam, one of the most heroic figures of our time, a great hero of peace, an American so little known that even his native city of Charleston was almost unconscious of his existence, and quite unaware of the honor which he was adding to the lustre of his country.

EDWARD STROBEL was one of the foremost and one of the most useful diplomats of his time. It is one of the misnomers of the country that, useful and able as he was, his diplomatic service to the United States was of short duration, for the singular reason that he was a Democrat. Party spirit, or prejudice, or greed, whichever you will, deprived the country of STROBEL'S services—services of a character that placed them wholly outside the narrow confines of party policy. STROBEL'S career was great, and those who knew of it and who were happy enough to know him, are conscious of its greatness. He was graduated at Harvard in 1877, and from the law school in 1882. In the campaign of 1884 he attracted Mr. CLEVELAND'S attention by a pamphlet, published without his name, entitled, "Mr. BLAINE and his Foreign Policy." It introduced STROBEL to his diplomatic career, for Mr. CLEVELAND sent him to Madrid as Secretary of Legation, J. L. M. CLEVELAND being minister. STROBEL was there with Mr. CLEVELAND and afterwards, with Mr. BELMONT, and much of the time he was in charge of the legation, doing some especially noteworthy work in Morocco. Mr. HARRISON became President, and Mr. BLAINE Secretary of State, and STROBEL was retained for a year in order that he might conduct the Moroccan business. Then, nothing existing being in progress, STROBEL was dismissed to make way for a Republican.

When CLEVELAND came in a second time, STROBEL served for a time as third Assistant Secretary of State, but thought that his experience and his achievements might warrant his appointment as minister of a Latin American power. After a time the opportunity occurred, and he was sent to Ecuador, and afterwards promoted to Chile. While he was at this post, he was really the foremost among the corps of diplomats. Chile established the single gold standard in 1903, and STROBEL'S admirable report on the movement and its result was of great assistance to our own effort in the same direction. Then CLEVELAND went out of office, and the solemn needs of the Republican party required, once more, that the country should no longer have the service of EDWARD STROBEL. It was never again to be his fortune to have that splendid service. Chile wished him to remain, and a petition was started, directed to Mr. McKINLEY, asking, on behalf of the Chileans, for STROBEL'S retention. STROBEL succeeded in preventing this manifestation of affectionate respect and, perhaps, of bad taste. It would have been singularly inappropriate if STROBEL had been thus proclaimed to the world, for he spent a good deal of his life in avoiding publicity. Chile and France both, neither knowing of the other's action, desired him to be an arbitrator between them, and, for a time, he was counsel for Chile before a claims commission at Washington.

In 1898 he became professor of international law in the Harvard Law School and there continued until 1903, when he got two years' leave of absence to go to Siam as General Adviser to the government of that country. He followed an Englishman, who died at his post, and now we reach the tale of heroism, of beautiful devotion to duty, and of sacrifice. After two years at Bangkok, STROBEL started to come home for a vacation. He had reached Egypt, when he was stricken by a pneumonia bug; for many weeks he lay in a hospital expecting death; at last he was taken to Paris, and there specialists experimented with him and kept him alive. The poison had made its destructive way to every part of his body. Its visible signs appearing now in one spot and now in another. One day he learned that one of the French specialists was coming to this country to attend the medical congress, and he asked that he might be brought with him. He was put into a plaster cast and brought here; for months he was under the care of specialists, now appearing to improve and then sinking, suffering greatly always. In the summer he was taken to Cambridge, and there, sitting and sustained by an iron frame, he received the Doctorate of Laws from the university. Months passed and he remained in this country until the winter, when, still suffering, he returned to Bangkok because he had work to do and he wished to do it before he died. At last, propped up in his bed, tortured with pain, which he bore smilingly and even humorously, he finished his task—the great task of reconciling the differences between Siam and France; and, that over, he died good-bye to the world that loved him and admired him, and he died.

Personal and Pertinent

FEW British writers have ever received from America a more interesting book notice than befell the other day when (according to the Boston Transcript) President ROOSEVELT, ELIOT ROOT, and HENRY CAROT LORCE sent overseas a silver cup bearing the inscription, "Sir GEORGE TRAVELL, historian of the American Revolution," with their signatures engraved beneath.

REINHOLD FROST was one of the most practical of United States Senators. His training in the Civil War gave him an insight into military affairs, and being also interested in the Department of Agriculture, he often took charge of the army and agricultural appropriation bills. His gifts consisted mainly in common sense and capacity for work, but they were substantial gifts, and because of them, and because of the confidence that his character inspired, he was always an influential Senator. It so happened that he had much to do with shaping the American attitude toward Spain immediately before our war with that country. On a visit to Cuba the Senator had the opportunity of seeing the camps of the concentration, and was deeply stirred by what he saw. In a speech made after his return he described with moving simplicity the wretchedness and suffering of the starving concentration. The speech was purely descriptive and wholly unbiased, but as it was delivered about midway between the blowing up of the Maine and the declaration of war, it had a profound influence on popular opinion, and though doubtless nothing was farther from Senator FROST'S mind than the desire to bring on war, he did help to bring it on. This calls to mind the dictum of Professor BLACKIE of Edinburgh to his students, that any one of them, even the gentlest, had that in him that could raise a revolution.

At last according to Colonel WATSON was still absorbing ocean and warring summer clothes at Naples-on-the-Gulf, Florida. He continues to give frequent evidence in the *Courier Journal* of being in remarkable health and spirits. The editorial page of the *Courier Journal* is of an old-fashioned size, but the evergreen colonial garlands up and down its long columns with all the energy of youth and a thousand times its knowledge. He has been reading SCHREYER'S *Memoirs*, and talks nearly three delightful columns about him. He says of Mr. SCHREYER: "He was a German. He was an artist. By nature a doctrinaire, he had become a philosopher. He could never wholly adjust himself to his environment. He lectured LUTWEL and LUTWEL, perceiving his earnest truthfulness and genuine qualities, forgive him his impetuosity, nor ceased to regard him with the enduring affection one might have for an ardent, aspiring, and invincible boy. He was repellent to GALT, who could not, and perhaps did not, desire to understand him. To him the Southerners were always the red-faced, smash-mouthed slave-drivers he had fancied and pictured them in the days of his abolition oratory. More and more he lived in a rut of his own high and noble fancies, wise in books and councils, affectionate in his relations with the few who enjoyed his confidence; to the last a most captivating personality. Though fastidious, SCHREYER was not intolerant. But he was very hard to convince—tenacious of his opinions—very cautious, but very insistent in debate. He was a German; a German *Tier* Doctor; of name, no letters, and of common law. During an interview of more than thirty years, we scarcely ever agreed about any public matter, differing even about the civil service and the tariff; but I admired him hugely and loved him heartily."

Correspondence

THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. BRYAN AND MR. BENNETT

MASSACHUSETTS, WASH., February 11, April

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—I have heard it stated that the conduct of Mr. W. J. Bryan in the Bennett will case proves him to be avaricious to the point of disgusting many of his admirers. Time has obscured my memory on this point, and I hope the editor will kindly present the facts of the matter.

I am, sir,

A. W. PIERSON.

When William Jennings Bryan was making his whirlwind campaign for the Presidency in the Atlantic coast States he won the enthusiastic admiration of Philo S. Bennett, an elderly citizen of New Haven, Connecticut, who had amassed a comfortable little fortune as a wholesale dealer in beans, coffee, and spices in New York, and who presently determined to devote a large share of his property to the support of Mr. Bryan and the dissemination of the Bryanite doctrines.

The first meeting of the two men was described by Mr. Bryan when he testified before the Probate Court at New Haven, on October 21, 1903. He volunteered the following statement:

"My first acquaintance with Mr. Bennett was in the campaign of 1900, when he was one of the electors on our ticket in this State, and he was on the train from New York to New Haven, and, as he reminds me in this letter which I shall read, rode in the carriage from the station to the hotel. The next time I had my attention called to him was after the election, when I received a letter which was written before the election. The first letter I received from Mr. Bennett was dated at New York, October 30, 1900."

Mr. Bryan read the letter, which was put in evidence. In it Mr. Bennett wrote:

"DEAR SIR:—The letting is three to one against you in this State at the present time; but notwithstanding I am impressed with a feeling that you will win, and if you are defeated I wish to make you a gift of \$30,000, and if you will accept the same, it will be a genuine pleasure to me to hand it to you any time after the tenth of next March."

"Sincerely yours,

"P. S. BENNETT."

Mr. Bryan testified:

"He followed out his suggestion there, and sent me a check in March of each of the following years, making \$30,000. Early in 1901 when I visited New York he met me as he always did. At that time he gave me \$300."

During the three years and a half that elapsed between the first meeting of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Bennett the friendship between the men was constantly growing, and reached its climax a few weeks before the beginning of Mr. Bryan's second campaign. It was then that Mr. Bennett made his last will and testament, in which was a bequest of \$50,000 to Mrs. Bennett to be disposed of according to the directions she should find in a sealed letter enclosed in the same safe deposit box with the will. This letter, signed by Mr. Bennett, instructed the widow to give the \$50,000 to Mr. Bryan in secret.

Bennett visited Bryan's home for two days at Lincoln, Nebraska. Bryan drew the will. Mrs. Bryan did the typewriting. Bennett then returned to New York and executed the will and copied and signed the letters drawn up for him in Nebraska by Bryan.

Philo S. Bennett was killed in a runaway in the summer of 1902. Not long afterward his last will was presented for probate in the Probate Court at New Haven. By its terms \$75,000 was bequeathed upon three legacies: Bennett, the testator's widow, together with three known (mortgaged) in Bridgeport, Connecticut, also all paintings, pictures, furniture, jewelry, heirlooms, etc., also one-half of the residuary estate. The sum of \$75,000 was divided to various relatives, and \$2,500 to churches, hospitals, etc. Mr. Bennett bequeathed \$25,000 to Mr. Bryan in trust, to be divided among twenty-five colleges and universities to give prizes for essays discussing the principles of free government, and to help poor and deserving boys to get an education. To Mrs. Mary Baird Bryan, Mr. Bryan's wife, \$10,000 was devised in trust to help poor girls to get an education. Mr. Bennett also left \$5,000 to the New Haven Public Library and \$10,000 to erect the Bennett drinking fountain at the southeast corner of New Haven green.

The twelfth clause of the will was as follows:

"I give and bequeath unto my wife, Grace Ingeborg Bennett, the sum of \$50,000, in trust, however, for the purposes set forth in a sealed letter which will be found with this will."

Mr. Bennett appointed Alfred P. Sisson, his partner in business, and William Jennings Bryan, executor of the will, which was executed in New York, on May 22, 1900. With the will Mr. Bryan presented the letter above referred to. It was in an envelope marked:

"Mrs. P. S. Bennett.—To be read only by Mrs. Bennett and by her alone, after my death."

P. S. BENNETT."

In this letter Mr. Bennett urged his wife to give the \$50,000 to Mr. Bryan because: "I consider it a duty, as I find it a pleasure, to make this provision for his financial aid, so that he may be more free to devote himself to his chosen field of labor."

With this letter was one, referred to by the court as "the typewritten document," which Mr. Bryan drew up in Nebraska, and gave to Mr. Bennett, who took it back to New York, copied it, and sent it to Mr. Bryan as original. It was:

"NEW YORK, 5/22/1900."

"MY DEAR MR. BRYAN:

"I inclose a duplicate letter, which I have placed in a sealed envelope, with instructions that it shall be opened by Mrs. Bennett, and read by her alone. I have stated therein the reasons for the provisions made for you, and I sincerely hope you will accept the sum of fifty thousand dollars for yourself. Give ten thousand dollars to your wife, and invest fifteen thousand dollars for the benefit of your three children, giving five thousand to each, whenever you think it wise to turn the money over to them."

"If for any reason you decline to receive the entire sum, or any part thereof, I shall trust you to distribute the same according to your judgment among educational and charitable institutions."

"Sincerely yours,

"PHILO S. BENNETT."

The Probate Court admitted the will itself to probate, but added: "It is considered, altogether, and derived by this court, that neither said envelope nor letter, nor said typewritten document, nor said envelope, letter, and typewritten document taken together, be approved or allowed as a part of said will, and that the probate of said envelope, letter, and typewritten document, and each of same, be refused."

The Superior Court and the Supreme Court of Errors affirmed the judgment on appeal.—EDITOR.

DETAILS OF THE TOBACCO WAR

HARPER'S WEEKLY has received a number of letters calling attention to inaccuracies in an article entitled "A K-K-Klan of To-day," by Charles V. Teris, which appeared in the issue for February 8. One of these letters is as follows:

ATLANTA, GA., February 11, April

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—In the issue of your magazine for February 8, in an article entitled "A K-K-Klan of To-day," by Charles V. Teris, there are a number of inaccuracies. This would hardly be worthy of notice had this article appeared in a magazine of no consequence, but a long and most pleasant acquaintance with the WEEKLY has given me the feeling that everything appearing therein is always correct, and it is for this reason that I desire to call the matter to your attention.

First, a half-page illustration has under it that the *Acme Flour Mills* have been largely of late legends of tobacco? Isn't that unusually curious for HARPER'S?

Then your contributor writes that the torch was applied to several freight cars at Princeton, while as a matter of fact three factories were totally destroyed, and possibly more.

Again, he quotes, "The trouble is confined to a few Western counties that raise the greatest Burley crops." Now while it is true that the burnings have until recently been confined to the western part of the State, it has been entirely in the Dark Tobacco District, or Black Patch, where no Burley is grown, and any one who knew as little about tobacco as that was not competent to give an opinion on the subject worth printing.

Also that dramatic fight so vividly pictured as occurring on the streets of Hopkinsville, originated in some one's fertile brain, for I have been told by several spectators that the Raiders before leaving the place called a roll of their men, after the work of destruction was complete, and that it was some thirty minutes before a pursuit was organized, and that it was several miles from Hopkinstown that a party of them was overtaken and shots exchanged.

Little details like giving Governor Wilson a middle initial of A. instead of his own, which is E., and spelling his name sometimes with an "I" and then with two, which is correct, are not worth noticing.

It seems strange that a resident of Atlanta should presume to criticize an article written about Kentucky, but I have very recently moved here from the heart of the affected district of the tobacco troubles and have had conversations with spectators of all the raids, and I am only writing you this letter because I believe either you or Mr. Teris has been greatly imposed on, for, as you have probably observed, writing is not in my line.

With kindest regards and wishes for the long continued success of your very interesting and entertaining publication,

I am, sir,

H. W. YOUNG.

Undoubtedly some of the statements in the article were at variance with those made by our correspondents. The fact that Mr. Teris, the writer of the article, was a member of the staff of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and conversant with the daily details of the tobacco war in nearly all counties in Kentucky, seemed to warrant the WEEKLY in having confidence in his knowledge of the facts and ability to reveal them. We regret the apparent errors in his story, and in giving permission to reprint the piece have sent to it that the errors now corrected be kept in mind. The error in the case of the picture of the "Acme Flour Mills and Elevator Company," which had a daily capacity of 1200 bushels of tobacco, which Mr. Young refers to, and to accurately it was due to the fact that the photograph sent to us for reproduction was marked incorrectly.—EDITOR.



Fighting the Fire at its Height, after the Building had become a Funeral Pyre



The Bodies of the Victims of Collinwood's Tragedy laid out in the temporary Morgue



Removing the Dead from the blocked Entrance at the Rear, where most of the Fatalities occurred



The Ruins of Collinwood's Fire-trap School-house where almost Two Hundred Children lost their lives



Relatives of the young Victims of the Disaster awaiting the removal of the Bodies

THE TRAGEDY OF A CLOSED DOOR

BETWEEN 100 AND 150 CHILDREN, AND TWO OF THE TEACHERS, LOST THEIR LIVES IN A FIRE WHICH SWIFT THROUGH THE LANE VIEW SCHOOL IN COLLINWOOD, OHIO, A NIGHT OF MARCH 4. THE FLAMES, STARTING IN THE BASEMENT, SPREAD THROUGH THE BUILDING WITH APPALLING RAPIDITY. THE CHILDREN, PINNED IN THE NARROW HALLWAYS AND AT THE FOOT OF A STAIRWAY LEADING TO A DOOR WHICH IN SAID EITHER HAVE BEEN LOCKED OR TO HAVE OPENED INWARD, WERE TRAMPLED, SUFFOCATED, OR BURNED TO DEATH. THE SCHOOL BUILDING, A THREE-STORY BRICK STRUCTURE, WAS COMPLETELY GUTTED

Wanted: Soldiers

AN AMERICAN ARMY PROBLEM

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU



HAT shuttlecock of political and philanthropic battles, the army, is going to be taken seriously!

Heretofore the army has been in the position of the snail which five-and-twenty fathoms tried to catch in vain. There are at least five-and-twenty questions which are being fought out intermittently over it. There is the question whether officers in the higher ranks shall be promoted by seniority or by favor. There is the question whether the cadets shall be restored, or whether it is preferable, as the W. C. T. U. maintains, that every army post shall be encircled with drinking dens, as now. These battles have been fought over these problems; and in the midst of it all the army itself, whose practical warfare nobody had very much time to think about, has been steadily dwindling. So many theorists have tacked their colors to the mast that it has split.

The army is now nearly twenty per cent. below its numerical establishment; and this deficiency exists in almost all branches except the cavalry. Desertions have depleted its ranks. Its members are now drawn chiefly from the least efficacious class of citizens, men who find in it a last refuge from the highroad and the construction gang; and of these a wholly disproportionate amount are not citizens at all. Although commissions can be obtained with comparative ease by educated men among the rank and file it has become difficult to procure even the normal complement of officers; for the army offers no prospects comparable with those held out in other forms of employment.

So, while the warring factions at Washington continue to reform their theoretical army, the government is making an attempt to bring its depleted numbers up to the established strength and to improve the personnel by appealing to a better class of recruit. With these ends in view a bill is being introduced at Washington to increase the remuneration of all men by an amount which averages about twenty-seven per cent.

Meanwhile strong efforts are being made to obtain recruits in greater numbers. There are three main centers of enlistment in the United States—at Fort Shoom, New York; Fort Jefferson, St. Louis; and at Columbus, Ohio. In New York city the recruiting officer is abroad in the streets and parks, bearing his placard which sets forth the advantages of enlistment. In Herald Square, Madison, Union, and City Hall parks, and at the Battery, he may be seen every fine day between the hours of eight and five, expatiating to groups of interested but individually shy spectators upon the advantages of an army life. You may see similar advertisements staring at you inside the sun-fare cars.

Fort Shoom, where applicants receive their final tests and are sworn in, is fed by eight substations, of which the most important are located, one on the lower Bowery, under the charge of Lieutenant Colonel Hardin, and the other on Sixth Avenue near Forty-second Street, commanded by Major Kenly. That the new methods have already attained considerable success may be seen by a glance at the miscellaneous mob which divers itself in the parlors of these substations daily. Most of these are obviously men out of employment; but one sees occasionally a clean, alert, well-dressed young applicant, to whom the army will clearly offer a career rather than a job. For the rest, they display a curious reluctance to commit themselves, and a powerful fascination for squinting through the half-closed doors of the rooms wherein soldiers in trim uniforms are busily recording the names of appli-

cants and filling out descriptive sheets. They line the darker portions of the passages, hanging, like Malenka's coffin, between the heaven of freedom and the inferno of discipline. Or the process may be compared to that of the swimmer entering cold water. The man who shivers on the shore is the ill-lad street beater, who peeks cautiously up the stairs, evidently afraid of bodily rapture and enforced enlistment. Then there is the man knee-deep who has committed himself to the medical inspection with well-defined mental reservations, and calls to his friend outside, "Come on in, Bill; the army's lovely." Again corresponding to the man who takes the plunge and comes out spluttering and shivering, there is the not infrequent applicant who proves acceptable, goes to Fort Shoom, passes the doctors, and at the last throws down the pen and refuses to sign his name to the enlistment form.

The examinations at the two substations, which consist of medical tests made by non-commissioned officers of long experience, and of a cross-examination by the commanding officer, as for the purpose of weeding out candidates whose applications are hopeless, and are only preliminary to the more severe examination which the army congress conduct at Fort Shoom. Nevertheless, something like fifty per cent. of all who apply fail to qualify.

And, the German corporal, regards the rejection of a likely-looking man with positive pain, and often expostulates with Sergeant Smith, a veteran with a service record of twenty years, whose medical knowledge is equal to that of many a surgeon.

While this preliminary examination does not determine a man's fitness or unfitness for the army, it eliminates from the work of the surgeons at Fort Shoom such details as measuring height and weight, chest expansion, etc. Frequently a nervous fellow, whose bearing or eyeglass is set down on the sheet as defective proves acceptable to the army doctors; while in numbers of cases men passed as sound are subsequently refused on account of some unsuspected organic disease. All men whose admission is considered doubtful are sent up to the Fort with explanatory remarks upon their disabilities.

"Next man," cries Sergeant Smith, beckoning to the nearest of the cluster of applicants in the anteroom, who are sitting huddled together, wholly devoid of clothing, and more or less embarrassed at seeing themselves in such unconventional guise.

"Next man" ambles forward and is placed on the weighing machine. His height is taken, and height and weight compared with the official maximum and minimum allowed by the government tables. His chest is measured, his limbs and defined. Next he has to read off, with either eye alternately, a line of letters on a card suspended from the opposite wall. Four mistakes in this eliminate the recruit from the contest.

"Now stand over here," says Andy, when the man has emerged from this test safely. He closes one of his eyes. "Repeat in a loud voice what you hear the sergeant say."

"Twenty-three," whispers the sergeant from his post against the opposite wall.

"Fifty-nine," says the recruit.

"Seventy-nine," says the sergeant.

"San Francisco," says Andy.

"May God Bless you," says Sergeant Smith.

"That's all right," says Sergeant Smith.

"You was a bit horse; I couldn't hear you very well myself. His car's perfect, Bill."



A new Plans Scooting for Recruits in City Hall Park, New York

"Well, as he's passed all the rest, I'll send him to the Fort, then. Next man."

"Now there's a nice-looking little fellow for you," says Corporal Andy, as a fair-haired, dejected-looking youth shambles forward.

"He won't do, Andy; he's knock-kneed."

"Oh, don't be hasty; give him a chance, BILL."

"Well, git up on this machine," the sergeant growls. "Quarter of an inch too short. Why didn't you git your father to stretch you out before you came?"

"He's got his hair smoothed down, Bill. He's the bright sure enough. Give 't's fellow a chance." The applicant just reaches the minimum weight, with a few ounces to spare; his chest measurement is satisfactory also, but he can only inflate it an inch and a half.

"We can't take him, I tell you."

"Oh, don't be hasty, Bill. Give the poor fellow a chance. He'll grow."

"Stand up," the sergeant shouts. "Lift up your legs. See if you can kick yourself. Wriggle your feet. I tell you ones for all we can't take him. He's flat-footed. And narrow-chested and knock-kneed, and just look at them spavins and ringbones. And an albino. Here, you, this ain't no frisk museum. Git out and git your clothes on."

For such as have passed the medical inspection there remains the examination by the recruiting officer. The colonel sits in his room, smoking a cigar. For each of the male, shivering applicants he has the same list of questions and horribly personal questions. From the manner in which they are framed one would think the would-be soldier was rather some traveler seeking the shelter of this country's laws.

However, they are rattled off at such speed that they partake more of the nature of a monologue. Interpreted by the monotonous replies. Moreover, the War Office has framed them so wisely that all those queries which need a negative response are couched in the negative form, while the rest are in the affirmative. For example:

"Have your parents given their consent to your enlistment?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have not applied elsewhere to join the army?"

"No, sir."

"You have not been in any jail or penitentiary?"

"No, sir."

"You are not addicted to the use of drugs or intoxicating liquors?"

"No, sir."

"Do you consider yourself of sound health?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever had any serious diseases?"

"Well, sir, when I was a baby—"

"Never mind about the history of your childhood, sir," says the colonel, severely. "Do you suffer from fits or convulsions?" And so on.

When finally the applicant has passed these examinations he is held at the recruiting station for a day or two, until a batch is ready to be sent up to Fort Slocum.

That the efforts now being made to obtain recruits have had some success is shown by the fact that something like forty men are now being received at the Fort every day. The minimum for the past few weeks has been thirteen, and the maximum sixty-eight. The knowledge of the new bill for increasing the army payroll has also powerfully contributed to this increase, the authorities believe. The new recruits are retained only for a week or two, sufficient time to teach them the rudiments of their drill. Every month some 1200 are sent away to various stations.

The medical test at Fort Slocum is much the same as that given at the substation, certain details being omitted. The proportion of those rejected is not very large, and is mainly due to the discovery of heart disorders. Occasionally, as stated above, a man balks at the last stage, when required to swear in, in which case there is nothing which can be done except to let him go free.

The conversion of the undisciplined citizen to the untrained soldier is a very striking. The shabby, unkempt recruit, often marked with the "B" of the Berserker, proceeds to the quartermaster's store for his kit: blankets, uniform, caps, gloves, socks, underwear, shoes; all of the finest possible quality. He emerges a different figure. The rest for the military life has already stamped him. He holds himself unconsciously straighter. He is one of the army.

The act of Congress dated February 2, 1901, provides that the regular enlisted strength of the army shall not exceed 100,000, but if any attempt were made to obtain this maximum of recruits, drastic changes in the methods of recruiting would have to be made, and greater inducements offered. The total number of soldiers of all grades and branches which the War Department aims at maintaining amounts, exclusive of the provisional force and hospital corps, to 70,000 men. The present strength is 57,000. Of the theoretical 70,000 soldiers the fifteen regiments of cavalry, which never lack their full complement, comprise nearly 14,000 officers and men; the six regiments of field artillery, 8,500; the six Cavalry regiments close upon 20,000; the thirty regiments of infantry, 27,000; the engineers, 20,000; and the remainder consist of the staff corps, Indian scouts, and a small number of native soldiers in Porto Rico and the Philippines. The total number of commissioned officers amounts to about 3100.

There are thirteen military departments, those of the East, with headquarters at Governors Island; the Gulf, with headquarters in Atlanta; the Lakes, with headquarters at Chicago; the Missouri, with headquarters at Omaha; Dakota, with headquarters at St. Paul; Texas, with headquarters at San Antonio; the Colorado, comprising Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico, with headquarters at Denver; California, which includes Hawaii, with headquarters at San Francisco; the Columbia, comprising the northwestern States and Alaska, with headquarters at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, and the three departments of Arizona, the Visayas, and Mindanao, in the Philippine Division. The thirteenth department is that of the Army of the Pacific, having its headquarters at Havana.

It will thus be seen that our little force of 70,000, now twenty per cent, below strength, is spread out with extreme thinness over the length and breadth of the continent. But this comparatively puny force is supplemented by the various State National Guards, which together form the organized militia of the United States, and total 165,000 men, thus more than doubling the strength of the regular army. In addition

to this there is an unorganized reserve militia of 13,821,096 non-combatants—that is to say, the estimated total number of male citizens capable of bearing arms, who are included in the defense scheme of this country under the militia law of January 21, 1903, which provides that "the militia shall consist of every able-bodied male citizen of the respective States . . . and shall be divided into two classes, the organized militia, to be known as the National Guard . . . or by such other designations as may be given them by the



A Recruiting Detail hunting Men in Herald Square, New York

THE UNITED STATES ARMY
WANTS MEN
BETWEEN 18 AND 35 YEARS OF AGE
BOARD, LODGING, CLOTHING, BATHS, GYMNASIUM,
BOWLING, ALLEYS, SCHOOLS, LIBRARIES—FREE.
A SPLENDID CHANCE TO SEE THE WORLD
FOR PART-TIME ART
APPLY TO: Army Recruiting Offices:
25 Third Ave., 179 North Ave., 2362 Third Ave., 304 East 34th St.,
645 Fifth St., 25 West 42nd St., 310 Eighth Ave., 2210 Eighth Ave.

A Placard which seeks Men in New York's Surface Cars

Another style of this advertisement in the cars announces: "A steady job 3 to 30 years—Retirement at the end of 30 years with a check each month for \$33 to \$79.50 for life."

laws of the respective States or Territories, and the remainder to be known as the reserve militia."

While the bulk of our "reserve militia" is woefully untrained, there is no doubt that in the event of war with a first-class military power it would speedily develop into a formidable organization, as was shown by the fighting ability of our volunteer soldiers during the last little war with Spain. Some of the best raw material was furnished during the Civil War by the mountaineers of the Allegheny region, numbering now, in all, a population of 3,000,000. But above all we have several hundred thousand trained and disciplined soldiers available for service from among



A Squad of Recruits at the Registry Office at Fort Slocum, New York, where they have just been sworn in as Soldiers

has now been adopted by all the larger Powers of Europe, as well as by Japan.

One of the factors which operate to prevent the establishment of a large peace force is the much higher cost of the American army when compared with those of foreign countries. Not only is the soldier untrained in quality and quantity of his, but he receives rations on the civilian scale, instead of the miserable and badly prepared food which is thrown to the soldiers of Europe. The pay, which in most Continental armies averages from two to five cents a day, and in the British starts at \$7 a month, is never less than \$13, increasing to that of a skilled mechanic. Further-



Recruits awaiting the rigorous physical Examination which precedes their enrollment in the Army



From the Registry Office the Recruits go to the Quartermaster's Department to draw their Equipment

our large influx of immigrants, a considerable proportion of whom have served their two or three years of military service in the land of their birth.

The prestige of the professional soldier has waned in some degree since the British regulars were "held up" by a handful of Dutch hunters and traders, and the system of small peace effective and large reserves, as distinct from the old-fashioned conscription,

more, the eight cents a day pension of the retired British regular is represented here by a substantial sum, sufficient to support life with a certain degree of comfort. The United States army budget for the past fiscal year amounted to over \$100,000,000, exactly half that of Germany, with her immense force, and more than half that contributed by France. The American army costs more than that of either Italy or of Japan.

HARD TIMES AND THE ARMY RECRUIT

THE somewhat thin ranks of what Kipling calls our "dear little army" are being replenished in a measure at present owing to the hard times and the usual migration toward Uncle Sam's barracks of the "snow birds." The "snow birds" are not really birds at all. They are those men who either through misfortune or incapacity or an unwillingness to the president and find it easier to enlist, and be insured the fatherly care of a quartermaster and a governmental commissary during the rigors of winter, than to seek precarious work outside Uncle Sam's preserves in the wilderness of an unsympathetic and businesslike world. These men are annually expected by the ever-hungry officers of the American army, and they have arrived as usual. But in addition to them the hard times have turned others to the recruiting stations, and army officers have got their hands full in some quarters turning this raw material into the finished product of Uncle Sam's military mill. The recruits are welcomed even though

they bring the customary cases of measles, mumps, and so forth, into the army posts. For it is an established fact that army recruits almost invariably introduce diseases, and usually of an insidious nature, though they have just successfully passed the severe physical examination necessary for their acceptance. The disease develops later, and is passed cheerfully from man to man before science has its progress. If the officers have children the family is fortunate that escapes the measles brought in by recruits to the army posts. Men from the cities who enlist are more apt to be immune, having run the gamut of all the usual ills of the flesh; it is the healthy country boys who are the chief victims of the enterprising germ. Later, however, the stamina of the country boys frequently proves stronger than that of the men from cities. But with or without measles the recruit is needed in our army, and if the hard times produce him and get him safely enlisted it is another illustration of the adage about an ill wind.

For the "Honor" of France

IN France, for which so much is claimed as the most highly civilized country in the world, the "sport" of cock-fighting is carried on openly and oftentimes in the presence of public officials. This, at least, is the case at Auchel (Pas de Calais), a mining town of 12,000 inhabitants. At a cock-fighting main held there recently no fewer than forty-eight "securities" fought nearly three hundred birds in one hundred and fifty battles to decide the championship of the north of France. The fighting began at ten o'clock in the morning and was continued until half past eight in the evening. The brutal business had been advertised to the public for days in advance.



Carrying the Fighting Cocks to the Main

THE contests took place in the Salle de Gymnastique, a large and well lighted hall with a gallery built especially for the crowd. Some three thousand spectators kept up a continuous babble of betting and cheering on their entries or jeering at those that showed the white feather. The birds, full feathered and full combed, but wearing steel spurs with needle points, were thrown together in an enclosure pit measuring twelve by eight feet, erected in the middle of the hall. Wire netting fenced in the pit, and the floor was covered with fine tan-bark. The Mayor of Auchel and the Commissary of Police were interested spectators in the balcony.

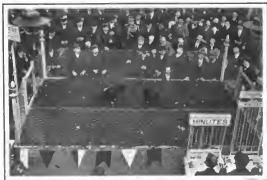


The Mayor of Auchel (hatless), and on his Left the Chief of Police, watching the Cocking Main



Fastening the needle-pointed steel Galls on a Cock before thrusting him into the Pit to Fight

AVIOLENT brass band ceased its heaving. Two birds were thrust through little doors at opposite ends of the pit. There was silence. The birds stood still and glared. The heads moved jerkily, but with infinite care, as each bird sought an opening. Suddenly one sprang in, seized the other by the comb, and, leaping up, drove both spurs into his breast. The victim fell; made spasmodic efforts to rise—and died. The timekeeper solemnly regarded his stopwatch until three minutes had passed; then pointed to the winner. His backers cheered, collected bets, and chattered about the next bout.



Two Game-cocks fighting for the "Championship of the North of France" in the Main at Auchel

THAT was the programme all day except when an occasional bird was away after fighting a few moments, only to have his head chopped off by his angry owner. "Of course the law forbids cock-fighting," a prominent police official replied to one who inquired. "That sport is not allowed in France: It is tolerated. You understand? It is impossible to stop it. If we tried we should have a revolution among these miners, nearly every one of whom breeds and trains fighting cocks. The Deputy for Auchel has offered a magnificent wager to the owner of the champion of this tournament."

A Tale of Three Cities

SYRACUSE

ROCHESTER

BUFFALO

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD



THE three great cities of western New York—Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo—are like jewels to the famous railroad along which they are striven, and they serve to offset the great metropolitan district at the eastern end of the State. They have many things in common, and yet they are not in the least alike. Their growth has been due to virtually a common cause: the development of transportation facilities across the State; and yet their personality is as varied as that of three sisters: lovely—but different.

Of the three Rochester is the most conservative; Buffalo, perhaps, the most progressive; Syracuse, certainly, the most ingenuous. Rochester proves her conservatism by her smart clubs, her cultivated inhabitants, almost by the fact that certain excellent persons there frown upon newspaper reports of their social activities. In Syracuse, on the contrary, the Sunday papers have columns of "society notes," and the reporters who go to dances and receptions prove their industry by writing long lists of the "among those present." Buffalo leans more to Syracuse custom in this regard. Rochester was rather critically the man who comes to dwell within her gates. In Syracuse, and in Buffalo too, there is more of a spirit of camaraderie. A man is taken into good society there from the start because of what he is, rather than for that from which he may have sprung. So it may be said that Syracuse and Buffalo breathe the spirit of the West in their social life, while Rochester clings firmly to the conservatism of the East. Indeed, her citizens rather like to call her "the Boston of the West."

Take these cities separately and their personality becomes the more pertinent and compelling. Consider them one by one as the traveler sees them on a westward train—Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo—and in the same grading of population, for they increase, roughly speaking, in a geometrical ratio. Syracuse has a little more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, Rochester is about twice her size, and Buffalo is about twice the size of Rochester.

Each of them is a result of the Erie Canal. There had been famous postroads across central and western New York before De Witt Clinton dug his great ditch, and the Mohawk valley and the little known "lake country" of the State formed one of the earliest passageways to the unknown West. But the Erie Canal,

providing a water level from the Great Lakes to the Hudson River and so to the Atlantic, was a tremendous impetus to central and western New York. Small towns grew apace, and the three big towns were out of their snaddling clothes and accounted as cities almost before they realized it. The building of the railroads across the State and their merging into great systems was a second great step in their transition, and the third is now in progress—the planning and construction of a network of international trolley lines that shall again unite each of the three, and—

what is far more important to each—bring a great territory of small cities, villages, and rich farms into closer touch.

In Rochester a good many years ago one Sam Patch jumped into the falls of the Genesee. He first planned his spectacular jump on a Sunday, but the citizens of Rochester, like the citizens of Rochester, on a Friday, which almost any superstitious one might have recognized as an unfortunate change of date; and, jumping, he did not survive to jump again. But the point of this narrative hinges not on Fridays, but upon Sundays. In the strict little town of Rochesterville. All that was a long time ago, but Rochester has not changed much since then in her ideas of Sabbath observance. The citizens of that charming city still go to church on Sundays, and they "point with pride" to the big and progressive religious institutions of their community.

People in Syracuse, however, have Sunday picnics and outings off into the country on that day, and her larger sister, Buffalo, has always been known for its "liberal" Sunday—whatever that may mean; while Rochester has rather frowned at that sort of thing. Even her moxy beach down at Ontario's edge, which is a sort of Coney Island to western New York, has been a thorn in the side of her conservative population. If you want to stop and consider how the old-fashioned Sabbath of your boyhood days still reigns in the city at the falls of the Genesee, accept as proof the fact that in one street that is bordered by some of the town's largest churches the trolley cars are not operated on Sunday. Think of the possibilities of that sort of thing in New York, or Chicago, or Pittsburgh, or San Francisco!

Syracuse is famed for the Onondaga Indians and for James



A City built on a Towpath. Clinton Square, Syracuse, bisected by the Erie Canal. The old Canal is to disappear—Some Day



Syracuse University and "Mount Olympus." It is proud of its designation as a "poor man's college," and its Three Thousand Students come from the small Cities, Villages, and Farms of the Region which the Metropolis describes as "up-State"



Main Street, Rochester—the Heart of the Commercial District of the second largest of the three Sister Cities of Western New York

Roscoe Day. The Onondaga Indians are the oldest inhabitants and great help to the ingenious local artists who design cigar box labels. No apologies are needed for Chancellor Day. He has taken a half baked Methodist college that stood on a wind swept hill, and by his indomitable ability and Simon pure genius has transformed it into a real university. For Syracuse University is tremendously real to the three thousand men and women who study within its halls. It is a poor man's college, and Chancellor Day is proud of that. They come, these men and women, from the small cities and villages, the fat farms of that which the metropolitan is apt indifferently to term "up-State." To them four years is a university means four years of cultivation, and to that spirit is due the growth, the vast hidden power of Syracuse University. Syracuse makes no claim to a college spirit of surpassing dimensions. She does claim a spirit among her students second to none. As a university—as some know a university—her collection of ill matched architectural oddities that house her is typical, but as an opportunity for popular education to the boys and girls of the rural districts, she is monumental, and the boys and girls come swarming in her in greater numbers each autumn.

So much for the hills—they call it Mount Olympus—which holds the university and those things that are the university's. Now for downtown Syracuse, for the city's newer districts are ranged upon a series of impressive heights, while her old houses, her stores, and her factories squatted upon the flats at the head of Onondaga Lake.

We all remember the pictures of Syracuse that every self-respecting geographer used to print: salt sheds running off over an indefinite acreage. We were given to understand that Syracuse's chief excuse for existence was as a sort of huge salt-cellar for the rest of the nation. Nowadays nine-tenths of the Syracusans have forgotten that there is a salt industry left, and will tell you glibly of the typewriters, automobiles, steel tubing, and the like, that are made in their town in the course of a twelvemonth.

They will not tell you of one thing, for of that thing you may judge for yourself. Life in Syracuse is punctuated by the railroad and again by the canal. The canal is not so much of an obstruction unless one of the cumbersome bridges sticks and refuses to budge up or down, but that railroad! Every few minutes life in Syracuse comes to an actual standstill because of it. Men whose time is worth ten or fifteen dollars an hour and who grow puffy with overindulgence are violently halted by the passing of way-freights. Appointments are missed. Board meetings at the banks halt for directors—directors who are halted in their turn by the dignified and stately passage of the *Cannotta* Local through the heart of the city.

But the old canal is going to go, some day—when the State's new \$101,000,000 large canal well to the north of the town is completed—and perhaps in that same day Syracuse will have a broad central avenue replacing the present dirty, foul-smelling ditch. Some day some very big Syracusan will miss an appointment while he stands in Salina Street watching the serene *Cannotta* Local drag past him, and that missed appointment will cost the very big Syracusan a lot of money, and there will be revolution in Syracuse—a railroad revolution. After that cheery engine will no longer blow their smoky breaths against the front of the best Syracuse hotel, and grind their way slowly down Washington Street from the depot to the tunnel, as it suddenly unconscionable that they are acting no barriers of progress, The Chicago Limited held up the Carnival parade last September, and thereby has another chapter of this story.

Syracuse is the fiefdom of these three sisters. Buffalo sighs and remembers her lovely Pan-American Exposition of a few years ago, and Rochester is far too laudatory to stoop to the show business. But Syracuse does not care for appearances or halt from pride. She rolls up her sleeves, her business men

swell the subscription lists, her matrons and her pretty girls—and pretty girls at a Syracuse Carnival are thicker than sweets in a plum cake—give themselves, and there is a concert of action that gives Syracuse the liveliest, hardest work of any town in the East. By day folk go out to the State Fair and see the best agricultural show that New York State has ever known—a veritable agricultural show that endeavors not only to furnish an ample measure of fun, but endeavors to be a real help to the progressive owners of those fat central and western New York farms of which we have already spoken. By night Syracuse is in festival. Do not let them tell you that an American town cannot enter into the carnival spirit and still preserve her graciousness and a certain underlying sense of decorum. Tell those scoffers to go in Syracuse during State Fair week. They will see a demonstration of the contrary—Salina Street ablaze with incandescent beauty, lined with row upon row of eager citizens. The street is closed off for a broad strip of stone carpet down the centre of the thoroughfare, and over this carpet rolls float after float, typifying the nations of the world—we remember that last September the Queen of Ancient Ireland wore eyeglasses, but that is as nothing; the policemen in Boston are also addicted to straighteners—and Mr. Syracuse and Mrs. Syracuse, Master Syracuse and Miss Syracuse stand open-eyed in pleasure, and go home very late at night on trolley-cars that are crowded as are trolley-cars in very big cities, convinced that there may be other towns, but that the city of Syracuse is unique.

Therein lies Syracuse's great hope for her future. Her citizens are optimistic; they pull pretty well in harness, and as they accomplish much. Underneath all of that their pride is the real foundation. A stanch civic pride is the skeleton construction that supports the structure of this city of the classic name; it is a construction that admits of an infinite growth being placed upon it—and Syracuse stands ready for infinite growth.

Rochester, as we have said, differs totally from her sister town. No vulgar railroad dross to obstruct a main business street of Rochester; in fact that city was one of the first in America to remove the drably grade crossings from her avenues, and incalculable fatalities and near fatalities have been prevented by the wisdom of a quarter of a century ago, when the trunk line railroad that crosses her from east to west was placed on a great viaduct. When this viaduct was built a great change came upon the town. The old depot, with its vaulted wooden roof clearing both tracks and street and anchored in the walls of the historic Brackett House, with the ancient white horse swishing the ears of earlier days (it is years and years and years since that white horse went to graze in heavenly meadows), vanished from sight, and a great stone lined embankment—high enough and thick enough to be a city wall—appeared as if by magic, and Rochester revelled in a great new station, big enough and fine enough, it seemed, for all time. At least that was the way Rochester viewed its station when it was first completed away back in the early eighties. Nowadays that same station is dirty and crowded and small, and the railroad people are planning something newer and bigger and better for the town that is to come within the next two years.

In that way the city has grown apace, and quite ahead of the facilities which earlier generations thought would be abundant for all time. The high civic standard that forced the great railroad improvement in early days when most American towns, like Topsy, "just groined," and gave little thought for the morrow, made Rochester "different" in those same early days. It made Rochester seek to better her water supply, and in this she succeeded by tapping a spring pure lake forty miles back in the high hills. That was a large undertaking for a small city, but the small city was plucky, and it now has a water supply only second to the Croton system in New York, and one which will stand as a model for years and years to other ambitious towns. That same civic standard made fireproof buildings an actuality in Rochester years in advance of other towns of the same size.



Livingston Park, Rochester, suggesting the tranquil Streets of a New England Town rather than a bustling Lake Shore Community

But the glory of Rochester lies not in her waterworks, her public buildings, or her parks; and Rochester parks are superb, for Nature has been their landscape architect, and she has executed the city's commission in regal fashion; nor does it reside in her grand Main Street, nor her vast manufacturing plants that may be translated into stunning arrays of statistics; it lies in her homes. The treatment, as we know it in the big cities, over the city house with its cold dead walls, are unknown there. Apartment houses are rarities, and consequently oddities. Your Rochesterian—rich and poor—dwells in a detached house on his own tract of land; the chances are that he has market track growing in his back yard, a real kitchen garden. There are thousands of these little homes in the outlying sections of the town, with bigger and more pretentious ones lining the chief avenues, and all of these together are the reputation of the town.

The citizens of Rochester, in less proportion than most other towns of the size, are not only governed, but, in greater proportion, they govern. That is the value of the detached house to Rochester. The detached houses mean good schools, good fire and police service, clean streets, a system of street lighting and a system of protection for the public health that are unexcelled in America.

A long street filled with somewhat monstrous rows of simple frame houses does not mean much at a glance—even when the street is parked and filled for a mile with blossoming magnolias, as Oxford Street, Rochester, is filled. But such a street, with other streets of the same sort, means that the charm and homeliness of American village life are carried right into the heart of a community of goodly size.

Sometimes citizens from other towns call Rochester provincial, and sometimes they are partly right. Rochester has clung to her small town customs longer than have some of her neighbors, but already she is attempting metropolitanism—they are building two big new hotels in the place, and some radicals have dared to place a building or two off Main Street. But Rochester, like most conservatives, is careless of outside criticism. She is quite sufficient unto herself. Her citizens derive a good time out of life. Miles upon miles of splendid highways surround them, the great South Park which spreads along the island of Genesee runs persuasively to the coast, the great lake to the north gives favorable breezes to the yachtman. So the Rochesterians realize that they live within a fair and garden country, and they live their healthy lives to the fullest extent, in the open of a summer that stretches month upon month, from early spring to late autumn.

Concerning Buffalo, let me ask if you ever met a man from that city when you were travelling, and did he tell you something of the town that sheltered him? If so, he undoubtedly began by quoting marvellous statistics, most of them relating to the number of trains that arrived at and departed from his town in the course of twenty-four hours. When he was through, you had a confused idea that Buffalo was some sort of an exaggerated railroad yard, where you changed cars to go from any one corner of the universe to any other corner. When your time came to see Buffalo for



Buffalo is said to defend herself against the Charge of Provincialism by an occasional Office Building like this

yourself, your confused idea returned to you. Your train slipped for miles through an apparently endless wilderness of branching tracks and dusty freight-cars, past roundhouses and steaming locomotives, until you were ready to believe that any conceivable number of trains arrived and departed from that busy town within a single calendar day.

But for a long time she has longed to be something more than a mere railroad yard. She has dreamed metropolitan dreams, more ambitious dreams than either of her sisters. The dull roar of Niagara, infinite in its possibilities of power, is within hearing, and that has been Buffalo's incentive, the bellamy which induced her dreams of industrial as well as commercial supremacy. But an industrial metropolis hardly made in less than half a century; and Buffalo, to make her claims of plentiful power and commanding situation better known, resorted to tremendously expensive advertising: the holding of a big exposition, save for the monumental tragedy which darkened its closing days, and it reaped great credit upon the energetic towns that deeded it.

No much for Buffalo industrial and Buffalo commercial—a look might be written upon each of these phases of the western gateway of the State; the real Buffalo is the thing upon which we peg our interest. The real Buffalo is to be found in her typical citizen, just as her thousands of homes are the secret of Rochester. The typical Buffalonian is optimistic and energetic to a singular degree, and he needs only these qualities for Buffalo is just upon the verge of becoming metropolitan, and the problems of her exceeding growth demand cool heads and stout hearts.

The Buffalonians have a full measure of enjoyment in their city. They are intensely proud of it,—remember that man who once told you about the number of railroad trains that arrived and departed, within twenty-four hours,—and thoroughly happy in it. Niagara Falls, and a half dozen of lake beaches on Erie and Ontario, are within easy reach, and nearer still is the lovely park of the town. So they live outdoors—these Buffalonians—whether they are able to patronize the charming Country Club, or are persons of less prominence who have just as good a time in less pretentious suburban resorts. They play at golf, at baseball, at football, and in the long hard winter months, at basketball and hockey and bowling. They organize teams in all these sports—and some others—and then they go down to Rochester and enter into amiable contests with the folks that live by the Genesee. Syracuse, too, comes into the fray, and these three sisters of the western end of the State fight out their natural and healthy rivalry in series upon series of sturdy athletic championships.

In personalities and in individual characteristics these three notable cities are as unlike as one might expect three sisters to be. But blood is stronger than water, and Syracuse and Rochester and Buffalo are sisters. They are the breezy cousins of New York State, the strength of "up-State," the communities that help to make New York an Empire State whether you consider it with or without the great metropolis with which it faces the sea.



A View of the vast industrial Region of Buffalo, by which she demonstrates her Commercial Supremacy over her smaller but not less attractive Sisters

Anglo-American Arbitration

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



ENGLAND is quite resigned to the prospect of another Anglo-American arbitration treaty. There is no enthusiasm for it—under the circumstances none could be expected—but there is an entire willingness to move in the matter if there is a reasonable chance of avoiding a fiasco. I think I fairly sum up the opinions of those Englishmen who have interested themselves in this question, when I say that in their judgment an Anglo-American arbitration treaty must be either a downright failure or an extremely partial, incomplete, and defective success. If it has any real vitality, it will be rejected by the Senate. If the Senate accepts it, it is a proof that it is destitute of reality, and leaves things fundamentally as they were. Such is the moral which Englishmen have extracted from the history of previous attempts to negotiate an arbitration treaty with the United States. Such is the alternative with which they feel themselves confronted; and the justification for their attitude is to be found in a review of the fate of the Olney-Pauncefote and the Hay-Durand treaties.

The Olney-Pauncefote treaty was negotiated in the heat of reaction from the quarrel over Venezuela. Thoroughly scandalized and ashamed by the possibility of war over such a trumpery dispute, both nations, in an access of idealism, rushed off at a tangent and began swearing eternal friendship. The American masses, however, soon tired of the pastime. They began by loudly applauding arbitration in the abstract; they quickly developed a profound repugnance to it in the concrete form in which it was presented to them by Mr. Olney and Lord Pauncefote. Nor could any Englishman who really understood the issues that were involved find it possible to blame them. The Olney-Pauncefote treaty was an extremely stringent and far-reaching instrument, far more so than any of the multitudinous agreements to arbitrate that have since been concluded among the Powers of Europe. It was offered to America at a time when "the man to the oars" was possessed by a most flattering senselessness of the subtlety and long-headedness of British diplomacy. Distrust was in the very air. The Americans felt that somehow they were being "had." They could not lay their finger on a single clause or a single paragraph in the treaty that threatened in any way to compromise the national honor, to abridge their liberty of action, or to hamper their powers of self-defence. But the more the treaty was looked into and the more innocent it seemed, the keener grew the American conviction that beneath its guileless provisions lurked somewhere a peril all the more terrible for being undefinable. What was, in fact, merely a first-rate specimen of blundering Anglo-Saxon altruism based on the imaginations of Americans a skilful and diabolically crafty assault on their diplomatic inexperience. They rejected. I well remember, over its defeat as though they had escaped a great national disaster.

To this instinctive distrust there was added the open hostility of the professional Anglophobes. Englishmen are always apt, when anything goes wrong in their relations with America, to blame "the Irish vote." A great many of them thought and still think that but for the Irish vote the Olney-Pauncefote treaty would have been ratified. Only a day or two ago one of the ablest of English publicists asserted me that the Senate was terrorized into rejecting it by the activities and threats of Michael Davitt. There is one other explanation which Englishmen also fall back upon to account for any American action that they cannot quite understand. That explanation is summed up in the word "politics." "Politics" in this instance was represented by the fury of the defeated Bryanites, who watched at any weapon that could embarrass the Republicans. But whatever might have been the causes, the result was at least clear enough. The Senate first annulled the treaty by amendments, and then rejected it by forty-three votes to twenty-six; and it was an open secret in Washington at the time that many who voted for it only did so because they knew it would be defeated. Englishmen were, naturally, a little baffled. They had been asked to negotiate an arbitration treaty by the American Secretary of State, and they had agreed. Their reward was to find Anglo-American relations from the Revolution onwards dragged into the cockpit of popular passion, and to see the treaty in the end decisively rejected. They could not understand it. Their utmost effort in solving the mystery led them, as I have said, to ascribe the failure of the treaty partly to its excessive stringency, partly to popular misapprehensions of all British diplomacy, partly to the influence of the Irish-Americans, and partly to the exigencies of politics.

My own impression is that these factors undoubtedly contributed something to the defeat of the Olney-Pauncefote treaty. But I also think that the common English opinion which regarded them as the decisive factors, and which thought that, had they not existed, the treaty would have been ratified, was wholly erroneous.

Its baseness was, indeed, proved by the event. Seven years later, in 1905, the two governments took up the matter again. They negotiated another arbitration treaty and again submitted it to the Senate. None of the objections urged against the Olney-Pauncefote treaty could be made to apply to the Hay-Durand agreement. It was of far narrower scope. It excluded all questions of "national honor" and "vital interests." It confined to juridical questions and the interpretation of existing treaties. It was, in short, as mild an instrument as any arbitration treaty could be without losing all its efficacy. Moreover, the circumstances in which it was negotiated and presented to the Senate wholly differed from the circumstances of 1897. In the first place, it did not stand alone. It was one of a batch of seven arbitration treaties, all identical in provisions and effect, that Mr. Hay had negotiated. In the second place Anglophobia in 1905 was passive to the point of being almost moribund; Americans had grown to believe in the efficacy of British diplomacy; "politics" no longer presented an obstacle; not "the Irish vote" had lost practically all its influence. Everything therefore seemed favorable to success. Yet the Hay-Durand treaty, like all its companions, was so mutilated by amendments that President Roosevelt declined to proceed with it.

It was this which first opened the eyes of Englishmen to the realities of the situation. All their stock explanations fell to the ground. They saw that they had overlooked or failed to take into account some factor that vitiated all their calculations. What this missing factor was it did not take very long to discover. The English cannot be blamed for not having recognized it and apprised it earlier. What is really surprising in the whole affair is that statesmen like Mr. Olney and Mr. Hay, and Presidents like Mr. Cleveland, Mr. McKinley, and Mr. Roosevelt should have been equally blind to its controlling significance. The best-acknowledged reason why the treaties of 1897 and 1905 were rejected or emasculated was that the Senate regarded them, and to my judgment justly, as an invasion of its constitutional rights. Their failure, in other words, was not due to temporary and accidental causes that might have been ended, but to permanent and fundamental conditions that could not be altered and had to be allowed for. In this matter, I should like, if I may, to disclaim the cautious manner of being wise after the event. I opposed the Hay-Durand treaty from the initial stages of its negotiation; I did what I could to convince the British government of the inevitable shipwreck that awaited them; and I prophesied the precise rock on which they would come to grief. I am so far from taking my credit for this that I do not see how any one even moderately acquainted with the terms and workings of the American Constitution could ever have convinced himself that an effective and automatic arbitration treaty with the United States was a political possibility.

The Constitution gives the Senate the final voice in the conduct of foreign relations; all treaties to become operative must be ratified by a two-thirds majority of the Senators present. And the Senate is a highly "tortuous" and sensitive body, tenacious to a degree of the prerogatives that belong to it by right and still more of the prerogatives it is able to exert from weak-kneed Presidents. It is about the last assembly on earth to surrender any of its authority, least of all on so vital a matter as the control of foreign affairs. But an arbitration treaty is a challenge that authority at its tenderest point. It cannot help doing so. The essence of all such treaties, if they are meant to have any vitality at all, must be that two Powers agree to refer to arbitration certain questions. But if provision is made for the automatic arbitration of any questions, however unimportant in themselves or quality, it must be that extent impinges upon the prerogatives of the Senate. It practically takes away certain powers that the Constitution vests in the Senate and transfers them to the President. It evades the Executive at the expense of the Legislature. It allows the President to carry a negotiation with a foreign government through all its stages without consulting the Senate. To ask the Senate to concur in a general arbitration treaty is, therefore, to ask it to commit political suicide or, at the very least, to ask it to abdicate in favor of its great rival, the President. An effective arbitration treaty with the United States is, in short, a constitutional impossibility. This is at last recognized, I should hope, both in Downing Street and the White House. Englishmen at any rate now understand that the Senate, while agreeing to arbitration as a principle, is bound to see to it that the principle shall only be invoked and applied with the concurrence of the two-thirds majority prescribed by the Constitution. Is an arbitration treaty on these limited lines worth while? Englishmen think it is. They do not expect it to add anything appreciable to the large and growing stock of Anglo-American goodwill, or to the increasing recognition of the community of Anglo-American interests. But they observe that nearly all the great Powers have for years been throwing bouquets at one another, and they think it quite time that England and the United States should join in the pastime.



HOW TO

DRAWN BY JAMES F.



FEEL WEAK

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

With the Fleet

WHILING AWAY THE ENDLESS MILES AND HOURS

By LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER PHILIP ANDREWS, U. S. N.

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U. S. S. "Kansas" at Rio de Janeiro, January 22, 1906.

Many vivid and delightful memories throng the mind, as we are about to leave this beautiful city, that it is difficult to say what has most impressed the officers and men of the fleet. At first we were so overwhelmed by the majesty and beauty of the vast harbor; then the rich wonders of the newly rebuilt city burst upon us, while we were being welcomed with a cordial hospitality that knew no bounds.

The genuineness and the depth of the friendship these generous Brazilians feel for us Americans are delightful. This is the one fact which we feel above all others. The hospitalities to officers and men and the evidences of good feeling on every hand have been endless. There can be no doubt as to the great good which accrues from the visit of such a fleet as this to our neighbors.

Of this charming city and its bay, rivaling Naples in scenic attractiveness, much could be written; also of the wonderful view from Corcovado mountain, thence which no prospect could be more attractive; but the great thing that has gone home to us all is the human touch of friendship and entire good will.

It is no exaggeration to say that the coming of the fleet to Rio has aroused among the Brazilian people the same degree of enthusiasm that was called forth by the visit of Mr. Root. Every one still refers to his visit, and it is evident that his message meant much to them. In honor of the fleet excursions, receptions, dances, lunches, and dinners come and go in an endless stream until it becomes a serious question as to how far our physical endurance can stand the wear and tear of such lavish entertainment. The admirals and captains have called upon the President of Brazil and the higher officials, they have been banqueted by the President, and the officers have been taken everywhere and treated with greatest cordiality. Possibly the best thing done by the residents here has been the establishment of a Bureau of Information and waiting room for the men, where American money can be changed into current money, and information obtained as to where to go and what to see in this wonderful city.

The Bureau of Information has been established by English speaking residents here as a branch of the Y. M. C. A. especially for this occasion. The men are directed what cars to take, what places are best to visit, and where to buy and see the Brazilian

things of interest. The waiting room is large and furnished with tables and writing material, so that the men have abundant opportunity to write home. For one mite, about thirty cents of our money, is furnished a typewriter letter describing the reception of the fleet and the wonderful sights of Rio. No doubt many of the men purchased this letter and sent it home. It was certainly very well written and worth sending.

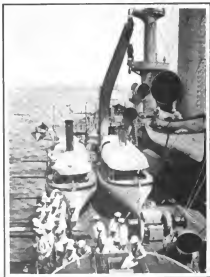
The men of the fleet have landed almost four thousand strong every day, and have spread all over Rio and the surrounding country. They have been exceedingly well behaved, and their excellent conduct has called forth high praise from every one. The system of landing patrols inaugurated by Admiral Evans has been followed here with perfect results in co-operation with the shore police. Every day eight officers and nearly seventy men have been ashore on duty to look out for our own men. In sending the men ashore every precaution has been taken to prevent their getting any disease. Each man has been examined to see if his vaccination marks were good, and if he was likely to be immune from smallpox. Some men were unfortunate in not showing clear marks, and they perforce were kept on board and re-vaccinated. One youngster made an amusing mistake by showing the doctor the wrong arm, and, of course, was promptly put on side. He showed great disappointment until his mistake dawned on him, when he appeared again with the other arm bared and a face wreathed in smiles and was allowed to go.

The fleet was met outside Rio Harbor by four Brazilian men-of-war and escorted into the harbor. To-day, on leaving, eight Brazilian men-of-war will escort the ships outside, and the President of Brazil will visit the flagship and review the fleet from Fort Villegagnon as it passes on its way to sea. The ships will all be dressed with flags, and they will fire two salutes of twenty-one guns each in his honor, the crews of all ships manning the rail.

Christmas for the fleet in Trinidad was not much like a home Christmas, but the rites were carried out with as much real and scenic effect as was possible. Green boughs and palms were put at mastheads and yards after dark Christmas eve, and many of the ships had small trees in conjunction on the Christmas dinner table. The Kansas's Christmas tree was brought from Philadelphia, with its trimmings by our thoughtful marine officer, Captain Harding, who, with several others in the warlike mood, dressed it and distributed the funny little gifts. Most of the



The Nerve Centre of the Battleship "Kansas," the Wheel-house



Steaming away from Rio in single Column Formation



They have just finished the dirtiest job in the World—Coaling Ship

officers had Christmas boxes, which were opened quietly and enjoyed the more for the intimate glimpse of home they gave.

As usual, on our holidays athletic sports were held. All kinds of boat races were started early in the morning between ships and divisions on the same ships, but the one of greatest interest was the officers' race in the racing cutters. There were ten or twelve entries for a half mile race, which seemed endless to most of the officers who had not been in boats for practice for some time. One of the Kansas's midshipmen, who pulled in the race, exclaimed when it was all over, "Gee, that last ten miles was hell!" Before the start we all thought it was any one's race, with perhaps the chances in favor of the Louisiana or Vermont crew; but it developed that the Kansas crew were able to set the pace that day, and Kansas won the race.

In the last anxious moments, when the boats are at the line and the starter is laboring harder than Hercules to get them all in a fair array, the rowers are so full of hope and apprehension and thirst for glory that they find it difficult to breathe. At such a time the proper thing to do is to gruffly say the sweetest covey, thereby adding to his anxiety and giving yourself the air of one who is happy, gay, and free, as the poet hath it. As the twelve cutters lay bobbing on the waves of Rio Harbor, maneuvering for the start, it pleased Lieutenant Thos Osterham, in the cutter of the Louisiana, to direct a little tactical ballgame at Lieutenant Joe Tausig in the cutter of the Kansas. Mr. Tausig is still hurt from injuries received in the lower rebellion in China.

"Look at Tausig, fellows," Mr. Osterham advised. "Look at him and guess how many lengths we'll lose him."

"Take a long look and a good one," Mr. Tausig replied, "for it'll be your last chance. You'll never see me again after the start."

The race of mocking laughter from the Louisiana's cutter was broken by the crack of the starter's pistol. The Kansas crew got first into their swing and jumped well out in the lead. Moreover, Mr. Tausig proved a competent prophet, for his cutter held her lead all the way, lame leg and all.

How much the world ashore will learn from the high and unusual compliment paid to our blue-jackets by the British Governor of Trinidad! He wrote to Admiral Evans saying that he had enjoyed a large acquaintance at Gibraltar with sailors of all nations, and that the conduct of our men was a revelation to him, they were so quiet and well behaved. Certainly this is the rule, and it is no longer considered the proper thing among nations of our navy to get drunk and raise the devil. Nowadays, generally speaking, those who do get drunk ashore have a chance to take anything, and are consequently quickly and easily affected by a very little. They are swiftly and quietly picked up by our own patrols and hauled into launches that deliver them safe and harmless for mischief aboard their own ships.

Incidentally, it is curious to note how persistently the ancient tradition survives that the principal business of the blue-jacket ashore is to consume rum and produce riot. This legend may

have been authentic history in the days when Dibdin wrote his ballads and Captain Marryat spun his fascinating yarns. Even then one fancies that the word-painters may have hid on the colors a tinge thickly in order to make the picture stand out more vividly in the mind of the reader. What were the facts in those days?

The ships of the navy were manned in large degree by crews who at best were simple folk with few and crude ideas of amusement, and at worst by the riffraff of the shore picked up by the press gang. After a cruise of monotonous months under sail, it is surprising that many of these men suddenly set at liberty on the beach should amuse and fight? There was little other recreation for them, and in the reborn from an iron discipline in which man-handling was frequent and the humiliation of flogging a part of the legal punishment for venial offenses, it is not surprising that the poor fellows should plunge into excesses.

But the American blue-jacket of to-day is no different from that ancient type as the rule is different from the dodo. He is not drugged and beaten into the service by a brutal press gang, but is moved to enlist by a laudable desire to serve his country, to see foreign lands, and to perfect himself in mechanical or electrical training, so that when he goes back ashore he can earn bigger wages than ever before. The American blue-jacket is a sober, ambitious young fellow with abundant self-respect and excellent taste in the amusements he seeks. Comparisons are not always pleasing, but I should like to see any five hundred college boys at large in a foreign town who are as courteous, sober, peaceful, and considerate of the rights of others as any five hundred of our blue-jackets on liberty.

New light has been thrown upon the "man overboard" incident on the run down from Trinidad. It appears now that a man was sleeping comfortably on deck when the ship took a lee roll and tossed him in a jolt of main water. With swift present, instinct, though not of mind, the man yelled, "Man overboard!" before he quite woke up. The result afforded an excellent illustration not only of the discipline of our navy, but of the calm intelligence that elaborates long in advance the precise details of what shall be done in every emergency that can possibly occur to ship or fleet. In this case the fleet was at once stopped, the ship concerned and those astern of her lowered boats, the lighted life-boys were dropped, and energetic search was made for the supposedly missing man. It was soon discovered that no man was overboard, and the fleet went on its way.

In the case of a man overboard at night, as this was, the requirements to suit the situation of a number of ships steaming in close formation are necessarily elaborate.

The ship which loses the man turns on a designated letter on the Ardis signal lights and fires one signal gun. All the ships astern of the one losing the man open out the columns such on its own side, so as to leave a wide lane between them in which the boats can look for the man. They also all make the same display on the Ardis and fire the signal gun and all stop. The three nearest ships lower life boats and look for the man.



Preparing to Wash Up after a Day's Immersion in Soot and Coal-dust

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Hichens

AUTHOR OF "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH," "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," ETC.

CHAPTER III



"I CAN see the boat, Vere," said Hermione, when the girl came back, her eyes still gleaming with memories of the fun of the cigarette game with Raffo.

"Where, Madré?"
She sat down quickly beside her mother on the window seat, leaning against her confidentially and looking out over the sea. Hermione put her arm round the girl's shoulder.

"There! Don't you see?" She pointed.

"It has passed (C'era Pantano)."

"I see. Yes, that is Gaspare, and Monsieur Emile in the stern. They won't be late for lunch. I almost wish they would, Madré."

"Why?"

"I'm not a bit hungry. Raffo wouldn't eat the dolce, so I did."

"Raffo! You seem to have made great friends with that boy."

She did not speak rebuffingly, but with a sort of tender amusement.

"I really have," returned Vere.

She put her hand against her mother's shoulder.

"Isn't this odd, Madré? Twice in the short time I've known Raffo, he's obeyed me. The first time he was in the boat. I called out to him to drive in, and he did it instantly. The second time he was underwater, at the very bottom of the sea. He looked as if he were dead, and for a minute I felt frightened. So I called out to him to come up, and he came up directly."

"But that only shows that he's a polite boy and does what you wish."

"No, no. He didn't hear me either time. He had no idea I had called. But each time I did, without hearing me he had the sudden wish to do what I wanted. Now, isn't that curious?"

She paused.

"Madré?" she asked.

"You think you influenced him?"

"Don't you think I did?"

"Perhaps so. There's the sympathetic link of youth between you. You are gloriously young, both of you, little daughter. And youth turns naturally to youth, though I'm almost old age doesn't at ways turn naturally to old age."

"What do you know about old age, Madré? You haven't a gray hair."

She spoke with anxious encouragement.

"It's true. My hair declines to get gray."

"I don't believe you'll ever be gray."

"Probably not. But there's another grayness—Life behind one instead of before; the emotional—"

She stopped herself. This was not for Vere.

"They're close in," she said, looking out of the window.

She waved her hand. The big man in the stern of the boat took off his hat in reply and waved his hand, too. The rower palmed with the veneration that comes to men near the end of a task, and the boat shot into the Pool of the Saint, where Raffo was at that moment enjoying his third cigarette.

"I'll run down and meet Monsieur Emile," said Vere.

And she disappeared as swiftly as she had come.

The big man who got out of the boat could not claim Hermione's immunity from gray hairs. His beard was lightly powdered with them, and though much of the still thick hair on his head was brown, and his figure was erect and looked strong and athletic, he seemed what he was—a man of middle age, who had lived and thought and observed much. His eyes had the peculiar expression of eyes that have seen very many and very various sights. It was difficult to imagine them looking surprised, impossible to imagine them not looking keenly intelligent. The vivacity of youth was no longer in them, but the vivacity of intellect, of an intellect almost fiercely alive and tenacious of its life, was never absent from them.

As Artale got out, the boat's prow was being held by the Sicilian, Gaspare, now a man of thirty-five, but still young-looking. Many Sicilians grow old quickly—hard life wears them out. But Gaspare's fate had been easier than that of most of his contemporaries and friends of Morrebiano. Ever since the tragic death of the beloved master, when he still always spoke of as "mio padrone," he had been Hermione's faithful attendant and devoted friend.

Yes, she knew him to be that—she would him to be that. Their stations in life might be different, but they had come to mirror together. They had suffered together and been in sympathy while

they suffered. He had loved what she had loved, lost it when she had lost it, wept for it when she had wept.

And he had been with her when she had waited for the coming of the child.

Hermione really cared for three people; Gaspare was one of them. He knew it. The other two were Vere and Emile Artale.

"Vere," said Artale, taking her two hands closely in his large hands and gazing into her face with the kind, even affectionate directness that she loved in him, "do you know that to-day you are looking insolent?"

"Insolent!" said the girl. "How dare you!"

She tried to take her hands away.

"Insolently young," he said, keeping them authoritatively.

"But I am young. What do you mean, Monsieur Emile?"

"It? It is your meaning I am searching for."

"I shouldn't let you find it. You are much too curious about people. But—I've been having a game this morning."

"A game? Who was your playmate?"

"Never mind."

But her bright eyes went for the fraction of a second to Raffo, who close by in the boat was lying at his ease, his head thrown back, and one of the cigarettes between his lips.

"What! That boy there?"

"Nonsense! Come along! Madré has been sitting at the window for ages looking after for the boat. Couldn't you sail at all, Gaspare?"

Artale had let go her hands, and now she turned to the Sicilian.

"To Naples, signorina, and nearly to the Antio Giuseppe coming back."

"But we had to do a lot of tacking," said Artale. "Mio Dio! That boy is smoking one of my cigarettes! You sacrilegious little creature! He has been rubbing my box!"

Gaspare's eyes followed Artale's to Raffo, who was watching them intently, but who now looked suddenly sleepy.

"It belongs to Madré?"

"It was bought for me."

"I like you better with a pipe. You are too big for cigarettes. And besides, artists always smoke pipes."

"Allow me to forget that I try to be an artist when I come to the island, Vere."

"Yes, yes, I will," she said, with a pretty air of relenting.

"But you think, Vere, you are a king in Naples, and we all treat you quite familiarly. I'll even go first, regardless of etiquette."

And she went off to the steps that led upward to the house.

Artale followed her. As he went he said to Raffo in the Neapolitan dialect:

"It's a good cigarette, isn't it? You are in luck this morning."

"Si, signore," said the boy, smiling. "The signorina gave me ten."

And he blew out a happy cloud.

There was something in his welcoming readiness of response something in his look and voice, that seemed to stir within the tenacious mind of Artale a quivering chord of memory.

"I wonder if I have spoken to that boy in Naples?" he thought, as he mounted the steps behind Vere.

Hermione sat him at the door of her room, and they went in almost directly to lunch with Vere. When the meal was over Vere disappeared, without saying why, and Hermione and Artale returned to Hermione's room to have coffee. By this time the day was absolutely windless, the sky had become nearly white, and the sea was a pale gray, flecked here and there with patches of white.

"This is like a June day of seclusion," said Artale, as he lit his pipe with the air of a man thoughtfully at home. "I wonder if it will succeed in affecting Vere's spirits. This morning, when I arrived, she looked wildly young. But the day had still some blue tints."

Hermione was settling herself slowly in a low chair near the window that faced Capri. The curious, rather ghostly light from the sea fell over her.

"Vere is very sensitive to almost all influences," she said.

"You know that, Emile."

"Yes," he said, throwing away the match he had been using; "and the influence of this morning roused her to pay. What was it?"

"She was very excited watching a diver for *frutti di mare*."

"A few about seven or eight, black hair, Arab eyes, bronze skin, a smile delicate in outline, and a figure almost as perfect as a Nubian's, but rather squarer about the shoulders?"

"You have seen him, then?"

"Smoking ten of my special Khall Targa cigarettes, with his

have been cocked up, and one hand dropping into the Saint's Pool." Hermione smiled.

"My earrings! They're common property here," she said. "That boy can't be a pure-bred Neapolitan, surely. And yet he speaks the language. There's no mistaking the blow he gives to the last syllable of a sentence."

"He's a Sicilian, Vere says."

"Pure bred?"

"I don't know."

"I fancy I must have run across him somewhere in or about Naples. It is he who made Vere, as I told her, look so insolently young this morning."

"Ah, you noticed! I, too, thought I had never seen her so full of the inner spirit of youth—almost as he was in Sicily."

"Yes," Artoria said, gravely. "In some things she is very much his daughter."

"In some things only!" asked Hermione.

"Don't you think not? Don't you think she has much of you in her also? I do."

"Has she? I don't know that I see it. I don't know that I want to see it. I always look for him in Vere. You see, I dreamed of having a boy. Vere is instead of the boy I dreamed of, the boy—who never came, who will never come."

"My friend," said Artoria, very seriously and gently, "are you still allowing your mind to dwell upon that old imagination? And with Vere before you, can you regard her merely as a substitute, an understudy?"

An energy that was not free from passion suddenly flamed up in Hermione.

"I love Vere," she said. "She is very close to me. She knows it. She does not doubt me or my love."

"But," he quietly persisted, "you will allow your mind to run ungoverned among those dangerous ways of the past?"

"Emile," she said, still speaking with reluctance, "it may be very easy to a strong man like you to direct his thoughts, to keep them out of one path and guide them along another. It may be—I don't know whether it is; but I don't pretend to such strength. I don't believe it is ever given to women. Perhaps even strength has its sex—I sometimes think so. I have my strength, believe me. But don't require of me the peculiar strength that is male."

"The truth is that you live living in the past as the Bedouin loves living in the desert."

"It was my oasis," she answered, simply.

"And all these years—they have made no difference?"

"Did you think they would? Did you think they had?"

"I hoped so. I thought—I had begun to think that you lived again in Vere."

"Emile, you can always stand the truth, can't you? Don't say you can't. That would hurt me horribly. Perhaps you do not know how sometimes I mentally lean on you. And I like to feel that if you knew the absolute truth of me you would still look upon me with the same kind, understanding eyes as now. Perhaps no one else would. Would you, do you think?"

"I hope and believe I could," he said. "You do not live in Vere. Is that it?"

"I know it is considered the right, the perfectly natural thing that a mother, stricken as I have been, should find in time perfect peace and contentment in her child. Even you—your spoke of 'living again.' It's the unexpressed phrase, Emile, isn't it? I ought to be living again in Vere. Well, I'm not doing that. With my nature I could never do that. Is that horrible?"

"Ma pauvre amie!" he said.

He bent down and touched her hand.

"I don't know," she said, more calmly, as if relieved, but still with an undercurrent of passion, "whether I could ever live again to the life of another. But if I did it would be in the life of a man. I am not made to live in a woman's life, really to live, giving out the force that is in me. I know I'm a middle-aged woman—to the Italian here more than that, an old woman. But I'm not a finished woman, and I never shall be till I die. Vere is my child. I love her tenderly; more than that—passionately. She has always been close to me, as you know. But no, Emile, my relation to Vere, hers to me, does not satisfy all my need of

love, my power to love. No, no, it doesn't. There's something in me that wants more, much more than that. There's something in me that—I think only a son of his could have satisfied my yearning. A son might have been Maurice some back to me, come back in a different, beautiful, wonderfully pure relation. I prayed for a son. I needed a son. Don't misunderstand me, Emile: in a way a son could never have been so close to me as Vere is,—but I could have lived in him as I can never live in Vere. I could have lived in him almost as once I lived in Maurice. And today!"

She got up suddenly from her chair, put her arms on the window-frame, and looked out to the strange, white day.

"Emile," she said, in a moment, turning round to him, "I want to get away, as to the sea. Will you row me out, into the Grotto of Virgil? It's so dreadfully white here, white and ghastly. I can't talk naturally here, and I should like to go on a little farther, now I've begun. It would do me good to make a clean breast of it, dear brother confessor. Shall we take the little boat and go?"

"Of course," he said.

"I'll get a boat."

She was away for two or three minutes. During that time Artoria stood by the window that looked towards Ischia. The stillness of the day was intense, and gave to his mind a sensation of dream. Far off across the gray and white waters, partially muffled in the clouds that almost resembled mist, the mountains of Ischia were rather suggested, mysteriously indicated, than clearly seen. The gray cliffs towards Ragnoli went down into motionless water gray as they were, but of a different, more pathetic shade.

There was a luminous whiteness in the sky that affected the eyes, as snow does.

Artoria, as he looked, thought this world looked very old, a world arranged for the elderly to dwell in. Was it not, therefore, an appropriate setting for him and for Hermione? As this idea came into his mind it sent a rather bitter smile to his lips, and Hermione, coming in just then, saw the smile and said:

"What is it, Emile? Why are you smiling?"

"Perhaps I will tell you what we are on the sea," he answered.

He looked at her. She had on a black hat, over which a white veil was fastened. It was tied beneath her chin, and hung down in a cloud over her breast. It made him think of the strange misty clouds which brooded about the breasts of the mountains of Ischia.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

"Yes. What is Vere doing?"

"She is in her room."

"What is she doing there?"

"Reading, I suppose. She often shuts herself up. She has been reading almost more than I do."

"Well?"

Hermione led the way downstairs. When they were outside, on the crest of the inlet, the peculiar sickness of the weather struck them both more forcibly.

"This is the strangest sickness effect I think I have ever seen," said Artoria. "It is as if nature were under the influence of a drug, and had fallen into a morbid dream, with eyes wide open, and pale, inert, and folded hands. I should like to see Naples to-day, and notice if this weather has no effect upon that amazing population. I wonder if my young friend, Maurice, knows the fanciful—By the way, I haven't told you about him!"

"No."

"I would. But not now. We will continue our former conversation. Where shall we find the boat, the small one?"

"Gaspere will bring it. Gaspere! Gaspere!"

"Gaspere!" cried a strong voice below.

"La piccola barca!"

"Va, bene, signora!"

They descended slowly. It would have been almost impossible to do anything quickly on such a day. The smallest movement, indeed, seemed almost an outrage, likely to disturb the great white dreamer of the sea. When they reached the foot of the cliff face was there, holding the little craft in which Vere had gone out with Ruffo.

* The grotto described in this book is not really the grotto of Virgil, but it is often called so by the fishermen along the coast.



"There is something within one which rises up and defies a lie"

"Do you want me, signora?"
 "No, thank you, Gaspare. Don Emilio will see me. We are only going a very little way."

She stepped in. An Artois followed her he said to Gaspare:

"These fishermen have gone?"

"Five minutes ago, signora. There they are!"

He pointed to a boat at some distance, moving slowly in the direction of Posillipo.

"I have been talking with them. One says he is of my country, a Sicilian."

"The boy?"

"Si, signora, the giovinotto. But he cannot speak Sicilian, and he is never seen in Sicily, probably."

Gaspare spoke with an accent of pity in which there was almost a hint of contempt.

"A riverdell, signora," he added, pushing off the little boat.

"A riverdell, Gaspare."

Artois took the oars and paddled very gently out, keeping near to the cliffs of the opposite shore.

"Even San Francesco looks weary to-day," he said, glancing across the pool at the Salute on his pedestal. "I should not be surprised if, when we return, we find that he has laid down his cross and is reclining like the tired fishermen who come here in the night. Where shall we go?"

"To the Grotto of Virgil."

"I wonder if Virgil was ever in his grotto? I wonder if he ever came here on such a day of adversity as this, and felt that the world was very old, and he was even older than the world?"

"Do you feel like that to-day?"

"I feel that this is a world suitable for the old, for those who have white hair to contrast with the white waters, and whose nights are the white nights of age."

"Was that why you were smiling so strangely just now when I came in?"

"Yes."

He rowed on softly. The boat slipped out of the Pool of the Salute, and then they saw the Cape Coroglio and the Island of Nisida with its fort. On their right, and close to them, rose the weary-looking cliffs, honeycombed with caverns, and seamed with fissures as an old and haggard face is seamed with the wrinkles that tell of many cares.

"Here is the grotto," said Hermione, almost directly. "How in gently."

He obeyed her and turned the boat, sending it in under the mighty roof of rock.

A darkness fell upon them. They had a safe, enclosed sensation in escaping for a moment from the white day, almost as if they had escaped from the white enemy.

Artois let the oars lie still in the water, keeping his hands lightly upon them, and both Hermione and he were silent for a few minutes, listening to the tiny sounds made now and then by drops of moisture which fell from the cavern roof softly into the almost silent sea. At last Artois said:

"You are out of the wilderness now. This is a shadowed place like a professional, where murmuring lips tell to strengthen the stories of their lives. I am not a stranger, but tell me, my friend, about yourself and Vere. Perhaps you secretly know how deeply the mother and child problem interests me—that is, when another and child are two real forces, as you and Vere are."

"Then you think Vere has force?"

"Do not you?"

"What kind of force?"

"You mean physical, intellectual, or moral? Suppose I say she has the force of charm?"

"Indeed she has that, as he said. That is one of the attributes she derives from Maurice."

"Yes. He had a wonderful charm. And then, Vere has passion."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. Where does she get that from?"

"He was full of the passion of the south."

"I think Vere has a touch of southern passion in her, too, considering, perhaps, with the other. And that, I think, she derives from you. Then I discern in Vere intellectual force, immature, embryonic, if you like, but unmistakable."

"That does not come from Hermione," Hermione said, suddenly, almost with bitterness.

"Why—why will you be unnecessarily hampered?" Artois exclaimed.

His voice was confusedly rebuffed by the caverns, which broke into faint, but deep mutterings. Hermione looked up quickly to the mysterious vault which brooded above them, and listened till the chaotic noises died away. Then she said:

"Do you know what they remind me of?"

"Of what?"

"My efforts. These efforts I made long ago to live again in work."

"When you wrote?"

"Yes, when I tried to throw my mind and my heart down upon paper. How strange it was! I had Vere—but she wasn't enough to fill the air. And I knew what work, on he said a conviction, because I knew you. And I stretched out my hands to it—I stretched out my soul. And it was no use; I wasn't made to be a successful writer. When I spoke from my heart to try and move men and save myself, my words were heard, as yours were just now by the rock—silenced, and broken, and flung back in confusion. They struck me with like force. Finally, I am one of those people who can only do one thing: I can only feel."

"It is true that you could never be an artist. Perhaps you were made to be an inspiration."

"But that's not enough. The rôle of starter to those who race—I haven't the temperament to reconcile myself to that. It's not that I have in me a conceit which demands to be fed. But I have in me a force that demands to exercise itself. Only when I was living on Monte Amato with Maurice did I feel that that force was being used as God meant it to be used."

"In loving?"

"In loving passionately something that was utterly worthy to be loved."

Artois was silent. He knew Hermione's mistake. He knew what had never been told him: that Maurice had been false to her for the love of the present girl Maddalena. He knew that Maurice had been untrue to death by the betrayed girl's father, Salvatore. And Gaspare knew those things, too. But through all these years these two men had no respect of silence, the nobility of it, the grand severity of it in certain circumstances of life, that they had never spoken to each other of the black truth known to them both. Indeed, Artois believed that even now, after more than sixteen years, if he ventured one word against the dead man Gaspare would be ready to fly at his throat in defence of the loved passion. For this divined and persistent loyalty Artois had a sensation of absolute love. Between him and Gaspare there must always be the barrier of a great and mutual reserve. Yet that very reserve, because there was something truly delicate and truly noble in it, was as a link of steel between them. They were satellites of Hermione. They had been watchdogs through all these years, guarding her from the knowledge of a truth. And so well had they done her service that now to-day she was able to say, with clasped hands and the light of passion in her eyes:

"Something that was utterly worthy to be loved."

When Artois spoke again he said:

"And that force cannot be fully used in loving Vere?"

"No, Emile. Is that very horrible, very unnatural?"

"Why should it be?"

"I have tried—I have tried for years, Emile, to make Vere enough. I have even been false with myself. I have said to myself that she was enough. I did that after I knew that I could never produce work of any value. When Vere was a baby I lived only for her. Again, when she was beginning to grow up, I tried to live, I did live only for her. And I remember I used to say, I kept on saying to myself, 'This is enough for me. I do not need any more than this. I have had my life. I am now a middle-aged woman.' I must live in my child. This will be my satisfaction. This is my satisfaction. This is my right and naturally all that force I feel within me. I kept on saying this. But there is something within me which rises up and defies a lie—however beautiful the lie is, however noble it is. And I think even a lie can sometimes be both. Don't you, Emile?"

"It almost seemed to him on a moment that she knew his lie and Gaspare's."

"Yes," he said. "I do think so."

"Well, that lie of mine—it was defied. And it had no more resource."

"I want you to tell me something," he said, quietly. "I want you to tell me what has happened to-day?"

"To-day?"

"Yes. Something has happened either to-day or very recently—I am sure of it—that has stirred up within you this feeling of acute dissatisfaction. It was always there, but something has called it into the open. What has done that?"

Hermione hesitated.

"Perhaps you don't know," he said.

"I was wondering—yes, I do know. I must be truthful with myself—with you. I do know. But it seems so strange, so almost inexplicable, and even rather absurd."

"Truth often seems absurd."

"It was that too, that *diver for frutti di mare*—Ruffo."

"The boy with the Arab eyes?"

"Yes. Of course I have seen many boys full of life and gaiety and music. There are so many in Italy. But—well, I don't know—perhaps it was partly Vere."

He was silent.

"Vere was so interested in him. It may have been that. Or perhaps it was something in his look and in his voice when he was singing. I don't really know what it was. But that boy made me feel—more horribly than I have ever felt before—that Vere is not enough. Emile, there is some hunger, no persistent, so peculiar, so intense, that one feels as if it must be satisfied eventually, as if it were impossible for it not to be satisfied. I think the human hunger for immortal life is like that, and I think my hunger for a son is like that. I know my hunger can never be satisfied. And yet it lives on in me just as if it knew more than I know, as if it knew that it could and must. After all these years I can't, no, I can't reconcile myself to the fact that Maurice was taken from me so utterly, that he died without snugging himself upon a son. It seems as if it couldn't be. And I feel to-day that I cannot bear that it is."

There were tears standing in her eyes. She had spoken with a force of feeling, with a depth of sincerity, that startled Artois, intimately as he knew her. Till this moment he had not quite realized the wonderful persistence of love in the hearts of certain women, and not only the persistence of love's existence, but of its existence undiminished, unaltered in time.

"How can I to bear it?" she said, as he did not speak.

"I cannot tell. I am not worthy to know. And besides, I must—"

"as you say that one of the greatest miseries of human existence is life, at any rate to me, is this: how some human beings do bear the burdens laid upon them. Christ bear His cross. But there

(Continued on page 35.)



Music and the Opera

CONCERNING AN EPOCH-MAKING SCORE

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



HERE will always be persons for whom such a play as Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande" will seem to be, for the most part, vain, affected, and pretentious. They are sincere in their dislike, those forthright and excellent people, and they are to be commiserated, for they are, in such a region of the imagination as this drama builds up about them, alien in a world whose ways and whose wonders must be forever hidden from their most determined scrutiny. Such robust and worldly spirits writes a thoughtful contemporary essayist, "that swim so vigorously on the surface of things," have always "a suspicion, a jealousy, a contempt, for one who dives deeper and brings back tidings of the strange secrets that the depth holds"; they will not even grant that the depths are anything save murky, that the tidings have validity or importance. They take comfort in their superb aloofness, those confident spirits, and speak of themselves, with mock humility, as "plain, blunt persons," for whom the alleged vanities of such an order of art are comfortably negligible. Ah, well it is, after all, as Maeterlinck's *Pelléas* itself so much for mirth as for lament; yet even more is it a matter for resignation. There will always be, as has been observed, an immense and confident majority for whom that territory of the creative imagination which lies over the boundaries of the palpable and vivid world will seem more than delusive: who will always and sincerely give their faith to that which is definite and concrete, patent and direct, and who must in all honesty condemn that which is undeclared, allusive, enigmatic: which communicates itself through echoes and in



Mr. Cleofonte Campanini
CONDUCTOR AT THE MANHATTAN
OPERA HOUSE, UNDER WHOSE
MUSICAL DIRECTION "PELLÉAS ET
MELISANDE" WAS PERFORMED

glimpes; by means of intimations, signs, and tokens. For them it would be of no avail to point to the dictum of one who, like Maeterlinck, is aware of remote voices and strange dreams: "Dramatic art," he has wisely said, "is a method of expression, and neither a halfhearted escape nor a love affair more befitting than the passionate exposition of the most delicate and strange intuitions; and the dramatist is as free as the painter of good pictures and the writer of good books. All art is passionate, but a flame is not the less flame because we change the candle for a lamp or the lamp for a fire; and all flame is beautiful."

It is a dictum that is scarcely calculated to persuade a very general audience: a "passionate exposition of the most delicate and strange intuitions" is not precisely the kind of aesthetic fare which the "plain, blunt man," glorying in his plainness and his bluntness, is apt to relish. It is a point upon which it is perhaps needless to dwell; but its recognition serves as explanation of the fact that the music-drama into which Debussy has transformed Maeterlinck's play should have met with the kind of reception which it has at the hands of those who, in this portion of the country, are entrusted with the public appraising of new music. For in the musical setting of Debussy, Maeterlinck's drama has found its precise equivalent: the qualities of the music are the qualities of the play, completely and exactly; and, sharing its qualities, it has evoked and will always evoke the more or less contemptuous antagonism of those for whom it has little or nothing to say. Yet certain deliberations which have been made concerning it invite comment even from those who hold no brief for the composer or his works. In discussing, with necessary brevity, Debussy's remarkable music-drama in this place a fortnight ago, it was said that its production by Mr. Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House constituted the most important event in New York's operatic history since the first performance here of "Tristan und Isolde" more than a score of years ago; and the repeated and their-admirable performances of the opera which have occurred at the Manhattan since then have strengthened this conviction. For a further consideration of a few of its aspects (again necessarily brief) there is, therefore, ample warrant.

It has been amazingly said that Debussy's music contrIBUTES little to the play; that it "in no way betters or intensifies the moods of the drama"—an assertion which is scarcely worthy of attention save as a provocation of the comment, which is made with deliberation, that this lyric drama of Debussy's is unrivalled in music-dramatic art for the exquisite justness with which it enforces the moods and action of the play. It is true that the music never seduces the attention of the auditor from the essential concerns of the drama itself; never, as does the music of Wagner, tyrannically and superbly absorb the mind. Always in this music-amped music-drama there is maintained, as to emphasis and intensity, a scrupulous balance between the movement of the drama and the total undercurrent which reflects it; the music is absolutely merged in the drama, suffusing it, coloring it, but never dominating or transcending it. It is, for this reason, a true music-drama—a work far more faithful in Wagner's avowed principles than his are his own magnificently inconsistent scores. In this music there is no excess of gesture, there is none of Wagner's gorgeously expansive rhetoric; the "Je t'aime," "Je t'aime aussi" of Debussy's lovers are expressed with a simplicity and a stark directness which could not well go further; and it is a curious and eloquent fact that the moment of their profoundest ecstasy, though it is artfully and eloquently prepared, is represented in the orchestra by a blank measure, a moment of absolute silence. This, indeed, is almost the supreme distinction of Debussy's music-drama: that it should be at once so eloquent and so simple, an exposition of its subject-matter so rich and intense yet so delicately and scrupulously reticent. After the grave speech and simple gestures of these naive yet subtle and passionate tragedians, as Debussy has translated them into fluid tone, the postures and the rhetoric of Wagner's splendid personages seem, for a time, violently extravagant, excessive, and overwrought. To attempt to resist the imperious sway which the most superb of musical romantics must always exert over his kingdom would be a futile endeavor; yet it cannot be denied that for some the method of Debussy as a musical dramatist will seem the more viable and the more sound, as it is grateful to the mind a little wearied by the drums and trappings of Wagnerian conquest.

It has been alleged that Debussy's score is devoid of melody, and that the music exhibits in that lack a palpable weakness. Of course the matter depends upon what one means by "melody." This music is rife with melody. It does not, of course, reside in the voice parts, for there Debussy has deliberately and wisely avoided formal melodic design. It is to be found in the orchestra—an orchestra which, while it shimmers and glimmers with iridescent harmonic hues, is yet richly and pervasively melodic. But it is Debussy's melody—it is Debussy's melody—to expect to find in this score the melodic flood of Verdi, of Wagner, of Gounod, of Massenet, of Puccini; his melodic forms are his own, and they often baffle impatient ears by reason of their seeming incoherence, their seeming waywardness, their vague and shifting and evanescent contours.

It has been said that in this score Debussy is not always at his best, and the comment is justified. There are passages, most of them to be found in the interludes connecting the earlier scenes (which, it is well known, were extended to meet a mechanical exigency), wherein the fine and rare gold of Debussy's thought is intermixed with the dross of alien ideas. But elsewhere—almost, in fact, continuously—the music is superlative in its copiousness and originality of inspiration. It contains page upon page of melodic, of almost insupportable beauty, a beauty that is utterly individual in impulse. No music written for the stage since the death of Wagner a quarter of a century ago is comparable to this. It is a masterpiece which even the author of "Tristan," an venture to conceive, would not have been ashamed to sign, though his thought moved in other regions and courts other apices.



Mr. Alfred Hertz
WHO HAS RECENTLY CONDUCTED
"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE" AND
"AEGAEUS" IN NEW YORK



WHEN THE SLEIGH UPSET

DRAWN BY HOWARD E. SMITH



The Season's Plays

CRANE, GOODWIN, AND A LADY FROM RUSSIA



By "I"



Mr. William H. Crane, to Miss Margaret Dale, and to Mr. George Ade, New York should feel indebted indeed for the delightful comedy they have provided in "Father and the Boys" at the Esquire Theatre. For distinctness of characterization, the play is quite the equal of "The College Widow"; in humor, also, it is the peer of the earlier work. And in one moment of its action it pauses, and only for an instant, in its merriest for a bit of seriousness which is poignantly charming. The simplicity, the genuineness of this moment is admirable. But of this, later.

In a play from Mr. Ade's hand one has come to look quite confidently for what the West designates as "breifness," and here one unexpectedly finds it. One finds, also, as in nearly everything to which Mr. Ade has turned his hand, the most generous and frank assault upon the modes and manners of one's fellow creatures. All of this is done with a sprightfulness of insight which has already made near-classics of the Ade Fables.

If Mr. Crane had been measured for a play by the Bertillon system he could not have been provided with one better fitted in his talents. His has long been a recognized ability to arouse the mirth or the sympathies of an audience, and in "Father and the Boys" he does this as only Mr. Crane can do it. Miss Dale deserves much praise for the easy way in which she has relinquished her staidness and come down to the real humanities. In this play she is fresh and blood and real, in addition to being an extremely pretty, graceful woman.

Mr. Ade's play portrays the regret of a hard-working old millionaire over the inclination—rather the disinclination—of his two sons. He has worked for years like a Turk, and grown a fortune in the wood business, taking his sons into partnership to make something of them to fit them to succeed him, only to discover their utter naughtiness. William, the elder son, is, as Mr. Ade would say, "leg-home" on athletics, while Thomas, the second son, toils not, neither does he spin, caring for nothing save "going over the jumps" with Mrs. Bruce Goodford, the "whole thing" in society. The boys go about their affairs with a blithe disregard of their sincere parent, Leonard Morewood (Mr. Crane), leaving him to trade in wool or any other old thing. Then someone puts the old party wise to himself, urging him to shake the holiness of sheep from his belly, and catch up with the procession. This Father eventually does, and by the time he pauses to take a deep breath the procession is miles behind, struggling through the dust Father has created.

In his efforts he is delightfully aided by one Rosie Benton (Miss Dale), a Western product, gay as a bird, who has come East to make a living as a "garbor entertainer"; in her own words, "to do stunts for so much per in the drawing-rooms of the board rich." Incidentally, Father goes out to Nevada with her on an irreproachable journey, which makes her with a sweetheart she had believed dead, and secures to her her share in a mine. Needless to say, the journey throws no end of a fright into the boys, who follow footstep. There comes the understanding, and the end of a charming four-act comedy.

The touching moment in the play, when the audience stills its laughter and sits as quiet as mice in church, comes when the "society" son, Thomas, asks his father for a check with which to pay his bride's losses of the night before. Leonard Morewood requests the amount, and with little embarrassment the youth re-

plies that it is one thousand dollars, adding, "They play a stiff game there, you know." Old Morewood takes the check, which alone lacks his signature, having been made out by the young man, and says, in effect:

"I intend to give you the money, but before I sign this I want to tell you something. When I first came to this city you and your brother were little lads. I worked and struggled on—and your mother did all the housework. In that first year I managed to lay aside—one thousand dollars. Remember that—one year; one thousand dollars."

Then he signs the check, and lays it in his son's hand.

There are not the words of the old man, perhaps, but they may convey their spirit, and the spirit is what tugs for an instant at every heart in the house.

It is a pity that the rôles of the elder son and the younger son are not better done by Mr. Forrest Orr and Mr. Robert MacKay, because they might have added much to the play, but as one's interest centres in Miss Dale and Mr. Crane one is not too kindly conscious of neighboring shortcomings. "Father and the Boys" is a play to one with a grain of humor in him should miss.

I came away from Madame Komisarjevskaya's representation of "The Fire of St. John" (which has been seen in New York before) feeling that I had been watching not so much a strong piece of realism, as a piece of reality, and a vivid, grievous, heart-breaking reality at that. The setting was plain; the dresses were commonplace, even uncouth; there was little of the element of charm, whether for eye or ear; the persons concerned were unattractive. And without there were glooms and flashes of genius; there was an extraordinary, even painful sense of the reality of this dull-colored, low-pitched tragedy in Russian Lithuania. It was the old tale of one man and two women; lost by both, and in a way loving both; and then the passion, the burning desire, the final reconciliation of one of the women, whose tragedy was the greater, because she was a nameless waitress, the child of an outcast woman, whose drunkenness and dishonesty had brought her to the depths.

It would seem that this Russian company might have a better chance of success if they stuck to genuine Russian plays, of which there are no lack, instead of playing Russian translations of German or Norwegian. If they adhered to genuine Russian theater, they would have all the psychic atmosphere of their nation to back them up, and if they chose wisely, they could also count on a public already knowing the story they presented. Perhaps a good acting version of "Anna Karenina" might prove a winning card, and Madame Komisarjevskaya has just the qualities of strong emotionalism that the character of Anna calls for. Let Russians present Russia to us, and we shall be far more genuinely interested.

"The Easterner," by George Broadhurst, recently produced at the Garrick Theatre, is a four-act play of California life. The dialogue is amusing, and though this may seem incredible, some of the situations have an atmosphere of novelty; but I went away without any clear conception where the centre of interest was supposed to lie. At first it appeared to concern the marriage of Sam Jakowski with Doris, the beautiful albino daughter of the Russian, sheriff; but Sam was snuffed out by a pistol shot before Art Orr had closed, and a posse went off in hot pursuit of Bruce Morton, the lover of Doris's sister Janet, who was wrongly sup-



Mr. Crane and Miss Dale in Mr. Ade's new Comedy, "Father and the Boys"

posed to have done the deed. By this time two more characters had developed—John Harlow, the Easterner who was the financial patron of the settlement, and Grace Morton, the sister of Bruce. John Harlow, who had been made deputy sheriff by Robbins, succeeds apparently to the sheriff's office when Robbins resigns in order to head the posse which is to avenge his son-in-law's murder, and Harlow takes up the rôle of Bruce's protector.

Now, as most of the audience guessed, the real murderer was not Bruce Morton at all, but a sung, villainous scoundrel bearing the name of Morley Crawford. Crawford had previously been the lover of the beautiful albino daughter, Ann Johnson, lentured of this and thereupon went punning for Crawford, who, very excusably, shot first and killed him. How Bruce Morton is trailed to the mountain cabin, how John Harlow pleads in vain for his life with the relentless Robbins, finally, how, with a word, the beautiful albino daughter points out the guilty Crawford—all this may be witnessed in the third (and best) act of the play. The fourth act is mainly a marrying act. Everybody marries everybody else, except the albino, who is, we learn, recuperating at her aunt's, and the purser, who is, we suppose, wedded to his duties.

The play is interesting, unreal, and unconvincing, but the acting is excellent. Nat Goodwin as John Harlow precisely fills his rôle; Nell O'Brien as the Robbins is admirable; Bud Woodthorpe is effective as Lee Kung, the Chinese domestic; and as *Sierra Rider*, the housekeeper, Miss Lucile Le Verne was excellent. Miss Edna Goodrich as Grace Morton handles adroitly a difficult and more or less impossible part.

A Lady's Limit

"How long did the fight with your husband last?"

"About ten minutes, yer honor. Nature no lady would keep it at any longer."

And There Was Light

ESQ.'s mother, wishing to keep him in bed for a slight cold, thought by darkening the windows to convince the young man that it was still night, and so closed tightly the inside blinds. All was thus dark except the small, round holes where the adjusting rod of the blinds worked.

"See," said mother, "it is dark, dark; he still, now, and sleep until it is light."

"Mamma," queried a voice from the cot presently—"mamma, look at the window: the dark has got holes in it."

A Study from Nature

MAX'S a little chunk of ice;
Woman is the sun; she lets
Herself beam on him. How nice
And soft he gets!

The Wizard

SOME years ago an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania was sent to one of our Southern States for the purpose of observing a solar eclipse.

The day before the event one of the professors said to an old rick belonging to the household wherein the scientist was quartered:

"Now, if you will watch your chickens tomorrow morning you'll find that they'll all go to roost at eleven o'clock."

"You was, of course, mistaken; but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened, and the chickens retired to roost. At this the negro's amazement showed no bounds, and he sought out the scientist.

"Professor," said he, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"

"About n year ago," said the professor, smilingly.

"Well, ef dat don't beat all!" was the darky's comment. "Perfesser, a year ago dem chickens we'n't even hatched!"

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A SPIRIT IN PRISON

(Continued from page 24.)

has only been, since the beginning of things, one Christ, and it is unthinkable that there can ever be another. But all those who are not Christ, how is it they bear what they do bear? It is easy to talk of bravery, the necessity for it in life. It is always very easy to talk. The thing that is impossible is to understand. How can you come to me to help you, my friend? And suppose I were to try. How could I try, except by saying that I think Verre is very worthy to be loved with all your love?"

"You love Verre, don't you, Emile?"

"Yes."

"And I do. You don't doubt that?"

"Never."

"After all I have said, the way I have spoken, you might."

"I do not doubt it for a moment."

"I wonder if there is any mother who would not, if I spoke to her as I have spoken to you to-day?"

"I think there is a great deal of untruth spoken of mother's love, a great deal of misconception about it, as there is about most very strange and very wonderful and beautiful things. But are you so sure that if your husband had stamped himself upon a lay like Verre within you could have been satisfied?"

"I have believed so."

She was silent. Then she added, quietly, "I do believe so."

He did not speak, but sat looking down at the sea, which was full of dim color in the cave.

"I think you are doubting that it would have been so?" she said at last.

"Yes, that is true. I am doubting."

"I wonder why?"

"I cannot help feeling that there is passion in you, much passion as could not be satisfied in any strict maternal relationship."

"But I am old, dear Emile," she said, very simply.

"When I was standing by that window, looking at the mountains of Sicily, I was saying to myself, 'This is an old, tired world, suitable for me—and for you. We are in our right environment to-day.' I was saying that, Hermione, but was I believing it, really? I don't think I was. And I am ten years older than you, and I have been given a nature that was, I think, always older than yours could ever be."

"I wonder if that is so?"

She looked at him very directly, even searchingly, not with eager curiosity, but with deep inquiry.

"You know, Emile," she added, "I tell you very much, but you tell me very little. Not that I wish to ask anything—no, I respect all your reserve. And about your work; you tell me all that. It is a great thing in my life, your work. Perhaps you don't realize how sometimes I lie in the back that you are doing, almost as if I were writing it myself. But your inner life—"

"But I have been frankness itself with you," said Artois. "To me no one has ever said so much as to you."

"Yes, I know, about many things. But about emotion, love,—not friendship, the other love—do you get on without that? When you say your nature has always been older than mine, do you mean that it has always been harder to move by love, that it has had less need of love?"

"I think so. For many years in my life I think that work has filled the place love occupies in mine, perhaps in most men's lives. Everything comes around to work. I know that, because if any one attempts to interfere with my work, or to interrupt any of the time that should be given to it, my regard I may have for that person turns at once to irritation, almost to hatred."

"I have never done that?"

"You—no. Of course, I have been like other men. When I was young—well, Hermione, after all I am a Frenchman, and though I am of Normandy, still I passed many years in Paris, as you know."

"All that I understand. But the real thing? Such as I have known?"

"I have never broken my heart for any one, though I have known agitations. But even those were long ago. And since I was thirty-five I have never felt really dominated by any one. Before that time I occasionally passed under the yoke. I believe, like other men. Why do you fix your eyes on me like that?"

"I was wondering if you could ever pass under the yoke again."

"Honestly, I do not think so. I am not sure. When can one be certain that one will never be, or do, this or that? Surely,"—he smiled—"I do not not afraid for me."

"I do not say that. But I think you have forces in you not fully exercised even by your work."

"Possibly. But there the years do really step in and count for something, even for much. There is no doubt that as the years increase, the man who cares at all for intellectual pleasures is able to care for them more, is able to substitute them, without even regret, without waiting and gnashing of teeth, for certain other pleasures, to which, perhaps, formerly he clung. That is why the man who is mentally and bodily—you know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"Has such an immense advantage in years of decline over the man who is merely a bodily man."

"I am sure that is true. But—"

"What is it?"

"The heart? What about that?"

"Perhaps there are some hearts that can fulfil themselves sufficiently in friendship."

As Artois said this his eyes rested upon Hermione with an expression in them that revealed much that he never spoke in words.

She put out her hand, and took his, and pressed it, holding hers over it upon the ear.

"Emile," she said, "sometimes you make me feel unworthy and ungrateful because—because I still need, I dare to need more than I have been given. Without you I don't know how I should have faced it."

"Without me you would never have had to face it."

"That was the cry that rose up perpetually in the heart of Artois, the cry that Hermione must never hear. He said to her now:

"Without you, Hermione, I should be dead in the dust of Africa!"

"Perhaps we each owe something to the other," she said. "It is blessed to have a debt to a friend."

"Would to God that I could pay all my debt to you!" Artois exclaimed.

Again the covers took up his voice, and threw it back to the sea in confused and hollow mutterings. They both looked up, as if some one were above them, warning them or rebuking them. At that instant they had the feeling that they were being watched. But there was only the empty gray sea about them, and over their heads the rugged, weary rock that had braved over the sea for centuries more.

"Hark!" said Artois, "it is telling me that my debt to you can never be paid; only in one way could it be partially discharged. If I could show you a path to happiness, the happiness you long for, and need, the passionate happiness of the heart that is giving where it requires to give—for your happiness must always lie in generosity—I should have partially paid my debt to you. But that is impossible."

"I've made you sad to-day by my complaining," she said, with self-rebuke. "I'm sorry. You didn't realize?"

"How it was with you? No, not quite—I thought you were more at peace than you are."

"Till to-day I believe I was half-decided too."

"That singing boy, that—what is his name?"

"Enrico."

"That Enrico, I should like to run a knife into him under the left shoulder blade. How dare he, a ragamuffin from some hovels of Naples, make you know that you are unhappy?"

"How strange it is that what outside things, or people who have no connection with us or with our lives, can do to us unaccountably!" she said. "I have heard a hundred boys sing on the bay, seen a hundred rowing their boats into the Pool—and just this one touches some chord, and all the strings of my soul quiver."

"Some people act upon us somewhat as nature does sometimes. And Verre paid the boy. There is another irony of unaccountableness. Here, here of your heart, of your flesh, rewards your pain paid. How he has made over to those he has loved and live with most intimately! You, her mother, are a stranger to Verre. Does not to-day prove it?"

"Ah, but Verre is not a stranger to me. That is where the mother has the advantage of the child."

Artois did not make any response to this remark. To cover his silence, perhaps, he groined the cave more firmly and began to back the boat out of the cave. Both felt that it was no longer necessary to stay in this confessional of the rock.

As they came out under the grayness of the sky, Hermione, with a change of tone, said:

"And your friend? The Marchese—what is his name?"

"Isidoro Panarici."

"Tell me about him."

"He is a very perfect type of a complete Neapolitan of his class. He has scarcely travelled at all, except in Italy. Once he has been in Paris, where I met him, and once to Lucerne for a fortnight. Both his father and mother are Neapolitans. He is a charming fellow, utterly unintellectual, but quite clever; shrewd, sharp at reading character, marvelously able to take care of himself, and hold his own with anybody. A cut to fall on his feet! He is apparently torn without any sense of fear, and with a profound belief in destiny. He can drive four-in-hand, swim for any number of hours without tiring, ride—well, as an Italian cavalry officer can ride, and that is not badly. His accomplishments. He can speak French—abominably, and pick out all imaginable tunes on the piano, putting indistinctly quite tolerable voices. I don't think he ever reads anything, except the *Giornale* and the *Mattino*. He doesn't care for politics, and likes cards, but apparently not too much. He craves with him. He knows Naples inside out, and is as frank as a child that has never been punished."

"I should think he must be decidedly attractive?"

"Oh, he is. One great attraction he has—he appears to have no sense at all that difference of age can be a barrier between two men. He is twenty-four, and I am what I am. He is quite unaware that there is any gulf between us. In every way he treats me as if I were twenty-four."

"Is that refreshing or embarrassing?"

"I find it generally refreshing. His family accepts the situation with perfect aloofness. I am welcomed as Doro's chum with all the good-will in the world."

Hermione could not help laughing, and Artois echoed her laugh.

"Merely talking about him has made you look years younger," she declared. "The influence of the day has lifted from you."

"It would not have fallen upon Isidoro, I think. And yet he is full of sentiment. He is a curious instance of a very common Neapolitan obsession."

"What is that?"

(Continued on page 32.)

The Triumph of Daisy

WHEN Daisy was fifteen, she called her father and mother into her dressing room. "Dear papa and mamma," she said, "it is now that we come to an understanding. I desire to select all of my own clothes without any suggestions." Naturally papa laughed at this. Mamma is discreetly silent.

"And," continued Daisy, "I will receive my callers alone."

"I hope," said papa, now growing sober, "that this is all, Daisy dear. You know I have been very fond of you. Indeed, I say so that I am worn out over the struggle to keep you going."

"Too bad about you, papa," said Daisy. "But, no. It's not all. I must go to the attics at least once a week. Then I shall, of course, go next term to a finishing school. I will let you know the name as soon as I decide. After this you must take me to Europe. These are the essentials. There shall also be the matter of my coming out, but that can be arranged later. I merely wish now to give you due notice that I must no longer be hampered."

"Suppose," said Daisy's father, "that we have to consider your modest request, but then?"

Daisy smiled. She was fully aware of her power.

"Then," she repeated, "I shall take pleasure in telling everybody what goes on at home every day."

Realizing that they were up against it, both parents joyfully gave in.

Hats

Timon's World and Flesh and Devil
Return with Easter down,
Yet millinery shows no
That every lid is on.

Parisian Dog Doggers

WHILE the police of New York City have been importing dogs for patrol work, the Paris authorities have been training men for racking down dogs.

A tax of eight shillings a year is imposed on every dog, and the owners are supposed to declare them themselves. Many of the owners evade the tax by giving their shillings a year to their couriers. When the local authorities make inquiries the courier denies the existence of the dogs, and the revenue is derelict.

The authorities are now paying \$30 a month to a number of men who can bark. The men walk along the streets at night, bark outside every house, and when a dog replies take note of the address and send word the tax-collector.

Owners of dogs are now attempting to donate them to dodge these dogged dog loggers.

That Held Her

"THE most eloquent speech I ever heard contained only four words," said Sociologist Sigmund. "Ginger Magnanigle had brought his best girl to the Grand Civic Ball of the East Side Gentlemen's Sons Terpsichorean Votive, ticket admitting body and gent, including hat check, fifty cents. The girl, fascinated by a better waltzer, abandoned her escort and danced three times with the stranger. As they were beginning their fourth waltz they were stopped by the hand of Ginger Magnanigle, which clutched the arm of the girl. Glazing deep into her eyes, and with a voice in which were mingled surprise, self-pity, reproach, resentment, and terror, he exclaimed:

"So-a-y, who bring yer?"

The Kind of Man He Was

KIND LADY. "I hope your sick husband is cheerful, Mrs. Briggs."
POOR WOMAN. "Oh yes, ma'am. He's one of them homeopaths."

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LOOKING BACKWARD



PROFESSOR ERNST HAECKEL, THE FAMOUS GERMAN NATURALIST, WITH A SKELETON OF ONE OF OUR ALLEGED ANCESTORS. PROFESSOR HAECKEL, WHO IS ONE OF THE LEADING ADVOCATES OF THE BIOLOGICAL THEORY OF EVOLUTION, CELEBRATED SEVENTY THE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DOCTOR'S DEGREE. HE WAS BORN AT POTSDAM IN 1834, AND BECAME PROFESSOR AT JENA IN 1862.

(Continued from page 39.)

"He is entirely obsessed by woman. His life centres round woman. You observe I use the singular. I do that because it is so much more plural than the plural in this case. His life is passed in love affairs, in a sort of chaos of amours."

"How strange that is!"

"You think so, my friend?"

"Yes, I never can understand how human beings can pass from love to love, as many of them do. I never could understand it, even before I—before Emily."

"You are not made to understand such a thing."

"But you do?"

"I? Well, perhaps. But the loves of men are not as your love."

"Yet his was," she answered. "And he was a true southerner, despite his father."

"Yes, he was a true southerner," Artois replied.

For once he was off his guard with her, and uttered his real thought of Maurice, not without a touch of the irony that was characteristic of him.

Immediately he had spoken he was aware of his indiscretion. But Hermione had not noticed it. He saw by her eyes that she was far away in Sicily. And when the boat slipped into the Saint's Pool, and Gaspare came to the water's edge to hold the prow while they got out, she rose from her seat slowly, and aimed, reluctantly, like one disturbed in a dream that she would fain continue.

"Have you seen the signorina, Gaspare?" she asked him.

"Has she been out?"

"No, signora. She is still in the house."

"Still reading?" said Artois. "Vere must be quite a book-worm!"

"Will you stay to dinner, Emile?"

"Alas, I have promised the Marchesine to dine with him. Give me a cup of tea à la Rasse, and one of Ruffo's cigarettes, and then I must bid you adieu. I'll take the boat to the Artico Gioseppar, and then get another there as far as the gardens."

"One of Ruffo's cigarettes!" Hermione refused, as they went up the steps. "That boy seems to have made himself one of the family already."

"Yet, I wish, as I said in the cave, that I had put a knife into him under the left shoulder blade—before this morning."

They spoke lightly. It seemed as if each desired for the moment to get away from their mood in the confessional of Virgil's grotto, and from the sadness of the white and silent day.

As to Ruffo, about whom they joked, he was in sight of Naples, and not far from Megellina, still rowing with tireless young arms, and singing to "Bella Napoli," with a strong resolve in his heart to return to the Saint's Pool on the first opportunity and dive for more cigarettes.

(To be Continued.)

NEW HEADS FOR THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



Mr. Gatti-Casazza



Mr. Arturo Toscanini

MR. GATTI-CASAZZA, DIRECTOR OF LA SCALA, MILAN, AND MR. TOSCANINI, CONDUCTOR AT THAT OPERA HOUSE, HAVE BEEN INVITED TO SHARE IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE FOR THE SEVENTH YEAR OF THE SEASON. MR. ANDREAS DEBEL AND MR. GUSTAV MARIE, ALREADY AIDED WITH THE METROPOLITAN'S FORCES, WILL SHARE EQUALLY WITH MESSRS. GATTI-CASAZZA AND TOSCANINI IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE HOUSE.

The Original Discovery of America

ANTICIPATING Christopher Columbus by a thousand years and more, five Buddhist missionaries in 428 discovered west of China a big island with an estimated breadth of 10,500 miles between Atlantic and Pacific and distant 7230 miles from the Asiatic mainland. This definition of America, in which was given the name "Fusang," after the native tree of Mexico, was prompted doubtless by the route that led these "wise men of the East" into Alaska from Kamchatka by the Kurile and Aleutian Islands, and then south by the Pacific coast into California and Mexico, in which last state, the climate and the natives pleasing them, they finally established their headquarters.

In 429 Hui Shen, a Buddhist priest from China, visited Fusang, and three years later, after his return, reported to the Emperor. He related how a Buddhist mission had evangelized the "island" and ordained monks among the natives. Nor were the aborigines apparently forgetful of Hui Shen, since there exists to-day in Mexico the leg-end of one Wi Hui-see-cha, a name suggestive of the Chinese Hui-Shen-Ik-shu, who, come from far and hailed in a long robe, extolled morality and new religious dogmas.

That Buddhist missionaries forestalled the big event of 1492 seems probable enough. Spaniards who first had to do with Mexico found in her architecture, arts, and the science regulating these a strong resemblance to triaxial practices. Especially the forms of Buddhism prevailed. Thus Asiatic religions speak of Buddha, but rather of Quetzalcoatl or Sakhyu, names that, perverted more or less, obtained in Mexico before the Aztecs came. A Colorado legend perpetuates *Cañito Nara*, a compound of the two. At Cempoala is the image of a Buddhist priest in his regalia: at Palenque, a Buddha sitting cross-legged on a seat that represents two lions back to back. Among the Aztecs was a deity with the head of an elephant, although the elephant and lion were unknown in the New World. At Palenque, too, and Maya there are temples duplicating such in Java, the north of China, and Mongolia. Again, in Tibet and northern China Buddhist priests are known as *lamas*, but in Mexico as *Tinams*. While, finally, the form and the fauna of Fusang appear to have resembled closely those of modern Mexico.

All this does not detract, however, from the honors of Columbus, who, in obedience to the general law of civilized aggression, made his venture from the east to west.



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Melancholy

By John Kendrick Bangs

Melancholy,

I've no use for you, my Golly!
Yet I'm going to keep you hidden
In some chamber dark, forbidden,
Just as though you were a prize, sir,
Made of gold, and I a miser,—
Not because I think you jolly,

Melancholy.

Not for that I mean to hoard you,
Keep you close, and lodge and board you,
As I would my sisters, brothers,
Uncles, aunts, and aunts grandmothers,
But that you don't bother others
With your sniffling, snuffling, folly,

Huwling.

Crowling

Melancholy.

Not that Kind

A young woman in Philadelphia but recently married was enjoying the delightful novelty of marketing one morning shortly after the termination of the honeymoon.

"I wish to get some butter, please," said she to the dealer.

"Well butter, ma'am?" asked the man.

"No," promptly replied his customer; "we wish to eat it on toast. My husband doesn't care for rolls."

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The relation of the great stock exchanges to the legitimate business interests of the country has been of late the subject of fierce and intemperate criticism. It is time that a true statement of the vital work done by these marts of trade, and their inestimable value to the country, should be placed before the public.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. LI

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"THAT HURT!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COMMENT

New Laws Wanted

AMONG those that seem credible represent the administration an earnestly desirous that Congress during the present session shall pass three bills, namely: First, a bill to amend the SHERMAN anti-trust act to permit railroads to form traffic associations for the purpose of agreeing upon rates, regulations, and practices, and to pool rates, subject to the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Second, a bill, inspired by recent decisions of the Supreme Court in the Danbury hatters' case and other cases, to exempt labor organizations from classification as conspiracies in restraint of trade. Third, to amend the employers' liability bill to meet the recent opinion of the United States Supreme Court that the bill as it stands is unconstitutional. Of these measures, the first will be an attempt to correct an old mischief grown more acute since the laws that created it have been more rigorously enforced. It was the abolition of the pooling privilege and denial of the right to make traffic agreements among themselves that drove railroads into the miseries and mischiefs of secret rates and rebates. Proper pooling privileges and the right to form traffic associations should undoubtedly be allowed them, and a proper bill to that end ought to be passed. What the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission will mean in practice is matter of speculation; but so long as the commission exists and exercises the powers now intrusted to it, it is inevitable that these privileges which it is proposed to restore to the railroads should be made subject to the commission's approval.

Labor Unions to be Legalized

It was remarked the other day by an observer of agricultural operations that if two farmers in a township happened each to become possessed of a superfluity of young pigs, and they should meet and agree that the pigs were worth two dollars apiece, and that they would sell none for less, it would be a combination in restraint of trade under the SHERMAN anti-trust act, and make them both liable to prosecution. The SHERMAN act needs revision in this particular. If at present, under the decisions of the Supreme Court, it makes properly behaving labor organizations unlawful, it should be amended, but it should not be so amended as to give to labor unions an exclusive right to enter into conspiracies in restraint of trade. Our ingenious neighbor Mr. Harvey rebuked his editors the other day for finding fault with the recent Supreme Court decisions that affect labor. He considered boycotting illegal, he said, and was content that the courts should hold it to be so if they took the same view of blacklisting, and if both interpretations of the law were enforced with equal zeal.

Legal existence must, of course, and will, be permitted to labor unions, but so law, and no exemption from any law, should give them exclusive privileges to conspire in restraint of trade.

Democrats and the Sherman Law

THE SHERMAN anti-trust law, as placed upon the statute-books, was not an honest law, and is still an unwise and even a foolish law, as MELVILLE E. INGRAM pointed out in a speech which he made the other day before the bankers. In its efforts to deal with business it is as absurd as the medieval laws of Ewerton III. Notwithstanding this, the radical Republican politicians, who enacted it to satisfy some angry public outcries, and who never intended to enforce it, have been seeking to extend its operation beyond its own terms, and beyond the constitutional power of the Federal government, for the same improper reason that dictated its enactment. RICHARD OLNEY and JUSTICE HARVOT put it in operation on complaints of others, and directly or indirectly obtained from the courts decisions that now harmfully affect the railroad business, putting an end to such combinations as Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. TAFT are now forced to admit should be permitted by law. This result was not the fault of Mr. OLNEY or Mr. HARVOT, but of the law. The only rational decision, before those of recent date, on this statute was made in the KNIGHT case, and the only convincing opinion on the subject was written in that case by Chief-Justice FULLER, an eminent Democrat, who is revered where he is as long as he can hold his place. Chief-Justice FULLER, supported by the court, held that the State has complete control of the business of production, and that manufacturing is not transportation. Nothing can, therefore, be farther from the truth than the charge so often made that conservative Democrats have not done their duty by the political SHERMAN law. They put it in force, and thus demonstrated one of its worst features; while the Democratic Chief Justice has prevented it—if the Constitution and the courts are to be obeyed at all—from being used as a club to deprive the States of an essential right.

A New Employers' Liability Bill

As to the employers' liability bill, the court decided that Congress had no power to make it apply to railroads except those engaged in interstate commerce. The President wants a new law that shall meet the requirements of this decision. The law will also make the government responsible for accidents to its own employees, and especially to those employed on the Panama Canal. To these last provisions of government accident insurance for government employees there is likely to be a minimum of objection. If the railroads are to insure their employees against accident, they should have ample authority to enforce their own rules, maintain necessary discipline, and discharge careless employees without hindrance from the labor unions. It is asserted that they have not such authority at present. They should not be made pecuniarily accountable for the safety of men who rely on their labor unions to keep their jobs. Moreover, it is doubtful whether at the present time they should have any new liability thrust upon them. Reciprocity attest that many of them have already a heavier load than they can stagger under, and all of them are bent under severe burdens. So far as they are concerned an employers' liability bill had better begin in better times. Why not try it on the government first?

Merely After the Bucket Shops

The renewed Presidential onslaught on the New York Stock Exchange has divided to an inquiry into the operations of bucket shops. Secretary STRAUSS was quoted in the *Tribune* of March 14 as saying that the President has not ordered any general investigation of stock exchanges. So we seem to get great store of misleading news from Washington in these times; or maybe it is that the President modifies some of his expressed intentions. In his message of January 31 he differentiated between purchases of stocks for investment and "purchases of stocks or other securities or commodities on a margin for speculative and gambling purposes," suggesting that the Federal government could at least forbid "the use of mails, telegraph and telephone wires for mere gambling in stocks and futures, just as it does in lottery transactions." On top of this recommendation it was easy

to believe that the President was back of the HARPER bill to tax all stock transactions fifty cents a share, and then that there was truth in the report that he had ordered the Commissioner of Corporations to investigate the Stock Exchange. The Stock Exchange pokes itself on its virtue, and manifested pleasure at the idea of being investigated, but now it is only the bucket shops that are to be gone over. So many lies come from Washington that we are ready to disbelieve anything, but in this case the impression received is that since January 31 the President has been acquiring knowledge about what is done in Wall Street, and how and why; and that the more he has learned about it, the less disposed he has become to thrust the big stick in between the wheels of that machine.

Railroading in Texas

The Texas railroad commission is doing great things to the Texas railroads. Within five months it has ordered them to buy forty-five million dollars' worth of additional equipment, and has ordered five million dollars' worth of letter-masters to a few of the roads, and is expected to call for twenty-five million dollars' worth more. All this, besides some millions of expenditure which the Texas Legislature has forced upon the roads by direct enactment. The commission and the Legislature must be doing the roads a great deal of good. We read of new ties, new depots, better ballast, heavier rails—all good things—and of so many new freight cars ordered by the commission or bought in anticipation of such orders that the sidings of some of the roads are filled with them, to the embarrassment of the operators. The way to escape the commission's orders is to go into a receiver's hands, and this method is getting popular. So far as concerns the railroads already in the State and unable to get away, the commission's work seems a great thing for Texas, but Texas is going to need about five times as much mileage as it has yet got. How is it going to get it? Will it build its own roads with State money? Surely it cannot expect ordinary investors to put any new money into roads that are to be managed by a commission that has no responsibility to the stockholders.

Taft's Campaigning

Secretary TAFT is still campaigning, and he usually makes a good impression. Other people are campaigning, too, and the two forces are beginning to meet. The lines are closer to one another in Massachusetts than anywhere else, TAFT having won out, for the moment at least, in Ohio. When FORAKER has his third party, if he does, or if a bolt is made, matters there may change, but lately the TAFT forces have encountered the most serious trouble in Massachusetts. Senator CRANE and Senator LOUGHE are not in happy accord. Senator CRANE is stronger in the State than Senator LOUGHE, and while he is deft, and as inoffensive as it is possible to be under the circumstances, he has the better of a contest wherever he wants it. Senator CRANE has forced Senator LOUGHE to agree to an uninstructed delegation, although LOUGHE desires a TAFT delegation. Not only that, but Senator CRANE has induced LOUGHE to speak in favor of a free delegation on the ground that it is the practice of the State not to instruct. Congressman BUTLER AMES has confessed that he was at the bottom of the Florida affair which resulted in a protest against the interference of the Federal officers who sought to control the Republican primaries for TAFT. Congressman McALL says that he is for CANNON. Other Congressmen of the State are for others than TAFT, and HENRY in his recent visit made an excellent impression. Politics are beginning to be played, and while Senator CRANE has overcome Senator LOUGHE, it is very doubtful if he can prevent the majority of an uninstructed Massachusetts delegation from voting for TAFT.

The Southern Negro Politician

It has long been and is bound still to be a dirty job to get a Republican Presidential nomination by the votes of the delegates from the South. It was, and is, common knowledge that the Republican party machine of the South is completely controlled by the negro politicians and their white associates, who are often worse than the negroes; that those chosen from among themselves the delegates to the national conventions; that their votes in convention are purchased for one consideration or another; that part of their rewards are the Federal offices in the South, which are distributed among them with-

out regard to the public interests, and so greatly to the injury of the communities on which they prey that JOHN PASTER, then head of the Civil Service Commission and faithful friend of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, was once moved to say that by this corrupt employment of the Federal offices the South was treated as a "conquered province." Among the actual vices and crimes that had been committed by and for these Southern Federal officeholders, and which were brought to Mr. ROOSEVELT's attention six years ago by the report of an inspector of the Civil Service Commission, were the following: participation in smuggling over the Mexican line by a customs collector; frauds on civil service examinations by more than one internal revenue collector; the use of the Charleston Custom House by a Federal officer as a warehouse for storing liquor which the officer sold to the "blind tigers"; the keeping of post-offices by many negro fourth-class postmasters in their own low drinking-shops; the appointment to high places of notorious brothel and gambling-house keepers and of men who had been convicted of crime; the control of State party machines, of that of Virginia especially, by Federal officeholders who did precisely what Southern Federal officeholders are now engaged in doing, and who were then prosecuted for the offence. Reform of this sort of thing was in the air six years ago. Why is it right now, if it was a crying evil then?

Minnesota for Johnson

The Minnesota Democrats have set a good example in calling for the man they want, instead of the man whom Mr. BRYAN orders them to want. So, still more recently, have the Delaware Democrats in resolving that their candidate is Judge GRAY. May their example be contagious! If the Democrats in every State can only be induced to speak their minds, there will be a real convention at Denver.

The Trouble with Bryan

The *Wheeling Intelligencer*, a Republican paper of West Virginia, is in favor of BRYAN as the Democratic candidate. That is reasonable, but it is much less reasonable that the Democratic *Blairfield Leader*, which also wants BRYAN and rebukes the *WEEKLY* for opposing him, should take as much comfort as it does in quoting the *Intelligencer's* remarks upon the subject. The *Intelligencer* says (as quoted in the *Leader*):

The only argument that such newspapers as the *New York Herald* and *Louisville Courier-Journal* have been able to make against BRYAN is that he is "unavailable." . . . Insofar as the Democratic party has any principles and convictions on national questions, Mr. BRYAN is its mouthpiece. He has made himself the leader by sheer force of intellectual ability, the capacity to think deeply, quickly, and clearly on important questions and to sound a popular keynote. He has made many mistakes; he has yet to show the slightest evidence of executive capacity. His ascensions into the realm of practical politics have almost always been disastrous, but as the leader of Democratic thought in this country he has no equal, and he is the only candidate who will command the enthusiastic support of the Democratic voters.

The least of Mr. BRYAN's offending is his unavailability. It is the traits and qualities that make him so unsafe that are the trouble, and the ineradicable cause of his being unavailable. In popularity he is strong. Personally he is engaging. He is a man of great talent—we would not call it "intellectual ability," and certainly would not concede him the power "to think deeply, quickly, and clearly on important questions and to sound a popular keynote." He thinks quickly enough—while you wait—but not deeply, and his popular keynotes are wrong. He has been not a leader of Democratic thought, but a misleader of it, and so he bids fair always to be. He is an unsound thinker; that is the trouble; an irresponsible leader who looks to see where the flock is heading rather than what is ahead. His mistakes could be forgiven; he might be trusted to develop executive capacity; if it were not that his mistakes are absolutely characteristic of the man. He will always make such mistakes. He has great talent, but it is histrionic, not political; the talent of the actor, not of the statesman. Why, look at the man! Hardly any one hates him. He has no personal enemies worth counting. But for one thing all the Democrats who are opposed to him would be for him. That one thing is profound distrust in his ability to think right. But for that he would do. Being what he is, and what twelve years of conspicuous public life have shown him to be, he can never do.

The Japanese Exclusion Bill in the House

Only on the assumption that he is piqued, or on the assumption that he is subservient to his constituents, can it be explained why Representative HAYES of California, sometimes designated as "Red," has been making such a commotion over the intimation that the House Committee on Foreign Affairs would not report his Japanese exclusion bill. Japan having but recently agreed to regulate emigration in the manner suggested by the United States, exclusion legislation by Congress during its present session might suggest a disbelief in the sincerity of Japan which would have serious results. Moreover, there is no doubt that the full power of public opinion, even in his own State, is not behind Representative HAYES. This is what the San Francisco Chronicle has to say:

Some of us, at least, have common sense. . . . We recognize the sensitiveness of other peoples and consider it both reasonable and wise that foreign governments concerned should have time to create within their respective countries a public sentiment against emigration to countries where such emigrants are not desired. . . . When Oriental immigration has been diminished by the action of Oriental governments to an insignificant volume and no great economic interest will be suddenly and adversely affected, we can pass such domestic legislation as we desire without causing friction or ill feeling.

Notwithstanding Representative HAYES's zeal in trying to rescue his darling from oblivion, we may watch his exertions with equanimity. The most they can achieve is a delay in the consideration of needed legislation.

The Question of Armor Belt Location

The investigation by the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs having entered its fourth week, it is pertinent to inquire how far the testimony of the officers examined concerning the water-line protection of our battleships has tended to justify the alarm felt in certain quarters over the magazine obstructions of Mr. REUTEMANN. To the proposition that the belts do not extend far enough above the water line seven officers have assented more or less emphatically, and only one, Captain COWLES, of exalted association, has dissented. But when Admiral GOSWORTHY was asked if he agreed with Mr. REUTEMANN's statement that our battleships are as helpless as were ROJESTVENSKY's, he is reported to have said, "Oh no, I do not," and to have shaken his head for emphasis. Wherefore it seems fair to say that in the opinion of our line officers our battleships would fight with their belts neither as far above water as the Chief Constructor, nor as far beneath water as Mr. REUTEMANN, would have us believe. All our battleships have been belted on the theory that they would go into action with but two-thirds of their stores and somewhat less than two-thirds of their coal. But, as Admiral GOSWORTHY admitted in his report, and as Lieutenant WATTS is said to have testified, structural improvements introduced into many of them after they had been laid down have increased their draught anywhere—according to Admiral GOSWORTHY—from five to nine inches, so that their designed belt draught is actually fictitious. Further, some of the officers examined, noticeably Commander HALL, Captain WINSLOW, and Admirals REMY and GOSWORTHY, have attacked this theory of normal draught itself. In the opinion of Commander HALL, a battleship should fight with full bunkers; according to Admirals REMY and GOSWORTHY and Captain WINSLOW, she should have at least two-thirds of her coal and all her stores aboard. However, it seems unlikely that ships would go into action with a full supply of anything but ammunition, and with due respect for the opinions of the distinguished officers named, it is a disputed question whether there is any good reason why they should. Denying the truth of this assumption that they should, there is but a ray of Truth's clothing left upon Mr. REUTEMANN's comparison of our battleships and the battleships lost to Russia in Fushima Straits.

Unkind to the Kaiser

THE recent disturbance caused by the Kaiser's letter to Lord TUESMOUTH shows how difficult it is to eradicate rumor from the heart of the jingoes. The substance of the matter was that the somewhat laconic Emperor wrote a private letter to a more or less indifferent Lord of the Admiralty ascertaining that Germany's naval programme did not contemplate war with Great Britain. This was thoroughly in keeping with the Kaiser's uttered policy. So far back as 1891, when he visited England, he spoke for peace. At

Dusseldorf, in the same year, he said, "I only wish that the peace of Europe lay in my hands; I should certainly take care that it never again is broken." Two years ago at Bremen he announced, "When I came to the throne after my grandfather's Titanic age, I swore a soldier's oath that I would do my utmost to keep at rest the bayonet and the cannon." And only last November, at the Guildhall in London, he reassured England that "the main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of the good relations between our two countries, and I will further strengthen them so far as lies in my power." But a few years ago, in a moment of unfortunate indiscretion, the Kaiser sent a message of sympathy to KAISER, and a flame of jingoism broke forth that nothing can extinguish. The German Emperor's words seem to have been borne out in that he has undeniably kept the peace, but the jingoes, led by the *Times*, see nothing but cunning and menace of war in the Kaiser. And so easy is the descent to Averna that the *Times* is now stigmatized in Parliament as "saffron" and "yellow." In the House of Lords the paper was denounced as one "which seems anxious to create bad feelings between Germany and Great Britain," and Mr. SMITH MACLELLAN in the House of Commons asked that proceedings be commenced against the *Times* for spreading "false news," which is a misdemeanor in England. The Solicitor-General's reply was that the action of the *Times* might be safely left to public opinion, and England witnessed the curious spectacle of the *Daily Mail* lecturing "the Thunder." All of this should furnish an admirable object lesson to that section of our own press which has been overactive in spreading rumors of a possible lapse of amity between our country and Japan.

Vaccination, Some Antis, and the Law

We wish that some of our anti-vaccination friends could learn to be somewhat less extreme and violent in their contentions. The more zealous of them start with the assertion that nothing of importance has ever been learned from vivisection, and that it is not wise to give anesthetics to animals that are vivisected. In their publications are gathered dreadful stories, ancient and modern, of horrible cruelties committed by vivisectionists, which they offer as fair examples of what vivisection means. A good many of them are quite as earnest and indiscriminate against vaccination as against vivisection, and would as soon abolish the one as the other. They are also opposed to all the serums, and incredulous of the value of any of them in the treatment of disease. Statistics of reduced mortality—say, in diphtheria cases—gain no entrance to their minds and have no effect on their opinions. They know that there have been vivisectionists who have practiced atrocious cruelties, and have told of it, and they do not want to know anything more. These extreme and bigoted abolitionists are the people who are the most noisy in each recurring discussion of vivisection, but they contribute to it very little that is useful except volume of sound and impassioned presentation of the fact that vivisection is liable to abuse. Much wiser persons have drafted the bill of the Society for the Prevention of Abuse in Animal Experimentation, now before the New York Legislature, which aims to provide against the abuse of vivisection and punish it when it occurs. Forty-three of the leading physicians in New York have published in the newspapers a letter saying that the present law is sufficient, and deprecating the purpose to "fetter the discretion of qualified persons" by further restrictions. The opinion of these gentlemen carries great weight; nevertheless we read that the existing law has been amended until now it contains no provision for the punishment of persons who violate the little that is left of it, and so offers no protection against cruelty. It would seem as if a few teeth, not too sharp, might perhaps be adjusted to the present law without imperilling the progress of medicine. It is vitally important, however, that both the amendment and enforcement of the law should be the work of persons who think it more suitable to experiment on a dog to save a baby, than to experiment on a baby to save a dog.

To Our Readers

A "sample paper" called the *Broadway Morning News* was used by the editor of this journal as the text for a lecture delivered at Yale University. Any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who would like to see a copy can obtain it by sending name and address to this office.

How Tilden Lost the Presidency

It is a memorable illumination of a momentous crisis in American history for which we are indebted to the veteran journalist, diplomat, and statesman JOHN BUEZOW, unquestionably better qualified than any other man now living to narrate the important and interesting facts set forth in the two volumes which he has chosen to call *Letters and Literary Memorials of Samuel J. Tilden*, though the title does but scant justice to the editor, who has contributed a large part of the material. A great fraction of the book is devoted to an answer to the inquiry, How TILDEN missed the Presidency in 1876, and it will probably be conceded by all fair-minded men, whatever their political predilections, that Mr. BUEZOW has spoken the final word on the subject. He has shown that it is not true, as sometimes has been asserted, that Mr. TILDEN's failure to reach the White House was due to his own lack of an unswerving, resolute purpose, but should be attributed to two facts: first, that Southern Democrats cared more about relieving Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida from the incubus of carpetbag government than they did about seeing a member of their party (Chief Magistrate); and, secondly, that Mr. ABRAHAM S. HENRY and some others of Mr. TILDEN's Northern friends cared less about securing the Presidency for him than for averting the civil war which, as they imagined, was threatened. The course which, from the outset, the most interested party, Mr. TILDEN, believed and declared to be the proper one is indicated in a statement printed in this work, a statement in the handwriting of Andrew W. SUTTON, Mr. TILDEN's private secretary, which was dictated by Mr. TILDEN himself. This is a document of incalculable value to the historian, and the substance of it should be made known widely and quickly. We can here merely outline its purport, but every American citizen who desires to know the truth concerning one of the most remarkable episodes in our political annals should read the statement carefully, as it is reproduced in Mr. BUEZOW's pages.

The private secretary begins by saying—the reader, of course, will keep in mind that every word was dictated by his employer—that Mr. TILDEN's views of the policy which the Democratic party in Congress will be remembered that the party was a minority in the Federal Senate, but controlled the House of Representatives—ought to pursue, in respect to the coming of the electoral votes cast for President and Vice-President in 1876, were perfectly defined and freely expressed to all who consulted him long before the meeting of Congress in December of that year. The policy advocated by him was to stand inflexibly on the unbroken series of precedents formed by the twenty-two Presidential counts from 1789 to 1872. As a matter of fact, Mr. TILDEN caused a collection of all those precedents to be made and printed while the committees of investigation in respect to the election of Presidential electors in Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, appointed by the House of Representatives, were engaged in their duties. At his request, Mr. BUEZOW prepared an analytical and expository introduction which was prefixed to the volume, and all of this material was published together by the APPLETONS in the latter part of December, 1876. Mr. MAXWELL MORGAN, then editor of the *World*, needed in preparing an appendix to the introduction, containing citations of authorities on the various points. Mr. BUEZOW's introduction was also issued separately in pamphlet form, and used in large numbers by the Democratic national committee. It presents undoubtedly a clear, strong, and well fortified exposition of the position which, in Mr. TILDEN's opinion, the Democratic party should have assumed.

On the 23d of December, 1876, two committees of the House of Representatives were appointed; the first on the powers and privileges of the House in respect of counting electoral votes; the second, of which Mr. HENRY was a member, to confer with a committee of the Senate on the same subject. During the ensuing Christmas holidays, and for some days after the 1st of January, leading members of the House of Representatives were in New York and had interviews with Mr. TILDEN. In his conversations with them, and with many others, he was frank and earnest in his advocacy of the making of an issue, first, in the House of Representatives, and then in the Senate. He was for asserting by formal resolution the exclusive right of the two Houses, acting concertedly, to count the electoral votes and determine what should be counted as such; and for denying, also by formal resolution, the pretension set up by the Republicans that the President of the Senate had any lawful or constitutional right to assume that function. Mr. TILDEN was for urging that issue in debate in both Houses and before the country. He thought that if an attempt should really be made to usurp for the President of the Senate a power to make the count, and thus practically to control the Presidential election, the scheme would break down in process of execution, and that in any event it was in the interest of popular elective government not to yield to the mere menace of usurpation all which actual usurpation could take for itself if completely successful. The statement dictated to the private secretary goes on to say that, on the request of some member of the House of Representatives, Mr. TILDEN himself drew two

resolutions for the purpose of making this issue, but the Democratic members of the committee on the powers, privileges, and duties of the House in the matter of counting electoral votes found themselves best able to agree on the simplest form of asserting their principles, and deemed the adoption of such a formula most expedient. A resolution to that effect was prepared by them, and, having been transmitted to Mr. TILDEN and returned with his approval, was reported by Mr. KNOTT, chairman of the committee, to the House. It will be found in the *Congressional Record* of January 12, 1877. On the evening of that very day Senator BARRETT, of Connecticut, who was passing through New York city on his way home, called on Mr. TILDEN and expressed his conviction that a majority of the Senators would concur in denying the right of the President of the Senate to make the count. He had not heard a word of the proposed contrivance of an Electoral Commission. It was afterwards ascertained that the Democratic Senator from New York had been left in equal ignorance. It was not until the 14th of January that Mr. TILDEN received from Mr. BEVERY his first information that the measure framed in pursuance of the policy recommended by him had been abandoned and superseded by the Electoral Commission bill. Before he read this new bill, Mr. TILDEN was told that the Democratic members of the Senate committee were already absolutely committed to the project, and would combine with the Republican members of the committee in reporting it unanimously to the Senate whether the House Committee of Conference should concur or not. "It is not rather late, then, to counsel me?" said Mr. TILDEN. "They do not consult you," replied Mr. HENRY. "They are public men, and have their own duties and responsibilities. I consult you." The examination and analysis of the bill then proceeded. In the course of the conference Mr. TILDEN said: "I can't advise you to agree to the bill. I will advise you as to its detail." In respect to the provision by which six judges were to be designated in the bill, and one of them to be eliminated by lot, Mr. TILDEN said emphatically: "I may lose the Presidency, but I will not raffle for it." Mr. TILDEN further said that if an arbitration were to be adopted the tribunal ought to be fixed definitely in the bill itself, and not left to chance or intrigue. He said, also, that if an arbitration were to be adopted the duty of the arbitrators to investigate and decide the case on its merits should be made mandatory, and not left as a question of construction. With both the vital points—namely, the choice of the men to compose the tribunal and the nature of the function to be performed by the tribunal—left at loose ends, he treated the whole thing as a sort of gamble. Replying to the apprehensions expressed by Mr. HENRY of a collision of force with the Federal Executive, Mr. TILDEN said that he thought them exaggerated, and asked: "Why surrender now? You can always surrender. Why surrender before the battle, for fear you may have to surrender after the battle is over?"

Mr. TILDEN was pressed to say that if the Electoral Commission bill could be modified so as to fix the five judges by a positive provision he would give it his approval, but he firmly declined. No argument or persuasion could extract from him a word of personal sanction to the scheme.

It is evident from this statement that Mr. TILDEN condemned the proposed action of Congress not only on the score of principle, but on the score of expediency. It was a month before the time for the count, and he saw no reason why there should not be an opportunity afforded for consideration and consultation by the representatives of the people. He did not ask any time for himself, or time in which to decide what he would do in respect to the proposed Electoral Commission. He never for a moment evinced the slightest hesitation or doubt about his disapproval of it. In that he was clear and inflexible, but he advised more deliberation upon the part of those who were to act in Washington. He believed in publicity and discussion and a wider consultation. In a word, he had an inherent and ineradicable distrust of the Electoral Commission scheme, and also deprecated the secrecy with which it was hurried through Congress. He frequently said afterwards that so great a stake as the government of forty millions of people, with immense civil expenditures and a hundred thousand officeholders, if left to be disposed of by a small body of men sitting in the Capitol, would become the sport of intrigue or fraud.

The Cult of Beauty

One sometimes stops to wonder if beauty still increases in the world. Certainly in proportion to the phenomenal spread of ugliness it proves as shy and difficult as a rose in an undrained field of weeds. As life ages past us, it is natural that coldness should invade us and hope be less buoyant and upspringing. We have seen the mutilations of sins and sorrows; we have learned that to live we must renounce partnerships and let the world wag its own way; the soil of a man's heart by mere natural processes of existence is like to become fit for negations and indifference. How

have the things we set our faith upon crumbled and betrayed us; how do our friends pass out into the unknown, inscrutable future; and as for our desires, either we cannot attain them and in their stead there lives in us a sense of blank failure and desolation, or we do attain them and find them bitter as dead sea fruit, or useless and gray as winelands asleep, pondering our blossom.

To this pass must we all come at some time; all except those very brisk and busy folk who do things so hard that they have no time to look up or down or round about and so manage to get through existence without discriminating between beauty and ugliness at all. These people, it has been said, make the world go round; possibly they do, but one thing is certain, they do not make it swing to music, and if the earth joins the stars in the chorus of the spheres, it is not their doing.

At any rate, with these we are not dealing here, but with those who constantly discriminate between what is fair and ennobling and what is ugly and degrading. If we will have life repay us, even to the last when age and decay encroach, then if *facta est vita*—one must be an unremitting gardener of life, one must hoard beauties, one must keep record of them as they flit, one must be ever alert to catch the essence of the rare and worthy moment and to prolong its life in memory and in written annals or initiative images. If we ourselves live largely by the past, we also are creating a new past for posterity, and it matters infinitely that our legacy to them should be beautiful; not merely useful or labor-saving or protective, but that it should have in it that beauty and harmony which alone console us in age and make life, looked back upon from the vantage of half a century of days, a feast of exquisite though transient impressions. What shall a legacy of smooth pavements, surgical institutions, well conducted insane asylums, and fast trains mean to a folk pining for old gardens, safe by paths, wholesome and quiet living, and openness up to the wide horizon line where God paints his miracles?

No, when the paralysis of old age creeps upon us and our hopes no longer live on the mere animal spirits of youth, it is the beauty we may have watched by the way which shall console us and lighten us. Comfort and successes wear thin as poverty and failures. If we have placed our faith in any material thing:

"Just when we're saddest, there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a drowsy sleep, some one's death,
A chorus ending from Euripides—
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
As old and new as once an Nature's self
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring
Round the sacred stone on his base again—
The grand Perhaiot!"

Who can look back upon his fifty years of days and take solace and comfort in life over the problems of being because, forsooth, he has managed to sleep in linen shirts and have well tempered bedchambers. There is no solace in that, but there does come a solace to him who has slept out under the stars, watching them wheel slowly on their orbits about "that some star that's westward from the pole"; and though a man shall have read all the newspapers every day for ten or twenty years and all the current events of the same years thereunto, it shall no more console him for having lived when he steps on the threshold of old age to look back, than would a glimpse of devilfishes or cactus in a dull sand desert, or a sordid back yard full of weeds.

Only such beauty as we have found and treasured can keep the heart in us. Either the beauties we have read of, or seen and pondered, or, if we be of the most fortunate of the sons of men, the beauties we have created, or, seeing, have known how to give account of and spread wider their fame.

There fell by chance to a student's table recently a volume of extraordinary and rare quality and value, and the story of it, as we gathered it, was like this: There was a man once who had a failing despised of all people; he was hopelessly and insensibly shy and inept at human intercourse; he was cut off by this defect from human ties; marriage and children were out of his reach; even the ties of friendship were difficult to him, and yet conquered he refused to be; he determined to gather such beauties as might yet belong to him and keep record of them.

"Uniting in one person the physical exuberance of youth and the nobility of disillusioned manhood, I was deprived of the balanced energy of either age and kept up a bravest courage with the bravest view of literature. I could not bear the island homeliness of the provinces, but raised myself with the apostle of rebellion who blew imperious blasts before the walls of civilization."

Yet, being one of those who intended to use every force at command to subdue life, in spite of every defect, to some semblance of beauty, he taught himself first of all to quit the company of cynics and lamenters, and there trooped instead into his memory, "with a quiet pomp and induction of joy, forms of men who, though justified in rebellion by every human outrage, remained loyal to the sad and proved by endurance a more imperial humanity. Scattered, unperturbed by mortal injuries; there, a deep, harmonious voice amid jangling destinies; William the

Silent, serene in every desperate conjecture—these seemed now the more perfect exponents."

And midway in the book he who makes confession learns and gives us this great truth, "that life may not be centred in itself but in the going out of the heart in wisdom."

And from this page on the book is a confession of triumph and of gathered joys; the joys of vision and free living in the open, the joys of sounds and of music, the joys of the faith of little children, joys in the philosophy which trusts in the slow diffusion of the worlds with intellectual light, and finally the joy of noble achievement; for those lonely antiast disillusionment and help us to meet the inevitable with the appeasement and the calm which surpass understanding, and give us faith in the endurance and the ultimate triumph of beauty. And then we may face old age, neither sullen nor despairing, but like the old man in ANAXAGORAS' "Old Thought" who had outlived all his contemporaries and who sat among his curiosities and antique treasures all alone.

"They say at home," said the little boy, "that you are always alone."

"Oh," replied the old man, "the old thoughts with all that they bring with them visit me; and now you come too. I am very comfortable, I'm sure."

Personal and Pertinent

Mrs. STURGE HENNINGSEN has written an excellent book about GIMMIE MEREDITH. In it she discusses a problem which many women have discussed before, especially the cultivated classes of America—otherwise women. So many men have tried to read *Diana of the Crossways*, and have been discouraged by the enginematic introductory chapter, that it may be necessary to explain that the most dramatic episode in the book is the sale to TOMMAS by DIANA, pressed for money for the maintenance of her "social position," of a state secret imparted to her by DUVER, the statesman. DIANA admits to DUVER that she sold him to the newspapers because of her "dire need of money." Mrs. HENNINGSEN says that this is a defect in DIANA's character; that no woman would have given such a reason for the betrayal of her friend, true or untrue. After all, however, would not a woman, the most direct of creatures, reason that frankness would be her best defence? also, would she not employ the defence that would arouse the sympathy of a man whose sympathy she desired? It is partly worth while, perhaps, to allude to the discussion because DIANA is an historical character. She was CAROLINE NORTON, who was accused of selling to the *London Times* a state secret which she obtained from SIRNEY HERBERT. HERBERT based his episode on what was regarded as a fact. After the publication of *Diana of the Crossways* it was proved that CAROLINE NORTON was innocent.

SAMUEL P. FENNERMAN, the Connecticut Republican politician, was the "JOE" MANLEY of his State. He was a great friend of the Maine men, and they used to admire one another as a brace of WASHERS. They made kings and were happy, and they were fortunate, too, in the possession of local influence and in distributing local patronage. They were both MAINE MEN, and saw their favorite beaten with much grief and sorrow. FENNERMAN was really a Maine man himself, having been born at Rockland, nearly sixty-one years ago. Not much of his married life, however, was spent in the Pine Tree State. He was a scholar of the Levinson Academy, where he knew about NELSON DINGLEY, who, as TOM REED once said to MANLEY, "would rather make figures on the back of an old envelope than hold a pretty girl on his knee. Not that he would do anything like that, Joe," added REED; "but we'd like to, and DINGLEY wouldn't." After FENNERMAN got through with his schooling he went to the war, where he was a private and a cannon shooter, a captain of rifle shooters, and a staff officer. Then he went to Harvard Law School, and after graduation practised law at Stamford, Connecticut. Since 1880 he has been State's attorney for the county in which Stamford is situated, Fairfield. In 1874 and in 1883 FENNERMAN was a member of the popular branch of the Legislature of Connecticut, and in 1891 he was a State Senator. He tried to be United States Senator, but some minister sold hard things about him, and MORRIS HITCHCOCK defeated him. We say no more, only that FENNERMAN was a large part of the Republican party of Connecticut, and had to be reckoned with at national conventions. He was probably abused unjustly. Most men who are abused at all suffer from extravagant and exaggerated statements, if not from intentions. He was a partisan, a hard bitter, and he was so serious and astute in his opposition that he was not popular enough to attain high office.

It doesn't make much difference what kind of politics Boston is afflicted with, nor does it curb the tongue nor still the restless brain of Bronson Hill and adjacent byways. That literature and art prefer to go to Boston, for an occasional visit, than to New York, if criticism—without criticism—is left to the populace. Sometimes it seems to take a long time for the critical faculty to get around to the subject of its remarks, but that is apparent more than real;

There is such a basketful of subjects for the flautonians to deal with, that they sometimes are bored. At any rate, they have just got around to SAINT-GAUDENS'S SHAW MEMORIAL. Dr. EDWARD H. BARNES says that the sculptor put the wrong pose on the negro soldiers; that he has made their steps drag, and in this the doctor is sustained by a portrait painter. Mr. DANAHY'S CUMA asserts that SAINT-GAUDENS got a coal-heaver for a model, and that it is well known in the suburbs of art that an humble coal-heaver hasn't it in him to walk like a soldier. Mr. COHN is not only a portrait painter but a sometime soldier. No they sat down to gossip about the SHAW memorial, and Boston was about to lose all respect for a work of art that New York would have taken off its hands willingly and promptly. It could have done it, too, for the SHAW family lived on Staten Island, and one of Colonel SHAW'S sisters married GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, who was also a typical New-Yorker, having been born in Providence. New York might have been further attracted to the work despite the drawing-gait of the negroes, because SAINT-GAUDENS came from the Bowery. But superior Boston came to the rescue. WILLIAM LIZON HARRISON said that the memorial is "the finest thing of its kind in the city." That is GARDENHURST and Bostonian. It will do even for Boston. THOMAS WENWORTH HERRINGTON says that the "memorial has never impressed me as other than correct in every detail." This ends it, and it ought to. There are Bostonians who know that this work of genius embellishes their city, and they are duly and humbly grateful for its possession.

Correspondence

DR. DAY'S CASE: THUMBS DOWN

GRANTVILLE, G. M. March 2, 1908

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Of course the interests of religion and morality demand that Chancellor Day be tried, condemned, and severely punished for his attacks on the President, and as no other court has taken the matter up the Rev. George A. Cook has felt justified in resorting to that of the local conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to the jurisdiction of which the offending Chancellor belongs. We have only to go back to the reign of Domitian or Tiberius to find that the Tiber got the bodies of many a Roman, strangled and hung over the rocks for a far milder indiscretion in freedom of speech than that of which Chancellor Day has been guilty. We wonder, however, that the delator, Mr. Cook, has been content to bring his charges against the Chancellor, and not the Methodist discipline which warns against "uncharitable or unprofitable conversations, particularly speaking evil of magistrates or ministers." Why not proceed under the injunction "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm," which has a higher validity than even the Methodist discipline? In treating Chancellor Day's case as a mere infraction of ordinary rules of discipline the accuser puts him on a level with such commonplace offenders as Professors Huxley, T. Mitchell and E. B. Rouse, whom he prosecuted for heresy. In these cases it was only the Bible that was offended against. Cannot Mr. Cook see that in treating the case alike he is really belittling the President? Does he not know that an offender against a supremely great man gets a kind of inverse nobility from the grandeur of his victim, which entitles him to special consideration in his punishment? Was Huxley's torn shoulder by horses for depriving France of the services of Henry the Fourth, and shall Chancellor Day, who has attempted to thwart the services of Theodore the First, be belittled by the mere infliction of such penalties as attach to an infraction of the Methodist discipline? Was Pompey Marcellus denied fire and water by decree of the Roman Senate because her great grandfather had been a friend to Pompey, the leader of the Reactionaries against the popular measures of Theodore's empire-building prototype, and shall the man who has questioned the wisdom of Theodore himself receive no more consideration than to have his case heard in an inferior court, as an infraction of half of a subordinate phrase of a subordinate clause of a subordinate paragraph of a code of rules primarily intended, not to save the nation from the machinations of traitors at all, but merely to make clutich members obedient to us as to avoid scandal in their home communities? No, the Chancellor has fairly won the honor of proceeding down the ages in the distinguished company of learned examples of averaging justice upon prodigious crime. Ad Theonem? Ad Theonem? I am, sir,

W. H. JOHNSON.

"TOUCHING HANDS WITH ETERNITY"

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Having just read with much interest the article on "Touching Hands with Eternity" in a recent number, I would like to add a word as to the work of the "aesthete" in such communications. The part played by this functionary is usually relegated to the province of the mysticisms, where it is to his interest to let it remain. A word then from this standpoint, with a view not to expell automation, but to investigate it. In a purely scientific spirit, may not be a little interest. A short time ago, upon the suggestion of a friend who, for some reason, saw in me a possible skeptic, I made the experiment of automatic writing. To my great surprise, my hand at once began to write, apparently

without no volition, what is known as "mirror writing," proceeding from right to left. The condition was merely the closing of the eyes while fixing the mind upon a word or phrase and, later, by thinking of some subject, and then concentrating the attention upon something else while the writing was in progress. In this latter way alone can a true test of automatic writing be made. If the attention of the "automatist" is not diverted by this dissociation of the mind from the movement of the hand, he will receive suggestions from his inner consciousness which will affect the movement of the hand. For instance, when the hand begins to form a word the mind guesses what the word is, or if a proper name of a sentence is being formed, supplies, from its previous knowledge, the remainder. For the person who is writing, if in a somnolent state, need not remain ignorant of the words he is forming, even if his eyes are closed. Any one with ordinary sense-perception must know what he is writing as well as if he were reading it with his eyes, unless his attention has been purposely diverted. The expedient of the pillow upon which to rest the forehead and cover the eyes is as entirely unnecessary as it is ineffectual to prevent collusion. The part of suggestion played by the mind of the "automatist" is quite enough to explain the failure of a message to "get through."

The whole subject is, however, so loaded against with difficulties that a conclusion seems at present impossible.

For myself, I have written automatically, while in the act of reading a story in a magazine, the name and also what I perceived to be a very characteristic message of a friend who had recently died. While in this instance I did not know what I was writing as it was transcribed, I do not believe that it was a communication from the spirit world. What is easier than to formulate a message from a dead friend with whose habits of thought one is familiar? Respectively, it is quite possible to place one's self in rapport with the spirit of one who has passed away, and to imagine what our friend would have said upon a given subject or upon a certain occasion.

As yet, Sir Oliver Lodge to the contrary, no positive proof seems to have been given as to anything more. The instances mentioned in the article in question may all be explained in this way, or by the supposition of telegraphic communication through the mind of the "automatist." This telegraphic communication must, it would seem from various testimony, be admitted, and in these cases the automatist was able to receive it. This, with the possible exception of matters in the communication of Dr. Hodgson which Professor Hyslop did not know, would explain all. As to these matters unknown to Professor Hyslop, they might be relegated to these innumerable impressions received by the subconscious self which never reach the level of consciousness, or, if they do, make so faint an impression as to be unrecognized as ever having entered previously, should they be recalled. Automation may be of service in collating up anything from the vasty deep of the subconscious mind, an ultimate service enough, but that it can be the means of communication with the dead is, as yet, lacking a demonstration.

As my purpose is merely to utter a warning as to the unsubstantiated acceptance of and from the "automatist," not to enter the arena in that capacity, I sign myself,

A SKEPTIC.

SOLDIER BRIDGE-BUILDERS UNDEPAID

GRANTVILLE, N. M. March 3, 1908

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In your issue of February 22, Lieutenant GRAY has a good article on "Bridge-Building," showing what our army can do, but to me it also shows why so few young men will go into the army in times of peace. A few weeks ago I saw in the paper that this same army post only averaged about ten men to the company; their time was out and not a man to re-enlist, and for the reason that they were called on to do something for \$13 that they should have been paid five times as much for.

I am, sir,

H. W. RESSLER.

PREFERABLY DEAD

GRANTVILLE, Pa., March 12, 1908

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I noticed a very clever editorial in the WEEKLY for March 14 headed, "The Golden Age of the Reformers." Allow me to alter the last few lines of that article so as to read, that when "Jack London is President, and Bryan is Congress, and Arthur Brisbane and Upton Sinclair are the Supreme Court, and George Harvey is either senator or dead, what a wonderfully improved country this will be, and how very, very, very happy shall be our lot if we leave the great good issue to be living in it!"

I am, sir,

H. F. JENNEY.

WE DON'T WANT ANY UNFIT MAN TO BE NOMINATED

BRISTOLTON, Miss., March 13, 1908

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Can you give a plausible reason why you and two or three other Republican leaders of New York have previously endeavored to create an unfavorable sentiment to Mr. Bryan six months prior to the assurance of his nomination? And you Republicans at the same time prodding his defeat if nominated, and advising and urging the Democrats not to nominate him. Surely you being Republicans you do not wish the triumph of a Democrat? Then why do you advise the Democrats to nominate some other man who you think would make a better run? If you find space and time, please give the country an answer.

I am, sir,

A BYSTANDER.

The Vanishing Forests of America

By ROLAND PHILLIPS



FOLLOWING the special report of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, sent to Congress on December 11, identical bills were introduced in the House by Representatives Lever, of South Carolina, and Capper, of New Hampshire, appropriating five million dollars for national forest reserves in the Southern Appalachian and White Mountains. The passage of these bills at the present session of Congress will add 5,000,000 acres to the forest area now under government control, and will bring the total national forest holdings to about two hundred and seventy thousand square miles—a region exceeding five times the area of New York State and nearly one-fourth of the entire forest area of the United States.

In connection with the great State reserves of a million and a quarter acres in New York, seven hundred thousand in Pennsylvania, and so on, this will place the head waters of every important navigable river under direct national and State supervision.

It is worth while to inquire just what this means to the great business interests and to the public.

At the present time the estimated forest area in the United States is from 500 to 700 million acres. In 1906 the Forest Service reported the total lumber production at thirty-seven and a half billion feet, with a mill value of nearly six and a quarter million dollars. This is the largest quantity ever reported for a single year, and by far the greatest value. If there be added to the lumber production the amount of timber used for laths and shingles a fair estimate of the total lumber cut will be found to be forty billion feet, with a mill value of not less than seven hundred million dollars. Under present conditions it is safe to say that the annual growth does not exceed sixty board feet per acre. In other words, it appears that the annual growth covers only the amount of wood used for lumber alone. Considering all drains upon the forests, it is certain that under the present methods of immoderate and wasteful cutting the annual consumption amounts to at least three times the amount actually grown every year.

Under these conditions Forester Gifford Pinchot estimates that the timber supply of the United States will be exhausted in from twenty to thirty-three years.

"When this time comes," says Mr. Pinchot, "unless measures are taken to prevent it, the lumber business, now the fourth greatest industry in the country, will disappear; suffering among the building interests will immediately follow; the price of coal, iron and all other minerals will rise; the railroads will be directly affected, and the cost of transportation and water power will immediately increase. In short, when the forests fail, every man, woman, and child in the United States, will feel the pinch."

To the casual observer it may seem an impossibility that our forests should ever fail; but, as a matter of fact, the "pinch" has already been felt in an alarming degree by all lumber consuming industries. In spite of an increased supply, the price of timber has never been so high as now. The builders have felt it and have passed the burden to the public. The newspaper publishers and users of white paper generally, hard hit by the scarcity of wood pulp, are appealing to President Roosevelt for relief through the tariff. The railroads, whose annual consumption of hard wood ties alone amounts to more than

one hundred million, are in several instances employing their own "foresters" and experimenting at considerable cost with new methods of "tree preservation." When one stops to consider that in the single item of matches the consumption amounts to about a million and a half a minute in the United States, and that it requires sixty million feet of timber, or the growth of ten thousand acres of selected forest land, to supply the yearly demand, one will realize to some extent the many sources of the tremendous drain on the forests.

To cite one other example: In the hard-wood working industries, including hard-wood lumber manufacture, furniture and house furnishing, the manufacture of farm implements, carriages, freight and passenger cars, and other industries requiring immense quantities of hard wood, the last ten years have brought an increase in the wholesale prices of various classes of hard-wood lumber ranging from twenty-five to sixty-five per cent. This is the direct result of an imminent shortage in supply, due in large measure to wasteful forestry methods extending over a long period of years.

At the present time the available supply of every State and locality where hard wood grows in sufficient quantities to be cut with profit is being utilized to supply the demand. In spite of these efforts, the returns show that several of the most important hard woods, including oak, poplar, elm, and others, are being rapidly exhausted, and that the total supply has fallen off about fifteen per cent. This means that in the seven years preceding 1906 the decrease in the hard-wood supply is equivalent to the annual growth on a tract of land approximately the size of New York State.

Naturally hard-wood lumber manufacturing has been the first to feel the effects. In 1906 the production was more than cut in half between 1900 and 1906. In Indiana it fell off about one-fourth in the same period. It is a question of a comparatively short time till the great industries, such as furniture establishments and the vehicle makers, representing a combined capital of more than three hundred millions and a production considerably exceeding that sum, will be forced to meet, if not a famine, at least a long continued shortage which will raise prices far above their present high level.

The American Forestry Association, of which Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture is president, and which has long been active in the support of forestry preservation, has recently collected the views of a number of government experts and others, showing the vast interests that would be affected by proper forest management and control. Referring to the splendid work done by the government in reclaiming lands for the purposes of agriculture and homesteads, F. H. Newell, Director of the United States Reclamation Service, says: "In six years the government has reclaimed 250,000 acres, upon which are now living 20,000 people, representing 4000 families. It is a reasonable estimate that in another decade 2,000,000 more acres may be reclaimed, upon which 250,000 more human beings may maintain themselves in reasonable comfort. The water for this work comes chiefly from streams rising in mountains. To maintain the supply of this water it is essential that forests be maintained upon these mountains. To this end national forests are indispensable."

A further effect of the uncontrolled condition of the forests is forcibly pointed out by W. J. M'Vie of the United States Inland Waterways Commission and



A desolate Area of dying and wasted Timber in the Southern Appalachians



A Valley made Fertile as a Result of carefully conserved Forests

Bureau of Soils. "The waterways of the United States," he has said, "annually sweep from land to sea a billion tons of earth. Of this ninety per cent. is chiefly soil matter. Its weight is comparable with the total tonnage of all our railroads and river and lake vessels. Its bulk is one-fifth of a cubic mile; it equals a block one mile square over a thousand feet high. Applied as a fertilizer, it would cover, to the depth of a quarter of an inch, an area of about 250,000 square miles, or the land surface of all the Atlantic States from Maine to South Carolina, inclusive, with Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and one-third of Georgia thrown in. Its value may be estimated as at least a billion dollars. Its loss is the heaviest impost borne by the American farmer. This soil waste is making a resource richer than all others combined save one, namely, our inland waters. These, immeasurably our richest resource, are, in great measure, perverted from a blessing into a curse. And both soil wash and river ravage are largely to be traced to the absence of forests from slopes on which rivers rise."

A statement made by M. O. Leighton, Chief Hydrographer of the United States Geological Survey, shows the influence of uncontrolled forestry methods, and the despoiling of forest areas upon our inland waters. Referring to these rivers as "our greatest natural resource," this authority continues: "The water flowing down our Western mountains far exceeds in value the fabulous wealth represented by all the metals and minerals lying between the Rockies and the Pacific. To-day most of this resource is wasted. Each year at least 1,000,000 horsepower runs over Federal government dams. Halted at twenty dollars per horsepower, this would yield \$20,000,000. Capitalized at three per cent., it represents an investment of \$1,000,000,000, now wholly wasted."

Further, uncontrolled water is a curse. Flood damage in the United States exceeds \$100,000,000 per year. With our water controlled and utilized this sum might be saved, and a fivefold greater value produced."

It is evident, therefore, that while purely sentimental reasons have been futile in checking the frightful waste of our national resources, particularly in the forest areas, the vast economic interests at stake must in the very near future arouse the public to vigorous action. The forest demolition has kept pace for many years with the uncontrolled misuse of national resources in coal, natural gas, mineral oils, and in government lands.

It is only fair to say, however, that for this state of affairs Congress is largely responsible. Under what is known as the "Timber and Stone Act," it was provided



A Valley made Arid by ruinous Floods due to depleted Timber-land

cloaked more shady proceedings in the withdrawal of public lands than all others combined. Under the commutation clause of this law the entries of timber land are permitted, and have been widely made for no other purpose than to strip the lands of the forests or to control land adjacent to waterways. This clause permits a brief period of residence on condition of a cash payment, which in a very large number of instances is provided by land operators. The result is that they reap the benefit, while the individual citizen, in whose interest the law is supposed to have been enacted, receives only bare wages. Cases have been known in the Land Office where houses for residence purposes have been built on wheels and moved from one tract to another in order to take up desirable lands, and one instance is noted where an entryman, required to specify measurements, stated that his house was fourteen by eighteen. He neglected to make it clear in his statement that these dimensions were not in feet, but in inches.

While such abuse can be, in a large extent, eliminated by the creation of national forests, the Forest Service admits that this influence has practically just begun to be effective. Thomas H. Sherwood, Assistant Forester, who has made a careful study of this subject, says that "at first the national forest-land no appreciable effort upon the lumber industry." He says that consumers of wood and other forest products who were dependent upon the forests were confronted at first with impractical and troublesome regulations, and that unnecessary delay in transacting business added hardship, and fostered a feeling of hostility toward national forests among those who came into closest contact with them, and who should have been made most sensible of their benefits.

It was not until the large withdrawals of land for national forests in 1903 and 1904 that "bodies of timber, at-



Forest Land in the White Mountains in Course of Destruction

tractive to private enterprise" were included. By these withdrawal entries under the "timber and stone" act and the "lumber" act were checked. When the administration of national forests was placed under the Department of Agriculture, in February, 1905, the effect upon the use of timber was almost instantaneous. Money returns from the sale of timber for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, were fifty thousand dollars. This increased tenfold in 1907 and 1908, and the sale of timber made at that time amount to more than one and a half millions dollars.

The essential point is that while four-fifths of the total timber supply is still under private ownership, the establishment of national forest reserves will insure the greatest legitimate use of all resources on timber lands, and, as the present supply decreases, will tend to prevent future speculative monopoly. The small operator and the sawmill man of small means are relieved of the possibility of litigation over defective titles. They require no large initial investment to secure timber land. They are relieved of taxes and cost of protection, share all risk from fire and other causes as assumed by the government. Moreover, it has been found that non-speculative operators who own large tracts of timber land on the Pacific coast are turning to the national forests. This is in spite of the fact that sixty-five per cent. of the merchantable timber in the forests is located in this region, and that these privately owned tracts must be counted upon as the backbone of the national supply for some years to come.

Up to the present all timber lands included in the national forests are located west of the Mississippi. The areas selected have been taken from the public lands. In the East and South the situation is different. Here practically all of the valuable forest tracts are owned by individuals or corporations, and the government must secure its property for national forests by gift or purchase.

According to the provisions of the bill now pending in Congress relating to the creation of national forests in the White Mountains and Appalachians, the Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to acquire "by purchase or gift lands more valuable for the regulation of stream-flow than for other purposes, and situated on the watersheds of navigable streams in the southern Appalachian Mountains within the States of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and in the White Mountains within the States of New Hampshire and Maine."

In these purchases the mineral wealth and merchantable timber remain the property of the original owner.

It is the purpose of the government to introduce at once scientific and up-to-date forestry methods, and, at the request of owners, to protect and develop any forests under private control within the prescribed area. At the outset it is proposed to buy rough or "cut-over" land, where it may be secured at average prices ranging from three and a half to six dollars an acre. Each county is to receive ten per cent. of the total proceeds from

the sale of timber and from all other government receipts. To make this plan successful it is obvious that extensive cooperation of private owners of timber land must be secured. Although a very considerable number of large operators, including some of the most important pulp and paper companies, have already adopted government forestry methods, many have been deterred on account of the burden of taxes on forest lands. These operators say that so long as they are obliged to pay taxes on their forest holdings, they cannot afford to cut on scientific principles and keep their land safe, under taxation, waiting for a new growth of timber.

This argument has been recognized as a reasonable business proposition by a number of States, including Maine, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Wisconsin. In these and other States forest taxation has already been reduced. This principle applied to the southern Appalachians by legislative enactments in the various States would be of material assistance in securing the co-operation of individual owners and in carrying out the policy of "forest perpetuation" in the South.

It is likely, however, in view of the vigorous public support which has been secured in New England and the South largely through the efforts of prominent advocates like ex-Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, Governor Comer, of Alabama, and Hon. Ligon Johnson, President of the Appalachian National Forest Association, that the substantial benefits of a settled forest policy are sufficiently well recognized to make the proposed government action a success regardless of present methods of taxation.

The most obvious of these advantages may be briefly summarized as follows:

First: The Appalachians are the only remaining source of hard wood supply, and it is estimated that this supply will be exhausted in about sixteen years. Under proper forest management this region will produce a supply equal to the present demand for all purposes.

Second: The present water power developed in the streams of the southern Appalachians, amounting to about three million horsepower, of which at least one-half is available for economic use—will be increased from three to thirty times by the development of storage facilities of these streams. New England will be equally benefited by this vast resource.

Third: The losses from forest fires in one region alone, including the area from Virginia to northern Georgia, amount, yearly, to the burning over of about four and a half million acres of timber land, and the destruction of about ten billion feet of big timber. Experience in the Western forests has shown that these forest fires, which are even more prevalent and disastrous in New England than in the southern Appalachians, can be controlled by proper supervision and "range" patrol.

Fourth: The flood damage, amounting in one year in the South alone to eighteen million dollars, will be materially decreased. For example, with thirty-five per cent. of the Western forests subject to storage, the flood damage at points like Pittsburgh and Wheeling will be virtually eliminated.



This Mountain Slope originally bore a thick Growth of Forest



Erosion caused by devastating Floods, a Result of wasteful Deforestation



A RACE ACROSS THE CONTINENT

DRAWN BY NEAL TRUSLOW

Corruption in England

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



THERE was a debate a short time ago in the House of Commons on a subject that for the past three or four years has been one of the chief topics of political discussion in America, and that promises before long to become equally prominent in England. I refer to the question of the party funds and of the secrecy with which they are accumulated and administered. It was Mr. Helios, the cunning writer, who brought the matter before the House. He argued that the present system of raising and distributing campaign funds involved a two-fold peril. In the first place it robbed the electors of some, at least, of their freedom. It gave an excessive influence to a few rich subscribers, and it enabled them to nominate a candidate from motives that were concealed from the mass of the voters. In the second place it warped the initiative of the House of Commons, and made it impossible to apply an wholesome pressure to individual members whose election expenses had been paid for them. No one could suppose that these great sums of money were paid in secret without some expectation of a return for the outlay. Mr. Helios admitted, what I believe to be the fact, that so far there has been very little ground of complaint, and that the instances in which an undesirable pressure has been exercised upon the votes of members of Parliament have been few and insignificant. But he maintained none the less that a system under which an increasing number of politicians depended upon funds secretly subscribed and secretly disbursed for meeting their campaign expenses was one that was liable to grave abuse. He had no particular remedy to propose; his object was mainly to ventilate the question; but he inclined to the opinion that an audit of the funds of all political parties would be a good thing and should take place periodically.

Among those who took part in the debate was Mr. H. C. Lee, the member for East St. Pancras. Mr. Lee has made himself conspicuous by the vigor with which he has attacked the British methods of conferring honors and titles, methods, I quite agree, that are little less than a degrading scandal. In the discussion on Mr. Helios's motion he brought in some exceedingly pointed references to his favorite topic. It was, he declared, a matter of common knowledge and gossip in the House, in the clubs, and among men in the street, that titles and decorations in vogue in this country were as lacking in dignity, prestige, and moral worth as the methods by which they were obtained were fraudulent, corrupt, and nauseous. It was, he continued, notorious in the City that titles and decorations were sold in 1903-05, and it was equally well known what had been the percentage of commission to the introducers. He could instance a case where one particular title fetched as much as \$750,000. From November, 1903, to December, 1905, he found that the Tory party was responsible for 13 Peers, 16 Privy Counsellors, 33 Barons, and 16 Knights—in all, 128 in two years, of which number 26, or 28 per cent, were members of the House of Commons. From December, 1905, to November, 1907, two years of a Liberal régime, the Liberal government were responsible for 20 Peers, 19 Privy Counsellors, 33 Barons, and 95 Knights—in all, of whom 37, or 22 per cent, were members of the House of Commons. That showed, he thought, that many men entered Parliament chiefly with a view to social advancement. He excepted from this charge the members of the Liberal and Labour parties. The House ought to institute an inquiry into the manners and absurdity of the whole traffic in honors with a view to putting an end to it. For himself he would sweep away all titles with as little compunction as a sanitary inspector would deal with a nuisance.

From this exciting point the debate branched off into a review of the electioneering activities of bodies like the Tariff Reform League. These organizations raised large sums for which they rendered no account. They supported candidates at elections with canvassers, posters, leaflets, and so on. They did for a candidate what he was absolutely unable to do for himself on such a scale. But no return of the money they spent was included among the statement of expenses that every candidate is required by law to furnish. In this way the purpose of the Corrupt Practices Act was wholly frustrated. I do not, however, intend to write a complete summary of the debate, but rather to suggest some of the points on which it touched, and to offer certain reflections upon the use of money in English politics. Taken as a whole, public life in this country is remarkably pure. After the last election only five petitions were lodged. One of them turned on technical points; the other four certainly disclosed a large degree of squalid corruption. In Worcester the revelations were so revealing that the city was disfranchised for a couple of years. Like most of the old cathedral towns Worcester's political records for centuries have been more or less tainted, and it came as no surprise to those with

any knowledge of its past when it was proved by the inquiry of 1906 that the hebbable class practically held the balance between the regular parties. At Yarmouth, Maidstone, and Bodmin also a good deal of downright corruption, of votes purchased for money, even for as small a sum as fifty cents, was unearthed. But nobody can question that the absorption or abolition of the old rotten boroughs, the expansion of the electorate, the spread of education, the Corrupt Practices Act, the growth of class consciousness, and self-respect among the working classes, and the generally high standard of character among Parliamentary candidates have pretty well stamped out the grossest forms of bribery in English elections. The lesser and more indirect forms, however, still flourish; and as Mr. P., who is to keep the favor of his constituents finds himself obliged to subscribe with a quite indiscriminate generosity to all the local charities, "movements," and sports. There are scores of Mr. P.'s whose disbursements in this way come to over \$5000 a year.

But if there is little political corruption in England there is a good deal of social corruption, most of it springing from the vicious hunt for titles. In this matter my sympathies are altogether with Mr. Lee. It is possible for any man of wealth by contributing to the party funds to establish a claim for a knighthood, baronetcy, or peerage that sooner or later will be recognized as valid. I do not mean by this that all honors or even most of them go to the highest bidder. But some, and far too many, are unquestionably the outcome of an indefensible cash transaction, and thus vitiate those that are bestowed as the reward of genuine merit. One inevitable consequence of this is the creation of false and therefore of demoralizing values. To such a thing as an Englishman in such a world as England a title will always carry with it an implication of superiority, will command deference, will raise its wearer above the ranks of average humanity. It will do this apart altogether from the grounds on which the title has been given. Nevertheless, the spectacle of wealth buying what honors it pleases, of shrewd donations to a royal charity being rewarded with a peerage, of baronetries purchased by a check to the party funds of all the wretched backstitching and intrigue that graduate the scale of English precedence, is one that works with a subtle and degrading perniciousness. Things are not well with a country that accepts at its face value a system of honors that it knows to be very largely a grotesque and vulgar sham, and that pays all the outward forms of respect to men who admittedly have done nothing to deserve it. Politics do not and indeed cannot escape the taint. The type of man who enters public life as the easiest road to a title is becoming an common in England as he was in Ireland before the union.

There is one form of the abuse of wealth in politics from which England at present is comparatively free. She does not suffer from the problems of corporations in politics. It is a rare thing for a statutory company, such, for instance, as a railway company, or for a joint stock company of any kind, to contribute from its funds to the campaign chests of political parties. The thing is not unknown—there was a case about a year ago in which the directors of one of the great railway companies were found to have subscribed to the Moderate party in the London County Council elections. But on the whole the practice is frowned upon both by public opinion and by the general sense of the commercial community. Nor does the political necessity for it exist in England. The reason, I believe, are mainly given to explain the theory of the alliance between corporations and politics in the United States. The first is that in an expanding, half-developed country the number of good things to be picked up in the way of concessions is beyond comparison greater than in such a land as England. The second reason why the trusts cannot leave politics alone in America is that politics cannot leave the trusts alone; and their action and reaction seem to be enormously intensified and complicated by the American system of government in self-contained compartments. With fifty-fold different governing authorities to placate, to defend itself against, and whose regulations it is bound to observe, an American insurance company or local or railway is more or less forced to make politics a branch of its business. The third reason for the constant intervention of corporations in political campaigns is the American tariff. It has given to political power a money and a money-making value. It has made it financially worth while for great industrial interests to capture parties, houses and conventions. And none of these reasons obtain in England, and one immense source of possible corruption is thus doomed at the fountain head. The evils of secret party funds and of wealthy political organizations that are accountable to no one are, no doubt, potentially serious, but so far they have done little real harm. Far more demoralizing is the universal scramble for honors. If this could be prevented I think that English politics would still maintain for many years their deserved reputation for purity.



One of the Twelve District Plague Stations from which official Ratcatchers are sent out

THE city of San Francisco has declared war upon her rat population, and a force of one hundred men is now employed in setting and handling traps every day throughout the city, as well as in distributing rat poison. This action is inspired by determination to stamp out the bubonic plague. As is well known, every great epidemic of plague in Asia has been ushered in by the death of innumerable rats from the same disease. The medium through which the disease is disseminated is the flea, which is the bane of life in California. By killing off the rats the authorities hope to get rid of the flea pest as well as the plague, which has become endemic in the city. The haunts of the rat population are chiefly in the neighborhood of the wharves.



Poisoning Bread, which is scattered about the Wharves and Seaside Haunts of the Rodents



Setting One of the Thousands of Traps which are scattered about the City

To encourage the populace of San Francisco to assist in the rat war, a bounty of twenty-five cents for each male rat and fifty cents for every female rat is paid to anybody bringing in carcasses. Rats are now being killed at the rate of 2300 a day, and in spite of the innumerable rodent population of the port it is believed that few rats will remain after the flea season opens on April 1. The bodies are labelled and sent to bacteriologists to be examined for evidences of plague. Every rat is carefully dissected, although as a rule only a single infected animal will be discovered among the thousands which pass through the hands of the operators. That the campaign has had good results up to the present is shown by the fact that during the past forty days only two cases of bubonic plague have occurred throughout the city.



Deputy Inspectors marking dead Rats for Identification and subsequent Dissection

SAN FRANCISCO'S WAR ON RATS

Teaching the Army Its Silent Language

By WILLIAM INGLIS



A Heliograph Class



FO all the magic that nowadays invests the art of war none is more marvelous than that employed in the signal service. The ablest warrior that ever lived said truly that an army marches on its stomach, and all the world approved his axiom; yet the eye of the army is quite as necessary as the stomach to its success. They who are strong for the march will be strong for the fight; but how useless is that strength without the eye to see and the voice to tell just where and when to strike. The Signal Corps is the eye and the voice of the army. It sees everything; directs everything. To compare its present wonderful and intricate mechanism with the primitive methods of scouting is to review at a glance the startling development of the art of war. He was the earliest general who first stole unseen through forests primeval and learned the numbers and disposition of a hostile camp so that he might lead his skin-clad warriors to the very point of which they might best dash in with their stone axes and flint-tipped spears. What a history of growth and invention lies between that rudimentary scouting and the hidden eye of the army of to-day, when a battle line is ten miles long, and that general has the greatest chance of success who is best able by means of skilled observers, themselves unseen and using the telegraph, the telephone, and the flight of wireless electric waves, to say where the hardest blow shall fall and to have his command instantly communicated throughout his widespread forces.



The Wireless Station on Bedloe's Island

will upon all the world, the lighting force of the American people may view all things that make for war. So many years ago that the memory of man runneth not back to the same, that bit of America which we generally know as Bedloe's Island or Liberty Island was officially known as Fort Wood. And Fort Wood, New York, it still stands upon the records of the War Department of the United States, although it no longer mounts ordnance for the defense of New York city.

At Fort Wood, which is one of the smallest posts numerically of the United States army, there is situated one of the most important parts of the army—a School of Instruction of the Signal Corps and supply depot for the same. There are never more than 120 men in the school, and at this moment there are only 130, but they are picked representatives from among a body of high average intelligence, and when they leave the school they are not only able to wigwag signals, which the average citizen has idea of their duty, but to build, equip, maintain, and operate telegraph, telephone, cable, and wireless lines of communication as well.

From this school within the last three years signal officers have gone out to every corner of the globe to which the United States army has penetrated. In the Philippines one can find hundreds of graduates from the tight little island which lies at the very threshold of gay New York, yet in sufficiently remote to exclude its pupils from the dazzling temptations of the metropolis. In Cuba other scores of these men have made maps of the country and reestablished telegraph and telephone lines as well as wireless stations. It is due to the efficient service of the Signal Corps that the small number of soldiers now in the island has been able to maintain unbroken the peace established by the large force that suppressed the revolution of 1906. In far Alaska it is the Signal Corps that has blazed trails, broken roads, and built the telegraph lines as vital in the development of the country.

Until the Statue of Liberty was erected a score of years ago, old Fort Wood, once of vital importance in the defense of New York, had been used for years as a magazine for the storage of powder for the forts between Sandy Hook and the east end of Long Island Sound. A small garrison was maintained to guard the magazine. When the Signal Corps moved in a new order of things was begun. The hollow ground about the base of the

pedestal of the Statue of Liberty was all filled in and graded, and the labyrinthine passages beneath the pedestal straightened out and neatly finished. A dozen acres were added by means of filling to the north shore of the island. There was much grading. Hills were laid low and waste places of the beach were raised high with new earth and made into pleasant lawns. Within a few months a complete system of new asphalt walks will be installed. An abundant water supply and a model modern sewerage system are already in use. If any Rip van Winkle in khaki should suddenly return to Fort Wood he would need the help of a guide before he could identify the old place.

All but two of the ancient and jaded wooden houses have vanished, and these two are going as fast as the wreckers can pull them apart. The new houses are the quarters of the commanding officer, the headquarters and principal school building, the hospital, the wireless telegraph building, the school building, and non-commissioned officers' quarters, the property depot, the lower plant, Post Exchange, stable, and storeroom building. The old hospital is so renovated as to be practically new.

And while all this work of reconstruction has been going on quickly on the School of Instruction has been adding steadily every year to the forces of skilled signal operators and telegraphers in the army. In fair weather and foul the men with wigwag flags and heliographs practice for hours with those at the cotting forts down the harbor, while the telegraph, telephone, and wireless telegraph are in constant use. Fort Wood has talked by wireless as far south as Atlantic City, New Jersey, and as far east as Newport, Rhode Island.

In the school of instruction the men are taught how to set up and maintain batteries, dynamo, instruments, etc., how to build and equip telegraph and telephone lines, how to operate telegraph instruments, and to set up and use the switchboards and other intricate apparatus. Part of all the schooling, in its practical application, is the workshop in which the pupils learn how to construct and repair the various instruments. No instrument is too big or too small, too delicate or too complicated, for these men to build or to repair and keep in perfect working order. Hardly a day passes, for example, without practice at splicing and laying cables for submarine telegraphs and telephones.

It often happens that soldiers who have become proficient in the Signal Corps are attracted by offers of big pay into the employ of concerns in commercial life as soon as their enlistment expires. Hundreds have gone that way.

But hundreds more have come in to take their places," says Captain George C. Barnell, commanding Fort Wood. "And the department does not look upon the men who have left the army as having gone out of the service forever. If there should be need of their services they would come back to the last man. They are not only good patriots, but they are grateful to the service whose teaching has enabled them to earn pay much larger than they could command if they had not enlisted in the Signal Corps."



An Instructor teaching the Class in Cable Splicing



PAST, PRESENT, —AND CUPID

A popular feature of the reconciliation between England and her South African subjects was the recent marriage of Miss Marie Botha, the youngest sister of the famous Boer general, who is now Premier of the Transvaal, to Mr. R. C. Barkis, a London barrister and secretary of the "Eighty Club," a prominent Liberal organization. The ceremony took place at the old Dutch church in Austin Friars, London. An interesting feature of the ceremony was an address delivered by Dr. Clifford, the leader of the Nonconformists, to the bride and groom after the wedding.



A QUEEN OF QUEENS IN PARIS

Every year the young women of the wholesale meat and provision markets and landladies of Paris elect a Queen of Queens to reign over the mid-Lent Carnival. On account of their good looks and every conspicuous the landladies, who form one of the most numerous bodies of working girls, have generally secured the office for one of their own number. This year, however, the honor has fallen to a "charcutière," or delicatessen girl, whose name is Mlle. Fernande Marin.



A NEW RELIC OF THE GREAT NELSON

A relic of Nelson has just come to light in the little Scotch village of Kirkpatrick, Dumfriesshire. It consists of the round engined brass box and short trap of plated red-brass hair shown in the photograph. The box apparently lay for many years forgotten at the back of a press in a horse-dealer's cottage, and was discovered by accident when some rubbish was being thrown away. The plate of hair, which is 2.2 inches long, exactly fills the box. Much speculation has been aroused as to how the relic came to be found in this out-of-the-way place, and some doubt as to its authenticity at first arose, but researches which have been made show that a branch of the Nelson family had moved to the manor of Chesham, in which the village of Kirkpatrick lies, at an earlier period, from Norfolk, and it is a fair inference that the piece of hair is that of the great admiral.



M. Clemenceau, the Premier of France (in the center), with M. Leprieux, the Prefect of Police, attending the unveiling of a tablet placed upon the house which Napoleon occupied at Chaumont-Ville.

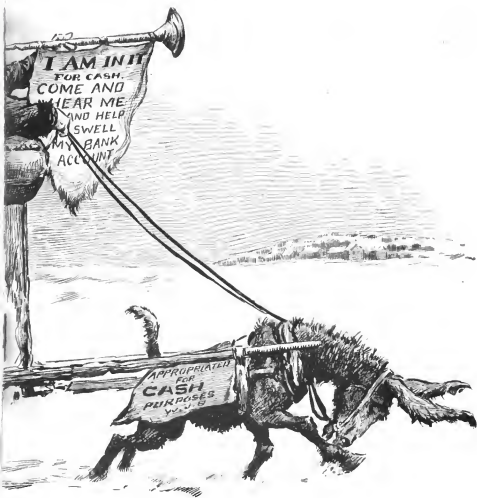
THE WAY OF THE WORLD ACROSS THE SEA



Hare

EN TOUR.

DRAWN BY



FOR CASH

F. KEMBLE

Books and Bookmen

· REX BEACH AND "THE BARRIER"

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU



SCENE: a room in a residence on the west side of upper New York. Kayaks and ooniks and angloks and caribou teeth and salmon skin boots and arrows and photographs and fowling pieces and igloos and whale harpoons and walrus tusks upon the wall. Upon the table glasses and ice and Seltzer water and three varieties of booze in bottles. A large man named Rex Beach is seated in an armchair.

You remember *The Spoilers*, one of the "best sellers" of the year—perhaps the best; that powerful Alaskan story wherein strong men make bold gun plays in dance halls, and Vigilantes fight crooks, and the corrupt forces of those in power struggle unscrupulously to snatch the fruits of their toil from those who have dug them from the ground. Developed in the first place from a desire to let the public know the corruption which existed in the Alaskan law courts, it was evolved by the author into a romance of enthralling interest.

Yet in *The Barrier*, Mr. Beach's new novel which has just been published, we have a second story of Alaska as compelling and strong as his first, and vastly superior to *The Spoilers* both in technique and power; woven round a plot which leads the reader from the beginning and makes him both to lay the book aside even when the story is ended.

It is a story of primitive passions, of a great hate and a great love. In Flambeau, the little trading post, Gale, the old trader, dwells with his squaw and the three children. To Flambeau come gold prospectors from all ends of the earth: Remona and Rex Stark, gamblers and desperados, "No Creek" Lee, the luckless miner, and, to preserve order and law, Meade Burrell, a young Kentucky lieutenant, of an old family, in charge of a small detail of soldiers. Burrell loves Necia Gale, the daughter of the old trader, not knowing that she is a "breed," and when she learns that marriage with him would ruin his career she renounces him. There is only one possible solution to the problem, through confession on the part of Gale. The confession is made, but before giving himself up to the law, Gale and Stark, old rivals and enemies, come together in a life and death grapple. But there are gentler characters than these. There is the exquisite portrayal of the girl herself, Necia, the one good woman in the camp, the picturesque Polona Dorset, and the manly young hero, Lieutenant Meade Burrell, both Necia's lovers, nor must one forget the patient figure of Gale's squaw and the youngsters.

"How did you come to write *The Barrier*?" I asked; for the book leaves the impression that the author has drawn largely upon his own experiences.

"Are all these people real?"

"Most of them are," Mr. Beach replied. "Flambeau is in reality Rampart City, the first camp I struck when I went up to the Klondike eleven years ago. Gale is real, and so is the lieutenant, although of course I have invented their histories. 'No Creek' Lee was an old miner, one of the quietest of characters. He never had any luck, and when others made their fortunes he couldn't even find gold upon his claim.

"*The Spoilers* was really only a high-class sensational story," he continued. "I wrote it originally as an exposure of the corrupt judges and lawyers up in Alaska, and I had some difficulty in convincing the editors who published it serially that it wasn't too yellow for their dignified pages. You think *The Barrier* better?"

"Immensely better, in the opinion of all who had compared it with *The Spoilers*, I told him. Surprisingly so, because he had escaped the temptation to produce shoddy work, which a first success so often induces.

"I'm once it ought to be," said Mr. Beach. "I spent eight or nine weeks drafting it, besides the time devoted to rewriting and polishing it up. Lots of people have asked me why I confine my work to Alaskan scenes. I'm going to spread out and do other stories later, of course, but I'm not in any big hurry. I think an author can easily overreach and make a fool of himself if he tries to be too versatile. I've two or three Alaska stories to tell yet; one about the fisheries, in particular. That's an immensely interesting subject, and the local color is quite different from that of the mining camps. I'm going up to Alaska in about eight weeks' time to do some hunting, and, incidentally, to let the theme of my next novel soak into me."

"But, to come back to *The Barrier*, how did you get your material for the old squaw Al-luna?"

"Speaking of squaws," Mr. Beach said, reminiscently, as he toyed idly with an oonikak, "we used to have fine times dancing with them up there. We danced in hotelized boots on the whipsaw boards—the kind that project over each other, you know, so that when you come to the edge of a board you have to reverse. The orchestra usually consisted of two men hitting a fiddle, one with a bow and the other with a couple of straws, which gives the effect of a drum.

"There was Babe, for instance. Babe was a beautiful squaw. She used to dance so gracefully. I didn't think she knew enough to reverse, though, and so, as I said, I used to reverse only when I came to the edge of a board. One night she quit me cold in the middle of the floor. 'Aw! no good dance,' she said. 'Too much one way go.' They're not really known as squaws, but kloteches. Before they're married they're called chloteches.

"They're not at all bad-looking, and the best-hearted creatures. Many a man in Alaska owes his life to the natives who have taken him in and fed and sheltered him. The Eskimos and Siwash are both high-grade Indians."

Mr. Beach seemed pleased to learn that *The Barrier* was considered far better than *The Spoilers*.

"Of course I'm learning right along," he said, modestly. "Just now I'm busy on a play, called 'Going Some,' a four-act comedy of college life and college chaps and all that sort of thing. Of course they don't really wear chaps out West, except when going through scrub, and they never get a chance to bathe, and any man who carried a gun would get arrested; but on the stage things are different. I'm doing this in collaboration with Paul Armstrong, the man that wrote *Antony and Cleopatra*.

(Continued on page 27.)



Rex Beach
AUTHOR OF "THE BARRIER"



The Season's Plays

FROM RUSSIA TO THE HIPPODROME

By "J"



Y far the most striking thing about the new play recently produced by Mr. E. H. Sothern at the Lyric Theatre is its name. This entertainment is founded upon Dostoevski's famous novel, *Crime and Punishment*, and Mr. Laurence Irving acknowledges responsibility for the adaptation. But Mr. Irving has not been content with the simple and effective title of the novel; he has seen fit—why, it would be difficult to say—to encumber it with the following pompous Biblical label: "The Fish Bath Sully: 'There is No God'"—a title which would kill the best play ever written; and Mr. Irving's play is not quite that. It is melancholy to reflect upon the probable size of Mr. Sothern's printing bills, and upon the weariness which must long since have fallen upon those who, being concerned in its production, have had frequently to call it by name. It would throw a not valueless sidelight upon the devious byways of psychology if one could know how such a preposterous title came to be selected.

However, let us to the play. The scenes are laid in Russia; the time is the present. The hero, a student named Rodion Raskolnikov, is afflicted with revolutionary ideas. He is a philosophical anarchist, and he believes that murder is at times justifiable and praiseworthy. When he learns that a penniless and pretty young innocent whom he knows, one *Sonia*, is in peril through the oppressive inhumanity of her landlord, he concludes that the time has come for him to act upon his convictions. He thereupon murders the landlord. The rest of the play is concerned with his endeavor to escape the consequences. He is put through a "third degree" process by a shrewd and implacable magistrate, and escapes actual indictment; but, in the end, *Sonia* converts him to her religious beliefs and he confesses his crime. He is sentenced to a brief term in Siberia, but the audience is led to understand that upon his release he and *Sonia* will modulate into the perfect cadence of conjugal felicity.

It is a pity to have to say it, but whatever may be the merits of Dostoevski's celebrated book, the dramatic relish of which Mr. Irving has made it fat, fascinating, and intelligible, it is too long, it drags in the movement, and it utterly fails to "convince." Rodion's conversion at the end strikes one as altogether facetious—violently improbable; and the concluding scene, in which *Sonia* is made to recite the Lord's Prayer in full, is as offensive as it is ineffective.

It must be said that Mr. Sothern regards upon the part of the unhappy murderer a degree of historic intelligence, which, while it makes a deep impression through its individual intensity, does little to redeem the play. The part of *Bezik*, the magistrate, is likewise well acted by Mr. Adolph Lestlin, and little Miss Zylina (see *Shannon*, as *Katasha*), exhibits a very promising degree of skill and ability. The rest of the cast is moderately capable.

Let us conclude with the observation that Mr. Sothern, in continuing this play, is wasting his time and his talent.

There is no frost at the Hippodrome, but there is unlimited snow. The programme opens with a winter scene at Port Arthur, and closes with a snow carnival. Now "I" know where all the waste paper goes. It is purchased by Shirket agents and cut up into snow-fakes.

In earlier life, when "I" lived upon canned meats cooked

over a hall-bedroom gas flame, "I" once bought something with a picture on the label, called "Angels' Food."—"I" remember it distinctly, by reason of its cosmopolitan flavor; it was, so to say, nothing and everything, because the various compounds were so skillfully blended as to convey the elemental taste of hash. This recollection was brought back startlingly to me when the spectacle was ended. There were elephants and clowns and trained cats, horses and dogs, policemen, soldiers, snore, pigeons, and mules, snow, a chorus of maidens, acrobats, snore, Persian gymnasts, and snore.

The opening spectacle is a lurid two-net hippodrama entitled "The Battle of Port Arthur." Act I. shows us the city square, covered with snow, which is still falling. Crowds in the street are begging for bread, while in the prison yard Japanese captives press the steel bars against their iron frames. Later Captain Fushiko, of the Japanese army. "You are a spy," cries Colonel *Obeg*, commander-in-chief of the garrison. "No," is the reply, "I have come to find *Riska*, the daughter of Colonel *Oekiki*, who was lost while riding with her groom." "And what does she want here?" demands Colonel *Obeg*, as his minions seize the covering maidens. "Bread," replies Captain Fushiko, witheringly, turning on his heel. Suddenly a cannonade is heard. The walls are pierced by shells, the Japanese rush in, and Port Arthur is taken.

Act II. shows us the Russian camp at 263 Metro Hill. Enter Captain Fushiko. "Seize him," cries Colonel *Obeg*; "he is a spy." "No," retorts the captain with withering emphasis, pulling a bag of treasure out of his coat pocket. "I have come for *Riska*, the daughter of Colonel *Oekiki*, who was lost while riding with her groom." "Tell Colonel *Oekiki* to come himself for her." "He will come," replies Fushiko, "and at his back will come the army of Japan." True to his word the army of Japan comes, and, in a furious rain-storm, the whole twenty of them climb the perpendicular fort and capture it. The flying Russians plunge into the lake, to rise no more. *Riska* swoons upon the ramparts, Captain Fushiko mops his face with the flag of truce, and the curtain rises. [It works upside down by the way.]

The second spectacle takes us into the realms of the pastoral. "Lady Gay's Garden Party" is likewise in two acts. The first shows us the cinema with which *Lady Gay* speaks enters, trains her guests, and consists of the usual acrobatic performances and animal tricks: our ancient friend the dancing horse; the dog that swings the pony; and the unwilling ass laboriously evoking diurnal strains through the medium of a hand organ. The best features are the cats and the clown. Cats rush in from the wings and leap into a basket which is suspended from the Port Arthur icicles (still visible at the top of the scenery). When they are safely ensconced the basket is raised, and pigeons, bearing varicolored ribbons in their bills, fly through the air and alight upon the rim, where they settle among their fellow friends. *Marceline*, the clown, whose high rank among his contemporaries is displayed by the white face with a red collar-piece (as honor only accorded to augusts, or clowns of the first grade), is scintillatingly funny, and many of the time-honored jokes take on a new significance under his auspices. Spectacular displays representing the seasons enter the performance.



Mr. Sothern in The-Play-with-the-longest-Title-on-Record



The Arrival of the Vanderbilt Horses at Tilbury, on Board the "Minotapola"

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt (in the Ulster) at Tilbury



The famous "Greys," two of which won all Prizes in America and England

NEW HORSES FOR OLD ROADS

MR. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT WILL REVIVE THIS SPRING THE SPLENDOR OF THE OLD COACHING DAYS IN ENGLAND. HE HAS SENT TO ENGLAND HIS COACH "VENTURE" AND EIGHTY FAST HORSES, AMONG THEM BEING HIS FAMOUS GRAYS. HE WILL CARRY PASSENGERS BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON



Music and the Opera

A DELIVERANCE BY MR. REGER

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



IF more one hears of the new music that is being put forth by Germany the stronger grows one's conviction of the paucity of any genuine creative impulse in that country today, with a single commanding exception, and that exception is, of course, the phenomenal Richard Strauss. It is doubtless a little unreasonable to expect

to be able to give in this matter to the amiable lady who told Matthew Arnold that she liked to feel that catholic excellence was "common and abundant." As the sagacious Arnold pointed out, it is not in the nature of aesthetic excellence that it should be "common and abundant"; on the contrary, he observed, excellence dwells among rocks hardly accessible, and a man must almost wear his heart out before he can reach her. All of this is quite unanswerable; yet, so far as musical Germany is concerned, is not the situation rather singular? There are in France to-day at least three men who produce music that is both original and important; in Italy there are two whose individuality is marked; Russia has three music-makers whose artistic profiles are of salient character; contemporary England is, so far as we are concerned, a musical terra incognita, but in these despised United States there is at least one creative musician who is producing work of a commanding quality. Yet Germany—the Germany which yielded the royal line founded by Bach and continued by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Wagner—can show us to-day, save for the productions of the unique Strauss, only such things as the "Tosca" of Mr. Boer, upon which we commented in this place only weeks ago, the pompous and futile symphony by Hermann Bischoff recently performed here under Dr. Meck, and the Variations and Fugue by the much-discussed Max Reger, made known a little later under the same brilliant auspices—which forms the particular text for these number reflections.

It has been remarked before on this page that such enterprise as Dr. Meck has shown, and as other conductors have shown in making known here novelties of a like character, is the kind of enterprise which must be unflinchingly persisted in if we are to avoid stagnation; better, it was said, the disclosure of repeated banalities, than the failure to uncover, through a drowsy complacency, even a minor masterpiece. Therefore it was well that Mr. Reger's piece should have been set before us.

Reger is regarded by many in Germany with sincere veneration. He is held to be not only a master of the architectonics of his art, but a creator of rich inventive powers, a radical in the matter of harmonic effect, a music-maker of pith and learning, altogether a man of mark. Timid souls have gasped at his daring in the use of strange and unprecedented effects, and he has said to have inspired the phillistines and enragé the conservatives by his Olympian disregard of the rules of the game. And yet—and yet—we have listened with infinite respect and incoercible patience to Mr. Reger's latest and (presumably) most justly representative composition, his Variations and Fugue on a theme by Hilber, opus folio, the work played by Dr. Meck and the Boston virtuosi—and we are obliged to confess a complete inability to perceive any reason for the breathless excitement which Mr. Reger's inspirations are alleged to have caused in his native land. These Variations have for their theme a tune by Johann Adam Hilber, and that most dauntless and resourceful of sonnetiers, Mr. Philip Hale, has identified this tune as one from "The Harvest Wreath" (*Der Erntedankes*), an operetta published in 1771. In itself, it

is trivial and unimportant enough, but it has served well as a stalking-horse for Mr. Reger's technical ingenuity, which is truly extraordinary. The several variations which it has germinated are remarkable for their complexity and variety of structure, for the admirable and superbly confident skill with which they are carried through. They have, too, at moments, a certain impressiveness, a certain firmness and dignity of line, which make their effect. But of the originality, the harmonic fervor, the ruthless and iconoclastic innovations which we had been led to expect from Mr. Reger there is not a trace. This music roars very gently indeed, and it is almost as innocent of new and pregnant ideas as, in its own day, was the music of the lamented Hilber. It is devoid of anything which approaches beauty of a conventional and wholly normal kind, and it is, as has been said, extremely ingenious—masterly, indeed—in *facture*. But that, alas, is not the end of the praise with which one had hoped to greet Mr. Reger's deliverance.

The demand for new roles to serve the purposes of Mrs. Tetrazzini at the Manhattan has led Mr. Hammerstein into fields strange to the contemporary opera-goer. Almost a quarter of a century ago the immortal Patti appeared at the Academy of Music as *Amelia* in the Ricci brothers' comic opera, "*Crispino e la Comare*," called in English "*The Cobbler and the Fair*." Since then this work had passed, as it seemed, into the spacious limbo where dwell so many successes of operatic yesterdays. Mr. Hammerstein probably did wisely in reviving it—at least, the action will seem wise so long as he has at his disposal a singer so brilliantly facile and with so true a sense of comedy as Mrs. Tetrazzini, though the part gives her fewer opportunities than do several of the other operas in which she has been heard here.

The "book" of "*Crispino e la Comare*" is by the indefatigable Fiave, who supplied Verdi with the libretto of certain of his lyric melodramas. Crispino, and Amelia, his wife, are a luckless, penniless, Venetian couple, with a large family. Crispino endeavors to earn his bread as a cobbler, while his spouse peddles songs and ballads to the streets; but they are both equally unsuccessful.

They are threatened by their landlady, *Asdrubale*, with a distraint for rent. Crispino, driven wild by despair, resolves to put an end to his woes by throwing himself into a well. He is just about to fulfill his rash intention when a Fairy rises from the water and bids him take heart, for she will benevolently protect him and provide for him. She proceeds to inform him that, in order to carry out a certain "speculation" of her own, she intends forthwith to make an "illustrious Doctor" of him; adding that, whenever he visits a patient, he must be careful to look around and note whether she be present (though invisible to all save Crispino), for in that case the patient will die; but should she not make her appearance, the sufferer will surely recover.

Crispino, through the supernatural agency of the Fairy, performs several marvellous cures, and accumulates riches beyond his fondest dreams. But his new-found grandeur makes him haughty and supercilious. As a punishment for his arrogance, the Fairy causes him to sink through the earth to her subterranean abode, where she informs him that his last four is at hand. He persuades her to spare his life, and promises that he will show himself an exemplary husband and father.

The opera, though it is far from being musically distinguished, is entertaining, and it is well and spiritedly performed at the Manhattan.



Dr. Karl Meck

THE ADMIRABLE CONNECTION WHOM CONNECTION WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA COMES TO AN END THIS SEASON

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Michens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHEEP," ETC.

CHAPTER IV



THE Antico Giuseppe, Artiole left the boat from the islet and, taking another, was rowed towards the public gardens of Naples, whose trees were faintly visible far off across the bay. Usually he talked familiarly to any Neapolitan with whom he found himself, but to-day he was taciturn, and sat in the stern of the broad-bottomed craft, looking towards the city in silence, while the boatman plied his oars. The memory of his conversation with Hermione in the Grotto of Virgil, of her manner, the look in her eyes, the sound of her voice there, gave him food for thought that was deep and serious.

Although Artiole had an authoritative, and often an ironical, manner that frightened timid people, he was a man capable of much emotion and of great loyalty. He did not easily trust or easily love, but in those whom he had thoroughly proved he had a confidence as complete as that of a child. And where he placed his complete confidence he placed also his affection. The one went with the other almost as inevitably as the wave goes with the wind.

In their discussions about the emotion of the heart Artiole had spoken the truth to Hermione. As he had grown older he had felt the influence of women less. The pleasure of sentiment had been gradually superseded in his nature—or so at least he honestly believed—by the purely intellectual pleasures. More and more completely and contentedly had he lived in his work, and in the life of preparation for it. This life could never be narrow, for Artiole was a traveller, and studied many lands.

In the years that had elapsed since the tragedy in Sicily, when the husband of Hermione had met his death suddenly in the sea, almost in sight of the home of the girl he had betrayed, the fame of Artiole had grown steadily. And he was jealous of his fame almost as a good woman is jealous of her honor. This jealousy had led him to a certain selfishness of which he was quite aware—even to a certain lawlessness such as he had hated in Hermione. Those who strove, or seemed likely to strive, to interrupt him in his work, he pushed out of his life. Even if they were charming women he got rid of them. And the fact that he did so proved to him, and not improbably to them, that he was more wrapped up in the gratification of the mind than in the gratification of the heart, or of the body. It was not that the charm of charming women had ceased to please him, but it seemed to have ceased really to fascinate him.

Long ago, before Hermione married, he had felt for her a warm and intimate friendship. He had even been jealous of Maurice. Without being at all in love, he had cared enough for Hermione to be jealous. Before her marriage he had looked forward in imagination down a vista of long years, and had seen her with a husband, then with children, always more definitely separated from himself.

And he had seen himself exceptionally alone, even almost miserably alone.

Then fate had spun tragedy into her web. He had nearly died in Africa, and had been nursed back to life by this friend of whom he had been jealous. And they had gone together to Sicily, to the husband whose memory Hermione still adored. And then had followed swiftly the murder, the murderer's departure to America, saved by the silence of Gaspare, and the journey of the bereaved woman to Italy, where Artiole had left her and returned to France.

Once more Artiole had his friend, released from the love of another man. But he wished it were not so. Hermione's generosity met with a full response of generosity from him. All his gentleness and selfishness dropped from him then, shaken down like dead leaves by the tempest of a genuine emotion. His knowledge of her grief, his understanding of its depth, brought to him a sorrow that was keen, and even exquisitely painful. For a long while he was preoccupied by an intense desire to revenge it. He strove to do so by acting silent in defiance of his nature, by feigning deception. From the Abbezzo Hermione had written him letters, human documents—the tale of the suffering of a woman's heart. Many reserves she had from him and from every one. The most intimate agency was for her alone, and she kept it in her soul as the priest keeps the Sacred Host in his tabernacle. But some of her grief she showed in her letters, and some of her desire for comfort. And, without any definite intention, she indicated to her subtle and devoted friend the only way in which he could console her.

For once, driven by his emotion, he took that way.

He allowed Hermione to believe that he agreed with her in the conception she had formed of her husband's character and of her husband's love for her. It was difficult for him to do this, for he had an almost cruel passion for truth, and generally a clear insight into human character. For less than many others would have condemned him to be, in his mind, condemn the man who was dead for the sin against love that he had committed. He had understood Maurice as Hermione had not understood him, and knowledge is full of pardon. But though he could pardon easily he could not easily pretend. By pretending he aimed against himself, and helped his friend some steps along the way to peace. He thought he had helped her to go much further along that way than she had gone. And he thought that Vere had helped her too.

Now the hollow outcries of the rock in Virgil's Grotto seemed to be in his heart, as he realized how permanent was the storm in Hermione's nature. Something for her he had done. And something much more, no doubt, Vere had done. But how little it all was!

The helplessness gave to him a new understanding of women. Hermione had allowed him great privileges, had allowed him to protect her, had taken his advice. After Vere was born she had wished to go back again to Sicily. The house of the priest, where she had been so happy, and so sad, drew her. She longed for it. She desired to make it her home. He had fought against her in this matter, and had been aided by Gaspare.

There had been a subtle understanding, never expressed, between the boy and him.

Artiole had played upon her intellect, had appealed, too, to her mother's heart.

He had not urged her to try to forget, but he had urged her not morbidly to remember. He had tried to cheer her and to foster the memory of the tragedy which had broken her life. To go back to that tiny home, solitary in its beautiful situation, in the changed circumstances which were hers, would be, he told her, to court not to summon sorrow. He was even cruel to be kind. When Hermione combated his view, asserting his that to her Mrs. Amato was like a secret place, in place hallowed by memories of happiness, he recalled the despair in which that happiness had ended. With all the force at his command, and it was great, he drew the picture of the life that would be in comparison with the life that had been. And he told her finally that what she wished to do was morbid, was unworthy of her strength of character, was even wicked now that she was a mother. He brought before her mind those widows who make a cult of their dead. Would she be one of them? Would she steep a little child in such an atmosphere of memories, casting a young and tender mind backward into a cruel past instead of leading it forward into a joyous present? Maurice had been the very soul of happiness. Vere must be linked with the umbrellas. With his utmost subtlety Artiole described and traced the effect upon a tiny and sensitive child of a mother's influence, whether for good or evil, until Hermione, who had a deep reverence for his knowledge of all phases of human nature, at last, in despite of the truth which he, of the interior voice which said to her, "With you and Vere it would not be so," caught alarm from his apparent alarm, drew distrust of herself from his apparent distrust of her.

Gaspare, too, played his part. When Hermione spoke to him of returning to the priest's house, almost wildly, and with the hot energy that Laura so readily up in Sicily, he begged her not to go back to the underlife zone in which his padrone's dead had lain. As he spoke a genuine fear of the cottage came upon him. All the latent superstition that dwells in the contadino was stirred as dust by a wind. In clouds it flew up about his mind. Fear looked out of his great eyes. Dread was eloquent in his gestures. And he, too, referred to the child, the poor little Jean-Kins. It would cost ill-luck on the child to bring her up in a chamber of death. Her saint would forsake her. Her too would die. The boy worked himself up into a fever. His face was white. Drops of sweat stood on his forehead.

He had set out to be desperate—that he would have called as gaspare as he had even deceived himself. He knew that it would be dangerous for his padrone to live again near Maurice. Any day a chance scrap of gossip might reach her ears. In time she would be certain almost to hear something of the dead padrone's close acquaintance with the dwellers in the Casa del Signore. She would question him, perhaps. She would suspect something. She would inquire. She would search. She would find out the hidden truth. It was this fear which made him agree on the same side as Artiole. But in doing so he caught another fear from his own words. He became really natural, really truthful in his fear. And—he surely knew why—Hermione was not

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more governed by him than by Artois. He had lived with them in the Casa del Prete, been an intimate part of their life there. And he was Sicilian of the soil. The boy had a real power to move, to dominate her, which he did not then suspect.

Again and again he repeated those words, "*La povera biondia — la povera povera biondia.*" And at last Hermione was overcome.

"I won't go to Sicily," she said to Artois. "For if I went there I could only go to Monte Amato. I won't go until Vere is old enough to wish to go, to wish to see the house where my father and I were happy."

And she had never gone back. For Artois had not been satisfied with this early victory.

In returning from a tour in North Africa the following spring, when Vere was nearly two years old, he had paid a visit to Marchiaro, and, while there, had seen the contadino from whom Hermione had rented, and still rented, the house of the priest. The man was middle-aged, ignorant but shrewd, and very greedy. Artois made friends with him, and casually, over a glass of *moscato*, talked about his affairs and the land question in Sicily. The peasant became communicative and, of course, laid in his complaining. His land yielded nothing. The price of almonds had gone down. The lemon crop had been ruined by the storms. As to the vines—

they were all devoured by the phylloxera, and he had no money to buy and plant vines from America. Artois listed that he received a good rent from the English lady for the cottage on Monte Amato. The contadino, taken aback, that he received a fair price for the cottage and the land about it; but the house, he declared, would go to rack and ruin with no one ever in it, and the land was lying idle, for the English lady would have everything left exactly as it had been when she lived there with her husband. Artois seized upon this hint of what was in the peasant's mind, and began to talk with him about his situation. The house ought to be occupied, the land all about it, up to the very door, and belied upon the sunny mountainside, planted with American vines. If it belonged to him that was what he would do—plant American vines, and when the years of yielding came, give a good percentage on all the wine made and sold to the man who had tilled the vineyard.

The peasant's love of money awoke. He only let the cottage to Hermione year by year, and had an contract with her extending beyond a twelve months' lease. Before Artois left Marchiaro the tender treachery was arranged. When the year's lease was up, the contadino wrote to her declining to renew it. She answered, protesting, offering more money, but it was all in vain. The man replied that he had already let the cottage and the land around it to a grover of vines for a long term of years, and that he was getting double the annual price she offered.

Hermione was indignant and bitterly distressed. When this letter reached her she was at Fiesole with Vere in a villa which she had taken. She would probably have started at once for Sicily; but Vere was just then ill with some infantile complaint, and could not be left. Artois, who was in Rome, and had received from her the news of this carefully arranged disaster, offered to go to Sicily on her behalf—and actually went. He returned to tell her that the house of the priest was already occupied by contadini, and all the land up to the very door in process of being dug up and planted with vines. It was useless to make any further effort. The thing was done.

Hermione said nothing, but Artois saw in her eyes how heavily she was suffering, and turned his own eyes away. He was only trying to preserve her from greater unhappiness, the agony of ever finding out the truth; but he felt guilty at that moment, and as if he had been cruel to the woman who roused all his tenderness, all his protective instinct.

"I shall not go back to Marchiaro now," Hermione said. "I shall not go back even to see the grave. I could never feel that anything of his spirit lingered there. But I did feel, I should have felt again, as if something of him still loved that little house on the mountainside, still stayed among the oak trees. It seemed to me that when I took Vere to the Casa del Prete she would have learned to know something of her father there that she could never have learned to

know in another place. But now—no, I shall not go back. If I did I should even lose my memories, perhaps, and I could not bear that."

And she had not returned. Gaspare went to Marchiaro sometimes, to see his family and his friends. He visited the grave and saw that it was properly kept. But Hermione remained in Italy. For some time she lived near Florence, first at Fiesole, later at Bellaguarda. When the summer heat came she took a villa at the Abetone. Or she spent some months with Vere beside the sea. As the girl grew older she developed a passion for the sea, and seemed to care little for the fascination of the pine forests. Hermione, noting this, gave up going to the Abetone, and took a house by the sea for the whole summer. Two years they were at Santa Margherita, one year at Sorrento.

Then, sailing one evening on the sea towards Bagnoli, they saw the house on the inlet beyond the Piod di San Francesco. Vere was enchanted by it.

"To live in it," she exclaimed, "would be almost like living in the sea."

Hermione, too, was fascinated by its situation, the loneliness, the wildness, yet the radiant cheerfulness of it. She made inquiries, found that it was owned by a Neapolitan who scarcely ever went there, and eventually succeeded in getting it on a long lease. For two years now she and Vere had spent the summer there.

Artois had noticed that since Hermione had been in the Casa del Mare an old desire had begun to revive in her. She spoke more frequently of Sicily. Often she stood on the rocks and looked across the sea and he knew that she was thinking of those beloved coasts—of the luscious water, of the blossoming almond trees among the olives and the rocks, of the scarlet geraniums glowing among the thorny cactus, of the giant watercourses leaping up into the mountains. A longer was awake in her, now that she had a home so near the enchanted island.

He realized it. But he was no longer much afraid. So many years had passed that even if Hermione visited Marchiaro he believed there would be little or no danger now of her ever learning the truth. It had never been known in the village, and if it had been suspected, all the suspicious must have long ago died away. He had less successful in his protection. He was shocked that it was the one thing he had been able to do for the friend who had done so much for him.

The tragedy had occurred because of him. Because of him all knowledge of it had been kept from Hermione, and would now be kept from her forever—because of him and Gaspare. This he had been able to do. But how powerless he was, and how powerless was Vere!

Now he looked vaguely at the villas of Posillipo, and he realized this thoroughly.

Something for her he had done, and something Vere had done. But how little it all was!

To-day a new light had been thrown upon Hermione, and he realized what she was as he had never realized it before. No, she was right. She could never live fully as a girl child—she was not made to do that. Why had he ever thought, hoped that perhaps it might be that perhaps Vere might some day completely and happily fill her life? Long ago he had encouraged her to work, to write. Misled by her keen intelligence, her enthusiasm, her sincerity and vitality, by the passion that was in her, the great heart, the power of feeling, the power of criticizing and inspiring another which she had freely shown to him, Artois had believed—as he had once said to her in London—that she might be an artist, but that she preferred to be simply a woman. But he found it was not so. Hermione had not the peculiar gift of the writer. She could feel, but she could not arrange.

She could discern, but she could not expose. A flood of words came to her, but not the inevitable word. She could not take that exquisite leap from the known into the unknown which genius can take with the certainty of alighting on firm ground. In short, she was not formed and endowed to be an artist. About such matters Artois knew only how to be sincere. He was sincere with his friend, and she thanked him for being so.

One possible life was taken from Hermione, the life of the



"It is the greatest mistake in the world to bother about to-morrow's mischance!"

artist who lives in the life of the work.

There remained the life in Vere. To-day Ariola knew from Hermione's own lips that she could not live completely in her child, and he felt that he had been blind as men are often blind about women, are blind because they are secretly selfish. The man lives for himself, but he thinks it natural, even distastefully womanly, that women should live for others—for him, for some other man, for their children. What man finds his life in his child? But the woman—she surely ought to, and without difficulty. Hermione had been sincere to-day, and Ariola knew his blindness, and knew his secret selfishness.

The gray was lifting a little over Naples, the distant shadowy form of Vesuvius was becoming clearer, more firm in outline. But the boatman rowed slowly, influenced by the seclusion.

How, then, was Hermione to live? How was she to find happiness or peace? It was a problem which he debated with an order that had in it something of passion. And he began to wonder how it would have been if he had acted differently, if he had allowed her to find out what he suspected to be the exact truth of the dead man. Long ago he had saved her from suffering. But by doing so had he not dedicated her, not to a greater, but to a longer suffering? He might have deduced a beautiful memory. He must have done so had he acted differently. But if he had deduced it, might not Hermione have been the subject of a grosser revelation? Horror can kill, but it can also cure. It can surely root out love. But from such a heart as Hermione's?

Despite all his understanding of women, Ariola felt at a loss to-day. He could not make up his mind what would have been the effect upon Hermione if she had learned that her husband had betrayed her.

Presently he left that subject and came to Vere.

When he did this he was conscious at once of a change within him. His tenderness and pity for Hermione were replaced by another tenderness and pity. And those were wholly for Vere. Hermione was suffering because of Maurice. But Vere was surely suffering, subconsciously, because of Hermione.

There were two links in the chain of suffering, that between Maurice and Hermione, and that between Hermione and Vere.

For a moment he felt as if Vere were betrayed, were motherless. The sensation passed directly he realized the exaggeration in his mind. But he still felt as if the girl were deprived of something which she ought to possess, which, till now, he had thought she did possess. It seemed to him that Vere stood quite outside of her mother's life, instead of in it, in its centre, its core; and he pitied the child, almost as he pitied other children from time to time, children to whom their mothers were indifferent. And yet Hermione loved Vere, and Vere could not know what he had only known completely to-day—that the mother often felt lonely with the child.

Vere did not know that, but surely some day she would find it out.

Ariola knew her character well, knew that she was very sensitive, very passionate, quick to feel and quick to understand. He discovered in her qualities inherited both from her father and her mother, attributes both English and Sicilian. In appearance she resembled her father. She had "thrown back" to the Sicilian ancestor, as he had. She had the southern eyes, the southern gaze, the southern vivacity and warmth that had made him so attractive. But Ariola divined a certain subtleties in Vere that had been lacking in the dead man, a subtleties that took its rise not in stupidity but in a secret consciousness of force.

Vere, Ariola thought, might be violent, but would not be feeble. She had a loyalty in her that was Sicilian in its fervor, a sense of gratitude such as the comrade have, although by many it is denied to them; a quick and lively temper, but a disposition that responded to joy, to brightness, to gaiety, to sunlight, with a vivacious, almost a serene, that was entirely non-English.

Her father had been the dancing fawn. She had said, could never have his gift of thoughtfulness. For she had intellect, derived from Hermione, and an odd trustfulness that was certainly non-Sicilian. Often there came that Ariola called "Northern Light" in her sincerity. The strain in her, united, made, he thought, a



Shutting his eyes for a moment as if to ward off some dreadful vision

fascinating blend. But as yet she was undeveloped—an interesting, a charming child, but only a child. In many ways she was young for her age. Highly intelligent, she was anything rather than "knowing." Her innocence was like clear water in a spring. The gracefulness of youth was hers to the full.

As Ariola thought of it he was conscious, as of a new thing, of the wonderful beauty of such innocent youth.

It was horrible to connect it with suffering. And yet that link in the chain did exist. Vere had not something that surely she ought to have, and without consciously missing it, she must sometimes realize, perhaps vaguely, be aware that there was a lack in her life. Her mother gave her great love, but she was not to her mother what a son would have been. And the love that is mingled with regret has surely something shadowy in it.

Maurice Delaney had been as the embodiment of joy. It was strange that from the faintest of joy sorrow was thrown up. But so it was. From him sorrow had come. From him sorrow might still come, even for Vere.

In the white and silent day Ariola again felt the stirring of intuition, as he had felt it long ago. But now he roused himself, and resolutely, almost angrily, detached his mind from its excursions towards the future.

"Do you often think of to-morrow?" he suddenly said to the boatman, breaking from his silence.

"Sigher?"

"Do you often wonder what is going to happen to-morrow, what you will do, whether you will be happy or sad?"

The man threw up his hand. "No, signore. Whatever comes is destiny. If I had food to-day it is enough for me. Why should I bother about to-morrow's maccheroni?"

Ariola smiled. The boat was close in now to the round platform of stone that projected beneath the wall of the Marina.

As he stepped out he gave the boatman a generous huomano. "You are quite right, comrade," he said. "It is the greatest mistake in the world to bother about to-morrow's maccheroni."

CHAPTER V

THREE days after Ariola's conversation with Hermione in the Grotto of Virgil the Marchese Indro Fanciulli came smiling to his friend's apartments in the Hotel Royal des Etrangers. He was smartly dressed in the palest possible shade of gray, with a bright pink tie, pink socks, brown shoes of the rather bottle-like shape affected by many young Neapolitans, and a round straw hat, with a small brim, that was not slightly on the side of his curly head. In his mouth was a cigarette, and in his buttonhole a pink carnation. He took Ariola's hand as he left the boat, squeezed it affectionately, murmured, "Caro Emilio," and sat down in an easy attitude on the sofa, putting his hat and stick on a table near by.

It was quite evident that he had come for no special reason. He had just dropped in, as he did whenever he felt inclined to gossip with "Caro Emilio," and it never occurred to him that possibly he might be interrupting an important piece of work. The Marchese could not realize work. He knew his friend published books. He even saw him sometimes actually engaged in writing them, pen in hand. But he was sure anybody would be rather sit and chatter with him, or tear him play a value on the piano, or a bit of the "Bok-wa," than bend over a table all by himself. And Ariola always welcomed him. He liked him. But it was not only that which made him complaisant. Doro was a type, and a singularly perfect one.

Now Ariola had drawn his pen, and pulled forward an armchair opposite to the sofa.

"Non Doro, Doro! How fresh you look, like a fish just pulled out of the sea!"

The Marchese showed his teeth in a smile which also shone in his round and bonny eyes.

"I have just come out of the sea. Papa and I have been bathing at the Eldorado. We swam round the 'Cicello until we were opposite your windows, and saw, 'Punchelli, fanticelli!' in the

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Books and Bookmen

(Continued from page 20.)

"It's interesting, breaking into this play-writing business," he confided. "They say that there's more money in it than in writing a novel, but a successful novel brings in from \$25,000 to \$75,000, and it takes a pretty good play to make that much. When you write a book, the publisher is supposed to give all the credit to the author, but the play manager only seems to observe himself. Most people in the writing game are weak enough to want some credit for it. I suppose there is some sort of credit in it. I wonder how much a publisher makes out of a successful play?"

"How did you come to get into Alaska?" I parried.

"I went up with the first rush in '07. I'd been studying law at the Chicago Law College, with the intention of joining my brothers, who have a practice in that city. Then the gold rush came and I hiked out there. I took my chances at anything that came along, riding wood for stambucks and any odd thing. I was a big husky, and it was always easy to get a job that would keep me alive. Then I went up in Nome with a dredge, and I got hold of some good property there."

"I did all kinds of things. Whenever people wanted a job done that nobody else would handle, they'd take a look at my back and ask it to do it. By the way, I first broke into playwriting up there. It was a local comedy which took me four days to write. I first got an agreement with the power dance hall owner who produced it that if the first act went off well I was to receive the money immediately after, or the rest wouldn't be given. Then I hiked off to the Arctic Brotherhood. That's a mighty strange secret society all over Alaska—a cross between the Elks and Masons, I should say. I told the Arctic chief to bring a bunch down to meet for me. Say! you ought to have seen them. They roared and stamped and tore up the benches, and I got my money all right, but just as the second act began the show was broken up by a dog fight."

"You see, when the miners come in to town they leave their dogs in the town room. Dogs up there are worth from \$75 to \$100 apiece, so naturally as soon as two get to fighting their owners rush out and start battering them about the head to prevent them biting each other in the foot. Well, there was a full house dog fight back in the town room that evening, and that burst up the show."

"I used to sing when I was in the camps. My partner and I became the most popular people round there because of our musical gifts, and we organized a regular orchestra. We had a deal of lorgnettes and an awful tenor, and they only sang our song, which began, 'I would that my love.' It was very amusing when they began to sing. The tenor would strike his bedrock tone, and the deaf man would bend down until he caught it and then let his lorgnette fly. He was always a little bit behind the tenor, because he had to watch his partner's lips to know where he was singing."

"He told me many such stories as we sat there beneath the kayaks and comacks and beds of salmon-skin and wolverine skins. But of Flannahan and the mining camp that was born there, of old man Gable and his enemy Stark, of the originals of Nevie and the devoted Poleson, the two great characters of *The Barrer*, I could learn little. Perhaps upon such subjects he reserves himself best toward the medium of his books."

Senate Agreements

To persons who follow the doings of Congress few announcements mean more than one which reads something like this: "The Senate has agreed to vote on the full act Thursday, the tenth, at three o'clock." If the measure is one that has long attracted the attention of the country the statement means that its Senatorial battle is over; that on the day named advocates and opponents will answer to the roll call, and the majority will prevail. It is usually

known in cases where there has been serious debate and considerable delay that the bill will pass when it reaches a vote.

The importance of a simple agreement to vote reveals the theory of procedure in the United States Senate. No majority, no presiding officer, and no committee can determine the date for a vote. The consent of all the Senators is requisite. The least important man on the minority side is thus assured of the fullest opportunity to discuss any measure. In return for this courtesy it is understood that no bill for which a majority actually desires to vote shall be killed by delay. There are thus two sides to the "Senatorial courtesy" of which we hear so much—a concession to the individual, and a deference to the will of the known majority.

Making It Clear

A COLLEGE professor, in company with his son, was enjoying a walk in the country, when he met an old farmer. It had been a very wet season, and the professor, thinking to start the conversation in a way that would prove interesting to the farmer, remarked:

"There has been a rather abnormal precipitation of late."

The farmer seemed somewhat embarrassed, and the professor's son, who used a different vernacular, though he was a student in the college to which his father was attached, attempted to straighten out the matter. Drawing the farmer to one side, he said in a superior way:

"The governor means that we've been having a hell of a lot of rain."

A Presentiment

Sue has married for love, and her wedding is o'er;

And the clothes that she never will need

any more.

That she would not take with her and never

would wear.

Now her mother folds up with the tender

care.

Perhaps there are tears that fall into the

fold,

For the wise mother's heart a presentiment

holds

That her daughter, enlightened, ere six

months have passed

Will have cause to send back for the clothes

she discarded.

GEORGE BURNETT.

The Wrong Tense

DOROTHY's father was sitting before a window in his country home with Dorothy on his knees. He was looking across the fields with unseeing eyes, when the lassie broke in on his reverie with, "What are you looking at, papa?"

"I was looking into the future, my dear."

"The future, papa! I thought it was into the pasture!"

Britain's New Patent Law

ENGLAND has adopted a new patent law under which all articles patented must be produced in that country or the patent will be cancelled. This is due to Mr. Lloyd George, the President of the Board of Trade, and has already produced a remarkable stimulus to certain trades. It is a distinctly and clearly worded act, and there is no escaping from it. Every patent granted within the limits of the British Isles will have to be worked there. Further, the act is retrospective, and all owners of patents taken out in 1904 and before that date will by the 28th of August this year be compelled to show cause why they should not be made to work their manufactures in that country. Great Britain has granted something like 3000 patents to foreigners. Many

of these are not worth much, but a large number are very valuable.

It is rumored that a large American machinery firm has representatives now in England looking for suitable land for the purpose of manufacturing all the tools for which they have British patents. Another American firm holding British patents for safety razors will in a few months be finishing work for 5000 blades at Sheffield. Another company has bought land in London, and all this in four weeks time. One can already compute that 10,000 additional working people will be directly employed twelve months hence as a result of the patented patents act.

Finally, when all these patents lapse England will have definitely established concerns ready to continue the industries. The new act, unlike its preceding ones, is so definitely and clearly worded that there are no loopholes to afford escape from it. The industries about to be created will become British industries.

Not Exactly

"Time is money."

"Hard times aren't."

The Omen

MR. NEWTOWN: "But, my love, why are you weeping?"

MRS. NEWTOWN: "Oh, John, John! I just peeped into the kitchen and saw that cook has on her travelling gown."

A Chicago Tragedy

"Why does that tall woman over in the corner look so sad?"

"Because she can't get a divorce."

"Why can't she get one?"

"She's not married."

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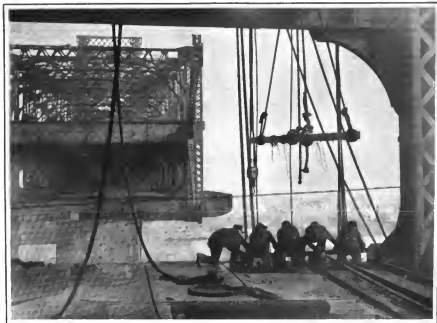
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THE APOLOGY OF A DICTATOR



SENIOR JOAO FRANCO, the Portuguese dictator, whose measures of repression were the direct cause of the assassination of King Carlos and the Crown Prince, has explained the motives which actuated him to the correspondent of an Italian newspaper. Senhor Franco fled from Portugal almost immediately after the tragedy, and has since then been wandering through the west of Europe, moving from city to city, steering clear of conspirators who are believed to be trailing him.

"I am here in exile," said Franco. "The work to which I had dedicated my life and all my strength was destroyed by the blood-thirsty act of a few unfortunate madmen. The fate of man conceals ferocious stupidities! The shots that killed the King and the Crown Prince struck me also. I died with my friends, just at the time when I was sure that my life was useful to my country. . . .

"But I must not talk about it! The future will either vindicate or condemn me. Let it condemn me if my dis-grace can help my country. My duty to my country seals my lips. I have no right to defend myself; my words might trouble the work of my co-workers. My country is in need of peace, and I had hoped to give it both peace and grandeur. Portugal is a little country, but she may still be great. I thought that I had a great work to do, but destiny willed that I was not to do it. I have come away, but I have no right to talk or to do anything to disturb the work of the people who stand to-day where I stood yesterday."

"Your enemies will say that you cannot find anything to excuse your acts; they will say that their accusations are true and that you cannot deny them," it was urged.

"Well, and if they do? Who do I serve except myself and my own interests if I defend myself? And after all what difference does opinion make when a man knows the truth? The result is the only thing that counts in the work of the statesman. If he succeeds he is a hero; if he fails he is an adventurer—and more than one great victory has been the work of chance. Last July, when the special envoys of the great European journals came to Portugal to look into the condition of the country, they were transmitters in their spontaneous expressions of sympathy and in their indorsement of my governmental work. When their opinion was known, all the Portuguese journals unfavorable to me attacked me with extraordinary ferocity, and so they attacked the foreign journals. They said that I had defamed my country to justify my work and so "put myself upon a pedestal to foreign eyes."

"If I should talk now they would again accuse me of slandering

my native land. They begged me to come away; they said that my leaving the country would make it easier to establish peace. I promised them that I would go, and so I went. I want to keep to the spirit of my promise; I do not wish to interfere with them in any way, and I will say nothing but this: all that the newspapers said about my relations at court being strained is false. Until the moment of my departure I received nothing but proofs of cordiality. I will affirm one thing more; they say that the assassination was provided by my dictatorship. That is false. The crime was committed when it was known that my dictatorship had ended. That is proved by the fact that my decree of November fixed the election for the month of April. We were in the midst of electoral preparation when the crime was accomplished."

"But the decree abolishing parliamentary immunity was promulgated only two days before the assassination; they say that it was that decree which filled the cup to overflowing."

"In such events they always say that the last act of the government was the cause. I will tell you why I promulgated that decree, although the Chamber had been dissolved since May. I did it because of the crimes against the safety of the state. I did it after I discovered that there were Deputies—members of the Chamber of Deputies—among the conspirators who organized the revolutionary attempt of January 28, which failed only because the army was faithful to the King."

"So there was a revolutionary movement among the population?"

"No, not among the population; among the politicians. It was not a movement strong enough to effect a revolution, but it was a menace; it was strong enough to be dangerous; strong enough to bring about much trouble. I knew that if I did not warn the conspirators I should be forced to suppress them later on. My decree had but one meaning—prevention. I wanted it to have across the frontier of Portugal men who I knew were dangerous to the state. But, I beg of you, do not make me say things that I do not want to say and that I must not say! I have said too much."

"What are your future plans?" the ex-dictator was asked.

"I do not know. I must have advice. As far as I am personally concerned I care for nothing but my country's peace. But it seems to me that my own needs the life of a city. He had studied law three years; he remonstrated that by the wish of his mother. I want him to perfect himself in foreign languages. I want him to live with his fellow creatures, to live in the common life, to make friends and to be a friend. In a short time he will be twenty-one years old. Young people need companions; they ought to live among people of their own age."

Franco was silent, repressed in thoughts of his son's future.



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Hygienic Fads of a Day

By Edward A. Ayers, M.D.

The world is full of pent hygienic ambitions, latent explosive forces seeking cures, and, as corn in the popper, they must explode to relieve tension. Yesterday it was sun baths modified by blue glass, marine strolls on the dew, or in the "allogotheric" chloride of gold, vegetarianism, nut diet, Jagerstein, electric belts, high oscillations, hunting, etc., and Jagerstein. Today it is negation therapeutics, evanescent psychotherapeutics, Melekoff lactone; and to-morrow it will be something else equally exciting and ephemeral. What a scrap-bag of sanitary fads is accumulating! Shades of colonel, fresh air, exercise, and simple diet! The constant succession of fad cures, which go up like a rocket and come down like the stick ought to develop a large lump of pessimism—but does not.

A "cure," as the average mind conceives it, is of scarcely equal importance to angel visits or arrival of one's proverbial "ship," to hon's teeth or to incantation weather prediction. If the medical profession can qualify as an expert it will count demonstrated "cures" on fingers and thumbs, and still not find all required. There are thousands of remedies wholly satisfactory, and hundreds of complaints directly curable, but not a dozen specific cures of constitutional diseases.

A remedy which can cure a constitutional disease is called a "specific," because it can single out and destroy the special cause of a disease. Such are quinine in malaria, Behring's anti-toxin in diphtheria, mercury in syphilis, and a number of other germ destroyers. But as infectious diseases have yet been cut short by direct saturation of the blood with germicides, the strength of saturation necessary being also destructive to man.

Another great field in which we may look for "specific" cures is that of the chemical diseases, which are due to loss of proper proportion of the natural secretions which sustain health—gastric, pancreatic, thyroid, adrenal, and to over-accumulation of chemicals which should be eliminated. Such diseases are gout, rheumatism, cruetism, Addison's disease, various heart and kidney disorders, hardening of the arteries, and consequent apoplexies, convulsions—even epilepsy.

Most of the exploited cures that hold the public eye for time have elements of truth, and while applied with the caution and fidelity innate with new fads, prove helpful, but only for a while. Did the Kewley cure ever cure? No doubt many men did stop drinking liquor who took the cure; but the chloride of gold had nothing to do with it. No chloride of gold, nor any other remedy, can reverse the destructive change in structure found in cirrhosis of the liver due to prolonged alcoholic saturation, any more than a harness maker can "doctor" a rotted trunk back to sound leather. The blue-glass crane had a scientific basis of fact which was elucidated through the Finson light rays.

The influence of mental attitude over physical and mental hygiene is very great, but its degree is widely exaggerated when set up as a cure-all, or even a remedy that is independent of many purely physical aids. At what insanity one must have arrived who treats melanocholia, headache, with loss of appetite and ferret tongue, all due to too much food and too little elimination, by lectures and prayers, when a good dose of castor oil will give dumb, struggling Nature the simple assistance she would gladly give, could she but speak? Or what shall we say of analgesic acetaminol headache cures in similar conditions, which only another Nature's cry for genuine relief? The world's remedy stage is recorded with a mob, each member watching hawked for a passing monopoly of the blue-print centre. With will we realize that our bodily mechanism is the most complex unit on earth, and that the application of remedies is and must be a great art founded in wise adjustment of widely varying, yet intimately interdependent, scientific facts?

Medical science is the most exciting of all, yet what a host of "half-baked" enthusiasts, or promoters, rush forward, ready to juggle with the mechanism of life!



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A SPIRIT IN PRISON

(Continued from page 26.)

water, to persuade you. Why didn't you hear me? Papa has a splendid voice, almost like Tanigamo's in the gramophone, when he sings the 'Addio' from *Otello*. Of course we kept a little out of ear. Papa is so easily recognized by his red mustaches. But still you might have heard us.

"I did."

"Then why didn't you come on to the balcony, amico mio?"

"Because I thought you were street singers."

"Davvero? Papa would be angry. And he is in a bad temper to-day anyhow."

"Why?"

"Well, I believe Gilda Mai is going to bring a *reunion* against Viviano. Of course he won't marry her, and she never expected he could. Why, she used to be a milliner in the Toledo. I remember it perfectly, and now Nigimondo— But it's really Gilda that has made papa angry. You see, he has paid twice for me, over four thousand lire, and the other time three thousand five hundred. And then he has lost a lot of money lately. He has no ink. And then he, too, was in a row yesterday evening."

"The Marchese?"

"Yes, in the chain. He slapped Signora Morani's face twice before every one."

"Diletti! What a lady!"

"Well, if you like to call her so," returned Doro, negligently. "Her husband is an impigante of the post-office, or something of the kind."

"But why should the Marchese slap her face in the chain?"

"Because she provoked him. They took a flat in the house my father owns in the Strada Catinone. After a time they got behind with the rent. He let them stay on for six months without paying, and then he turned them out. What should he do? Doro began to gesticulate. He held his right hand up on a level with his face, with the fingers all drawn together and pressed against the thumb, and moved it violently backwards and forwards, bringing it close to the bridge of his nose, then throwing it out towards Arleto. "What else, say? Was he to give his beautiful rooms to them for nothing? And she with a face like—have you, I ask you, Emilio, have you seen her teeth?"

"I have never seen the signora in my life!"

"You have never seen her teeth? Dio Mio!" He opened his two hands, and, lifting his arms, shook them loosely above his head, shutting his eyes for an instant as if to ward off some dreadful vision. "They are like the keys of a piano from Bartorelli's! Bartorelli!" He dropped his hands and opened his eyes. "Yesterday papa was walking in the Chain. He met Signora Morani, and she began to abuse him. She had a red parson. She shook it at him! She called him 'rigliando'—papa, a *Pancetti*, del *buco di Vetrasso*! The parson—it was a bright red, it irritated papa. He told the signora to stop. She knows his temper. Every one in Naples knows our tempers, every one! I, Viviano, even Nigimondo, we are all the same, we are all exactly like papa. If we are insulted we cannot control ourselves. You know it, Emilio!"

"I am perfectly certain of it," said Arleto. "I am positive that none of you ran."

"It does not matter whether it is a man or a woman. We must do something with our hands. We have got to. Papa told the signora he should strike her at once unless she put down the red parson and was silent. What did she do, the imbecile? She stuck out her face like this,"—he thrust his face forward with the right cheek turned towards Arleto—"and said, 'Strike me! strike me!' Papa obeyed her. Poem, poem! He gave her a smack on each cheek before every one. 'You want education!' he said to her. 'And I shall give it to you.' And now she may bring a *processo*, too. But did you really think we were street singers?" He threw himself back, took the cigarette from his mouth, and laughed. Then he caught hold of his blond mustache with both hands, gave it an upward twist, at the same time putting his big lips, and added:

"We shall bring a *processo* against you for that!"

"No, Doro, you and I must never quarrel. By the way, though, I want to see you again. Every one talks of the *Pancetti* temper, but when I am with you I always see you smiling or laughing. As to the Marchese, he is as lively as a boy. Viviano—"

"Oh, Viviano is a buffoon. Have you ever seen him imitate a monkey from whom another monkey has snatched a nut?"

"No."

"It is like this—"

With extraordinary subtleness he distorted his whole face into the likeness of an angry ape, hunching his shoulders and uttering three simian cries.

"No, I can't do it."

With equal subtleness and self-possession he became his smiling self again.

"Viviano has studied in the monkey-house. And the monk looking the other way when he passes along the Marina where the women are bathing in the summer? He shall do that for you on Sunday afternoon when you come to *l'appuntamento*. It makes even mamma die of laughing, and you know how religious she is. But then, of course, men—that does not matter. Religion is for women, and they understand that quite well."

The Marchese never made any pretence of piety. One virtue he had in the fullest abundance. He was perfectly sincere with those whom he considered his friends. That he might be any need for hypocrisy never occurred to him.

"Mamma would hate it if we were saints," he continued.

"I am sure the Marchese can be under no apprehension on that score," said Arleto.

"No, I don't think so," returned the Marchese, quite seriously.

He had a sense of humor, but it did not always serve him. Occasionally it was stifled and, when assuaged by irony, remained at a distance.

"It is true, Emilio, you have never seen me angry," he continued, reverting to the remark of Arleto; "you ought to. Till you have seen a *Pancetti* angry you do not really know him. With you, of course, I could never be angry—never, never. You are my friend, my comrade. To you I tell everything."

A sudden remembrance seemed to come to him. Evidently a new thought had started into his active mind, for his face suddenly changed, and became serious, even sentimental.

"What is it?" asked Arleto.

"Today, just now in the sea, I have seen a girl—Maddonna! Emilio, she had a little nose that was perfect—perfect. How she was sympathetic! What a beautiful girl!"

His whole face assumed a melting expression, and he pressed his lips in the form of a kiss.

"She was in the sea too?" asked Arleto.

"No. If she had been! But I was with papa. It was just after we had been scolding you. She had heard us. I am sure, for she was laughing. I dived under the boat in which she was. I did all my tricks for her. I did the mermaid and the seal. She was delighted. She never took her eyes from me. As to papa—she never glanced at him. Poor papa! He was angry. She had her mother with her, I think—a signora, tall, fat, ugly, but she was sympathetic, too. She had nine eyes, and when she did the seal she could not help laughing, though I think she was rather sad."

"What sort of boat were they in?" Arleto asked, with sudden interest.

"A white boat with a green line."

"And they were coming from the direction of Posillipo?"

"Yes, all! Emilio, do you know them? Do you know the perfect little nose?"

The Marchese laid one hand eagerly on the arm of his friend.

"I believe you do! I am sure of it! The mother—she is fat as a carabinieri and quite old, but with nine eyes, sympathetic, intelligent. And the girl is a little brown—from the sun—with eyes full of fun and fire, dark eyes. She may be Italian, and yet—there is something English, too. But she is not blond, she is not cold. And when she laughs! Her teeth are not like the keys of a piano from Bartorelli's. And she is full of passion, of flame, of sentiment, as I am. And she is young, perhaps sixteen. Do you know her? Present me, Emilio! I have presented you to all my friends."

"Mio caro, you have made me your debtor for life."

"It isn't true!"

"Indeed it is true. But I do not know who these ladies are. They may be Italian. They may be Sicilian. Perhaps to meet you they will have left Naples. Or they may come from Sorrento, Capri. How can I tell who they are?"

The Marchese suddenly changed. His ardor vanished. His gesticulating hands fell to his sides. His expressive face grew melancholy.

"Of course. How can you tell? Directly I was out of the sea and dressed, I went to Santa Lucia. I examined every boat, but the white boat with the green line was not there, *bastia!*"

He lit a fresh cigarette and was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"Emilio, rarely will you come out with me to-night?"

"With pleasure."

"In the boat. There will be a moon. We will dine at the Antico Giuseppe."

"So far off as that?" Arleto said, rather abruptly.

"Why not? To-day I hate the town. I want tranquility. At the Antico Giuseppe there will be scarcely any one. It is early in the season. And afterwards we will fish for *caridee*, or *caracelle*. Take me away from Naples, Emilio; take me away! For to-night, if I stay—well, I feel that I shall not be happy."

Arleto hushed into his big roaring laugh.

"And why do you want to be saints to-night?" he asked.

"The beautiful girl! I wish to keep her memory, if only for one night."

"Very well, then. We will fish, and you shall be a saint."

"Caro Emilio! Perhaps Viviano will come too. But I think he will be with Lidia. She is staying to-night at the Teatro Nuovo. Be ready at half past seven. I will call for you. And now I shall leave you."

He got up, went over to a mirror, carefully arranged his tie, and put on his straw hat at the curiously most impudent angle.

"I shall leave you to write your book while I meet papa at the villa. Do you know why papa is so careful to be always at the villa at four o'clock just now?"

"No?"

"Nor does mamma? If she did! Povera mamma! But she can always go to mass. A clerical, Emilio."

He moved his hat a little more to one side and went out, swinging his walking-stick gently to and fro in a manner that was positive and almost sentimental.

(To be Continued.)

Trees as Crops

"It is as sure that forest land can be made to grow successive crops of trees under proper methods as that plough land can be made to grow successive crops of wheat," says the Secretary of Agriculture, in the part of his annual report wherein he speaks of the national forests.

This country, which once could boast of forest resources richer than any other nation in the world, has been cutting three times as much timber for a number of years as there is grown, and the consideration of timber as a crop to be carefully harvested has come at a time when many of the virgin forests are already depleted. Continuing, Secretary Wilson says in part:

"Just as American farming has had to develop, and is still developing, methods adapted to the conditions of each region to make the best use of the agricultural lands, so must the forester learn by scientific study and practical trial to make the best use of our timber land. And the best use means, of course, not merely its best use for the growing of trees, but its best use with reference to all interests directly or indirectly affected by it.

"As time passes, it will doubtless appear that the principles which centuries of experience in other countries have placed at our command can be applied with increasing good results as we grow more familiar with our own special conditions. The issue is sharply between caring for our forests by applying a system of known efficiency or suffering certain loss, not only of the forests, but of water and soil as well, through the operation of causes as certain to set as are the rivers in run to the sea."

The Forest Service now has administration over more than 164,000,000 acres of land. This is slightly more than one-fifth of the country's total forested area; the remainder is in the hands of private owners. Nearly all the timber land of the unappropriated public domain is now in the national forests. This means that it is being protected against fire, theft, and wasteful exploitation, that its power to grow wood and store water is being safeguarded for all time, and that, nevertheless, its present supply of useful material is open to immediate use whenever it is wanted. The report says:

"The timber in the national forests, which is the legacy of the growth of centuries, is now in the trust of the public property, administered for the benefit of the people—primarily for the benefit of the people of the West, since they are nearest at hand, but on the whole, for the benefit of every part of the country, since the welfare of every section is interwoven with that of all others. The communities and settlers adjacent to the forests are safe from any fear of monopoly of one of the chief necessities of civilized man."

The secretary tells interestingly of how the government manages its timber lands as a trustee. It gives timber away through free-use permits in small quantities to the actual home-maker, who comes to develop the country, and in larger quantities to communities for public purposes. Its system of management is vastly different from that of a landlord. Where large quantities of timber are harvested from the national forests sales are made to the highest bidder, but under such restrictions as look to the maintenance of a lasting supply answering to the needs of the locality, to be had without favoritism and without extortionate demand based upon the necessity of the consumer.

The Tax Dodger Doesn't Tell

"What is 'untold wealth,' pa'?"

"The property you keep out of the tax list."

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Mrs. JAMES. "Good gracious, Mrs. Brown, why is your husband going through all these 'strange actions'? Is he training for a prize-fight?"

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HE railroads of France cover 34,778 kilometers, and employ 253,000 men, each of whom is comfortable, comfortable, and comfortable. He needs have no anxiety for the future of his family, for he knows that he will receive his pension when he becomes too old to work. He saves from twelve to twenty per cent. per diem on living expenses. All the men who work on the roads are lodged free of charge in houses

built by the companies, and as a rule their fuel and lights are supplied free. In exceptional cases payment is made at the price for which the companies obtain their own lighting and fuel. When the employee does not need a house he is allowed the rent equivalent, the money being devoted to his credit with his retirement fund. The building and loan associations maintained by the companies build houses for the employees and lend money at three per cent.

By forming societies which work under their own auspices, or by contributing to the employees' independent associations, all the companies have made it easy for their workmen to buy provisions, furniture, clothing, and household goods of every kind. The railroads have established general stores, which are open to all who work on the roads and sell goods at cost prices. They also maintain and assist the free stores which the employees have founded, but these are not sufficiently numerous to do the work of the companies' own stores.

When a man changes his run, or when the company moves him to a new station, if the cost of living in the new place exceeds the cost of living in the old, allowance covering the excess is added to his pay. The company helps him pay for his uniform. In 1903 the railroads' bill for uniforms for their employees amounted to \$125,000. When a man has two or more children, and his pay is below a certain amount, the company supplements his salary in order to enable him to bring up his child in a manner adequate to his dignity as a representative of the road. If he has needy relations dependent upon him the company allows him money enough to do his duty, as he sees fit. Just as French justice admits the heat of passion as an "extenuating circumstance" in crime, so the French railroad corporation recognizes the necessity of a man who may live on a stipend sometimes burdening himself with dependent relations. When the workman is sure that his circumstances are beyond his resources he turns to the boss as a boy turns to his father, and his right to assistance is never questioned. The company lends him just what he needs, without interest. Sickness, death, a request for help from a poor relative—anything of that kind is considered valid reason for his demand for a loan, and he gets his money without a string to it.

A notable source of profit is the prize-money for vigilance and good work given by the companies. In 1906 this item amounted to \$1,028,200.

The men work for the comfort and convenience of the company; they represent the roads; they are the only men of the roads seen by the public. The American railroad employee may be the only visible representative of the road, but he does not glory in his position; he is hard worked; generally he has no pension to look forward to; he knows that his widow will work after he dies—presumably for the company, but still she will work and work hard. Not so with the widow of the French railroad employee. She lives on the pension. The companies maintain a fund for the orphans of their employees. The apprentice schools in the companies' workshops, professional schools, and similar institutions, which include house-keeping schools, are considered necessary to the normal well-being of the employees and their families. In 1906 \$171,200 beyond the regular subscriptions were devoted to the employees' musical societies, clubs, and analogous associations.

Employees and their families travel on their own lines on passes, and the passes cover all the dependents. Indigent off-shoots of the family and the children who may be under care of the family. On all lines except his own, the railroad employee and his family pay one-quarter fare. Once a year every employee has a right to travel free on all the lines; the company takes it for granted that it will do him good to see the total railroad system of France. The women of the family go in and from the market on trip tickets, the children travel free of cost to school and back.

Although strict precautions are taken to prevent diseases, accidents, and alcoholism, the companies' expenses are heavy. But no man employed by a French railroad corporation worries for his future or for the future of his family. Doctors, nurses, and aid are furnished. So, well dressed, well fed, well housed, with money plied up against the idleness of his latter years, assured of the well-being of his family, the French employee dances gaily through his twenty-five years of active service; or, if incapacitated, ends his days a pampered invalid. During sickness his pay goes on. Some roads allow their employees full pay for six months of sickness, with the right (well supported by a doctor's certificate) to increase the time to an additional six months' full pay, followed by six months' half pay. The families of the employee also receive free medical attendance.

Usually the working life of the railroad man amounts to twenty-five years, but the systems of the companies provide for premature incapacity. The railroad employee's widow receives half his pension's present, and orphans are given a proportional fraction of this amount.

Antwerp's Diamond Cutters



T is estimated that nearly one-half of the 3000 diamond cutters of Antwerp were thrown out of work through the failure of orders from the United States on account of the financial crisis. Almost three-fourths of the world's production of diamonds are bought by the people of the United States. There were practically no diamonds sold to the United States in the Antwerp market during November and December, owing to the financial crisis. What an instantaneous effect financial slumps have on the selling of luxuries may be seen from the falling off in the demand for diamonds on American account, as shown in recent statistics from New York, according to which the cut diamonds imported amounted in November to a value of only \$353,000, as compared with \$781,000 in October, \$1,311,000 in September, \$2,369,000 in August, and \$2,674,000 in July, the annual products showing a similarly heavy shrinkage.

The diamond trade of Antwerp is one of the most important and valuable of Belgium. It is certainly the most exclusive trade in the world, and attempts are made on the part of cutters, cutters, and polishers not to allow any outsider to become acquainted; and, in fact, the dealers on the part of the diamond manufacturers to introduce apprentices, owing to a lack of skilled labor, brought about a very serious strike two years ago. To settle it the employers agreed to reduce the number of apprentices to 300 and made other concessions.

Apprentices are required to take a course of one year's instruction before being entrusted with regular diamond cutting. This begins by learning the formation of a diamond, the number of facets to be cut, and

the handling of the machinery. For the latter work they are given crystals to cut. When the year's instruction is over they begin to earn a wage of from \$5 to \$8 per week. Diamond cutters are paid a wage of \$12 to \$16 per week, cleavers \$20 per week upward, while the sorters receive \$6 to \$10 per week; thus the average wages amount to \$13 to \$14 per week.

Thirty-five years ago the diamond trade was in such flourishing condition that a good cutter earned as much as from \$220 to \$250 per week. This remarkable state of things, however, attracted the attention of workers from all over the country; keen competition ensued, with the consequent diminishing of wages.

The secrecy of the art of cutting and polishing diamonds is maintained so completely that it is difficult to introduce this industry anywhere, save through Belgian or Dutch emigrating cutters. Thus some of the Antwerp manufacturers have emigrated to the United States, where they now supply a good part of the demand for diamonds in that country from which they have been expelled there. A similar attempt has been made in London.

The diamond cutting industry is divided into three distinct heads—cleaving, rough cutting (or bruting), and polishing. The first process is that of cutting a large, rough stone from the mine into smaller ones; but this is avoided as much as possible, unless the manufacturer knows that the smaller stones will realize a higher price than would the one large size. The process of cleaving is not practiced to any extent, a majority of the stones being at once submitted to bruting.

In cleaving or sawing the rough stone is placed in a metal receptacle with the side to be cleft downward, when a mould is placed

over it into the top of which liquid aluminium is poured. This takes the shape of the mould and, after cooling, firmly grasps the stone in its position, the mould being then removed. The cutting tool is a circular saw, about four and a half inches in diameter, made of soft copper, the edge of which is prepared with diamond dust and oil. The rough stone is then set with a slight pressure against the side of the saw, and remains in that position frequently as long as two weeks, according to the degree of resistance of the crystal.

Some manufacturers cut the products of cleaving into layers as thin as a layer sheet of paper, and from these layers is cut what is known to the trade as the Antwerp rose, a specialty of this market.

Rough cutting, or bruting, is a process which might be termed that of "diamond cut diamond." Two stones of similar size and degree of hardness are fitted into metal cups with cement. One of these cups is fitted to a rotary machine, of which the stone forms the centre. The other cup is fitted to a long handle, and the cutter places this against the revolving stone, which is the first one to become smooth. Then the diamond held by the cutter is in turn put in the rotary machine, etc.

For final cutting and polishing the point of the bruting is either set in position at the exact angle, in a copper holder, into which it is firmly fixed by means of a clamp, or held in position by a mould of lead, which has been heated for the purpose. When the stone is properly held by the clamp or mould it is pressed by the weight of the same against a revolving disk of soft red rotating horizontally at the rate of 2000 revolutions per minute. The disk is covered with a film of diamond dust and olive oil. After this the diamond becomes marketable

Skyscrapers

SKYSCRAPERS still aspire. They rank to-day among essentials, while their future teems with possibilities. Erected here and there, isolation made them all the more conspicuous, and at first suggested doubts of their stability. Now, however, they have become commonplace, and their capacities await development.

In London, where the problem of the sixteen millions to be sheltered in 1961 is causing some uneasiness, skyscrapers have at length been recognized among means toward that end. America, upon the other hand, processes buildings ready to exploit, not for instance, by the introduction into New York city of an elevated road above the present one. Presuming lanes still to grow, indeed who knows but that an airship system will ultimately obtain with transportation further skyward.

One outcome of "the higher life" may be the cultivation generally of the roof garden. Bridges between blocks will unify the upper world, which will present the appearance of a horticultural cloistered or of an elevated Central Park in flower.

Skyscrapers constitute in brief man's final protest against burrowing instincts. Babel was his first idea, but wiser now he is content with humbler yet more practical results. True, he mines and "moles," but either to enrich himself or for convenience sake, not as certain animals to make a subterranean home. Basement dwelling, for example, may be taken as significant of his last lingering tendency toward old cave habits.

As to Wisdom

THE Owl the bird of wisdom is,
The Sphinx some folks consider wise.
The first has no known varieties,
The second sounds no foolish cries.

The first we judge by sunny winds,
Portentous, full of gravity;
And what the second really thinks
Is doubtless thought sagaciously.

Yet wisdom goeth not by rules—
That's clear, for it is all too true
I've had more sage advice from fools
Than ever I got from Coler too!

BLAKESLEY GRAY.

He Couldn't Eat It

MRS. BENJAM. "A tramp stole one of my pies to-day."

BENJAM. "I wonder what he will do with it?"

The Plumber's Trade

Good plumbers are now said to go to Chile when they die. The national government has just directed that a large number of the cities put in complete water and sewerage systems. This means a greatly increased demand for all plumber's supplies. Hereafter the demand for this class of goods has been limited to Valparaiso and Santiago, while from now on it will be much more general, and the demand should soon be doubled.

So far the United States has been supplying only a comparatively small part of this business, and while American-made goods are well received, the trade has not been properly exploited. The United States supplied in 1906 only about 3 per cent. of the lead pipe imported, which in all amounted to \$24,577, 1/2, currency; while of the bath supplies we furnished about 51 per cent. of the \$21,390 worth. The other accessories of the plumbing business largely came from Europe, England taking the lead in such articles as brass tubing, valves, faucets, etc.

Planked

FURST SHAM. "You have broken up home-keeping?"

SHAM. "Yes; poor dear father went to board."



George Washington

UNTIL every generation of Americans George Washington is justly held to be the purest figure in history—a superb example of the perfect citizen—a just and righteous ruler and "a light for after time."

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His constitution was of iron and he knew how to keep it so. His biographers declare that in eating and in drinking as in all things he was normal, enjoying the juice of the malt all the days of his life. He drank it around campfires, as well as in his own home and upon social and state occasions.

Furthermore, upon his Mount Vernon plantation he had a brew house, as was the regular custom of wealthy Virginians.

"In Virginia the richest colonists brewed beer from malt imported from England."—NAT'L MAG. HIST., vol. 16, page 150.
Ford's Biography (1906), page 153. Quotation from Samuel Stanwix (1814).
History of Virginia by Beverley, Colonial Lessor Laws (Thomas), p. 66.

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Captain Leo: "Insult you?"

Mr. Hippo: "Yes, I heard you tell the porter to give me a wide berth."

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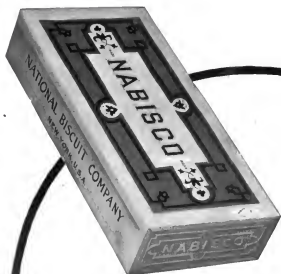
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HOW CAN HE FAIL?

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

Whyum, Whyum!

MR. BRYAN prints the following in big type at the head of his *Commoner*:

"THE BEST AND ONLY POLICY"

GEORGE HARVEY, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, replied to be asked by JOHN HUNTER MORGAN, made an interesting answer to the New York World's query, "What is the best principle and what the best policy to give the Democratic party new life?" Here is Mr. HARVEY's answer:

To the Editor of the *World*: The best principle: The Constitution. The next best: Tariff for revenue only. The best and only policy: Beat BRYAN.

GEORGE HARVEY.
 New York, March 10.

Now, WHYUM! Honest, Injun, cross your heart, do you really believe that any living human being other than the editor has or pretends to have a word to say respecting the policy of this journal? Moreover, between ourselves, aren't your arguments in favor of your own candidacy getting down to cupbuns when you have to base them upon the presumed opposition of a standfast Republican, who probably never voted a Democratic ticket in his life, and who, if we may be so bold as to say so, recently rendered greater service to his country in two weeks, than you have in your whole forty-eight years?

Still Calling for Instructed Delegates

On February 21 Mr. BRYAN addressed his faithful adherents at Springfield, Illinois. There was a good turnout, a thousand delegates from seventy-nine BRYAN clubs. It was BRYAN day in Springfield, and the *Commoner* calls it "a glorious Democratic day." Brother BRYAN, speaking as it were in his own political family circle, poured out of his heart the thoughts that were warmest in it. He told how he had abstained from coming forward as a candidate until he just had to, and then he unbuttoned his heart. He said:

If I am nominated I want the nomination to come from the voters rather than from the convention. The convention is but the servant of the voters—the voters are the masters. They have a right to determine both the platform and the candidates. If you want me nominated, instruct for me. Instructions are democratic. No one has any right to represent others unless they want him to represent them.

I believe in instruction. I do not care upon whom your choice falls. Wherever he is he would have delegates instructed by the people who elected them. They should represent the wishes of the people.

If I am to be your candidate I want your delegates instructed for me. If I am your candidate again it will be in answer to a call from the party, and upon that condition only am I a candidate. If the voters of the party want me for their candidate they will instruct their delegates to that effect.

And there is more needed than instructions. The delegates should be men who are willing to be instructed. They should be men willing to carry out the instructions which the people give them.

Is not the Old Doctor getting a bit nervous about his prospects? What is all this chatter about instructions but a token of the eagerness of assurance to make itself doubly sure betimes. The every man up to me that you can, says BRYAN. Tie him up tight and early. There's no telling what a lot of delegates may do when they get together and begin to talk things over. Tie them hard and fast beforehand and hand them over to me. I am the only possible choice by previous instruction, therefore instruct. "There is no doubt that a large majority of the people believe in Democratic principles and are ready to try the policies that our party has been advocating." Therefore instruct for me! Send only instructable men, and instruct them beforehand.

"Smash the Corporations"

The night before he spoke (as above) at Springfield, Mr. BRYAN spoke at a mass meeting in Chicago. It was his forty-eighth birthday, but it was not so much of a family party as he made the next day at Springfield. "Why Democracy?" was his subject, and the gist of his address seemed to lie in this inquiry:

Shall the government be administered in the interests of the whole people, by unpartisan and incorruptible representatives of the people, or shall the favor-seeking corporations control the elections, raise their representatives to power, and through them exploit the country? If the present situation is satisfactory; if the people are contented with the distribution of wealth and with the predominant influence of these combinations, then there is no good reason why the Republican party should not be continued in power, for it has created the conditions which now exist and must have credit or blame, according to whether these conditions are desirable or undesirable.

So far as there is meaning back of this language, Mr. BRYAN's answer to his question of "Why Democracy?" is, "To pound the corporations still harder than they have yet been pounded, and wipe them out if possible." That cry will carry no elections this year. The disposition already is more to save the pieces than to smash, and it is likely to be stronger in the fall than it is now. "Smash the corporations" won't do, Mr. BRYAN. If there is anything in it, Republican La FOLLETTE is a likelier man to profit by it than you are.

Hope for the Jobless

SENATOR L. A. FOLLETTE has declared in the Senate that Mr. MORGAN and Mr. ROOSEVELT and a few of their friends devised and brought on the panic, timing its culmination to their personal convenience and profit. Can he not induce these powerful gentlemen to bring on a return of business prosperity, or at least learn the terms on which they will undertake the work? If they could blight business, probably they can also restore it.

Political Hysteria and the Prospect of Rest

If the judicially minded among us need any evidence to establish the truth of Mr. CLEVELAND's epistolary observation in the *Hartford Times*, that we are as a people at present politically hysterical, a perusal of this month's newspapers should be sufficient. Neither the preparations in San Francisco to put ex-Mayor SCHWARTZ back on the gridiron, nor the promising prosecutions in Illinois of JOHN R. WALSH and in Pennsylvania of the Capital grafters, nor the investigations by the House of Representatives into the conduct of the Electric Boat Company and Duke LAMARUS F. WALKLEY, nor the naval investigation by the Senate, nor the true bills found against Messrs. HAYNE and MOORE, nor the charges of having spoken evil of our Chief Magistrate lodged against Chancellor DAY, nor the proposal that our State Legislature investigate the Attorney-General, nor the proposal that the same body delve into the secrets of this city's administration, reads as conclusive evidence of hysterical hyperactivity. But when we read of the District Attorney and the Police Commissioner and the Mayor being charged with

neglect of duty, and labor demanding exorbitant concessions from the Speaker and the Vice-President on pain of political injury and in terms, to say the least, uncomplimentary to the Supreme Court, the only explanation is that as a people we have become undrugged. Probably from seeing Prosecution so often issue precipitously and noisily from his high place we have unconsciously begun to do likewise. Sometimes in the manner of labor, when it reflected upon the wisdom of the judiciary, we have been imitative in our choice of victims; but even more distressing is the fact that of late we have been at times quite original, as, for example, when Dr. PARKHURST preferred his charges against the Police Commissioner and the Mayor. Like the Sparti, a CARMER having thrown stones among us, we have begun to be unreasonably suspicious and quarrelsome. But we cannot continue this way forever; indeed, there are indications even now that we are beginning to appreciate the need that Mr. CLAYLAND speaks of—our need of rest.

Bryan by Acclimation

We learn from a reproachful correspondent, who writes from Tallon, Nevada, that "Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN will be nominated, very likely by acclamation, at Denver." We hope he will be nominated that way, if at all, but if the delegates stay till they get acclimated, they will have time to deliberate, and if they once begin to deliberate, Brother BILL will be dropped over the side. Denver is an altitudinal place; the atmosphere is rarefied, and tends to increase heart action, make the head light, and intensify the efficiency of stimulants. Brother BILL's best lay will be to swoop down on the delegates while they are still bewildered by the atmosphere and their ears are still ringing. That is the time when he can best stampeede them by a transcendent feat of oratory. My! what fun he will have with them! But if he waits till acclimation has brought them back to normal, his burst may not take effect.

The Intricacies of the Law in California

A few months ago the people of the State of California having proceeded to conviction the then Mayor of San Francisco, EDMUND R. SCHMITZ, that gentleman was sentenced and incarcerated to the accompaniment of much talk about the violation of the city. But, if we remember rightly, the only thing certain about litigation is its uncertainty, a truism of which the San-Franciscans must be aware now that SCHMITZ is to be seen again at liberty about the streets. For SCHMITZ, if the judgment against him had not been reversed on appeal and the reversal affirmed by the Supreme Court of California, would still be wearing stripes. The trouble was with the indictment; it was, in the opinion of the Supreme Court, "insufficient." It charged the defendant with extortion, but it omitted the allegation of certain facts essential to an establishment of the same as defined by the penal code of the State. According to the code, the demand for money must be accompanied by a threat to do unlawful injury. But the indictment merely averred that SCHMITZ had threatened to prevent the French restaurant keepers from obtaining liquor licenses if they did not pay him money. Now, as it was lawful for the city police commissioners to withhold such licenses and lawful for the Mayor to legitimately persuade them to do so, SCHMITZ's threat as presented in the indictment could not be assumed to be a threat to do an unlawful injury, and therefore the indictment did not make out a case of extortion. On such reasoning, without consideration of the record, the Appellate Court reversed the judgment of the trial court against the defendant, and the Supreme Court affirmed the reversal. Whether they did well to decide as they did without looking at the record is a fine point of law. The custom of thus taking advantage of every technicality in favor of the accused grew up in the days in England when tender-hearted English judges were expected to sentence to death even those convicted of the most trivial offenses; but why it should be observed by the courts of California, where judges are not and never have been required to send thieves to the gallows, is difficult of explanation.

A Loss to the "Upstate" Commission

Mr. CHARLES HALLAM KREFF is the new president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company. An excellent man for

the place, no doubt, with a good reputation as a public servant, and his experience as the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury behind him. There is only one thing to regret about his taking the important place to which he has been called. It takes him away from the "Upstate" Public Service Commission. If the most efficient members of these important commissions are to be called to other posts as soon as they begin to be useful as commissioners, how are the commissions going to acquire the experience that they need to qualify them for their work?

The Exonerations of Judge Lebbeus R. Wilfley

Owing to the unsatisfactory administration of justice by the United States consular courts in China, Congress, on June 30, 1906, created a United States court for China, which was opened in due course the following December at Shanghai by Judge LEBBEUS R. WILFLEY. Now conditions in Shanghai were unusual; therein America was predominantly represented, greatly to the detriment of her good name, by saloonkeepers, gamblers, and ladies of Mrs. Warren's profession, and it behooved the judge to clean house, which he did—much to the relief of decent American citizens resident. But in the process he awakened by his stern rulings a spirit of resentment in certain of his compatriots of the legal persuasion. Above all, they appear to have objected to his having required them to give satisfactory evidence of their good moral characters and legal qualifications in order to gain admission to the bar of his court. The reason for this objecting is to be found in the result of the examination—of the eight who took the first examination only two passed. On a subsequent trial, Mr. LOUIS ANDREWS, one of the six who failed, succeeded in passing, but his disqualification seems not to have been dispensed, for last month, through Representative WALSH, he submitted to the House charges against Judge WILFLEY, and demanded of that body the judge's impeachment. However, it is pleasant to note that last week the sub-committee of the Committee on the Judiciary, to whom the matter had been referred, exonerated the accused, as had already Secretary ROSS and the President, who, after a generous use of characteristic adjectives, ended his letter of endorsement by writing, "It is not too much to say that this assault on Judge WILFLEY, in the interest of the vicious and criminal classes, is a public scandal."

Memorials

JAMES WHITEHOUSE BRYAN's "old swimmer's hole" has been saved from destruction and will remain as a memorial to the poet.—*Daily Paper.*

Good! And while we are saving let us save the Constitution as a memorial to President ROOSEVELT, who has plunged into it over his head several times.

The "Tatsu Maru" Affair in the Light of History

In 1875, only seven years after the birth of modern Japan, the King of Korea refused to give audience to an ambassador from Tokio, and subsequently a Korean fortress fired on a Japanese man-of-war, but rather than undertake the punitive measures demanded by many of the people, the Mikado's government negotiated a treaty of peace and friendship, in full expectation that this would result, as it actually did, in an intercorne rebellion. Again Korea dined, in 1882, and again Japan was magnanimous; for the murder of her people and the enforced flight of her minister she merely demanded an apology and a small indemnity, most of which she subsequently returned. A third time, in 1884, history records that Korea, with the assistance of China, committed offenses against Japan—offenses more outrageous than any of those previously perpetrated. The Mikado's subjects were slaughtered by the populace of Seoul, and his legation was attacked by Chinese and Korean soldiers. Among the killed was Captain POTYANSKI, the military attaché. Notwithstanding the Tokio government not only refrained from chastising Korea, but also from reacting to the popular clamor for war with China. They considered it sufficient to exact an apology, a small indemnity, and a speedy punishment of the POTYANSKI murderers. In the light of these three historic episodes a peaceful outcome of the controversy between Japan and China over the seizure of the *Tatsu Maru* was to have been expected, and, having come, is but one more

verification of the often repeated diplomatic announcement that Japan is adverse to seeking redress by violence, whether in war with the strong or in chicanery and robbery of the weak after the manner of certain Western Powers.

Was Governor Gould Misquoted?

The *Buffalo Express* quotes Governor GOULD of Massachusetts as saying in a speech at the Saturn Club in Buffalo on February 29:

Look to the yellow journalism of the civil war—back to HARPER'S WEEKLY, for that was the yellow journal, and see the caricature of a tall giant figure, drawn as a moving skeleton—a figure caricatured, after Frederickburg, as the image of death with his hands dripping with the blood of Union soldiers.

The Governor was disclosing that KINGOLEY was not the first President to be criticized. We have looked, as invited, but do not find the caricature he described. There never was such a picture in HARPER'S WEEKLY. From the breaking out of the civil war the WEEKLY supported LINCOLN'S administration, and it supported LINCOLN for President in 1864.

Insolubility of Professions

College professors are stubborn men, prone to stick to the thoughts their mental processes have yielded, and rash in speaking them in the teeth of the opinions of majorities. On March 10 Mr. KREMER, professor of economics at Cornell, in speaking of stock exchanges declared that "exchanges are big insurance companies, in which every member of society is a member and the speculators are the managers." The managers, he said, took great risks, and must be able men, and deserved to be well paid. By getting advance information about crops and politics they are able to minimize sudden fluctuations and so help to insure society against violent changes. The same day Professor MÜNSTERMANN of Harvard was talking about the dangerous illusions of so-called "common sense," and the help that experts in mental science might bring to the solution of cases that come before courts, and of social questions. He found the use of alcohol a case in point; a psychologist would be able to show, he said, how far alcohol was a factor in crime. And then he dared to say—

Life entirely without stimulation—that is, for the large masses of the people, not for the exceptional individuals—and by that I mean the life without physiological stimulus of any kind, leads to a certain mental monotony which, from another point of view, is exceedingly dangerous. The only solution of this problem would lie in strong education for temperance, but not for absolute temperance.

What shall be done to a professor who goes and says that total abstinence may be dangerous for some people, and that the safer course is in the direction of "strong education for temperance, but not for absolute temperance"? To be sure, Professor MÜNSTERMANN is a German, but would even that be held to excuse him if he held a professorship in a State university in one of the States that have gone, or are going, for prohibition? One professor who says that stock exchanges and speculators are of value to society, and another who declares that common sense is liable to dangerous illusions, and that "absolute temperance" is not the very best thing for all persons. Awful!

The Armstrong Insurance Laws

On another page of this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY is printed an article by Mr. DAVEN P. KINGOLEY, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, who takes this method of placing before the public his views concerning the ARMSTRONG laws, now in force in the State of New York. As may be understood by reading Mr. KINGOLEY'S paper, the management of the New York Life thinks that certain features of the ARMSTRONG laws are too sweeping in their scope; that their tendency is not merely to limit in future the amount of life insurance that may be written each year, but to hamper the development of the principle of life insurance, and perhaps to lessen efforts to increase the stability and financial resources of the great companies. The latter phase, we take it, is largely of academic interest, for the reason that if every one of the greatest insurance companies quit doing business to-morrow the policyholders of to-day would be amply and thoroughly protected. All the evidence goes to show that life insurance as at present conducted is on a sounder, safer, more businesslike basis than ever before.

Yet it is easy to see that the presidents of the largest organizations must not be content with to-day's situation alone, but must look ahead and plan for future years and future contingencies. As the head of one of the greatest insurance concerns in the world Mr. KINGOLEY is entitled to a fair and impartial hearing. There may be question as to the wisdom of starting at the present time an aggressive campaign for certain changes in the ARMSTRONG laws, but at least Mr. KINGOLEY goes about that work in an admirable fashion. In the old days, happily past but not forgotten, "Homes of Mirth" and "yellow-dog funs" were maintained for the purpose of amending insurance laws. In contradistinction to that is the newer and better method that Mr. KINGOLEY illustrates in an official "appeal to the people" over his signature.

Abruzzi Comes a-Courting

The papers disclose from day to day more or less interesting matter about the proceedings of the Duke of the Abruzzi, an Italian gentleman of credit and renown, an explorer, an officer in the Italian navy, and a cousin of the King of Italy. This good duke, it appears, lately came here a-courting. He was in this country last summer on some errand—to fetch his ship to the Jamestown Fair, wasn't it?—and met Miss KATHARINE ELKINS, the daughter of Senator ELKINS of the ELKINS bill. Miss ELKINS, it appears, was polite to the young duke, and showed him hospitality proper to be offered to a visiting sailorman. The duke readily, even greedily, accepted them all, and even then, it appears, was not satisfied. He wanted more, and asked for it; no less more, it seems, than Miss ELKINS herself. So for some time it has been rumored, and the newspapers have further confirmed to us that when the duke went home and it came to be known that he had set his affections with rivets, and not without hope, upon an untitled American lady, there was a good deal of embarrassment in the royal family of Italy, because the young duke is not only a man of personal deserts and of rank, but of ample fortune, and a proper match for a royal princess. If Abruzzi's relatives required a title, it was but natural. We suppose it is not true that a proposition was advanced to confer an Italian ducal title on Senator ELKINS in order that his daughter might not come to Italy entirely unadorned with appellations of rank. At any rate, the Senator is still unadorned. But the duke, as said, has been back a-courting, and has attended quietly to his affairs of the heart, and gone home; and there seem to be due grounds for the expectation that he will be back again presumably, and that he and Miss ELKINS will get married.

On the American Plan

Good Italian gentlemen are good men to marry. They are men of sentiment and constancy, and handsomely civilized. Moreover, the best of the international marriages to which American girls are parties are probably of more importance to the world than we are apt to give them credit for. They help to make Europe and America acquainted, and where there is due acquaintance there is by so much the less danger of misunderstanding. At any rate, we are all bound to like so much as we have read of the Abruzzi methods of courtship. He proceeds, apparently, on the American plan. We have read of no submission of a schedule of debts, no flicker about settlements, no stipulation for new roofs on the ducal castle or new wallpaper on the ducal walls, no discussion as to whether the money shall be paid in gold coin or drafts on Genoa. All we have heard—pretty much—is that the duke fell in love with Miss ELKINS and that Miss ELKINS is pleased with the duke, and that the chances are favorable to their hitting it off. And, things being as reported, we hope they will, whether it be true or apocryphal that Grandfather GANNAVAY DAVIS has said that "if KATHARINE loves him and wants him, the old man is with her, and if it is money that is needed she can count on me for every dollar in the pile."

Don't Mix Metaphors, Please!

Don't give up the ship, I do not HARVEY, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, is still holding on to the country by its nasal appendage—*Knoxville Journal and Tribune*.

Be the rubber, Colored, by the rubber!

It is some such thought as this that comes over us in reading Mr. FREDERICK HALL's most recent book, *The Inward Light*, and in reviewing his equally beautiful book, *The Road of a People*. It is all so like the faith and the trials to which we have been and in which we have grown up that we might almost wonder what new thing we have added to our store by the reading, until we remember the student who was interrupted in his study of the "Bhagavad-Gita" by a call from a sweet old lady who practiced religion, but did not think about it. For, fortunately, we are not all doomed to thinking. "Never mind, father," said the gentle little girl, consoling, to the parent who had made a verbal slip in reciting the Psalms to her—"never mind; it is not your sad business to know the Psalms by heart." So there are plenty of people in the world, and they are often the salt of the earth, who are art apart for fine actions, and it is not their sad business to think out the meanings of religions. So the sweet old lady looked reproachfully at the student, and asked, "Why do you read that book when you have the Bible at hand?" And the student, who enjoyed nothing more than finding out why he did what he was doing, being of the modern complex school, half paralyzed by over-attention to his own mental processes, said, after some reflection: "You see, it is because I never knew anything but the clothes and the outer trappings of my own religion until I read about the soul of another, and then I discovered that I was just exactly what lay under the trappings of my own religion, and that the soul of all good endeavor is the same soul everywhere."

And this is perhaps the main conclusion we have left when we lay aside Mr. FREDERICK HALL's two exquisitely poetical volumes. "The Buddha," he says, "approach to the heart, not to the brain," and this is true of all divine teachers. They, at any rate, know that what is man think is as accidental as what we can have; a mere combination of fortitudes or unfortunate circumstances. "Love and clarity and compassion, endless compassion, are the foundations of his teachings." But so were these the foundations of the teachings of our own religion; only when we are tired of practising them we say that his teachings are impracticable and that probably Christ did not mean what he said. Yet when one takes it at its face value he commends the pure, the humble, the meek, the seekers after righteousness (not in the least those who think they know all about it already, and who feel that they have already paid instalments on their pew rent in heaven by a few orthodox conformities here), the merciful, the daring, the persecuted. He also ratiocinated us not to resist evil, not to go to law, not to judge, not to turn away from borrowers, not to walk along the other side of the street with our eyes turned away when a poor man or a sinful man stumbled and fell; never to excuse ourselves by fancying that we were not our brother's keeper; and finally came the warning, the great warning, the warning to which perhaps nine tenths of humanity would do well to listen very attentively: "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven."

"Many will say to Me at that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name have cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works?"

"And then I will answer unto them, I never knew you."

The chapter in *The Inward Light* it would be particularly well for Christians to read, the one called "David," the gist of which is for each man to build his life on that he has and build upon it as best he can; for none becomes a good Buddhist by being a bad Christian, or a good Human by being a bad Englishman.

Personal and Pertinent

The papers quoted Mr. ROCKEFELLER as saying lately in Augusta, Georgia, "I am getting to be an old man now, but I am proud and glad to say that I have never touched whiskey in my life." So far, so good; but if it is true, as is alleged, that Mr. ROCKEFELLER acquired in middle life the habit of eating slinkers from railroad lunch counters, and that the digestive collapse which troubled him so much from five to ten years since was due to that reckless practice, he has not much to be proud of in the way of dietician discretion. More rum and brandy might have left him a better man, though he is pretty well again now.

An ancient custom ordains, we are told, that each princess of the house of Hohenlohe shall bring a trade. What foresight this shows in the most aristocratic of houses to so prepare the women of the house that they could, if necessary, stand on their own feet, and that they need not in any emergency find themselves on their hands! Perhaps if the rising American aristocracy were to educate its daughters in kind we should find less narrow and unhappy in the feminine hall of humanity. It might even tend toward stemming the tide of divorces and suicides. To have no other occupation than that of expending money is to make a dangerous social factor of one's self. Spending money for the sake of spending money has never made for rest or contentment. The

only fixed rule to lay down is that the more one spends the more one desires to spend. It is, therefore, the part of prudence to have a safe issue, an interesting avocation, and none is healthier discipline than making some of the money one spends. This is a method almost uniformly applied to the sons of a family, and perhaps as distinctions between masculine and feminine methods and pursuits are more and more obliterated we shall begin to follow the example of the house of Hohenlohe, and have our American princesses taught a trade.

Reading the reminiscences by various "eminent hands" of the late Lord KELVIN, one is more than ever bowed to the conclusion that the great Scots professors are a rare apart. We hear of no such teachers anywhere else, great scholars universities everywhere produce, but we have to read of those North Country teachers who were not only giants mentally, but who also brought to their work extraordinary physical activity and the enthusiasm of boys. We all know more or less of Professor BLACKIE, and STEVENSON, in more than one of his essays, has given us some idea of many another Edinburgh professor, as, for instance, the young TAIT, Lord KELVIN's collaborator on the *Natural Philosophy*; of old LANDAU, TAIT's laboratory assistant, with his rustic air, "sturdy and fresh and plain." And who does not recall the fascinating picture of Professor KELLAND, "lively as a boy, kind like a fatherly grandfather, and keeping perfect order in his class by the spell of that very kindness?" As to FLEMING JENKIN, no one can forget the brilliant characterization of him in *Talk and Teasers*. "LOCKHART is bottled effectiveness, the sworn foe of sleep. Three in the morning LOCKHART," says a victim. "His talk is like the driest of all imaginable dry champagne; slight of hand and lightning quickness are the qualities by which he lives." And all of these men were not merely teachers, but inventors, discoverers, leaders in their several departments.

Lord KELVIN was, of course, the most wonderful of them all. His many inventions in the matter of electrical apparatus, his services in laying the Atlantic cable, need not here be commented. The point is that Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY dwells at length upon his kindness and gentleness, and Professor AYRTON, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, lingers regretfully upon the enthusiasm and high spirits of the man. "When he came into his class room," says Professor AYRTON, "he had hardly given a thought to what he was going to talk about—if it were Monday morning, he had just returned from staying the week-end with TAIT at Edinburgh, and he gave us an enthusiastic account of their talk, bubbled over with what they had been doing, was full of suggestions about it, told us how the manuscript of *Natural Philosophy* was progressing. We felt that we also had been discussing these points with TAIT in his Edinburgh study, and listened with rapt attention to THOMSON's narrative." His talk, we are told, "his sagaciousness, his buoyancy, were like the rays of brilliant May sunshine following April showers." His students dreamed to see him make experiments with his own hands. He was too impulsive, too full of exuberant energy to handle the very apparatus he had adjusted. But the students were only too eager to do things for him, feeling as they did that they "were soldiers of a great warrior." And yet the first laboratory in which Lord KELVIN worked when he became professor of physics at Glasgow in 1846, at the age of twenty-two, was established in the wine-cellar of an old professor's house, and later his laboratory "consisted of one room and the adjoining coal cellar, the latter being the birthplace of the archæo-recluse." To-day the high-school had works in airy laboratories equipped with completeness undreamt of in those days. But those were the days of giants.

Correspondence

RED CROSS BEGINNINGS IN AMERICA

By JAMES MOTT, March 4, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the WEEKLY for February 8 I have just seen an account of the founding of the "Red Cross." The story as told of its origin is true as to its early work in Europe. But its early introduction in America and its origin, in fact, as an organized working force, is not so well known. I am, so far as I know, the sole survivor of the first great movement for human relief here or abroad that would now be grouped under this picturesque name. It is for this reason I briefly tell its story.

The United States Sanitary Commission, beginning as an organization of medical experts for the inspection and improvement of our armies in the field at the outbreak of the civil war in respect of health and general sanitation, early found itself made the recipient of endless streams of supplies of all kinds—gifts of the people for the relief of individual soldiers, and for general use in relief work. By 1863 its technical service of inspection as such had been dropped, and the energies of the commission were thereafter largely devoted to the relief of individual soldiers in various directions—a story already familiar to our people. But to reach the soldiers in the field with the supplies sent or bought with the

great sums of money devoted for such purpose, the "Field Relief" service was organized, having its own wagon trains and its special staff of employees to carry these medical and general supplies to the temporary hospitals set up near the scenes of operation—the so-called division hospitals. The system, though operative, was founded costly and often wasteful. Evidently then, the wagons sent to the front found themselves "out in the air"—the army advanced, the hospitals gone elsewhere, the sick and wounded en route to the nearest town.

In the earlier campaigns this seemed the best that could be done. It was the plan kept up in the West to the end, since great regions were there involved and concentration impossible. Wasteful or not, untold good was done and thousands of lives saved.

When in the spring of 1864 the great movement was begun by Grant with Lee's army as its objective new conditions were evident. There was to be concentration. Continuous attack—"If it took all summer."

This implied a line of water bases upon the Virginia rivers at points convenient for supplies, reinforcements, and return of the sick and wounded. The lines subsequently developed were Fresh-water, Port Royal, White House, Belle Plain, and City Point. To these bases the commission attached its relief work as movements progressed.

In May, 1864, upon the first movements of the advance, the sanitary bureau Elizabeth, of 1000 tons laden, was put in commission loaded to the top of her smoke-stacks with hospital supplies, stretchers, cot-berths, piles of hospital clothing, barrels and boxes of stores of all kinds, the gifts of hundreds of Women's Relief Societies. She carried also a corps of fifty young men regularly enlisted, full outfits for special diet kitchens, each with its trained woman in charge prepared to work independently at division hospitals. It was the business of the barge to keep up with the change of bases and to ambulate them. To meet at all points the needs of ambulances and army wagons coming in with their loads of exhausted and famished sick and wounded, when, as too often happened, the medical service broke down under its terrific strain. This organization was styled the Auxiliary Relief Corps.

The writer was a member of this corps from first to last, until the closing of the last hospital at City Point in June, 1865, and the disbandment of our arms.

Your space will not admit of details. But the history of this great humane movement has never been written. It need not be, but its existence is to be noted.

As a result of this compact organization, aside from the saving of life by a better nutrition, the general standard of hospital life was improved and a higher standard of comfort insisted, the energies of government were efficiently supplemented, and the humane and loving service of tens of thousands of waiting mothers, wives, and sweethearts were carried direct to the bedside of the soldiers in the field.

In January, 1864, the writer succeeded to the direction of this service in the armies of the Potomac and the James, where it had its origin and its highest development. I immediately had the "General" Cross—slare, the world famous "Red" Cross—placed upon each man of the corps just three months after its recognition by the International Conference. We had already anticipated the "neutralization of the ambulance," making no distinction of blue or gray in our ministrations.

The man who originated and worked out this scheme of organization, Mr. Frank B. Fay, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, after a volunteer service beginning at Antietam in September, 1862, lay passed on to his reward. He was, after the close of the war, given the unique distinction of the red, white, and blue button of the Loyal Legion, the only civilian to be so decorated. His devoted ward and assistant, Miss Helen L. Gilson, also of Chelsea, died, after the surrender, of disease contracted in the service, wearing the bronze button of the U. S. A. R. conferred by the State of Massachusetts—an honor never duplicated and richly deserved.

And thus it was that America set the pace that the world has yet to learn to follow effectively. Let us hope it may never again need to learn at so costly a price.

I am, sir,

ANSON M. SPERRY.

("A Minnesota Farmer.")

WHEN THE CHIEF JUSTICE SUBJUGATED THE PRESIDENT

BRANDRETH, MASS., February 27, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—The attacks of the President on the judiciary and fear of a "real despotism" from Executive interference, as expressed in the letter of H. R., are rather oddly composed with the assaults of President Jefferson on Chief-Justice John Marshall to have him interpret treason according to his construction and not the Constitution as seen by Marshall, thereby accomplishing his desire of convicting Aaron Burr of that greatest of crimes against the government—treason. Jefferson made no attempt to conceal his bitterness of feeling toward Burr in his strong desire for a conviction, and in the trial there developed the spectacle of open antagonism between the President of the United States and the Chief Justice, which culminated in the issue by the Chief Justice to President Jefferson of a subpoena to appear and produce certain papers.

Jefferson, very angry, produced the papers, but would not appear. Marshall received a large amount of criticism, but stuck to his interpretation of treason as defined in the Constitution, and the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty under the influence of the opinion of the court on the law of the case. This was a fine

example of even-handed and courageous administration of the law under the embarrassing conditions of "Executive interference" amounting almost to coercion.

Receiving the same number of electoral votes for President as Jefferson, who finally was elected by one vote in the House of Representatives, Burr was considered too powerful a political rival to leave at large, so Jefferson and the double-dealing Wilkinson exerted themselves to the utmost to end the greatest lawyer and politician of his time.

I am, sir,

FREDERICK W. SORLEY.

OUR PICTURE OF TAFT

CARROLL, N. Y., March 29, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—With many others, doubtless all right-minded persons, I feel that I must protest against such an outrageous caricature as appears on the cover of the WEEKLY just received. It is far beneath the dignity of such a paper as my published by the Harpers, and of a man prominent in public life, and who in popular throughout the country.

If I subscribed for the WEEKLY I should discontinue it at once, as I consider it most disloyal to those in high position. But my husband has subscribed for it for so many years he is unwilling to give it up.

I think you ought to apologize publicly and to the public.

I am, sir,

(Miss) F. H. W.

We don't want to apologize, but you still have a remedy. You can subscribe, and then discontinue.—EDITOR.

OBSTREPEROUS SENTIMENTS REBUKED

PLATONIA, February 25, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—May I ask the meaning of the article—on the ninth page of your issue of the 22d—called "Lost Standards"? That there are ignorant vulgarisms who would write such a thing can be imagined, but that HARPER'S WEEKLY would publish an insult to the major portion of its readers is somewhat remarkable.

I am, sir,

MICHAEL MYERS SHUMAKER.

It was the letter of the Missouri correspondent who declared: "There never existed in this country but two sets of decent people—the old-time black-bellied Yankees and the cultured Southerners. All the rest have been mongrels and misdeeds, and unfortunately they run the business and politics of this age." We confess to have been delighted with the obstreperous energy of these sentiments so tersely conveyed, though they are not sentiments which we share.—EDITOR.

THE THREE WILLIAMS TO RUN

LEWIS, MISS., March 10, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—The Presidential contest looks as though it would finally develop into a race with three entries, after several proud States have complimented their respective favorite sons. Of course apparent winners have been leaders before in national conventions, and they may be beaten again. In 1829 Henry Clay thought that he was going to be right, and to be President, too, but the Whigs nominated William Henry Harrison. In 1844 Martin Van Buren was sure of a vindication—until the Southern politicians sprung James Knox Polk upon a surprised country. In 1860 William Henry Seward was positive of a victory, but Providence, assisted by mortal combinations, passed the crown to Abraham Lincoln.

In spite of these and other examples, however, the writer still thinks that the campaign of 1908 will be fought out between the three Williams. "William" means a defender or protector, and the name is quite logical as far as the prospective candidates are concerned. William Howard Taft, being the proclaimed heir presumptive of Theodore Roosevelt, regards himself as the natural and inevitable defender and protector of the Rooseveltian policy. William Jennings Bryan, the human paradox who preaches the rights of everybody while practicing an absolute dictatorship over his party, believes that he has the divine right to defend and protect the Democratic nomination from falling into any hands but his own. William Randolph Hearst, the modern crusader, is ever ready to defend and protect the outraged Republicans and disgruntled Democrats who are willing to accept him as the one man who can lead them into the promised land where none but political snails may hope to enter.

The probable result will be the election of Secretary Taft, the final passing of Colonel Bryan, and the coming of Mr. Hearst. In the event of President Taft being alive and pleased with his job, with no inconvenient financial panics in his wake in 1912, he may have a more serious encounter with the gentleman from New York. Mr. Hearst secured such a large vote for Mayor of the city of New York in 1902 that the Democrats were compelled to induce him for Governor of the Empire State in 1904. He is now ready to play the same game on a national scale. He hopes to pull such a convincing vote as the Independent or Nationalist candidate this year that the Democratic nomination will be forced to accept him the next time. He will certainly bear watching in the near future.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM F. WEICHER.

Prosperity And The Exchange

WHY THE GREAT TRADE MARTS OF THE COUNTRY ARE ESSENTIAL TO THE CONDUCT OF ITS LEGITIMATE BUSINESS

By HIRAM N. SAGER

President of the Chicago Board of Trade



much that is uninformed and unjust has been written in criticism of American exchanges and their methods of doing business, that it seems to the writer to be high time that the public should be given a fair idea of the work done by these marts of trade and their value to the country.

If the public will stop to think of an assassin of criticism, it will not seem at all strange that the most prominent factor in our commercial system, the system which brings buyer and seller together, should be the central target—"the bull's eye"—of the general and indiscriminate fusillade.

President Roosevelt's remarks about curtailing bucketshop methods and purely gambling operations have been distorted into a wholesale condemnation of all trading in the form of future contracts, without which the merchants, manufacturers, transportation interests, and even agriculture, would be paralyzed. Usual traders are misled by it. What President Roosevelt did say was this:

"The great bulk of the business transacted on the exchange is not only legitimate, but is necessary to the working of our modern

of a question of vital importance is the owner of every acre of grain-raising land in this country, and the indiscriminate charges of gambling, defalcations, embezzling, outlooks, etc., described by some writers, many of whom know no such word as responsibility in their utterances. They write very glibly about 'thousands of professional gamblers about the Stock Exchange of New York, and hundreds of thousands who are scattered about the country,' but ask a word do they say about the broad scope of the legitimate features of the grain, cotton, stock, and coffee exchanges as aids in the commerce of the world. They simply take up their pens and brand the entire collection as 'gamblers,' and ask to have the wheels of progress reversed so that they may be able to make the point of their story. Take, for example, one exchange—the Chicago Board of Trade. Whoever heard of gamblers securing a charter from the commonwealth for the purpose of handling \$500,000,000 worth of actual property annually? Whoever heard of thirty-two great railroad lines entering a city of over two millions of people cooperating with a gambling concern, recognizing its authority and rules in the delivery and transfer of 400,000,000 bushels of grain annually? Whoever heard of the State appointing a board of commissioners and conducting a bureau of inspection, at an expense of thousands of dollars annually, to furnish certificates as to the grade and character of the property bought, sold, and distributed at home and abroad by Board of Trade houses, if the institution was for gambling purposes? The same pertinent question may be asked about the regulation and control of warehouses holding the product of vast packing and live-stock interests. Why are the agents of lake and ocean steamship lines, the agents of vast marine insurance interests and representatives of European grain and meat-handling concerns on this exchange if it is conducted for gambling purposes?

Where in all the business world will be found a more rigid code of business morals or a more vigilant supervision of each and every transaction of the year than on the representative exchanges of this country? Yet all are branded by these writers as gambling institutions.

Do the assailants of the exchanges wish to set their opinions up against that of the highest courts in the State and the United States Supreme Court, who have reviewed the transactions in the open markets time after time, after hard-fought legal battles, and always vindicated the rights of the commercial body—the exchange?

I cannot these writers good and unbiassed history? Do they need to be told that this same line of indiscriminate attack was made on the exchanges of the country under the old fluted bill? Do they know that an industrial commission of five United States Senators, five Representatives, and nine other leading men of the country, spent three years' time, following the special act of Congress of June 18, 1890, investigating this entire subject?

With unlimited opportunity, in point of time, and the power to subpoena witnesses, and to visit all sections of the country, this commission, after its investigation into the methods employed to distribute the surplus crops of the country, unreservedly took the ground that future trading is in the interest of the farmer. The report was contemned in by every member of the commission and was signed by the chairman, the late Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, who was originally a strong Granger, and a Populist, but who had been convinced that the old crusade against boards of trade and cotton exchanges was a mistake.



The Floor of the New York Stock Exchange during a Period of active Trading

industrial system, and extreme care would have to be taken not to interfere with this business in doing away with the bucketshop type of speculation."

The President voiced the sentiment of every member of every legitimate exchange in this country in the above words. He knows the difference between real transactions, backed by the product of the country, and the imitation which simply makes wagers upon the quotations that are made by men engaged in actual trade on the various exchanges, and he is frank enough to say so.

The President knows, too, that the leading agricultural action of Europe made a fine political mess of it by restricting open markets on public bourses, and he adds this further warning:

"We should study both the successes and the failures of foreign legislators who, notably Germany, have worked along this line, so as not to do anything harmful. Moreover, there is a special difficulty in dealing with this matter by the Federal government in a Federal republic like ours."

What a contrast there is between this cool, conservative view

Can any man who pretends to write for an intelligent public be blind to the fearful punishment visit of upon the producing classes of Germany by the closing of the bourses of that country a few years ago? Can he be ignorant of the fact that the arguments to close the German exchanges were borrowed from the politicians in this country who tried to force anti-future trading legislation at Washington? The experiment was a dismal failure for the leading agricultural nation of Europe. In 1906 the German government ordered the bourses reopened on the urgent petition of grain refiners. Does this country want to try such a costly experiment? Ask any of the big grain handlers of any exchange, and they will tell you that about fifty per cent. of the year's production is sent forward to market during the four months following the gathering of the crops. If they are honest, they will tell you that only the presence of the open world's markets prevents gigantic combines among buyers, and a lowering of prices from ten to twenty-five per cent. to producers while the rush of marketing is in progress. Once the grain is accumulated at the big centers, this same combine would be able to mark prices very much higher to consumers. It needs no special insight into trade conditions to know that the open market, which the exchange makes possible, is the only barrier to the formation of the greatest trust this country ever dreamed of, with all its blighting effects on the welfare and tillers of American farms.

Much is said about short selling in grain or cotton by those who have not the property to deliver. The penalty for the same under the rules of the exchange is equivalent to that of a bond—the seller has to deliver or must buy back the amount of his short sale in the open market, and thus become a factor in advancing prices to the benefit of the original producer of the grain or cotton, as well as the buyer of futures who anticipates his wants by making contracts months in advance.

It is not easy to understand why so many well-meaning people have a hobby of attacking the exchanges, the public markets of the great centers, and well established modern methods of buying and selling for future delivery. The only reasonable explanation is that notions of legitimate transactions have been allowed to flourish, in the shape of bucket shops and irresponsible so-called brokerage concerns which deceive the public, and are responsible to no one for their acts, as they are outlaws to start with. For a period of years the big exchanges have waged a war on these parasites, with the aid of the various States. Even now, would-be reformers who look only at the surface of things, condemn the whole system of trading in agricultural products simply because they do not know where commercial transactions end, and where imitation and fraud begin. As well might the farmer chop down the fruit-bearing trees of his orchard to get rid of lice and insects that are working damage to his fruit, as for the State or nation to propose the abolishment of exchanges and their open markets because of the objectionable parasites which live upon them, and become a tax upon that credulous portion of the public which patronizes them, even after knowing them to be enemies.

An editorial in an important Eastern paper, re-



The "Wheat Pit" of the Chicago Board of Trade

take their profits, and sales of bulls check advancing markets when they take their profits. In all genuine speculation, the goods actually change hands on the Stock Exchange and then usually do so on the produce exchanges. It is only bookkeepers that merely register bids, and do not trade in real things. Nobody defends "bookkeeping" nor has experience devised any way to prevent the foolish from losing money by the practice. Laws to prevent mistakes regarding markets are, indeed, a long-settled want, but no wit of man has yet devised such a thing.

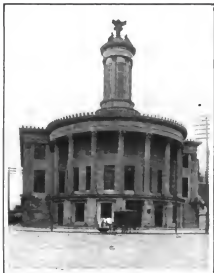
Every thoughtful man who will study the business of the world as conducted to-day must see that in all lines the future contract is a necessity. The world is fed, clothed, and transported by supplies furnished on future contracts. There can be no possible distinction between supplying grain, flour, and provisions on future contracts and supplying coal, lumber, steel, wool, and leather on future contracts. Any man who knows that the business of the country could not go on for a day if the builder could not buy lumber, the manufacturer buy wool and leather, the railroad buy coal, steel, and hundreds of other things, weeks, months, and sometimes years in advance. For every buyer of future contracts, Sellers have to meet demands of buyers by making future contracts.

The sales are made before the wool is taken from the sheep's back, the hide from the steer, the iron and coal from the mines. Just so, wheat, corn, and cotton are sold before the crops are harvested; sometimes before they are out of the ground. The miller cannot wait until the wheat is on the cars to provide for this output. He sells four months ahead. He must make contracts for his wheat months ahead. The seller (short seller, if you please, until he has the property) is an absolute necessity. America is engaged in feeding and clothing Europe with her surplus grain and cotton. The exchanges, with their facilities for ascertaining crop promise at home on one hand, and foreign needs on the other, enable their members to make contracts with the producers, from whom they buy, and with the consumers, to whom they sell. The whole business is based on future contracts. Back of these contracts stands the exchange with its iron-clad rules offering a guarantee to all the world that the contracts of its members will be faithfully met. If future contracts under the commercial world it is difficult to see how lawmakers can interfere with their operations on legally and honorably conducted exchanges without running foul of the constitutional provision against alien legislation. The problem which confronts the trade and Congress is how to



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The Building occupied by the Boston Stock Exchange



The Philadelphia Stock Exchange

do away with the parasites, and their vicious and harmful abuses of grain and cotton contracts, without crippling the enormous business depending on legitimate transactions based on future contracts.

The Supreme Court of the United States, in its decision May 8, 1905, in favor of the Chicago Board of Trade, held that future contracts on the Board of Trade were not gambling transactions, and this court, referring to the Chicago Board of Trade's methods of distributing its quotations to the world, said: "The telegraph companies all receive the quotations under a contract not to furnish them to any bucket shop or place where they are used as a basis for bets or illegal contracts."

Note the prohibition not to furnish them to any bucket shop or place where they are used as a basis for bets or illegal contracts; and yet these bucket shops obtain these quotations in an illegal way and on them they base their bets.

The Supreme Court gave its explanation of what the Chicago Board of Trade was, and said: "This chamber of commerce is, in the first place, a great market where, through its eighteen hundred members, is transacted a large part of the grain and provision business of the world. Of course, in a modern market contracts are not confined to sales for immediate delivery," and then this court referred to speculation in the following words:

"People will endeavor to forecast the future and to make agreements according to their prophecy. Speculation of this kind by competent men is the self-adjustment of society to the probable. Its value is well known as a means of avoiding or mitigating catastrophes, equalizing prices, and providing for periods of want. Legislatures and courts generally have recognized that the natural evolutions of a complex society are to be checked only with a very cautious hand, and that such course attempts at a remedy for the waste incident to every social function as a simple prohibition and laws to stop its being are harmful and vain."

Business enterprise inevitably involves speculation.

Such speculation is utterly distinct from gambling.

It differs in no moral quality from the speculation entered into by the jobber who accumulates silks or woolsens or any other commodity in preparation for an estimated future demand, or from the business judgment used by the contractor who agrees to deliver a great building or workshop at a given price. The former buys on his estimate of future values, the latter agrees to sell short on his best judgment of the future cost of materials and labor.

No branch of business can be broadly conducted without the element of speculation.

Most important, however, to the prosperous progress of a country with a large agrarian population is that character of speculative enterprise which enables the product of the soil to be marketed at the will of the producer at prices in line with the estimates of statisticians as to the average year's value.

Based on hedging sales made possible by the great exchanges of the country, buyers in country districts are able to pay prices figured closely to terminal markets, allowing for its items of freight, handling, and a small margin.

Prior to the existence of these exchanges, prices paid by buyers were far out of line, and the producer frequently suffered from a cash market temporarily dull, or supplies temporarily large at distributing points, either of which conditions, lacking a speculative market, were enough to cut down obtainable prices on country districts from ten per cent. to twenty-five per cent.

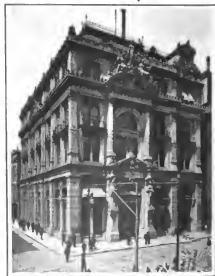
A recent illustration of this situation has been seen in the case of the barley markets, in which commodity there is practically no speculative trading for future delivery, and prices for which have fluctuated frequently from twenty cents to thirty cents a bushel, while wheat, corn, and oats have experienced comparatively slight fluctuations.

No market can be broadly maintained without both buyers and sellers who are able and willing to make future contracts based upon their views of future values.

In the few months succeeding the grain harvest the country sends to market the requirements of consumption for a long period; an enormous surplus is stored in sight. Nobody must carry this load. Two classes do this. First, the farmers carry a large part of the crop for varying periods; second, the skilled judges of values on the various exchanges, and their following, carry that part which the farmers do not choose to hold. If such a custom did not exist we should be confronted annually with ten hurtful extremes of value. First, immediately succeeding the harvest, prices would, in the face of a present over-supply, fall to values below the cost of profitable production; later on, however, just before the following harvest, supplies would be exhausted, an eager consumer demand would then find no adequate supply, and as a result values would leap upward to figures distressing to the poor and burdensome to the rich. Consequently, speculation, merely another name for the act of adjusting supplies to requirements, gradually bringing prices, as it does, from one condition to meet another, is of the utmost importance. Speculation then is a natural and legitimate outgrowth of the great system that has been perfected for the marketing of our crops. It is a moderator, checking the greed of holders and placing a firm hand of restraint upon the exactions of buyers. It broadens the market; it makes world conditions the measure of values. It preserves an equilibrium that could be maintained through no other agency, and as carried on under the legal restrictions and judicious regulations of the great exchanges, it is a factor conducive to the general welfare.

If the present safe methods of hedging purchases of grain with sales for future delivery is interfered with, the banks will unquestionably be less willing to furnish the funds to finance the crop movement, as grain collateral would in such event be regarded as less desirable security for loans.

The exchanges, with their facilities for ascertaining crop promise at home, on one hand, and foreign seeds on the other, enable their members to make contracts with the producers, from whom they buy, and with the consumers to whom they sell. The whole business is based on future contracts.



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The New Orleans Cotton Exchange

Legislation and Life Insurance

By DARWIN P. KINGSLEY

President of the New York Life Insurance Company



ABAD law is a bad law, although passed in furtherance of a good cause. As a people we exhibit an increasing tendency to remedy every kind of evil by legislation. This is a natural development, because legislation is the chief method through which the instinct of local self-government and the sovereignty of the citizen find expression.

The expansion of thirteen colonies with their earlier and later possessions into forty-six great States, coupled with facilities for transportation and communication that have made it possible to despatch business at an unprecedented rate, has developed problems of government which were unknown a hundred years ago. It is no exaggeration to say that in both State and national affairs important legislation has often been enacted at times of public excitement and under the stress of anger and resentment. There is too little legislation anywhere which is well thought out and really constructive in character. This condition is probably unavoidable; but it explains the initial crudities of our legislation. We usually go too far at such times, and after a good deal of damage has been done we proceed to correct excesses, and we ultimately arrive at legislation which is just and workable.

There is perhaps no more striking example of the operation of these methods than the passage, by the State of New York in 1906, of a new code of insurance laws known as the Armstrong laws.

New York State and New York city had become the life insurance centre of the world. The greatest, soundest, and most successful life insurance companies were located there. Their accumulated assets exceeded one and one-half billion dollars. Their employees were many thousands in number. Their contracts covered the world. They had become institutions whose stores, whose integrity of management, and whose financial responsibility were matters of grave importance to millions of people, embracing the citizenship of about every race and every nation. The public investigation of 1905 uncovered bad methods—methods which may have been common to all estimate life, yet never should have been the methods of life insurance. This aroused a fury of condemnation. Driven by this fury the Legislature of 1906 wrote new laws. In writing laws hastily, under the pressure of public opinion, the Legislature did what every such body has always done; it struck hard and directly at admitted evils; it had no opportunity—and perhaps at that time little disposition—to take care that the innocent did not suffer with the guilty.

I maintain that a part of this legislation has already done great injury to life insurance, and is certain to work incalculable damage unless its excesses are soon corrected. Moreover, it will almost certainly discredit its own moral achievements—which are great—unless its unsound doctrines are speedily eliminated.

One instance—already closed and but little discussed—shows the evils of hasty action. In order to prevent the recurrence of certain methods employed by the larger companies in making investments, the law governing life insurance investments was rewritten. It was rewritten along special and narrow lines. It drove directly at practices which had been justly enough condemned. It went so far in its specific prohibition that when, lately, a certain street railroad bond, largely held by the life companies of this city, defaulted in its interest, the companies found themselves denied the right to exercise the salvage measures universally resorted to under such circumstances. A relief bill was proposed, rushed through the Legislature, and signed upon the last day of grace but one. The amounts involved reached into the millions, and if the default had occurred when the Legislature was not in session, heavy losses would almost certainly have followed.

This instance and the investment law do not, however, go so directly to the economic unsoundness of certain sections.

Section ninety-six, section ninety-seven, section eighty-seven, section fifty-three, and some others, are all economically wrong, and unless repealed or modified will result in large losses to policy holders.

Section ninety-six arbitrarily limits individual and corporate activity; it is a plain combination in restraint of trade. Its logic would compel people to take insurance in certain companies by denying them the right to take it in other companies, even though those companies may be the soundest and the most economically managed. It involves a dangerous and un-American invasion of private rights. It strikes at all citizenship, because while it here arbitrarily limits life insurance production, it may to-morrow be exercised through another enactment against any form of business activity.

In section eighty-seven the State undertakes not only to regulate but to administer the details of business. It is about the latest attempt to fix prices and control by law. It not only limits the wages of the soliciting agent, but it fixes narrowly when the agent shall be paid and how he shall be paid. It in effect not only limits the total he shall receive, but compels him to wait from three to nine years for a large part of his earnings. It has resulted in driving more than ten thousand men out of the insurance business in eighteen months.

Section eighty-seven is thoroughly bad. It coerces the judgment of trustees, and compels the annual distribution of assets in the

large companies down to limits that are insufficient for safety. The law otherwise fixes a minimum of assets which a life company must have or be insolvent. This section fixes a maximum, to exceed which is criminal. The fluctuation of first-class bonds within twelve months has—for the largest companies—compassed the difference between the line of solvency and that of criminality nearly two to one. This section should be wholly repealed.

Section fifty-three puts a snare on the business of life insurance. It pillorises life insurance men as being a class likely to indulge in improper practices, and makes any infraction of any part of the insurance law a misdemeanor.

Lately a wave of indignation swept over the Regular Army because a regulation was adopted which takes the finger-marks of all recruits, merely because some soldiers desert, and the finger-marks are valuable always in the identification of criminals. Small wonder that men rebel at being rated as criminals because some men have been unfaithful. Life insurance men rebel at a similar brand.

All these sections and some others are the expression in law of a false premise laid down in the report of the Armstrong committee. The committee declared their conviction that certain life companies had already become so large that no good purpose would be served by their further growth. Then they recommended such legislation as would make their assumption effective. They succeeded. They have stopped the growth of the companies named, and the growth of all other companies which are equitably and fully affected by the laws.

At the rate of gain recorded by the companies operating in New York State at the close of 1904, maintained through 1905-6 and 7, the life insurance risk of those companies would now be \$2,000,000,000 more than they are. This represents about 750,000 families without insurance who might otherwise now be protected. What does the presence or absence of such a volume of good insurance mean to the State—to the world? It would make a company as large in risk as the largest now in existence.

Personally I doubt if the companies could have maintained the rate of growth recorded in 1904 and for some years previous thereto. The insurance risk was so vast that natural wear and tear would have reduced the ratio of gain. I doubt, also, if legislative action sufficient to stop unquestioned abuses could have been taken without some considerable shrinkage for a few years in the annual output. But all this is one thing, and the slaughter which has followed the enactment of the Armstrong law is another.

Section ninety-six and section ninety-seven and section eighty-seven are invasions of private rights. The State has power to destroy; but the people mean to be very careful how that power is exercised. These sections vary from direct to indirect destruction of individual opportunity. They are imposed, because the premise from which they are drawn is un sound.

Under full publicity the people do not fear any honestly created corporation, however large or successful it may be. The Armstrong committee was seized with a recurrence of the fear that gripped the Legislature of this State in 1834 when it decreed that the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company should never be allowed to receive on deposit more than \$5,000,000. To the good people of that day obviously anything beyond \$5,000,000 was "a public menace." I can imagine that in the debate attending this enactment it was gravely stated that no useful purpose will be served by its becoming larger, and that "the question of responsible control and conservative management will soon become one of extreme difficulty." (Paraphrase from the Armstrong Report, p. 282.)

It is perhaps now time to say that the avidity with which the public seized upon the insurance disclosures of 1905 is not explained by reference to the sensational methods of the yellow press and the general willingness of men to listen to scandal.

The public had long been offended. There had been too much strutting and bragging; too many acts on the part of leading life insurance men which violated the proprieties. That a feeling of resentment over such things can pervade all through public thought is a fact that does not need proof. It extends now toward a small and really unimportant section of the community which poses as "society." All it needs to become a fearful instrument of destruction is opportunity. The opportunity always comes sooner or later.

But the offensive and the wrong things in life insurance in 1905 no more represent life insurance itself than the so-called leaders of society represent the great body of the people.

It is just as unwise, just as unstatemanship, to cripple and limit and smother life insurance because of the resentment which the public felt in 1905, as it would be to abandon manhood suffrage or the right of private property because of the scandal and degeneracy of "high society."

The legislation of 1906 strikes kindly at certain demonstrated evils. It stops certain practices, and it stops growth. It is in parts un sound, unwise, un-American. It needs quick revision. The question is, will the Legislature get it out and prevent heavy losses to the State; or will it wait and act after a clear mandate from the people—which will come as soon as these laws are understood and their effect is clearly in evidence.

The Invisible Navy

By ROBERT G. SKERRETT



The "Emeraude," the latest type of French submarine
TO OFFSET HER LOW FREEBOARD SHE HAS BEEN FITTED WITH AN EXCEPTIONALLY LARGE CONNING-TOWER



HE partisans of the submarine type of naval vessel have precipitated a pretty wrangle in Congress by dropping two of the four battleships recommended by the Navy Department, and substituting in their stead an additional number of under-water craft. Apart from raising a rumpus in the Capitol, this action has fostered widespread and erroneous ideas concerning the real value of submarine vessels.

Whatever may be the present fighting worth of the submarine boat,—and it has an admitted value,—it would be hard to find a serious-minded student of naval affairs willing to jeopardize his reputation by comparing the fighting efficiency of the submarine to that of the modern battleship. The battleship and the submarine boat have distinct fields of usefulness, and the standard of naval power is now and probably always will be based upon the number of battleships available. Should Congress, however, provide for more submarine boats, the field should be open to all builders and inventors because of the rapid developments that are taking place; and it behooves the American people to know something about the present state of the art in this new field of naval construction.

Only a few years ago all under-water boats were called submarines, and so effort was made to indulge in precise distinctions. This prevailed until 1897, when Monsieur Laureud of the French navy brought out his boat, the *Narval*, which, by way of designation, he termed a "Submersible." His idea was to characterize his craft as a vessel that might be submerged, but which ordinarily was to run on the surface, and to have there much of the outward appearance common to the French torpedo boats of that date. Monsieur Laureud had built the *Narval* in competition with the other submarine *Gastone Zédé*—a vessel lying very low upon the water, built with a eiger-shaped form of hull, and possessing very limited endurance and habitability. Because of her form of hull the *Gastone Zédé* also had a tendency to plunge head first when running submerged, and despite improved methods of control it has never been possible to make her run with less than an inclination of five degrees. When pitching and rolling she frequently split the air out of her batteries, and this made the atmosphere within the boat quite unbearable. In order to give his vessel sea-keeping qualities, Monsieur Laureud shaped her hull like that of a surface craft. This gave her a considerable measure of freeboard or body above water, and offset the inherent tendency to dive peculiar to the eiger-shaped hull. In addition to this, he fitted his boat with hydroplanes—side fins, or submerging rudders, symmetrically disposed forward and aft, and by means of these he was able to force the *Narval* under water on an even keel, thus avoiding all risk of spilling the electrolyte out of his batteries or assuming hazardous inclinations.

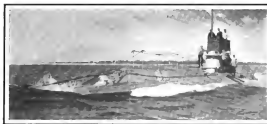
All submarine vessels are brought to a condition of readiness to submerge by taking in water ballast in suitably arranged and controlled tanks. This causes more of the boat to sink below the

water's surface, and finally leaves her with only a small part of her conning-tower out of water. The remaining part above water represents what is called "reserve buoyancy." This buoyancy varies generally from two hundred to a thousand pounds, depending upon the size of the craft; and it is to overcome the permanent tendency to rise represented by this reserve that pressure is brought to bear upon the submerging rudders or the hydroplanes in order to make the boat sink after she is once put in motion.

Now, the amount of water that must be taken into a submarine vessel to bring her body sufficiently below the surface for readiness to dive constitutes one of the two prime distinctions between the submarine and the submersible. In the submarine only from five per cent. to twelve per cent. of her total submerged bulk lies above the surface when she is in her lightest condition, and, accordingly, nearly that percentage of water ballast must be pumped into her tanks to bring her down to the required condition preparatory to running submerged. In a submersible, on the other hand, two, three, and even four times this percentage of water ballast must be pumped into her tanks in order to reduce the vessel's reserve of buoyancy so that she may be forcibly made to sink out of sight. It is the height out of water or reserve of buoyancy of the submersible which gives her her superior sea-keeping qualities, which permits the vessel to be driven safely on the surface at higher rates of speed, and which contributes in other ways to the efficiency, the habitability, and the military value of the craft.

The second prime difference between the submarine and the

submersible lies in the form of hull. As the great bulk of the true submarine always lies below the surface, the first aim of the designer is so to form that hull that it will offer the least resistance to the water. Experience has proved that a eiger-shaped body is the best for this purpose, but it is not the best for surface navigation. The submersible, on the other hand, relying primarily upon its surface speed to cover long distances that she may the sooner reach the field where she must act as a submerged craft, has a ship-shaped body which enables her to attain this end better than the submarine.



The British Submarine "B-10"
THIS VESSEL HAS A PARTIAL SUBMERGIBLE HULL UPON THE MAIN BODY OF HER EIGER-SHAPED HULL. THE SAILING ON THE LEFT OF THE CONNING-TOWER IS STANDING ON THE "SEABOARD HYDROPLANE," AND BEFORE THE VESSEL CAN BE MADE TO RISE THESE HYDROPLANE MUST BE UPRIGHT

When running submerged, however, this form of hull offers more resistance to the water than that of the eiger-shaped body. The submersible can go farther seaward, can hold her station longer, and can face weather conditions that would put a submarine out of action. While her submerged speed is less than that of a submarine of corresponding displacement, yet she is a far more formidable craft because of her wider field of usefulness and the measure of habitability and comfort that her sea-keeping facilities assure her crew.

When the submersible was first designed, her great reserve of buoyancy promised to be a serious handicap because of the length of time taken to fill her ballast tanks with the measure of water needed to bring her into readiness to run submerged. In the earlier French boats this took nearly half an hour, as compared with the five or six minutes required by the submarines of that date to reach the same stage. Improved pumping facilities and a

better system of handling these large volumes of water have revolutionized this feature, and in the comparative tests between the submarine *Z* and the submarine *Aigrette* of the French service in 1903, the latter boat actually beat the submarine in this very particular. Since then France has concentrated her efforts upon the development of the submarine.

In 1902, Great Britain was forced, by reason of French activity in the field of submarine navigation, to subscribe to popular demand, and a certain number of modified boats similar to our vessels of the *Admiral* class were ordered by the British Admiralty for experimental purposes. Almost before the last of this initial group of five was finished the British naval



A Submersible being built for Russia
THIS VESSEL IS ONE OF A NUMBER NOW
UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT ST. PETERSBURG



The U. S. Submarine "Cuttlefish" at the Brooklyn Navy Yard
THIS IS ONE OF THE EGG-SHAPED TYPE OF UNDER-WATER VESSELS ON
THE BASIS OF WHICH SO MANY OF THE SUBMARINES HAVE BEEN BUILT

authorities had undertaken improvements on their own initiative, and the *A-1* was the pioneer vessel of the so-called "Admiralty" type. The *A-1* was not a thoroughly satisfactory vessel, but before her fatal sinking in 1904 she had satisfied the Admiralty that they were making departures in the right direction. They had bought the experience paid for by the United States government in developing the *Admiral* class, and our British brothers were solvent upon getting ahead of us. The rest of the boats of the "A" class—twelve in number—contained various improvements, but all of them retained the egg-shaped form of hull, with its limited stability and its hazardous tendency to plunge voluntarily; and all of them were characterized by the very moderate portion of their bodies remaining above water when the vessels were in their lightest trim. The speed of these boats had been steadily increasing, and yet nothing had been done to raise their bows out of water, so that, when running rapidly, the mass of the bow wave should not fall on the vessel's upper body and tend to weight her down by the head. This omission was given fatal emphasis by the sinking of the *A-1*. That vessel was running in a smooth sea at a speed of ten knots an hour and with a considerable reserve of buoyancy. Her stern had been made to dip a couple of degrees in order to bring her bow up, and yet the volume of water sweeping upon her deck forward forced the boat under before her engines could be stopped, and fifteen lives paid the penalty.

In the succeeding boats of the "A" class, and in the later vessels of the "B" and "C" classes, a superstructure of limited proportions was built upon the egg-shaped body of the main hull. The primary intent of this was to increase the reserve of buoyancy in the light condition, to raise their bows to rise more easily to the sea, and to make the boats more stable and less liable to dive voluntarily when running on the surface with their buoyancies somewhat reduced. Model tank experiments in this country had previously disclosed this tendency peculiar to the diving boat with the egg-shaped form of hull.

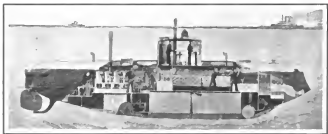
In order to obviate as far as possible the angle of dip needed to drive the diving boats of the "A" class initially under water, the British authorities placed a single pair of hydroplanes on the vessels of the "B" class, and located them in the middle of the boat just forward and near the bow of the conning tower. They projected horizontally—one on

each side—like a pair of short, broad oars. They were intended to supplement the diving action of the diving rudder at the stern, by causing the vessel to sink bodily. They did not exercise any control over the vessel's horizontal trim. However, they constituted an improvement.

The diving boat goes under water head first by reason of the tilting action of horizontal rudders placed at the stern of the vessel, and to give this type of submarine facility in this maneuver the craft is purposely made unstable in a fore-and-aft direction, and in this particular may be popularly likened to a slightly sluggish scow. The disadvantages of this method of getting under water increase as the vessel grows longer, and it becomes a still more serious matter as the vessel's speed is raised, and especially so when operating in waters of moderate depth. The even-keel boat simply goes down on an even keel and assumes none of these dangerous angles; and, unlike the diving boat, she works better the more stability she is given.

In time of serious stress the best-trained man is liable to err. In the case of a diving boat running at high speed submerged this might cause the vessel to assume a dangerous angle of inclination and either to strike the bottom or to invite peril in a number of different ways. The same oversight or lapse on the part of the man in control of the hydroplanes of an even-keel boat, however, would result merely in the vessel going slowly deeper without changing the direction of her line of motion. The diving rubber-man must be skilled by months of careful training in his office of balancing the great scow which his vessel virtually becomes; while the hydroplane man can be taught all that is required of him in a few hours, and his task is quite as simple as that of controlling a slow-speed elevator.

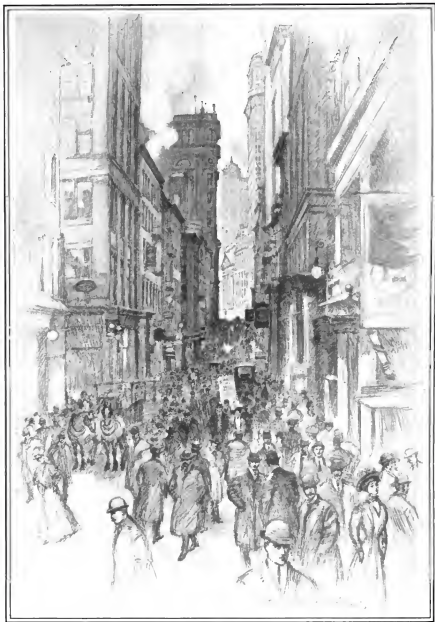
Within the past year France has increased her force by ten submarines. Austria has ordered two more, and Norway has ordered one. England has ordered sixteen more submarine vessels, and thirteen of these belong to the "D" type, which are more nearly submarines than submarines; while the United States has ordered seven more submarines and a single submersible. It is to be hoped that the advent of this single submersible in our submarine fleet marks the beginning of a serious official determination to test the relative merits of both types.



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A Plan of the Russian Submersible "Oetry"

THIS PICTURE VIEW SHOWS THE MANNER IN WHICH THE EVEN-KEEL SUBMERSIBLE VESSEL OF THIS TYPE RUNS WHILE SUBMERGED



A CITY IN A STREET

NASSAU STREET, IN LOWER NEW YORK, IS NOT ONLY ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST IMPORTANT THOROUGHFARES, BUT IT IS AN EPILOGUE OF ITS BUSINESS INTERESTS; ONE CAN BUY THERE ALMOST ANYTHING FROM A RAILROAD BOND TO A SWEETIE, AND THERE IS NOT A MOMENT BETWEEN EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND SIX AT NIGHT WHEN THIS STREET IS NOT CROWDED

DRAWN BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

The London "Times" and its Directors

THE MEN WHO WILL CONTROL THE FUTURE OF
ONE OF THE GREATEST OF BRITISH INSTITUTIONS



THAT staid old ship of English life, the London Times, has emerged with triumph from the sea of troubles that has lately beset it. The institution of the Times book club, some two years ago, resulted in a war with every publisher in the United Kingdom, and the withdrawal of publishers' advertising was an important factor in the financial troubles which followed. When reconstruction of affairs had become necessary, Cyril Arthur Pearson, the newspaper proprietor, led his forces to capture this reef of odd-fashioned conservative orthodoxy by the name of Protection. This act aroused a storm: not, characteristically, because of Mr. Pearson's politics, but because he was a newcomer in the newspaper field, whereas the Times had become sacrosanct through generations of Walters, its owners. The storm drifted the Times into the hands of a new company: Mr. Pearson withdrew, and Mr. Moberly Bell retains his powers and becomes managing director.

The Representative of the Walters

The chairman of the company will be Arthur Fraser Walter, present principal proprietor of the Times, and the direct descendant of John Walter, the founder of the paper. By an arrangement with the present partners previous to his death the father of Mr. Arthur Walter practically made him manager of the Times for life. As chairman of the new company Mr. Walter will continue to hold the same relationship to the paper that he has always done. He and his brother, Mr. Godfrey Walter, are both men of ample fortune and extensive interests aside from the Times, though they each give the paper considerable attention and thought. The actual management, however, has always been left to Mr. Bell, Mr. Buckle, and their able corps of assistants. Mr. Walter has a fine estate of two or three thousand acres at Bear Wood, where he has entertained people of distinction from all parts of the world. It is a model estate, and to it Mr. Walter produces and raises almost everything that is needed for daily use. He cuts and sows his own timber and manufactures it into doors and windows. He makes his own bricks, but is more smelly and machine shops, and does much of the building for the tenantry.

Over the estate is a picturesque little church in which the master of Bear Wood takes a great interest, and not infrequently relieves the doctor by reading the lessons himself. Bear Wood is a large mansion of red brick and gables, with an effective tower and many bow windows and creeping vines relieving the monotony of its vast frontage. The fact that nearly one hundred guests can be comfortably put up here for the week-end gives some idea of its size. There is a fine picture gallery containing rare paintings, and the corridors are filled with famous old prints, originals of cartoons, and other souvenirs of the many historical and political campaigns in which the Times and its proprietors have figured during the century or more of its existence.

Mrs. Walter takes a great interest in the extensive hothouses and garden, and spends much of her time sketching and adding to a collection of rhinoceri which already embraces some famous historic services. Aside from the innumerable responsibilities which rest upon the mistress of such an establishment Mrs. Walter's talent as hostess is lavishly taxed in the large house parties for which Bear Wood is famous.

Personally Mr. Walter strikes you as a direct-spoken man with a clear head and strong grasp of all the questions of the day. In essentials his personality, but in considerable extent, dominates the Times. In details he rarely interferes. If he disagreed with the policy of the paper on a given question he would not necessarily order it changed, but would endeavor by argument, reinforced perhaps by men of great authority on the debatable question, to bring the editor around to his view.

Moberly Bell and His Achievements

C. F. Moberly Bell, who now becomes managing director of the Times, has been connected with the paper as foreign correspondent and assistant manager for over forty years. From 1845 to 1859 Mr. Bell was the Egyptian correspondent, and distinguished himself not only for his newspaper capacity, but in the broad treatment of all the questions of far-reaching importance which came up between Great Britain and Egypt in the stirring times covering this period. An English gentleman now in America said in the writer the other day: "Our control of Egypt is of incalculable value to the Empire. If there is one agency in which more than any other we are indebted for that control it is the Times, through its former representative in Cairo, Moberly Bell. As one behind the official scenes of Egyptian matters both in Cairo and in Europe from 1855 to 1884, and connected therewith, I speak from personal knowledge. The full story of the Egyptian occupation has yet to be written, and when it appears I

think that you will find that it will show conclusively the extent to which the British Empire owes her unrivalled position on the banks of the Nile and her mastery of the highway to India to the Times—and more especially to the work done as its representative in Egypt by Moberly Bell." Mr. Bell is the author of several interesting works on Egypt, among them *Khedives and Pashas*, *Egyptian Finance*, and *From Paros to Fellah*. From 1880 to the present time he has directed the business affairs of the Times, and his personality has undoubtedly been recognized as the strongest of the staff in the conduct of the paper. While the organization of the Times office makes the editor absolute dictator as to its policy and of what is printed in its columns, Mr. Bell has by reason of being a trained journalist of ability always exercised an advisory relationship, and has taken considerable interest in the editorial and the financial departments, and naturally enough in the foreign correspondence. His wide circle of acquaintance among people of affairs in England and throughout Europe and America has made his hospitable home on Portland Place known and appreciated not only to British statesmen, soldiers, and men of letters and science, but to foreign celebrities of all sorts and kinds. Though turned sixty years, Mr. Bell is as young as only an Englishman can be at that age. Of untiring energy and of that temperance which endures the great strain of journalistic work with equanimity and cheerfulness, he retains all the keenness of wit and optimism characteristic of his early manhood.

Mrs. Bell during her two visits with her husband in this country made many friends. She is known in London as an exceedingly clever woman, a linguist, a lover of art and literature, and as one who has won distinction as a French scholar. She has also that tact and quick sympathy which have enabled her to attract the best element of society to her drawing room.

The Man to Whom All England Turns

George Earle Buckle, with the exception of a few years spent as a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, has devoted his life to the Times. He is a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, but never practiced, and entered the office of the Times on the editorial staff twenty-eight years ago, to be appointed editor a few years later. Mr. Buckle is a scholarly man and has undoubtedly kept up the tone and dignity of the paper, especially of the editorial or leader page, as it is called in England. Partly on account of the tradition of the office, and partly because Mr. Buckle is himself a man of natural reserve, the editor of the Times has never figured largely in public. He is less known and more seldom seen at official functions than either Mr. Walter or Mr. Bell, but his influence within the office in guiding the editorial policy of the paper is real and final. Like Mr. Bell he is a man of large stature and enormous capacity for work. Golf is his chief form of recreation, and it is an unusual weekend that does not find him on the golf links. Frank and plain spoken, inclined to heartiness, and fifty-four years of age, Mr. Buckle has the loyalty of getting the best out of his staff with the least possible amount of friction. The machinery of the office moves, and moves effectively, too, without seeming to move. There are men on the Times staff who have worked under Mr. Buckle now for nearly a generation, and are devoted to him, and will rejoice that his able direction of the editorial department of the paper is to continue.

Two of the Associate Directors

Valentine Chirol, who will be the fourth director, was also a former correspondent of the Times. He succeeded Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace as director of the foreign department in 1899, and is a factor of great influence on the staff. For some years Mr. Chirol was Berlin correspondent. He has won distinction as an extensive traveler in European and Asiatic Turkey, Egypt, Persia, and the Far East. He has many friends in this country—whom he has visited several times—among statesmen, scholars, and journalists, and his books on the Far Eastern and Middle Eastern questions are well known and regarded as works of authority. He is a lover of art, especially Oriental, and his rooms in Queen Anne's Mansions are filled with rare and beautiful things. Mr. Chirol is an engaging personality as his eminent predecessor, and the new organization has shown wisdom in thus more closely identifying Mr. Chirol with the paper.

William Flavelle Monypenny, the fifth director, is also a journalist, but his specialty will undoubtedly be matters relating to South Africa. Formerly assistant editor of the Times, he resigned some years ago to accept the editorship of the *Johannesburg Star*. On the outbreak of the war he obtained a commission and served in many capacities with distinction. Subsequently he became Director of Civil Supplies, but in 1913 returned to England, just as the war was breaking. Mr. Monypenny, comparatively a young man, being little over forty years of age.



JANET MONTGOMERY FLAGG

KILLIN

DRAWN BY JAMES

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TIME

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Vanishing French

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

LONDON



IS it true that Mr. Roosevelt has denounced the recall of M. Jaurès on account of the falling French birth-rate? No; of course it is not true. I dismiss the rumor as the invention of some enemy. But at the same time I cannot help regarding it as an unfriendly action on the part of the French Republic towards the Chief Magistrate of the United States that the French population should remain all but stationary. Considering his well-known views on the subject, a nation that wished to cultivate good relations with America ought surely to make a point of showing a handsome surplus of births over deaths. There is something a little tactless, something that borders almost on studied insult, in the persistency with which the French declines to add to their numbers. I can imagine Mr. Roosevelt reading the French census figures for 1906 that were published the other day, sending at once for M. Jaurès, declaring that the thing was terrible, and that he could no longer stand such open defiance of his commands, and offering that most alarming of ambassadors the alternative of resignation or dismissal. If nothing of the sort has happened it speaks well for the President's self-restraint. For the figures that came out a short time ago are a clear and wanton provocation.

France's Most Anxious Problem

These figures lay bare one of the oldest and most anxious of the problems of France—her dwindling population. Dwindling is not quite the right word, because the population of France does not really decrease; it remains stationary or nearly so. If there were no immigration there would be a positive decline, but the Germans, Belgians, Swiss, and Italians who for some years have been flocking into France, maintain the net population at just a little above parity. Were it not for them, the French population might in time come to show a positive recession. The figures of 1906 point to a very considerable falling off in births below the average of the preceding ten years. But for the present it is only relatively, and not actually, that the French birth-rate lags behind. It grows, but nothing like so quickly as the birth-rate of neighboring and possibly rival nations. In 1906, for instance, the populations of France and Germany were practically the same. To-day France has 39,000,000, and Germany 42,000,000. In the past fifty years the population of France has increased by only four millions, and that of Germany by twenty-six millions. If 1906 were to be accepted as a criterion, one would have to conclude that Germany is generating more than thirty times as many units of man-power per annum as France. In another decade it is calculated that Germany will have twice as many conscripts as France. "Then she will begin to devour us," say the French alarmists, and the fear of being devoured lies near the root of their anxiety over the question of depopulation.

The Most Old-fashioned Man on Earth

"All that I know about President Roosevelt," said to me the other day a very distinguished sociologist, "is that he is the oldest-fashioned man in the oldest-fashioned community on earth. His policy of obstinate individualism and his views on race-suicide have taught me that." I think for myself that is putting it somewhat strongly. But there can be little question that the best minds of England and of Europe are altogether against the President as the general problem of population, and regard his admissions as both socially and economically pernicious. There is a passage in Mr. John Morley's *Rousseau* which I will venture to transcribe, as it bears inferentially on this point. Rousseau, as every one knows, put away his new-born children, one after the other, in an asylum for foundlings—"and with such entire absence of any pretension with a view to their identification in happier times that not even a note was kept of the day of their birth." Mr. Morley, after discussing the ethics of this "unholy work," winds up: "And, at any rate, let Rousseau be a little free from extensive reproach from all clergymen, sentimentalists, and others, who do their worst to uphold the common and rather bestial opinion in favor of reckless propagation, and who, if they do not advocate the dispatch of children to public institutions, still encourage a selfish incontinence which ultimately falls in burdens on others than the offenders, and which turns the family into a scene of squalor and brutishness, producing a kind of parental infirmity that is far more disastrous and demoralizing than the absence of it in public institutions can possibly be. If the propagation of children without regard to their maintenance be either a virtue or a necessity, and if afterwards the only alternatives are their maintenance in an asylum on the one hand, and their maintenance in the degradation of a poverty-stricken home on the other, we should not hesitate to give people who act as Rousseau acted all that credit for self-denial and high moral courage which he so uncharitably claimed for himself. It really seems to be no more criminal to produce

children with the deliberate intention of abandoning them to public charity, as Rousseau did, than it is to produce them in deliberate reliance on the besotted maxim that He who sends mouths will send meat, or any other of the spurious saws which make Providence do duty for self-control, and add to the gratification of physical appetite the grotesque luxury of religious unctiousness."

A Future Ideal State

Another English thinker, even more original and with a wider speculative sweep than Mr. Morley,—I mean Mr. H. G. Wells,—has made the rejection of the common and Rousseauian views on race-suicide the very foundation of the future ideal state. He altogether subscribes to the Malthusian opinion that a state whose population continues to increase in obedience to unchecked instinct can progress only from bad to worse. "From the view of human comfort and happiness," he says, "the increase of population that secures at each advance in human civility is the greatest evil of life," and in *A Modern Utopia* he has brilliantly expounded the workings and principles of a system of competitive selection in the propagation of children. All countries more or less are discussing some aspect or other of this immense problem. It is, of course, as ancient a problem as mankind itself, but it is at last being approached with sense and responsibility. If it might attempt to summarize what the most enlightened observers have said and thought about it, I should say that the world is gradually nearing these conclusions: First, that race-suicide, in the sense of a conscious limitation of population to the means of subsistence and to the definite standard of living, is not, when practiced by a nation instead of by a small and well-to-do class, to be construed as necessarily a sign of decay or degeneration, but may be the starting-point of a far higher civilization. Secondly, that its causes are at bottom economic, complicated, and intensified by a vulgar set of social ideas. Thirdly, that the "remedy" is to be sought not in any specific legislation, but in a wide and long-continued effort to promote a greater equality in the distribution of wealth, and to transform the very nature and essence of the average man's social ambitions. Fourthly, that it is the duty of the state to ensure, even by the most drastic enactments, that those who fail to reach a certain minimum of age, health, physique, economic efficiency, and mental development, shall be permitted to add to the population of the state. We are, of course, a very long way from the time in which these conclusions will be accepted and acted upon by the common sense of mankind. But that the best thought of the world on this matter is moving in these directions, and no others seems to me unquestionable.

A Nation of Small Land-owners

In France the limitation of offspring is more widely observed than in any other country. Those who do not observe it are either the destitute poor in the country districts—especially districts like Brittany, where the Church is strongest and her teachings most faithfully obeyed—and the heedless and improvident poor in the towns. The great bulk of the French people are Malthusians by conviction and temperament. Indeed, it is difficult to see how any people who have incorporated into their legal code the principle of forced testamentary division of property can be anything else. Napoleon borrowed the idea of this enactment from Montesquieu and established it in the framework of French law. It would be an interesting study to work out its social, economic, and political effects. It has made France a nation of small landowners; it has encouraged vital stability and conservatism and checked the growth of a "submerged tenth"; it has also contributed indirectly but powerfully to the spread of *le fourgonneurisme*, and it has operated as a brake upon migration and colonization. But above all things, it has imposed the necessity of limiting the population. When you are obliged by law to divide your property equally among your children, and when you know that the same restriction will be applied to your children when their turn comes, you naturally and inevitably elect to have a small family. After a few generations of constant dividing and parcelling out of estates, whatever their dimensions, the peasant proprietors, if they would hand down more than a square yard of land, are forced to renounce all hope of more children. There comes a time when even the largest estate may be so subdivided as to afford adequate support to no one. Then, again, the dowry system operates in the same direction. In all countries an extra child means extra expense; in France it means an extra fortune, and that is a very powerful reason why the French have few children. Another kind of "solution" has been suggested, but against the ingrained compactness of the French family, which is patriarchal in spirit if not in numbers, and against the ingrained instinct of thrift, they have all dashed themselves in vain. France will continue to cut her coat according to her cloth, to regulate her population by her resources and her well-worn social structure. She will remain the placid, prosperous, provident, and strictly limited country that we know.

The Youngest Archbishop of a Hemisphere



THE recent elevation of the bishopric of Yucatan, Mexico, into an archbishopric, and the imposition of the pallium as the formal religious rite denoting the raising of the bishopric, was a matter of great interest, not only to the Catholic Church, but to the student of secular history as well.

The event brings into prominence the story of the oldest bishopric of the Mexican republic, or New Spain, as the country was called at the time when this see was instituted. It is a story as strange as any of the old episcopal sees in the Americas.

Just off the northeast coast of Yucatan lies Comuel, the "Isle of Swallows." It is the habitat of fishermen and turtle hunters, and never was anything else; yet in the year 1518 the Pope raised it to the dignity of a bishopric and bestowed it upon a distinguished prelate, as a more lucrative bishopric and greater honor than the bishopric of Culhua, now Mexico, the richest see in all the land of what was then New Spain.

Here are the events which led up to an occurrence of such notable character:

In the year 1511, when Vadilva and his following were on their way to Spain from Darien, not far from Jamaica, a sudden tempest drove them out of their course, and so ill-used them that only a few managed to reach the nearest land in a leaking boat, where exposure and ill treatment by native raptors caused the death of all but two.

The land on which these sea-tossed waifs were thrown was that which is now called Yucatan. It was then unknown and uninhabited by white men, although one of the old companions of Columbus, the pilot Pinzon, claims to have sailed along the coast, and to have seen it from his vessel, in the year 1506.

In the March of 1517, Francisco Hernandez de Cordova sailed from Santiago de Cuba to discover new lands. On the 4th of that month he sighted what is now known as Cape Catoche. Continuing along the coast, when near the river and native town of Champoton he was attacked by the assembled Maya natives and severely routed. Returning to Havana with the remnant of his forces, he died a few days after his arrival.

In the following year, 1518, the young and energetic baidago, Juan de Grijalva, sailed from the port of Matanzas, Cuba. Like Cordova, he sailed to discover new lands and, if possible, much gold. He skirted the coast of Yucatan and, on the 6th of May, 1518, discovered a large island but at a short distance off the main land. More fortunate for a while than Cordova, he was hospitably received by the natives of Comuel, or Island of Swallows, as they called their land. He visited the chief personages of the place, which was apparently sacred to its inhabitants and contained many shrines, statues, and temples.

In one of these, the priest Juan Diaz, belonging to the expedition, said mass, without any opposition from the natives. This done, Grijalva and his followers sailed away for new fields. As they passed the island shores, so the official chroniclers told in their reports to king and Pope, they counted no less than fourteen towers in sight.

Now the term towers, in old Spain and older Rome, conveyed the idea of moated castles, turreted embankments, and temples, as well as the rich and flourishing population that naturally accompanies such imposing structures. This was the impression that was evidently, and perhaps purposely, produced upon the minds of the Spanish king and Roman pontiff by the chronicle of the voyages of Grijalva and, later, those of Cortez.

Under these circumstances, it was not so ludicrous that the first bishopric of Yucatan should have been erected upon an almost uninhabited island, and then given, as a coveted prize, to a person whom both Pope and King desired greatly to honor.

The cathedral of Yucatan, in Merida, is one of the most imposing and satisfying examples of ecclesiastical architecture in all Mexico. In striking contrast to the richly ornamented facades of

some other cathedrals in the republic of Mexico, this of Merida is striking in its austere simplicity, and so typical of all that a religious edifice should exemplify. The later cathedral, built to replace the primitive one, had cost, at the date of its completion in 1598, over three hundred thousand dollars, which was in those days a very large sum.

Since then large amounts have been spent from time to time, mostly upon the interior of the edifice, so that the result is an immense surprise to the casual visitor, who is ill prepared by the plain exterior for the magnificence of the interior.

To look down the nave, the dim vista of sept and transept between the multitude of smooth great round columns makes one think of the first cathedral that nature built for man to worship in, the arcades of the forest primeval. The high altar surrounded by the religious symbols, the receded back of the many altars, are each and all magnificent examples of old wood carvings. They are covered with thick gilding and toned by time to a rich old gold effect. The carvings were in their day worked upon by artists impelled by love of their work and reverence for their religion, as well as for the kins that they received. This art is recognized by the authorities of the cathedral, and most of the later work has been of a nature not calculated to produce the sometimes startling anachronisms so often found in the interiors of religious structures in Mexico and South America.

Dr. Martin Tritschler y Cordova, since the 31st of July, 1909, thirty-ninth bishop of Yucatan, was born on the 28th of May, 1868, in the town of San Andres Chalechucum, State of Puebla. His father was a German merchant, Martin Tritschler, who in the last half of the nineteenth century came to Mexico, married a very estimable lady of San Andres, Doña Jose Cordova, raised a

family, and fought on the side of Juarez in the War of Independence.

Martin Tritschler y Cordova, his son, and present Archbishop of Yucatan, received his earlier education at the college seminary in the city of Puebla. From there he went to Rome, where he finished his collegiate courses. Returning to Mexico and his native state, with high honors and doctorates in philosophy, canonical law, and theology, he at once entered the theological seminary of Puebla, as instructor, and later the cathedral, at the same place, as a most valuable aid to the bishop.

Pope Leo XIII., who followed the young man's career with kindly interest, made him head of the

see of Yucatan, vacant by the death of the ever-lamented Crescencio Carillo, eminent not only as a theologian, but as a scholar. Pio X., by papal bull dated the 11th of November, 1906, decreed the elevation of the Yucatan diocese to an archbishopric, which decree was carried into effect on the 14th of April, 1907.

The elevation of the bishopric into an archbishopric was then an accomplished fact from the date above mentioned, but a most important rite, the placing of the pallium upon the shoulders of the archbishop, had yet to be performed.

The pallium is a kind of scarf, a species of stole or cape, with two pendula, upon which are seven velvet crosses; it is made from the wool of consecrated sheep, woven in a special way, upon a certain day, by the nuns of a specially designated order, and deposited in a certain unvarying location, there to remain until taken out to perform its destined mission. It is a symbol of Saint Peter, the prince of the Apostles and the Good Shepherd who carried upon his shoulders the weak lamb of the flock. The placing of it upon the shoulders of the archbishop signifies that upon him now falls the privilege and duty that Saint Peter possessed when on earth.



The Cathedral, Merida, Yucatan



In the Centre stands the Most Reverend and Illustrious Archbishop of Yucatan, Don Martin Tritschler y Cordova, with the Bishops of his Diocese, Doctor Don Francisco Regis Campos, Bishop of Tabasco, and Doctor Don Francisco de Paula Mendosa, Bishop of Campeche

New York Tries a New Kind of Street Car



The Rear Platform of the new "Pay-as-you-enter" Car



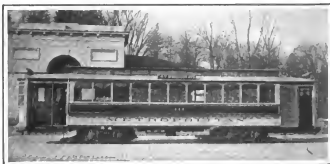
Alighting from the Front Platform of the new Car

THE "pay-as-you-enter" car has reached New York. Several of these vehicles have been placed in service on the Fourth and Madison Avenue line, and, should these prove satisfactory, this type of car will no doubt gradually supersede the kind now in use over all the chief car lines of the city.

The new car was first introduced into Montreal, and its success there led to its adoption in Chicago and Buffalo, by Mr. T. E. Mitten, head of the street railroad systems in those cities, and subsequently in Newark, New Jersey. In Pittsburgh the system proved a failure, owing to the company's neglect to provide specially constructed cars. In the other cities it has been uniformly successful.

The new cars are eleven feet longer than the standard cars of the Metropolitan system. Their chief feature is the very wide platform, seven feet and a half by six, which is divided into compartments, one for entrance and one for exit. The conductor stands behind a railing on the platform and collects the fares, dropping them into a changing box before the passengers enter the car. Entrance is only to be had by the rear platform, but exit will be permitted at both the front and rear.

It is fully expected that these new cars will pay their way. Under the present system the traction company has missed collecting a good many fares. Moreover, in cases when the conductor is standing at the front end of a crowded car collecting his fares, he is frequently dependent upon the word of passengers on the rear platform for a starting signal. As a result of this system a great many persons have been thrown in the street as they were boarding and alighting from surface cars, and the negligence actions that have followed have been a source of heavy expense to the com-



One of the new Cars with which New York is seeking to simplify its Transit Problem



A Ground Plan of the "Pay-as-you-enter" Car, showing the Arrangement of Entrance and Exit

pany. In the new cars the conductor does not leave the rear platform.

The cars are equipped with air and differential brakes and each is driven by four powerful motors. There are push buttons between every two windows by means of which the car may be stopped. Colored light signals are displayed at night to indicate the direction. Cars with blue lights run between Brooklyn Bridge and Elsie Street; with yellow lights, between 116th Street and Roosevelt Tunnel; with green lights, between 80th Street and Astor Place; while a red light indicates that no passengers will be carried.

Hoop-La! The Circus

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU



"The Woman in White"



The Sisters who pass in the Air

catch that gleaming gleam in the orbit of bald, blood Paternfamilias' Notice his slinking hand, his outstretched eremum, the furtive hitch which he gives to his well-recessed, immaculate trousers? Paternfamilias has the circus fever. He is a lay one more: he watches the attendants stealthily. As soon as their backs are turned he means to sneak in under the tent. Or perhaps they'll let him in for watering the elephant.

"Here they watered the elephant?" asks Paternfamilias.

"Sir," replies the gent in uniform, "we have a water supply laid on for fifty elephants, not to mention Itchy Ah, the prodigious phenomenal pachydermatous pachyderm born at Bridgeport, the smallest elephant now in captivity.

Paternfamilias wakes from his dream, recovers his dignity, and stalks into the arena. He sniffs the sawdust and turns three hand springs into his place. The spectacle starts.

Yes, the circus is here. The seal of Barnum and Bailey has been stamped upon Madison Square Garden. All our old friends are with us again, fresh and personably young. Dear old jokers, your spring clothes cannot conceal you, but we will laugh with you. Look! here come the elephants, thirty-six in number, the dancing

horses, the tapering tapirs, the performing pigs, the daring lady equestriennes and tight-rope dancers, the camels, the monkeys, the—

What is it isn't as it is? What is this void? Where is the asymmetrical association of assorted stativisms? Where is the bearded lady? Where are the last two specimens of the Aztec race, captured by strenuous and superhuman skill upon the plains of Pennsylvania? Where are the freaks of yesterday?

"Where is the bearded lady gone,

The human cushion for point and pin,

The giant, and also the skeleton,

And he who wears the elastic skin?

Nothing is left of all, I ween.

The dwarf and the dog-faced boy do-joe,

And the tattooed girl are the one-lashed,

Where are the freaks of last year's show?"

But if the freaks have gone, they are scarcely missed among the miscellaneous medley of delightfully daring and delectable demonstrations which Barnum and Bailey offer us. You should have seen the Leamy Ladies. They are three. Five thousand nerve-racked, neurotic-necked crickets contemporaneously when they performed their feats on the trapeze. Right up at the very top of the garden one leamy lady knog by a slender limb, while another leamy lady, holding between her teeth one end of a leather attachment whose other end was tethered to the extremity of the aforesaid limb of the leamy lady of the first part, performed

a species of aerial hula dance, while the leamy lady of the third part worked an electrical display of whirling lights by pedalling a bicycle.

And you should have seen the barly bear and the trio of tricky trained mules and reckless riders, and the Imperial Viennese Troupe and Fisher Troupe, who fly from hand to hand like rubber balls upon the high trapeze.

But Wotan, the horse balloonist, must not be ignored. Standing on a small platform under a balloon, Wotan and his plucky rider, Miss Leon Mardor, ascended one hundred feet up to the dome of the arena, and there endure a baptism of fireworks, through which Wotan stands like a statue.

Also commend me to the grand hippodrome races: the lady jockeys and the two and four horse chariot races, and the dog and monkey races. But here's the climax. What do you think of the aerial auto race between the sisters La Roque, two pretty French girls? Down the climes fly the machines, one inch apart: the foremost turns a somersault through the air, while the second shoots deftly beneath it and lands fifty feet away.

Go up, thou bald-head! Go up, thou Killjoy! Go up to the circus, and if Gust Bopalar shall follow thee, send him to the asymmetrical association of assorted stativisms in liches.

The circus is over! A twilight of the gods descends on it. Illusion yields to hard, prosaic reality. Paternfamilias, shivering with the cold fit that succeeds his fever, comes to himself with a start, and glances round him, in some degree alarmed. He is no longer a boy, but an old man. He rises to his feet, stretches his cramped old limbs, and struggles into his overcoat. The benches and boxes, filled five minutes before with the applauding crowds, remain bare, empty witnesses of the tankard arena. The rump and high trapezes which swing so recently beneath the adept, agile acrobats, look an archaic, archaic array of the Fisher Troupe and Imperial Viennese (not to mention the lissome, lithe, leamy ladies), still oscillate ferociously. But where is that galaxy that held us enchanted in reminiscences of boyhood? Where are the clowns, the elephants, the tricky mules, the performing pig? (Where are the leamy ladies?) Where is the sublime, stupendous, and spectacular scenario of Amos, Africans, Abyssinians, and Nababians, all accurately accoutred according to actuality?

The dancing horse droops his head wearily as he plops to his stall. The performing pig runs to his sty squealing in anticipation of potato peelings and cold slop. I see three very weary Leamy ladies going home to bed (or supper); and the sisters La Roque, wondering whether they will have sufficed a sum sufficient for retirement before that constant spectre of death shall claim them. The midget blinks her black eyes sleepily at the youngest lady elephant ever born in captivity, and the youngest lady elephant blinks back at her again. The electric light goes out in the toy monkey house, and the marmoset, who had slept with her face pressed to the hot bulb, shivers and wakes.

"It was a good show this year, Tommy," says Paternfamilias. "But they don't have circuses like they did when I was a boy. The elephants were larger then. And you ought to have seen the clowns! They don't have clowns like they did forty years ago. I remember how I wanted my father to take me to the circus once, and—still, it was a good show, Tommy, wasn't it?"



The Bear Nurse



How the Jarroles support themselves



Music and the Opera

AN "AMERICAN" CONCERT

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



DR. KARL MUCK did an amiable thing when he placed upon the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its last New York appearance of the season three works by composers living in America. The occasion thus brought about was described in the preliminary announcements as "an American concert." It would be idle to quarrel with the designation on the score of the dubious Americanism of one of the composers represented, though it would be vain to regard the concert as in any important sense a demonstration of musical nationalism. Dr. Muck chose for performance a suite, "Jeanne d'Arc," by Mr. Frederick S. Converse, the "Pagan Poem" of Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, and the "Indian" suite of MacDowell. Mr. Converse is undoubtedly an American, so, of course, was MacDowell; Mr. Loeffler was born at Mühlhausen, Alsace; he studied composition both in Germany and in France, and now lives in Medford, Massachusetts; he has been a naturalized citizen of the United States for almost a quarter of a century. Mr. Converse in his music displays orientalism; he writes at times like Frensdorff of to-day, at times like a German of the day that followed Wagner. What little there is of external influence in the musical personality of MacDowell suggests Scandinavia and the Germany of Wagner. As for Mr. Loeffler, he is in his music scarcely less French than the French, though there is a richer and stronger fibre in the substance of his thought than there would be if he were merely Gallic.—So again is one baffled in one's search for a unifying Americanism in the interesting exhibit arranged by Dr. Muck. One can fancy that excellent foreigners pondering the questions, "What constitutes an American? And what is American music?" Doubtless Mr. Converse is as American as may be though he is a little difficult to trace any characteristic in his music which invites the exorbitant adjective. Doubtless, too, MacDowell was unimpeachably an American, and he wrote music that is saturated with individual flavor, but there is nothing American in his mysticism, his bardic fervor, his poetic glamour? And coming again to the cosmopolitan Mr. Loeffler, it is possible to call his music American for any reason save that it was written within the bounds of Mr. Roosevelt's empire? So let us, in this matter, emulate the attitude assumed by Dr. Johnson upon a certain occasion. A lady had been discussing with the omniscient Doctor the question of a future state. "She seemed desirous of knowing more," relates the delectable Boswell, "but he left the question in obscurity." So, therefore, may we. It will be more profitable to consider briefly the actual quality of the musical exhibit so regally displayed by Dr. Muck.

Mr. Converse's suite, which he describes as a series of "dramatic scenes," is a concert arrangement of the incidental music which the composer wrote for Mr. Percy Mackaye's play, "Jeanne d'Arc," performed in New York last winter by Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn. It then shared the fate which in this country befalls all serious and ambitious music composed for use in connection with the spoken drama. That is to say, it had to suffer performance by an inadequate orchestra, and those portions of it which were designed to be played while the curtain was down were simply not listened to at all. In other words, Mr. Converse and the managers who commissioned his music were taught by melancholy experience the lesson which has so often been inculcated—that American players are not prepared to listen to, and do not care to hear, incidental music in the theatre. To write and to perform it is a sheer waste of energy, time, and money.

Mr. Converse's "Jeanne d'Arc" music is therefore, in its concert form, virtually a new thing. It is presented in five movements, bearing these titles: (1) "In Deming"; (2) "Pastoral Revue"; (3) "Battle Hymn"; (4) "Night Vision"; (5) "The Maid of God." The music, completed—as to its present form—in 1907, is the latest that Mr. Converse has put forth. It cannot be said

that it reflects credit upon its composer. We have before, and at some length, considered in this place the qualities which make Mr. Converse a conspicuous figure among composers living and writing in America. He has much skill, he has fervor, he has a sense of backgrounds and atmosphere, and he has poetic instinct. In his "Mystic Trumpeter," after Whitman, there are splendid moments, there are freedom and verity, a large and impressive sincerity. But one feels always with him that he is too hospitable to the casual idea, the inferior inspiration. His creative instinct is not fine enough, not scrupulous or suspicious enough. Then it happens that his "Jeanne d'Arc" music, for example, has often the quality which Mr. Meredith had in mind when he characterized certain worthy sentiments as "platitudes under bala." Mr. Converse has obviously been moved and stirred by the noble and exalted implications of his subject; he has put down his meditations concerning them in music which is undoubtedly sincere, but which is grievously far from being eloquent or just. It is not telling in ideas, it is not marked or individual in its physiognomy, and it often verges upon something which, in a less responsible music-maker than Mr. Converse, would be called sheer commonness. One striking virtue it has; it is poetically and ingenuously scored, though it does not betray a particularly original method.

Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" is in a different case. It was inspired by a portion of the Eighth Eclogue of Virgil, and its burden is the longing of a Thracian girl who, deserted by her lover, seeks by magic rites and incantations to have him back to her. When Mr. Loeffler's music was performed for the first time in Boston, on November 23 of last year, it was reviewed on this page, and a deliberate opinion of it was set down. It will therefore suffice to say now that the impressions recorded four months ago were confirmed by the first New York performance of this extraordinary work. We said then, and we say now, that it is original and imaginative; this tempo has not been surpassed by any piece of orchestral writing that has come out of America. It is music which, because of its push-breaking qualities, its utter freedom and independence of style, will be long in compelling any general recognition of its importance. This is music of to-morrow. Let there be noted here simply a conviction of its great beauty, its superb and victorious artistry, its engrossing eloquence.

Concerning the "Indian" suite of the lamented MacDowell, there is nothing to say that has not been said repeatedly by those who rightly value this noble and deeply affecting score. The suite is now sixteen years old, and it has been known to our concert rooms since 1890; yet its beauty and its ability do not seem less potent and actual with the passage of time; rather does the music seem more deeply impressive, more certain of its potency, with the advancing years. And it will not be inept to remark here that the music is most valuable in those portions of it which are of MacDowell's own invention. The themes of avowedly Indian origin upon which he founded the work give it an unquestionable pungency, a characteristic flavor; but the less adroitly aboriginal the composer is here the more memorable and consequential is the result. The themes which are of his own creation are, paradoxically enough, not only more melodically swelling and potent, but more truly indicative of the essential mood, the fundamental intent, of the work. The fact is significant,—and, it may be ventured, worthy of consideration by those who hold a brief for aesthetic nationalism.

It remains to be said that Dr. Muck, one of the greatest of living conductors of these works, with astounding insight, with unflagging sympathy, with exquisite discrimination and noble authority, with the skill and clairvoyance of a master. The orchestra—an orchestra that for more than a quarter of a century has been an honor to art in America—played as it always plays; incomparably. It is certain that this remarkable body of virtuosos has never in its history played with so harmonious a blend of technical adroitness and expressional variety.—It has never been at once so perfect and so eloquent an instrument.



Mr. Heinrich Gebhard

MR. GEBHARD PLAYED THE IMPORTANT AND IMPERFECTLY PLAYED PART IN LOEFFLER'S "PAGAN POEM" AT ITS FIRST NEW YORK PERFORMANCE

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Dickens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHEEP," ETC.

CHAPTER VI



THE Marchesino Panarello was generally very sincere with his friends, and the boyish expression in his eyes was not altogether deceptive, for despite his wide knowledge of certain aspects of life, not wholly admirable, there was really something of the simplicity of a child—in a child that could be very naughty—in his disposition. But if he could be naive he could also be mischievous and even subtle, and he was very swift in grasping a situation, very sharp in reading character, very cunning in the pursuit of his pleasure, very adroit in deception, if he thought that publicity of himself would be likely to lead to the frustration of his purpose.

He had seen at once that Artola either knew, or suspected, who were the occupants of the white boat with the green line; and he had also seen that, influenced, perhaps, by one of those second thoughts which lead men into caution, Artola desired to conceal his knowledge or suspicion. Instantly the Marchesino had, therefore, dropped the subject, and as instinctively he had devised a little plan to clear the matter up.

The Marchesino knew that when Artola had arrived in Naples he had had no friends in the town or neighborhood. But he also knew that recently an Englishwoman, an old friend of the novelist, had come upon the scene, that she was living somewhere not far off, and that Artola had been to visit her once or twice. So Artola had spoken of her very casually, and the Marchesino's interest in her had not been awakened. He was not an inquisitive man by nature, and was always very busy with his own pursuit of pleasure. But he remembered now that once he had seen his friend being moved in the direction of Posillipo, and that in the evening of the same day Artola had mentioned having seen to visit his English friend. This fact had suggested to the Marchesino that if his suspicion were correct, and the ladies in the white boat with the green line were this English friend and a daughter, they probably lived in some villa as easily reached by sea, as by land. Such villas are more numerous toward the point of the Capo di Posillipo than nearer Naples, as the lighthouse, after the Mergellina, mounts the hill and diverges further and farther from the sea. The Antico Giosepone is a small waterside restaurant at the point of the Capo di Posillipo, a little below the Villa Rosebery.

The Marchesino's suggestion of a dinner there that evening had been prompted by the desire to draw his friend into the neighborhood which he suspected to be the neighborhood of his chamber of the sea. Once there, he might either find some pretext for making her acquaintance through Artola—if Artola did know her—or, if that were impossible, he might at least find out where she lived, by the manner of Artola when the Antico Giosepone was mentioned, he knew at once that he was playing his cards well. The occupants of the white boat were known to the novelist. They did live somewhere near the Antico Giosepone. And certainly Artola had no desire to bring about his—the Marchesino's—acquaintance with them.

That this was so neither surprised nor seriously vexed the Marchesino. He knew a good deal of his friend's character, knew that Artola, despite his geniality and friendliness, was often reserved—even with him. During their short intimacy he had certainly told Artola a great deal more about his affairs with women than had been told to him in return. This fact was borne in upon him now. But he did not feel angry. A careless good nature was no essential part of his character. He did not feel angry at his friend's secrecy, but he did feel mischievous. His lively desire to know the girl with "the perfect little nose" was backed up now by another desire—to "teach" the Englishman—that it was better to meet complete frankness with complete frankness.

He had strolled out of his friend's room pleasantly, acting the melancholy youth who had lost all hope of succeeding in his desire; but directly the door was shut his manner changed. Disregarding his lift, he ran lightly down the stairs, made his way swiftly by the revolving door into the street, crossed it, and walked towards the harbor of Santa Lucia, where quantities of pleasure boats lie waiting for hire, and the boatmen are gathered in knots smoking and gossiping, or are strolling singly up and down near the water's edge, keeping a sharp lookout for possible customers. As the Marchesino turned on to the bridge that leads towards Castel dell'Oro, one of these boatmen met him and saluted him.

"Good day, Giuseppe," said the Marchesino, addressing him familiarly with a loud Neapolitan accent.

"Good day, Signorino Marchesino," replied the man. "Do you want a boat? I will take you for—"

The Marchesino drew out his cigarette case.

"I don't want a boat. But perhaps you can tell me something."

"What is it, Signorino Marchesino?" said the man, looking eagerly at the cigarette case, which was now open, and which displayed two tempting rows of fat Egyptian cigarettes reposing side by side.

"Do you know a boat—white with a green line—which sometimes comes into the harbor from the direction of Posillipo? It was here this afternoon or it passed here. I don't know whether it went on to the Asinara."

"White with a green line?" said the man. "That might be—Who was there in it, Signorino Marchesino?"

"Two ladies—one old and one very young. The young lady—"

"Those must be the ladies from the island," interrupted the man. "The English ladies who come in the summer to the Casa del Mare, as they call it, on the island close to the Grotto of Virgilio by San Francesco's Pool. They were here this afternoon, but they're gone back. Their boat is white with a green line, Signorino Marchesino."

"Grazie, Giuseppe," said the Marchesino, with an immovable countenance. "Do you smoke cigarettes?"

"Signorino Marchesino, I do when I have any sold to buy them with."

"Take these."

The Marchesino emptied one side of his cigarette case into the boatman's hand, called a hired carriage, and drove off toward the Villa—towards the house going at a frantic trot, while the carriage, holding a ruin in each hand, ejaculated, "A—ah!" every ten seconds in a voice that was feverishly hortatory.

Artola, from his window, saw the carriage rattle past, and saw his friend leaning back in it, with alert eyes, to scan every woman passing by. He stood on the balcony for a moment till the end of the wheels on the stone pavement died away. When he returned to his writing table the mood for work was gone. He sat down in his chair. He took up his pen. But he found himself thinking of two people, the extraordinary difference between whom was the cause of his now linking them together in his mind. He found himself thinking of the Marchesino and of Vere.

Not for a moment did he doubt the identity of the two women in the white boat. They were Hermione and Vere. The Marchesino had read him rightly, but Artola was not aware of it. His friend had deceived him, as almost any sharp-witted Neapolitan can deceive even clever foreigners. Certainly he did not particularly wish to introduce his friend to Vere. Yet now he was thinking of the two in connection, and not without amusement. What would they be like together? How would Vere's divine innocence receive the subtle seductions of the Marchesino? Artola, in fancy, could see his friend Doro for once completely disarmed by a child. Vere's innocence did not spring from folly, but was backed up by excellent brains. It was that fact which made it so beautiful. The innocence and the brains together might well read Doro a pretty little lesson. And Vere after the lesson—would she be changed? Would she lose by giving even if the gift were a lesson?

Artola had certainly felt that his instinct told him not to do what Doro wanted. He had been moved, he supposed now, by a protective sentiment. Vere was delicious as she was. And Doro—he was delighted as he was. The girl was exchanting in her ignorance. The youth—in Artola the Marchesino seemed almost a boy; indeed, often quite a boy—was admirable in his precocity. He embodied Naples, its gay *feverish*, and yet that was hardly the word—perhaps, rather, one should say his sunny laughlines, its reckless devotion to life purged of thought. And Vere—what did she embody? Not Sicily, though she was in some ways so Sicilian. Not England; certainly not that!

Suddenly Artola was conscious that he knew Doro much better than he knew Vere. He remembered the statement of an Austrian psychologist that men are far more mysterious than women, and shook his head over it now. He felt strongly the mystery that lay hidden deep down in the innocence of Vere, in the innocence of every girl child. Vere's age, who had brains, temperament, and perfect purity. What a marvellous combination they made! He imagined the fiercer flame of their burning in the night of the world of men. Vere must be happy.

When he said this to himself he knew that, perhaps for the first time, he was despairing of something that he ardently desired. He was transferring a wish that was something like a prayer in the heart of one who had seldom prayed. He was giving up hope for Hermione and fostering hope on Vere. For a moment that seemed like treachery, like an abandonment of Hermione. Since their interview on the sea Artola had felt that for

* Begins in HARRIS'S WEEKLY, No. 4973.

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Ireneuse all possibility of real happiness was over. She could not detach her love. It had been fastened irrevocably on Maurice. It was now fastened irrevocably on Maurice's memory. Long ago had she, while he was alive, found out what he had done, but passion for him might have died, and in the course of years she might have been able to love again. But now it was surely too late. She had lived with her memory too long. It was her blessing—to remember, to recall, how love had blessed her life for a time. And if that memory were devastated now she would be as one wrecked in the storm of life. Yet with that memory how she suffered!

What could he do for her? His chivalry must exercise itself. He must remain in the lists, if only to fight for Ireneuse in Vere. And the Marchesino? Artois seemed to divine that he might be an enemy in certain circumstances.

A warmth of sentiment, not very common in Artois, generated within him by such thoughts as these; thoughts that detained him from work still glowed in his heart when evening fell and the Marchesino came gayly in to take him out upon the sea.

"There's a little wind, Emílio," he said, as they got into the boat in the harbor of Santa Lucia; "we can sail to the Antico Giuseppino. And after dinner we'll fish for sardis. Isn't it warm? One could sleep out on such a night."

They had two men with them. When they got beyond the break-water the sail was set, the Marchesino took the helm, and the boat slipped through the smooth sea, rounded the rocks on which the old fort stands to stare at Capri, radiant now as a single isle in the curious ethereal light of evening, and headed for the distant point of land which hid Ischia from their eyes. The freedom of the Bay of Naples was granted them—the freedom of the sea. As they ran out into the open water and Artois saw the round, gray eyes of the Marchesino dancing to the merry music of a complete bodily pleasure, he felt like a man escaping. He looked back at the city and at the dark, sad, desolate bay, and his deep and persistent interest in men, he understood the joy of the hermit who casts them from him and escapes into the wilds. The radiance of the bay, one of the most radiant of all the inlets of the sea, held and glared in the brilliant daytime, becomes exquisitely delicate towards night. Tomorrow, its fiery watcher, looks like a kindly gentleness, until perhaps the darkness shows the flame upon its flanks, the flame bursting forth from the mouth it opens to the sky; and the coast line by Sorrento, the lifted crest of Capri, even the hill of Posillipo, appear romantic and enticing, calling lands holding wonderful pleasures for men, joys in their rocks and trees, joys in their dim recesses, joys and real realities building every dream upon their coasted wash by the whispering waves.

The eyes of the Marchesino were dancing with physical pleasure. Artois wondered how much he felt the beauty of the evening, and how. His friend evidently saw the question in his eyes, for he said:

"The man who knows not Naples knows not pleasure."

"Is that a Neapolitan saying?" asked Artois.

"Yes, and it is true. There is no town like Naples for pleasure. Even your Paris, with all its theatres, its cottages, its restaurants—no, it is not Naples. No wonder the foreigners come here. In Naples they are free. They can do as they will. They know we shall not mind. We are never shocked—"

"And do you think we are easily shocked in Paris?"

"No, but it is not the same. You have not Venus there. You have not the sea, you have not the sun."

Artois began laughingly to protest against the last statement, but the Marchesino would not have it.

"No, no, it shines—I know that—but it is not the sun we have here."

He spoke to the seamen in the Neapolitan dialect. They were brown, muscular fellows. In their eyes were the extraordinary boldness and directness of the sea. Neither of them looked gray. Many of the Neapolitans are much upon the sea have actions, even grave, faces. These were intensely, almost overpoweringly male. They seemed to partake of the essence of the elements of nature, as if blood of the sea ran in their veins, as if they were but with the grim and lazier fires of the sun. When they spoke their faces showed a certain cheerfulness, perhaps from Artois, but never lost the look of force, of an almost true masculinity ready to battle, perpetually alive to hold its own.

The Marchesino was also very masculine, but in a different way and more consciously than they were. He was not cultured, but such civilization as he had endowed him with a power to catch the moods of others not possessed by these men, in whom per seience was more visible than adroitness, unless, indeed, any question of money was to the fore.

"We shall get to the Giuseppino by eight, Emílio," the Marchesino said, dropping his conversation with the men, which had been about the best hour and place for their fishing. "Are you hungry?"

"I shall be," said Artois. "This wind brings an appetite with it. How well you steer!"

The Marchesino nodded eagerly.

As the boat drew ever nearer to the point, running swiftly before the light breeze, its occupants were silent. Artois gazed, watching the evening with the eyes of a lover of nature, but also with the eyes of one who takes notes. The Marchesino seemed to be intent on his occupation of pilot. As to the two sailors, they sat in the accustomed calm and stolid silence of seafaring men, with wide eyes looking out over the element that ministered to their wants. They were certain, perhaps, that from Artois, to whom it gave him an intense aesthetic pleasure, differently from the Marchesino, to whom it was just a path to possible excitement, possible gratification of a new and daring desire. They connected

it with strange superstitions, with gifts, with deprivations, with death. Familiar and mysterious it was surely to them, as to all seamen, like a woman possessed whose soul is far away.

Just as the clocks of Posillipo were striking eight the Marchesino steered the boat in to the quay of the Antico Giuseppino. Although it was early in the season a few deal tables were set out by the water-side, and a swartly waiter, with huge mustaches, and a napkin over his arm, came delicately over the stones to ask their wishes.

"Will you let me order dinner, Emílio?" asked the Marchesino; "I know what they do best here."

Artois agreed, and while the waiter shuffled to carry out the Marchesino's directions the two friends strolled near the edge of the sea.

The breeze had been kindly. Having served them well, it was now dying down to its repose, leaving the evening that was now to night profoundly calm. As Artois walked along the quay he felt the approach of calm like the approach of a potentate, serene in the vast consciousness of power. Power was invading the sea, irresistible peace. The night was at hand. Already Naples unrolled its chain of lamps along the bay. In the gardens of Posillipo the lights of the houses gleamed. Opposite, but very far off across the sea, shone the tiny flames of the houses of Portici, of Torre del Greco, of Torre Annunziata, of Castellammare. Against the gathering darkness Vesuvius belched slowly soft clouds of rose-colored vapor, which went up like a menace into the dim vault of the sky. The sea was without waves. The boats by the quay, where the wind seldom past the Villa Reale to the village of Posillipo, scarcely moved. Near them, in a group, leaning against the wall and talking rapidly, stood the two sailors from Naples with the boatmen of the Giuseppino. Old lamps glimmered upon two or three of the deal tables, round one of which was gathered a party consisting of seven large women, three children, and a very thin middle-aged man with bright eyes, all of whom were eating oysters. Further on, from a small arched that gave access to a fisherman's house, which seemed to be constructed partially in a cave of the rock, and which was gained by a steep and crumbling stairway of stone, a mother called shrilly to some half-naked little boys who were fishing with tiny hand nets in the sea. By the table which was destined to the Marchesino and Artois three ambulant musicians were hovering, holding in their broad and dirty hands two shabby mandolins and a guitar in the distance a rock with a white cap on its head and bare arms was visible, as he moved to and fro in the lighted kitchen of the old restaurant, preparing a "zuppa di pesce" for the gentlemen from Santa Lucia.

"Che bella notte!" said the Marchesino, suddenly.

His voice sounded sentimental. He twisted his mustaches and added:

"Emílio, we ought to have brought two beautiful women with us to-night. What are the moon and the sea to men without beautiful women?"

"And the fishing!" said Artois.

"To the devil with the fishing," replied the young man. "Here! our dinner is ready, with thanks to the Madonna!"

They sat down, one on each side of the small table, with a small lamp between them.

"I have ordered vino bianco," said the Marchesino, who still looked sentimental. "Cameriere, take away the lamp. Put it on the next table. Va bene. We are going to have 'zuppa di pesce', gambers, and real oysters. The wine is Capri. Now then," he added, with sudden violence and the coarsest imaginable Neapolitan accent, "If you follow play 'Santa Lucia,' 'Napoli Bella,' or 'Sole Mio' you'll have my knife in you. I am not an Italian. I am a Neapolitan. Remember that!"

He proved it with a string of gutter words and oaths, at which the musicians smiled with pleasure. Then, turning again to Artois, he continued:

"If one doesn't tell them they think one is an boobie. Emílio, do you not love to see the moon with a beautiful girl?"

His curious assumption that Artois and he were contemporaries because they were friends, and his apparently absolute blindness to the fact that a man of sixty and a man of twenty-four are both men, and that a man of sixty and a man of twenty-four are both men, always severely entertained the novelist, who made it his business with this friend to be accommodating, and who seldom, if ever, showed himself authoritative or revealed any part of his real inner self.

"Ma sì," he replied; "the night and the moon are made for love."

"Everything is made for love," returned the Marchesino. "Take plenty of soaked bread, Emílio. They know how to make this zuppa here. Everything is made for love. Look! There is a boat coming with wine is it?"

At a short distance he saw the shore a rowing boat was visible, and from it now came shrill sounds of very common voices, followed by shouts of male laughter.

"Perhaps they are beautiful," said the Marchesino, at once on the alert.

The boat drew in to the quay, and from it three sprang, with much noise and many pretensions, two overboarded women, probably, indeed, almost certainly, concubines—and two large young men, whose brown fingers and whose chests gleamed with false diamonds. As they passed the table where the two friends were sitting, the Marchesino raked the women with his bold, gray eyes. One of them was large and artificially blond, with an enormous black wig, and a small, dark, curly wig on the other side of her pale dyed hair, on which was perched a bright blue hat. The other was fiercely dark, with masses of coarse, black hair, big

(Continued on page 28.)

Sea Traffic and Transportation

Every craft of five tons register or more that plies on the coast or inland waters of America is registered, analyzed, bottled, and carefully dissected by our paternal government. The figures for the past year show that there are 35,321 such vessels, with an aggregate gross tonnage of 12,893,439, and a value of over five hundred million dollars.

By far the largest part of the American shipping—that is to say, 20,032 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of more than 4,980,000—operate on the Atlantic coast and Gulf of Mexico. The next greatest number, 9622 vessels with a tonnage of over 4,000,000, ply along the Mississippi River and its tributaries. But so many of these vessels reported from the Mississippi River are coal barges and scows, that in spite of the large number and great tonnage the value is only about \$23,000,000 and the income only about \$17,000,000. The smaller number of vessels on the Great Lakes, 2950, represents a value of over \$100,000,000 and derives an income of \$65,000,000. Shipping on the Pacific coast does business valued at about \$49,000,000.

One striking fact is the rapid increase in the use of iron and steel as materials for the construction of vessels. In 1880, 26.5 per cent. only of the total value of new construction was of iron and steel; in 1890 the proportion was 47.2 per cent.; in 1900, 71.2 per cent.; and in 1905, 81.7 per cent. Or, to state this increase in terms of tonnage: Instead of value, in 1880 the gross tonnage reported for vessels constructed of iron and steel exceeded the gross tonnage reported in 1889 by 2,751,505 tons—an increase of more than 520 per cent. More than half of this increase occurred on the Great Lakes.

During the year 1906 ferriesboats transported 330,737,039 passengers, over sixty-three per cent. of whom were carried by the ferries in and around New York Harbor. Of the total number, 309,752,581 passengers rode on regular ferriesboats and 20,984,558 on unregular ferriesboats. While the income of ferriesboats is derived largely from carrying these passengers, in some cases, particularly on the Mississippi River and its tributaries, the carrying of goods, teams, and even the carriage of freight bring in an amount in excess of the passenger business.

On railroad ferries carrying passenger coaches, it is estimated, 37,453,512 additional persons were carried. These ferries form connecting links in railway systems and transport for short distances whole trains of cars without disturbing the passengers or the freight.

The busiest canal in the world is the St. Marys Falls Canal, connecting Lake Superior with Lake Huron. In 1906 the net tonnage of vessels passing through this was three times as great as that through the Suez Canal, and more than seven times as great as that through the Kaiser Wilhelm, or Kiel, Canal. This is the more noteworthy since the St. Marys Falls Canal, on account of the severity of the cold, is open to traffic for only about eight months in the year, while the others are open throughout the year. The increased use of the St. Marys Falls Canal has been immediately apparent. In 1905, 1,344,379 tons went through; in 1906, 7,546,022 tons; and in 1907, 41,276,962 tons—an amount 3217.3 per cent. greater than in 1890 and 440.3 per cent. greater than in 1889. The amount of freight passing through the canal and connected rivers of the United States in 1906 was 122,000,000 tons, nearly 700 per cent. more than that carried during the year 1885.

The Sway of the Typewriter

The typewriter is playing an important part in civilizing the world. The latest invention in this line is a machine capable of transcribing the Japanese ideogram; but typewriters imitating Arabic, Syriac, Armenian, Hebrew, and other Oriental languages have long been used.

It is funny the arising of anything from a slender letter to a book, can only be done under a permit from the government. Therefore, typewriters which imprint Turkish or Arabic characters are prohibited from pro-

ing through the custom-house. Nevertheless, the increasing demand has somehow produced a small supply. Baghdad, a city of 200,000 inhabitants, has twenty machines, all of which write Arabic. In Syria, one of the most polyglot countries in the world, Syriac, Arabic and French writing typewriters are used by many of the business houses. So, in writing the Arabic script, is learning to adapt the typewriter. To go further east, a number of Hindustani writing machines are now used in Bombay and other cities of India. Chinese seem to be the only language which still resists the typewriter's encroachments.

The Artful Dodger

Ben had been going to school all of a month, and Ben's father thought it high time to find out how things were running. So he asked him one day, "Just what was it you learned all about this morning?"

"Oh, a mouse. Teacher told us all about mouses."

"Fine, sonny. Now how do you spell mouse?"

"A long moment's silence, and then the future editor blue-pencilled the earlier communication thus: "Father, I guess I was wrong. It wasn't a mouse. It was a rat."

New Laws for New Crimes

If Drusus and Solon, the old-time lawmakers, should revisit the earth, a tour of investigation in these United States would make it speedily clear in them that we moderns, as well as the ancients, busy ourselves pretty much all the time with the framing of new laws.

"I am grieved for failure to provide good drinking water on my passenger trains," a Rhode-Islander might say: to which a fellow railroader in South Carolina would add: "In this State a jail sentence follows a neglect to provide spittoons for every two seats in our cars."

A man in Virginia says: "I killed a partridge on the second day of February, for which I must serve time in jail."

In Tennessee a man must pay a fine or serve three years' imprisonment for killing fish with dynamite.

In Wisconsin a baker must serve three weeks in jail for sleeping in his bakery.

In California nurses are punished by fine or imprisonment should they fail, in the proper instance, to notify the physician of certain phases of illness in their patients.

To enter a bicycle path in the State of Ohio is an offense punishable by heavy fine and sometimes imprisonment.

In most of the States it is a penal offense to tap a telegraph wire or to sell someone that is not up to the fire test.

If the old lawmakers were to extend their tour of investigation they might learn of men faced or imprisoned for dropping advertising matter in letter slots; for nagging by means of old machines; and for countless other offenses the very means for committing which were unknown one hundred years ago.

The Story of Beer

Some time ago our German friends celebrated the millenary of the sassage. The birth of beer, however, occurred far back before the dawn of history. It was brewed by the Iberian aborigines of Spain; and it is brewed to-day by tribes in darkest Africa. The history of beer is that of the human race. But there is beer and beer. Our modern beer, which represents the ingenuity of countless beer-makers, is barely five hundred years of age. Gambrinus was the legendary discoverer of beer in tin better sense. Who was Gambrinus? Some say the name is a corruption of Jan Brinon, Duke of Brabant, who did not disdain to be portrayed holding a tankard. Others believe the name to be that of some mythical, beneficent saint

who gave the amber nectar to mortals. Whoever he was, Gambrinus stands today throned in the hearts of millions.

"Hops, Broomfield, bays and beer
Come into England in one year."

says an old distich. It was the application of the hop which first lent glory to beer. Andrew Broomfield, writer of the distich, draws the first distinction between beer and ale. Ale, he says, is brewed from malt and water alone. Add hops, and ale becomes beer.

Beer is more than a beverage—it is a civilization. There are two races, and only two, which rule the world to-day—the wine-oil race and the butter-beer. The line of demarcation is clear and clean; it runs along the northern boundary of the wine lands. The Russians, Germans, Scandinavians, Belgians, English, and people of northern France belong to the butter-beer race; the peoples of the Mediterranean littoral to the wine oil.

All drinking terms run through all languages with little disguise; thus "wine" comes to us unaltered unchanged through Latin, Greek and Hebrew. "Need" has a similar history. "Whiskey" goes back to the Celtic "uisquebaugh," because the Celts invented the science of distillation, or at least first adopted it from the Arabians. "Bism," the Egyptian barley beer, has analogies in every dialect of Europe and western Asia. It survives among the English-speaking peoples in a short, homely, forcible word descriptive of excess.

DESERVING OF SUCCESS.

The marvelous growth of BROWN'S COMPOUND MILK CREAM is due to extensive use in churches and military institutions for the maintenance of their health. It is used by the British Navy and the United States Navy. It is used by the British Army and the United States Army. It is used by the British Navy and the United States Navy. It is used by the British Army and the United States Army.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT—BROWN'S MUSCLED PAIN-KILLER. 25 cents a bottle. 50¢.

Use BROWN'S Compound. Superior DENTIFRICE for the teeth. 10 cents. 25 cents per jar. 50¢.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THEY GROW

Good-Humor and Cheerfulness from
Right Food.

Cheerfulness is like sunlight. It dispels the clouds from the mind as sunlight drives away the shadows of night.

The good-humored man can pick up and carry off a load that the man with a growl wouldn't attempt to lift.

Anything that interferes with good health is apt to keep cheerfulness and good-humor in the background. A Washington lady found that letting coffee alone made things bright for her. She writes:

"Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor, and was not expected to live long. My nervous system was in a bad condition."

"But I was young and did not want to die, so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me, and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair."

"I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it, and bought some Postum."

"The first cup, which I made according to directions, had a soothing effect on my nerves, and I liked the taste. For a time I nearly lived on Postum, and ate little food besides. I am today a healthy woman."

"My family and relatives wonder if I am the same person I was four years ago, when I could do no work on account of nervousness. Now I am doing my own housework, take care of two babies—ten, twenty, the other two months old. I am so busy that I hardly get time to write a letter, yet I do it all with the cheerfulness and good-humor that comes from enjoying good health."

"I tell my friends it is to Postum I owe my life to-day."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pages. "There's a Reason."

A SPIRIT IN PRISON

(Continued from page 28.)

blatant eyes that looked quite black in the dim lamplight, and a figure that suggested a self-conscious snake. Both were young. They returned the Marchesino's stare with vigorous impudence as they sat by.

"What enigmatic creature!" he murmured. "They are two angels. I believe I have seen one of them at the Margherita. What was her name—Maria Leonì, I fancy."

He looked enviously at the young men. The arrival of the lobster distracted his attention for the moment; but it was obvious that the appearance of these women had increased the feeling of sentimentality already generated in him by the softness and stillness of the night.

The three musicians, rendered greedily rather than inspired by the presence of more rivals, now began to pluck a lively street tune from their instruments; and the waiter, whose mistakes seemed, if possible, bigger, now that night was fully come, poured the white wine into the glasses with the air of one making a blunder.

As the Marchesino ate, he frequently looked towards the party at the neighboring table. He was evidently filled with envy of the two men whose jewels glittered as they preoccupied with their big brown hands. But presently their pleasure and success recalled to him something which he had momentarily forgotten, the reason why he had planned this expedition. He was in pursuit. The recollection cheered him up, restored to him the strength of his manhood, put him right with himself. The envy and the almost sickly sentimentality vanished from him, and he broke into the usual gay conversation which seldom failed him, either by day or night.

It was past nine before they had finished their coffee. The two boatmen had been regaled and had drunk a bottle of wine, and the moon was rising and making the oil lamps of the Giuseppino look pitiful. From the table where the *cavalcade* were established came a series of laughter, which obviously upset the seven large and respectable women who had been eating oysters, and who now sat staring heavily at the gay revellers, while the two thin, middle-aged men with bright eyes began to look furtively cheerful, and even rather younger than they were. The Marchesino passed round a small leaden tray for sold, and the waiter brought the Marchesino the bill and looked inquiringly at Artois, aware that he at least was not a Neapolitan. Artois gave him something and satisfied the Marchesino, while the Marchesino disputed the bill, not because he minded paying, but merely to prove that he was a Neapolitan and not an imbecile. The waiter was settled at last, and they went towards the boat; the Marchesino casting many backward glances towards the two angels, who, with their lovers, were becoming riotous in their gaiety as the moon came up.

"Are we going out into the bay?" said Artois, as they stepped into the boat and were pushed off.

"Where is the best fishing ground?" asked the Marchesino of the elder of the two men.

"Towards the inlet, Signorino Marchesino," he replied at once, looking his interlocutor full in the face with steady eyes, but remaining perfectly grave.

Artois glanced at the man sharply. For the first time it occurred to him that possibly his friend had arranged this expedition with a purpose other than that which he had put forward. It was not the fisherman's voice which had made Artois wonder, but the voice of the Marchesino.

"There are generally plenty of sardine round the inlet," continued the fisherman, "but if the signal would not be too tired it would be best to stay out the night. We shall get many more fish toward morning, and we can run the boat into the Pool of San Francesco and have some sleep there if the signal like. We others generally take a nap there and go to work further on in the night. But, of course, it is as the signal prefer."

"They want to keep us out all night to get more pay," said the Marchesino to Artois in bad French.

He had divined the suspicion that had suddenly risen up in his friend, and was resolved to lay it to rest without, however, abandoning his purpose, which had become much more ardent with the coming of the night. The voices of the laughing women were ringing in his ears. He felt adventurous. The youth in him was rising, and he was longing to be gay, as the men with those women were being gay.

"What do you think, Emilio care?" he asked.

Then before Artois could reply he said:

"After all, what do a few scudi matter? Who could sleep in a room on such a night. It might be August, when one bathes at midnight and sings canzoni till dawn. Let us do as he says. Let us rest in the—what is the Pool?" he asked of the fisherman, pretending not to know the name.

"The Pool of San Francesco, Signorino Marchesino."

"Pool of San Francesco. I remember now. That is the place where all the fishermen along the coast towards Nisida go to sleep. I have slept there many times when I was a boy, and so has Vitorio. To-night shall we do as the fishermen, Emilio?"

There was no pressure in his earnest voice. His eyes for the moment looked as simple, though as eager, as a child's.

"Anything you like, mon ami," said Artois.

He did not want to go to San Francesco's Pool with the Marchesino, but he did not wish to seem reluctant to go. And he said to himself now that his interior hesitation was absurd. Night had fallen. By the time they reached the Pool the inmates of the Casa del Mare would probably be asleep. Even if they were not, what did it matter? The boat would lie among the vessels of the fishermen. The Marchesino and he would share the fish-

men's repose. And even if Hermione and Vere should chance to be out of doors they would not see him, or, if they did, would not recognize him in the night.

His slight uneasiness, prompted by a vague idea that the Marchesino was secretly mischievous, had possibly some plan in his mind connected with the inlet, was surely without foundation.

He told himself so, not once, as the fishermen laid hold of their oars and set the boat's bow towards the point of land which conceals the small harbor of the Villa Rosbery.

The shrill voices of the two singers died away from their ears, but lingered in the memory of the Marchesino, as the silence of the sea took the boat to itself, the sea silence and the angle of the moon.

He turned his face towards the silver, beyond which, hidden as yet, was the inlet where doubt the child he meant to know.

CHAPTER VII

ALTHOUGH Hermione had told Artois that she could not find complete rest and happiness in her child, that she could not live again in Vere fully and intensely as she had lived once, as she still had it in her surely to live, she and Vere were in a singularly close relationship. They had never yet been separated for more than a few days. Vere had not been to school, and much of her education had been undertaken by her mother, at Florence she had been to classes and lectures. She had had lessons in languages, French, German, and Italian, in music and drawing. But Hermione had been her only permanent teacher, and until her sister's death she had never been enthusiastic about anything without carrying her enthusiasm to her mother, for sympathy, explanation, or encouragement.

Nor was not quenched the *clém* of Hermione's nature. What she had told Artois had been true—she was not a finished woman, nor would she ever be, so long as she was alive and conscious. From childhood she had, her passionate, the power of her incapacity to sink herself in any one since her husband's death, her persistent, though concealed, worship of his memory, all these things proved her vitality. Artois was right when he said that she was a force. There was something in her that was red hot, although she was now a middle-aged woman. She needed much more than most people, because she had much more than most people have to give.

Her failure to express herself in an art had been a tragedy. From this tragedy she turned, out with bitterness, but perhaps with an almost deeper energy, to Vere. Her intellect, released from fruitless toil, was running loose demanding some employment. She sought that employment in developing the powers of her child. Vere was not specially studious. Such an out-of-door temperament as hers could never belong to a bookworm, or a reclus. But she was naturally eager, as her father had not been, and she was enthusiastic not only in pleasure, but in work. Long after her mother, trying with loving anxiety to educate her boy's husband, to make him understand certain subtleties of her own, had found herself frustrated. When she made such attempts with Vere she was met half way. The girl understood with sympathy. Her father's mind had slipped away, ever so gradually, from his grasp, but Vere's could grasp even the most elusive subject. There was mental grit in her—Artois knew it. In all her work until her sixteenth year Vere had consulted her mother. Nothing of her child till then was ever hidden from Hermione, except those things which the human being cannot reveal, and sometimes scarcely knows of. The child drew very much from her mother, responded to her enthusiasm, yet preserved indelibly, and quite without self-consciousness, her own individuality.

Artois had noticed this, and this had led him to say that Vere also was a force.

But when she was sixteen Vere woke up to something. Until now no one but herself knew to what. Sometimes she shut herself up alone in her room for long periods. When she came out she looked larger, her mother thought, and she liked to go then to some nook of the rocks and sit alone, or to push a boat out into the centre of the Stat's Pool, and lie in it with her hands clasped behind her head looking up at the passing clouds or at the redness of the hills.

Hermione knew how fond Vere was of reading, and supposed that this love was increasing as the child grew older. She sometimes felt a little lonely, but she was unselfish. Vere's freedom was quite innocent. She, the mother, would not seek to interfere with it. Soon after dinner on the evening of the Marchesino's expedition with Artois, Vere had got up from the sofa, on which she had been sitting with a book of Rossetti's poems in her hand, had gone over to one of the windows, and had stood for two or three minutes looking out over the sea. Then she had turned round, come up to her mother and kissed her tenderly, more tenderly, Hermione thought, even than usual.

"Good night, Madam now," she had said.

And then, without another word, she had gone swiftly out of the room.

After Vere had gone the room seemed very silent. In the evening, if they stayed in the house, they usually sat in Hermione's room upstairs. They had been sitting there to-night. The shutters were not closed. The window that faced the sea towards Capri was open. A little moonlight began to mingle softly with the light from the two lamps, to make it whiter, clearer, suggestive of outdoor things and large spaces. Hermione had been reading when Vere was reading. She did not read now Vere was gone.

(Continued on page 30.)

Moving State Lines

Two projects for changing the boundaries of States have in recent years attracted attention. One of these is to transfer a part of western Florida, extending for one hundred and fifty miles on the seacoast, to the state of Alabama, and the other is to annex the northern neck of Idaho to the State of Washington.

The chief argument in favor of the change in each case is that it would place the region in question in the State with which it is most closely allied in interests. Most of the business of Pensacola, the leading city of west Florida, is with Alabama, and if it were a part of that State its importance as an export point for Alabama products would undoubtedly be heightened. It is also considerably nearer to Montgomery than to Tallahassee, and nearer Birmingham than Jacksonville. The "panhandle" of Idaho has very direct railway connections with Boise and Pocatello.

Proposals for rectifying boundaries as well as for dividing States have been many, the changes actually made, few. Where historical associations gather around a divisional line they are not easily effaced, whatever may be the commercial considerations working in that direction. In cases where military considerations have made the business relations of a region closer with another State than with its own, the remedy is found in the construction of new lines. Political geography enters somewhat into railway building.

If a map of the United States, with all its cities and geographical features but with no suggestion of State lines, were spread out before the wisest of men, and he were asked to divide it into fifty convenient units, how different would be the result of his work from the map of the States as they are.

Where He Was

CALLER: "Is the professor of applied physics in?"

BOSTON BELLER: "No, sir. He is at present occupying the chair of applied lathe."

Shortage of Gum-tragacanth

Hiemtragacanth, a useful vegetable substance which is applied to such diverse uses as the manufacture of lozenges, stiffening fabrics, and marbling books, is being supplied in constantly diminishing amounts. The best variety is that exported from Smyrna, in Asia Minor. It is not grown, however, in the immediate vicinity of Smyrna, but comes from the interior, where the plant from which it exudes grows wild. This kind of gum consists of white, yellow, and red hardened substances, which have become separated after coming out of the bark, and are in the hot sun of a Levantine summer. The gum is secured by an incision in the bark, which is made in the spring and summer of each year, and the gum is usually scraped in September, when the first rains begin to fall.

During the last twenty years, the gum-tragacanth trade of Smyrna has decreased. It has been estimated that the trade has fallen from 600,000 pounds to 35,000 pounds during that length of time. One of the main reasons for this decline advanced is that the trade needs a large amount of capital, mutely speaking, to keep it going. Nowadays this product is shipped from the interior of the country to Smyrna in an unimproved condition. It is there one often sees seven different qualities in order to meet the demands of foreign markets, especially those in England, Germany, and France, where only certain grades are purchased.

Should the Smyrna merchant be unable to place all he has on hand in one season, he usually finds considerable difficulty in disposing of it at all. On the whole, the trade seems to be passing more and more to Constantinople. The value of the exports of Smyrna tragacanth to the United States during 1907 amounted to only \$15,625.

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This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Peres Charreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the pasting-up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Peres Charreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle, and label as well) distilled by the same order of Monks, who have secretly guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No Liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Peres Charreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

Is sold clear West Coast States, Canada, Hawaii, Cuba, Japan & Ceylon, at Branches, New York, N. Y., and Agents for United States.

Not a "Poor Exhibition of Gunnery"

This armored cruiser Maryland of the Pacific fleet stands a good chance of winning this year's target trophy for battleships and armored cruisers, as shown by reports received by the Navy Department of the recent target practice held in Magdalena Bay.

The final merit score of the Maryland was 78.89, placing her first of the armored cruisers of the Pacific fleet. The Rhinoceros won the trophy for the big ships last year with a final merit of 75.42.

Attention is given aboard ship to the shooting of the secondary battery as well as to the shooting of the big guns. The secondary batteries on most of the ships are manned by marines. The gun division, whether of the big guns or the small, which does not help out the score of the ship is very much in disfavor.

The marine guard of the Maryland this year particularly distinguished itself in practice with her secondary battery guns. The battery at twelve 3-pounders finished with an average of 9.81 hits per gun per minute. The highest previous navy record with such guns was 9.31 hits per gun per minute, and the highest in the class last year was 7.60 hits per gun per minute. The highest single 3-pounder gun up to this time was 12.85 hits per minute. These 3-pounders of the Maryland beat this—one making 15.42 hits per minute, a second 15.42 hits per minute, and a third 14.89 hits per minute. The highest percentage of hits previously attained with 3-pounders was 82 per cent. The 3-pounders of the Maryland this year made 73.75 per cent. No single 3-pounder ever before made 100 per cent, of hits. Two of the Maryland have just made 100 per cent, of hits.

Among the marines of the Maryland, of twenty-eight gun-pouncers (twenty-four at 3-pounders and four at 3-inch guns) twenty-two qualified as first class, three as second class, and three did not qualify.

Two of the Maryland's 3-inch guns, manned by marines, scored considerably on the total score of the ship. The ship's score for eighteen 3-inch guns was 11.93 hits per gun per minute, and the two marine guns averaged 12.99 per gun per minute. The highest previous 3-inch record for two or more guns was 11.50 hits per gun per minute.

The 3-pounder scores of the six armored cruisers of the Pacific fleet this year at Magdalena Bay were: Washington, 7.96 hits per gun per minute; and Tennessee, 6.90, the firing of these two vessels being with telescopic sights in the daytime; the Colorado, using open sights, fired in the daytime, 5.03; West Virginia, 3.83; Pennsylvania, 2.40; and the Maryland, 0.61; the latter three vessels firing at night and using open sights.

It is the rule this year that the secondary batteries of naval vessels be fired at night during target practice, for the reason that such batteries are designed primarily to repel attacks of torpedo boats, which, of course, would naturally take place under cover of darkness.

The Fixtures

A New York commercial traveller says that before all Georgia "over dry" he was one day in a saloon in that State when a man entered, nodded to the owner of the place, who was also the bartender, seated himself, and meditated.

Presently he addressed the owner of the saloon.

"Beckin' yer waster sell out, Bill?"

For some ten minutes Bill continued his occupation of filling pint flasks from a jug. Then he looked up.

"Most," he admitted.

"How much—say?" the other inquired. Bill filled another dozen flasks.

"How much you give for the whole shebang—bullshit, stock, good will, an' all?" he inquired, cautiously.

"What about the fixtures?" Bill asked.

"Oh, that go along with the rest of the outfit," Bill assured him; "between cobblers, tin plates, nine ankers, an' a right smart sprinklin' of hom doctors."

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Harper's Weekly, 1910, by the permission of the publisher, H. B. EVANS & SONS, N. Y.

(Continued from page 28.)

Laying down her book, she sat listening to the silence, realizing the world without. Almost at her feet was the sea, before her a wide-stretching expanse, behind her, confronted by the desolate rocks, the hollow and mysterious caverns. In the night, the Saint, unweary, watched his Pool. Not very far off, yet delightfully remote, lay Naples with its furious activities, its gaudies, its intensities of sin, of misery, of pleasure. In the glare, tourists from the hotels and from the ships were wandering rather vaguely, watched and followed by newspaper sellers, by boats, by greedy palm-faced boys, and old, worn-out men, all hungry for money and indifferent how it was gained. Along the Marina, with its huge serpent of lights, the street singers and players were making their nightly pilgrimage, pausing, wherever they saw a lighted window or a dark figure on a balcony, to play and sing the tunes of which they were weary long ago. On the wall, high above the sea, were dotted the dilapidated fishermen with their long rods and lines. And below, before each stone staircase that descended to the water, was a waiting boat, and in the moonlight rose up the loud cry of "Barra! Barra!" to attract the attention of any casual passer-by.

And here, on this more truly seclusive sea, distant from the great crowd and from the thronging houses, the real fishermen, who live by the sea, were alert and at work, or were plunged in the quiet sleep that is a preparation for long hours of nocturnal work-tolerance.

Hermione thought of it all, was aware of it, felt it, as she sat there opposite to the open window. Then she looked over to her writing-table, on which stood a large photograph of her dead husband, then to the sofa where Vere had been. She saw the volume of Rossetti lying beside the cushion that still showed a shallow dent where the child's head had been resting.

And then she shut her eyes, and asked her imagination to take her away for a moment, over the sea to Messina, and along the curving shore, and up by winding paths to a mountain, and into a little room in a tiny, wretched house, not the house of the sea, but of the priest. It will stand there, and the terrace was still before it. And the olive trees rustled, perhaps, just now in the wind beneath the stars.

Yes, she was there. Lucciana and Gaspare were in bed. But she and Maurice were sitting in the straw chairs on each side of the table, facing the open French window and the night of shallow steps that led down to the terrace. They were looking down the sea, but she heard the whisper of the sea about the inlet, but she would not let it hinder her imagination; she translated it by means of her imagination into the whisper of the wind low down there, in the ravine among the trees. And that act made her think of the ravine, seemed presently to set her in the ravine. She was there in the night with Gaspare. They were hurrying down towards the sea. He was behind her, and she could hear his foot-steps—longing to go faster, but she was breathless, her heart was beating, there was terror on her soul. What was that? A rattle of stones in the darkness, and then an old voice muttering, "Benedicite!"

She opened her eyes and moved suddenly, like one intolerably stirred. What a foe the imagination can be—what a foe! She got up and went to the window. She must drive away that memory of the ravine, of all that followed after. Often she lingered with it, but to-night, somehow, she could not, she dared not. She was less brave than usual to-night.

She looked out of the window.

"Am I a fool!"

That was what she was saying to herself. And she was comparing herself now with other people, older women. Did she know one who could not uproot an old memory, who could suffer, and desire, and internally weep, after more than sixteen years?

"I suppose it is preposterous."

She deliberately chose that ugly word to describe her own condition of soul. But instantly it seemed to her as if far down in that soul something rose up and answered:

"No, it is not. It is beautiful. It is divine. It is more—it is *deus*. He gave you the greatest gift. He gave you what the whole world is always seeking, even in blindness, even in ignorance, even in terrible vice. He gave you love. How should you forget him?"

Far away on the sea that was faintly silvery by the moon there was a black speck. It was, or seemed from this distance to be, motionless. Hermione's eyes were attracted to it, and again her imagination carried her to Sicily. She stood on the shore by the inlet, she saw the boat coming in from the open sea. Then it stopped midway—like that boat.

She heard Gaspare furiously weeping.

But the boat moved, and the sound that was in her imagination died away, and she said to herself, "all that was long ago."

The boat out there was no doubt occupied by Neapolitan fishermen, and she was here on the inlet in the Sea of Naples, and Sicily was far away across the moonlit waters. As to Gaspare—he was sure he was not weeping, faithful though he was to the memory of the dead patron.

And Vere? Hermione wondered what Vere was doing. She felt sure, though she did not know why, that Vere had not gone to bed. She realized to-night that her child was growing up rapidly, was passing from the stage of childhood to the stage of girlhood, was on the threshold of all the mysterious experiences that lie holds for those who have ardent temperaments and eager interests and passionate desires and barless hearts.

To-night Hermione felt very strongly the difference between the father and the daughter. There was a gravity in Vere, a firmness, that Maurice had lacked. Full of life and warmth as she was, she was not the pure spirit of joy that he had been in those first days in Sicily. She was not irresponsible. She was more keenly aware

of others, of just how they were feeling, of just how they were thinking, than Maurice had been.

Vere was very individual.

With that thought there came to Hermione a deeper sense of loneliness. She was conscious now in this moment, as she had never been conscious before, of the independence of her child's character. The knowledge of this independence seemed to come upon her suddenly—she could not tell why; and she saw Vere apart from her, detached, like a column in a lonely place.

And she herself—was not she also like a column in a lonely place? She turned back into the past, and saw again the rushes on the sofa with the shallow dent where the head of Vere had rested, and she saw Maurice's hand, moved by a sudden impulse, she went over to the sofa, sank down on it, and pressed her head against the cushion just where her child's head had been. She shut her eyes and strove to think herself into Vere, and to call Vere's mind into hers. She was driven by the tragic desire of woman—especially tragic in her case because frustrated—to be one with another individually, to merge herself, to be fused, to be no longer as a lonely column set in a desert place.

Vere must not escape from her. She must accompany her child step by step. She must not be left alone. She had told Maurice that she could not live again in Vere. And that was true. Vere was not enough. But Vere was very much. Without Vere what would her life be?

A wave of melancholy thrived over her to-night, a tide came from she knew not where. Making an effort to stem it, she recalled her happiness with Maurice after that day of the Taras fella. How groundless had really been her melancholy then! She had imagined him escaping from her, but he had remained with her, and she loved him, and had loved him, and still the tender and faithful. If he had ever had a rival, that rival had been Sicily. Always her imagination was her torturer.

Her failure in that had been a tragedy because of this. If she could have set her imagination free in an act she would have been far safer than she was. Emile Arcois was really braver than she, for he had a child. But his art surely saved him severely from her sense of desolation. And then he was a man, and men must need far less than women do. Hermione felt that it was so. She thought of Emile in his most helpless moment, in that period when he was ill in Kairoos before she came. Even then she believed that he could not have felt quite so much alone as she did now, for men have long to be taken care of as women do. And yet she was well, in this tranquil house which was her own—with Vere, her child, and Gaspare, her devoted servant.

As mentally she recounted her benefits, the strength there was in her arose, protesting. She called herself harsh names: egotist, egotist, fantasist. But it was no use to attack herself. In the depths of her poor, passive, passionate, hungry woman's nature something wept, and needed, and could not be comforted, and could not be schooled. It complained at our feeble, but really it must be strong; for it was pitifully persistent in its grieving. It had a strange endurance. Like the passing of the years, could not change it could not still it. Those eternal longings of which Hermione had spoken to Arcois—these must have their meaning. Somewhere, surely, there are the happy hunting grounds, dreamed of by the red man—there are the Elysian Fields where the souls that have longed and suffered will find the ultimate peace.

There came a tap at the door.

Hermione started up from the cushion against which she had pressed her head, and opened her eyes, instinctively laying her hand on Vere's volume of Rossetti, and pretending to read it.

"Avanti!" she said.

The door opened and Gaspare appeared. Hermione felt an immediate sensation of comfort.

"Gaspare," she said, "what is it? I thought you were in bed!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha," he said.

It was a most familiar phrase to Hermione. It had been often on Gaspare's lips when he was a boy in Sicily, and he had always loved it, feeling as if it sprang from a nature pleasantly ready to do anything in her service. But to-night it had an almost startling appropriateness, leaving in her its direct response to her gnawing hunger of the heart. As she looked at Gaspare, standing by the door in his dark blue clothes, with an earnest expression on his strong, handsome face, she felt as if he must have come just then because he was conscious that she had so much need of help and consolation. And she could not answer "no" to his simple question.

"Come in, Gaspare," she said, "and shut the door. I'm all alone. I should like to have a little talk with you."

He obeyed her, shut the door gently, and came up to her with the comfortable confidence of one safe in his welcome, desired not merely as a servant, but as a friend by his patron.

"Did you want to say anything particular, Gaspare?" Hermione asked him. "Hurry—take a cigarette."

She gave him one. He took it gently, twirling his nose as he did so. This was a little trick he had when he was pleased.

"You can smoke it here, if you like."

He lit it gravely and took a whiff. Then he said:

"The signorina is outside."

Hermione looked towards the window.

"It is a lovely night."

"—si, signorina," he said, and then he turned his head and there, looking about the room, Hermione began to wonder what he had to say to her.

(To be continued.)



The Winner of the Savannah 342-mile Race, J. H. Tyson's Italian Isotta-Fraschini, crossing the Finish Line. Time: 6 hours, 24 minutes, 30 seconds

AUTOMOBILE RACING IN GEORGIA UNDER MILITARY CONTROL

Two of the State Militia who guarded the Course during the Savannah Meet

Governor Hoke Smith watching the Race from the Official Box

THE WORLD CONTRACT STATUTORY INTERNATIONAL LAW A NECESSARY PRECEDENT TO INTERNATIONAL COURTS OF ARBITRATION

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON
American Consul, Hanover, Germany



In simple thought and simple action lies the solution of all great problems of civilization.

Unfortunately for the betterment of mankind, the trained and highly educated mind seems compelled, through force of habit, to apply the complex, the involved and indirect method of reasoning in all questions of magnitude and universal interest. And thus, enterprises at great effort he seeks, awaiting the magic touch of the pen of simplicity to spring into being and reality.

In the question of promoting international peace, or rather establishing a permanent and competent court for the prevention of war between nations, the merit of the proposal seems so apparent that the wonder of the world is that it is not already a reality.

But to establish a competent court we must first create in a proper and formal manner our laws—the only possible foundation upon which such a court can exist.

The rendition of the universally accepted precepts and rules of international law into statutory form, and their formal and official acceptance by the sovereign lawmaking branches of the several governments of the world, is the bridge which will lead us to a point where an international court of arbitration and adjudication would automatically create itself.

A court interprets the law and determines the facts in a given case. But the law must be higher than the court. The court cannot make the law. It must itself be a creature of the law, and therefore, in seeking and hoping to establish an international court of arbitration under the present circumstances, we are simply building a house in the clouds. The substructure of an international constitution or codification of the law of nations is

as essential to such an international court as are the ordinances of a municipal council to a police court or the statutes of a State to its department of justice.

Not is any nation likely to object to or withhold its cooperation to any dignified and serious proposal that will lead to a codification and final sovereign acceptance in statutory form of the great principles of international law. No government can enter the family of civilized nations of the world without an acquiescence in the principles of international law. These laws, for centuries morally accepted by all civilized nations of the world, need but to be put into definite written form, accepted and signed in such form by the lawmaking branches of the great powers of the earth, and we will have brought the nations of the world under prescribed and fixed rules of action in their relations to one another.

This would mean essentially an international constitution.

The righteousness and justice of a war which might follow the decision of a court having been formed under such a constitution would be determined in advance by the judgment of such court, and this great weapon, stronger today than fleets and armies, would not rest upon the individual interpretation of rights or wrongs arrived at by the contending parties, as is now the practice in questions arising between nations.

Let the parties take hold of the handle of this proposition rather than waste time in sterile struggles with a vast body that offers no other purchase than the very evident one of statutory international law.

What nation will be the first to propose the creation of a joint high commission of the greatest living authorities on the law of nations for the rendition or reduction of international law into a world contract—a written statutory instrument?

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"I went to see my lawyer."

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HYPNOTIC THERAPEUTICS

By John D. Quackenbos, A.M., M.D.

Member of the London Society for Psychical Research; Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine; Member of the New York Academy of Sciences

As a narrative and a record of humanity most startling psychopathic cases, ranging from this book will impress and amaze all sorts of the mere pain of abnormal bashfulness to the careful. It is a complete and readers. It is a complete and careful exposition of the hypnotic theory of treatment. Many of the cases have stirred public attention in the newspapers. Here they are treated scientifically and in language to hold the interest of every reader. In this volume Dr. Quackenbos tells the result of over seven thousand personal experiences which have led him to the positive conviction that hypnotism is the greatest regenerative force of the age. It is a unique and unparalleled record of the

Hypnotism as the great regenerative force of the age

Based on 7000 experiences with hypnotic treatment

great depravities resulting from excess and the wildest mental delusions, both the tragic and the absurd. This treatise is true to Science, and nevertheless written for "the man in the street." Dr. Quackenbos is a familiar figure in the world of medical hypnotism, and is a member of the leading societies for such research here and abroad. The published works of Dr. Quackenbos are *Hypnotism in Mental and Moral Culture* and *Practical Physics*. This new work is a distinct advance—the

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. LII.

New York, Saturday, April 11, 1908

No. 467

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"CAN IT BE POSSIBLE," QUOTH ROBINSON CRUSOE,
"THAT I AM NOT THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

Keeping Open the Road to Court

THE gist of the decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the Minnesota and North Carolina cases is that the Court is still a part of our government, as intended by the Constitution, and will continue not only to keep open for business, but to keep clear and unobstructed the road by which applicants may come to it for protection, legislation by any State to the contrary notwithstanding. The trouble in both Minnesota and North Carolina was that the Legislatures, in fixing maximum rates of charges for the railroads, had made the penalties for violation of their laws so extremely heavy that the railroads would hardly dare risk even such breaches of the laws as were necessary to make cases for appeal, much less defer obedience to the laws under protection of an injunction, until their constitutionality had been passed upon by the court. In Minnesota every sale of a passenger ticket at a price exceeding the legal rate was made punishable by a fine not exceeding \$5000, or imprisonment for not exceeding five years, or both. Under the North Carolina law a ticket agent who violated the law to make a test case was sentenced to thirty days at stone-breaking in the convict gang. Of such gaudies the opinion of the Supreme Court, written by Justice PIERCE, is:

When the penalties for disobedience are by fines so enormous and by imprisonment so severe as to intimidate the company and its officers from resorting to the courts to test the validity of the legislation, the result is the same as if the law in terms prohibited the company from seeking judicial construction of laws which deeply affect its rights.

The Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution reads:

The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state.

It was argued that this amendment precluded the Supreme Court from asserting jurisdiction in these cases. But a clause of the Fourteenth Amendment reads:

No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without the process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Judge HARLAN in his dissenting opinion declared that the Eleventh Amendment barred the Federal courts from passing judgment on these cases, but in the Fourteenth Amendment the other eight judges found warrant for their decision that

the laws appealed against were unconstitutional. The question whether the rates fixed by the States were confiscatory was not considered, but may and probably will be considered if new laws are passed which by modification of penalties meet the objections of the court.

"Ex Parte Young"

The reasoning behind the majority decision of the Supreme Court in the Minnesota case will be of interest even to the lay reader. The Eleventh Amendment, as observed, denies to the Federal judiciary jurisdiction in suits against a State by citizens of the United States. Presumptively a State officer represents a State. How, then, has the Supreme Court reconciled its decision with the amendment? Simply by holding, in conformity with its previous decisions, that a State officer in attempting to enforce the unconstitutional enactment of a State Legislature does not represent the State, such enactment of the Legislature being by the State unauthorized. In other words, though the acts of a State Legislature usually represent the will of the people—and that is as near as we need come in this case to defining the will of a State—they do not always do so. In the Minnesota case (*"Ex Parte Young"*), the enactment of the Minnesota Legislature, being in violation of the Federal Constitution, was not in accordance with the will of the people of Minnesota, who, since the time of their admission as a State into the Union, have been on record in the Minnesota Constitution as recognizing the illegality of such violation. The Minnesota, in passing the commodity rate law of April 18, 1907, exceeded its authority and acted merely in a private capacity, and it follows that the Attorney-General, YOUNG, acted in the same capacity when he attempted to enforce the enactment. He was no more fulfilling the obligations of his office than he would have been fulfilling them if he had acted as attorney in a divorce suit. As to Mr. Justice HARLAN's contention that the decision will place excessive power in the hands of the Federal courts by enabling them to "supervise and control the official action of the States as if they were 'dependencies' or provinces," it is to be noticed that under the decision the Federal judiciary can have jurisdiction only when a question of violation of Federal law is involved, and the Federal judiciary may be counted on to be reasonably certain that such a question is involved before it claims jurisdiction.

Discovery

The best law that the best Congress can pass is utterly useless until the Supreme Court decides as to its constitutionality.—*Representative WILLIAM SWAYER.*
 Ain't it awful, MAHATMA?—*New York World.*

And—to think!—the worst law of the worst Congress is in the same plight!

A Gentle Message from the President

The important recommendations in the President's message of March 25 are reiterated of his desire, expressed in his last previous message, for the amending of the interstate commerce law so as to let railroads make traffic agreements, and of the anti-trust law so as to permit such combinations as ought to be lawful. The present anti-trust law the President finds to be a good example of legislation "drawn in such sweeping form as to become either ineffective or mischievous." For the sake of business men, laborers, and farmers he wants it made over. But "nothing should be done," he says, "to legalize either a blacklist or a boycott that would be illegal at common law." He also wants a model child-labor law for the District of Columbia, and a constitutional employers' liability law. Looking forward like the prophet's messenger, he sees a cloud like a man's hand on the horizon. That cloud, he tells Congress, is tariff revision, and he begs Congress to begin to get ready for it, so that the Congress elected next fall will have proper information with which to attend to it immediately after the said Congress comes into existence. It is understood that Uncle Joseph CAYNE does not see in the cloud any resemblance to any hand he wishes to be seen holding at the present session, but the President's surer and recommendation will do for a plank in the coming Republican platform. Nothing that the President put into this message was so significant or so encouraging as what he left out of it. The message was comparatively short, and so

mild as to be read without distress by the most timid. It could almost be described as the message of January 31 boiled down and the scum removed.

Is It Really He?

"Richard is Himself Again" is the headline of the *Wall Street Journal's* review of the President's message. But is it he himself, or is he masquerading as the dove that brought the green back to Noah? And will be bring it to us? Let us hope so; let us hope so. We need it. If he is disguised, it is a very timely disguise.

Berlin and Dr. Hüll

I do not love thee, Doctor Hüll,
The reason why I cannot tell.

So it seems to be about Dr. HÜLL. There turned up late in the day in Berlin some reason, or apparent reason, for not loving him, but nothing that will do to tell. Inasmuch as Dr. HÜLL is an accomplished, detestable, and prudent person, and very unlikely to have put himself in a bad light in any definite particular, it is supposable that the vague misgivings about his being just the man for Berlin have something to do with the intimacy or remoteness of his connection with High Life in the United States. Perhaps Dr. HÜLL and his family are not as rich and fashionable as, in the opinion of the Emperor, it would profit us to have them. Curiously, the basis of objection, whatever it was, is supposed to have concerned the desire of the Emperor that Americans should be popular in Berlin. Well, there is little to say, except that Dr. HÜLL is a competent diplomatist, and that the task of the State Department in filling diplomatic posts would be very much lightened if Congress could make up its mind to provide houses in foreign capitals for our representatives to live in, and pay them salaries commensurate with their rank. Congress will not recognize that it has given them rank, but it has, and it refuses to pay them the money to support it.

Johnson's Way and Bryan's

Declaring that he has done nothing and will do nothing to obtain for himself the Democratic nomination for President, Governor JOHNSON says: "If, however, those who have the welfare of the country and the Democratic party at heart should feel that I am necessary in this year of grace, I certainly shall respond to any call which may be made upon me." The Governor's attitude is doubtful, muddy, and modest, and in very interesting contrast to that of Brother BRYAN, who is working from eighteen to twenty-four hours a day as advance agent of his own circus, urging the voters not to trust their delegates, but "if you want me nominated, instruct for me."

"True-seeking Hearts" no More

In the summer of 1905 two young Koreans, small of stature and modest of demeanor, came to the village of Oyster Bay, put on their best clothes, and asked for an audience with the President. They had with them a petition, signed by many hundreds of their countrymen, asking for Korean representation at the Portsmouth Peace Conference. The President was, of course, in no position either to deny or grant their request, but the press and the public were touched by the dignity of those "True-seeking Hearts," as the petitioners called themselves, and sympathized with the little Hermit Kingdom. The other day, however, WILSON CHANG, a Korean, self-styled patriot, shot and killed DENHAM WHITE STEVENS, the American counsellor of Japan, who really had the interests of Korea at heart. In Japanese control, without actual annexation, STEVENS saw possibilities of lifting Korea out of conditions brought about by centuries of intolerance and corruption. The odds are that it will go much harder with Korea now that STEVENS is dead. It is a poor service that CHANG rendered his country. Better far was the method of the "True-seeking Hearts."

A Sort of Man We Do Not Raise Yet

The late Duke of Devonshire (elsewhere considered) used to be described as the flycatcher in English politics. The elements of gravity, honesty, and patience in his character were very necessary to the Liberal party, and these, combined with his position as a duke and almost the largest landed proprietor

in England, made him for half a century a remarkable force in British affairs. Our American civilization does not as yet develop his type of man. We grow nothing of quite his sort either physically, mentally, or socially, and indeed seem farther from it to-day than in the time of GEORGE WASHINGTON. The duke was a very rich man and he liked horse races—facts that would argue some ways against his obtaining the confidence of the American people at this time, even if it were possible to overcome our national distrust of men who never at any period of their development were called upon to split the kindlings for the kitchen fire. He was a very able man, some near being a great one, and undoubtedly succeeded in being a great duke. Born to the possession in profusion of most things that men want, he showed very limited concern about getting anything more, and yet he never shirked the work that belonged to him, but with whatever diligence and sacrifice of ease was necessary lived fully up to the responsibilities and obligations of a great place in the great world. Are the great fortunes that are accumulating in these times in this country, and the families that show in so many ways the substantial quality of their fiscal and social power, destined some time to furnish us with "flycatchers of politics," who shall do for this country such service as for generations has been done for England by such men as this departed duke? We have got the men and the money, but not always in combination. The great difficulty here is for men who can afford to work for the people, and who have the ability to do it, to find their chance. Yet, once a man is launched in public life, it is a great help to him to have independent means. Mr. SEAWORTH might perhaps have stayed in the Senate if he had been richer; Mr. LITTLEFIELD might not be leaving Congress if he were richer; Mr. ROSS might not have served us so long in the State Department if he had not had some accumulated earnings to fall back on.

A Good Work Doubtfully Done

The police courts of the District of Columbia are doubtless competent to handle the case of Congressman HEYMAN of Alabama, who had a difference with a drunken negro ruffian on a Washington street car, in the course of which the negro got a wound in the head and a bystander a slight hallet wound in the leg. The fact that Mr. HEYMAN has been urgent in trying to get a "Jim Crow" law for the District, and the additional fact that he carries a pistol, should not complicate the case so seriously as to overstrain the police court judiciary. To promote seamy behavior on street cars is a good work, but half enough attended to by our citizens, but a pistol seems a very dangerous tool to use in doing it. The court that gets the facts should be able to deal with them.

Judge Wilfley's Case

Mided by an early report, the WEEKLY was somewhat premature last week in saying that Judge WILFLEY of Shanghai had been exonerated by the Judiciary Sub-committee of the House. The committee reported that the charges against him did not warrant impeachment, but they intimated that he seemed to have used his power harshly. This leaves the case in an unsatisfactory posture, and it is likely that the judge will try to secure such an examination into his conduct, by impeachment or otherwise, as shall give him an opportunity for defense.

Bomb-dropping in New York

The bomb-dropping episode in Union Square, New York, on the afternoon of March 28 (of which there are pictures on another page), is still, at this writing, under investigation by the newspapers and police, with what result has not yet transpired. So far, little more is known than that a nineteen-year-old Russian Jew named SILVERSTEIN came to a mass meeting of socialists with a bomb to throw at the police, and handled his explosive so ineptly that it blew off his own hand, blew out one of his eyes, and killed a bystander, but harmed no policeman. The interesting question, not yet solved, is whether his effort was a mere sport of personal enterprise or the result of a plot or concerted plan. The episode so far as it has developed seems adapted to make bomb-droppers unpopular at socialist meetings. For the meeting in question no permit had been obtained, and it was therefore broken up by the police, as shown in the pictures.

The Stock Argument Against Woman Suffrage

The opponents of woman suffrage in the United Kingdom have naturally been startled by the fact that a bill conferring the Parliamentary franchise upon all such women as are householders had according to it a second reading by a majority of 179 in a fairly full House of Commons. Since 1867, when JOHN STUART MILL first brought up the question on an amendment to the second reform bill, a second reading of a bill or resolution more or less to the effect of the bill now pending has been agreed upon four times, the last occasion having been in 1904, when the majority for it was 114. It is the singularly increased size of the majority recorded the other day which justly is accepted as an augury of early victory. Indeed, as a matter of fact, we are informed on good authority that out of the 470 members of the House more than 400 have pledged themselves in favor of woman suffrage. It is true that the present bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole, which is, of course, equivalent to stifling it for the present session, unless the government should give it special facilities, which is a most unlikely event. Nevertheless, woman suffragists in England, in view of the steadily increasing majority, have a right to feel confident that they will triumph in the near future.

Meanwhile, as might have been expected, the opponents of woman suffrage are making a stand in the last ditch. The London *Times* feels constrained—in view of the fact that there are a million and a half more women than men in the United Kingdom, and that nearly all of the former read newspapers—to evince some condensation and complacency in its discussion of the question. It admits that few people would now be prepared to deny that certain exceptional women are better qualified than their gardeners or their coachmen, or many of the less educated men in England, to register a vote soberly and wisely. Of the humor latent in that statement the *Times* is entirely unconscious. While still in an indulgent mood, it proceeds to say that if it is prepared, it says, even to go farther, and to acknowledge that, logically, it is difficult to meet some of the arguments for giving women votes. With a gracious candor it concedes that within the last century women have shown a capacity for education unknown of before; have made names for themselves in science and in literature; and have amply proved their capacity for work as organizers and administrators in municipal affairs. We regret to say that immediately afterwards the *Times* falls down. For it asserts that such an admission by no means helps to prove that women as women are qualified to share the responsibility for governing the United Kingdom and the British Empire. Of course a mere *pse* due to this effect proves nothing, and the *Times* tries to make it good by another assumption equally unfounded, that when people talk about women's successful exercise of the franchise in some States of the American Union, in Finland and in Australasia, they forget that in all these cases the problems of government approached more nearly to municipal questions than to those with which the British Parliament has to deal. Is it possible that the editor of the *Times* editorial imagines that there is anything municipal in the problems that have to be solved by the national Parliament of autonomous Finland, to which, by the way, women not only return members, but are themselves eligible; or in the Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth, where, as it is well known, women possess the suffrage. Conscious, apparently, of the weakness of the position thus taken up, and, possibly, inclined to regret some of its admissions, the *Times* finally falls back on the assertion that the fact brutally resolves itself to this: Human society depends in the last resort on force. Happily force is not constantly "employed," but until the world becomes very different from what it is it must always be latent. What the majority in any age think to be right and just must be imposed on the minority who do not agree with them by the belief that in the end the former would fight to maintain their ideals. A society largely governed by women, as the United Kingdom would be, if it had adult and universal suffrage, could not have, the *Times* says, this sanction for its internal laws, or for the external policies of peace and war which it might adopt. If women, by virtue of their numerical majority, gave laws to Great Britain, they would have to persuade men to enforce them, and men would not do this unless they also appeared of it.

This argument from physical force is old and stale. It never had but one advocate of weight—HARRISON SWANN—and there is reason to believe that, toward the end of his life, he was disposed to retreat from the position which he had originally taken, but which, ultimately, he must have perceived to be untenable. As a matter of fact, there is absolutely nothing in the argument. That has often been demonstrated from the day of JOHN STUART MILL downward, but perhaps the captiousness and futility of it have never been shown more clearly and convincingly than they are in a letter published by the *Times* itself from LORNE ZENKOWSKI, the well-known novelist. The objection to woman suffrage, the objection, namely, that women do not bear arms, is decisively quashed by the remark that, though women must not bear arms, they bear soldiers, and also by the fact that, so far as the United Kingdom is

concerned, soldiers and sailors who bear arms form just the one class of men who have no votes. It ought also to be kept in view that actual fighting is only an index, and often a most imperfect index, of a nation's strength; and, moreover, that battles are won in universities, factories, and playing-fields, as well as on battle-fields, to say nothing of woman's contribution as a taxpayer to "the alms of war." It seems seldom to have been noted since it was pointed out by JOHN STUART MILL that this, the so-called fundamental argument against woman suffrage, would, if logically applied, disfranchise not only all women, but all men above military age. In other words, men over forty-five, who, as the wisdom of all ages has conceded, are the best fitted to act as a nation's counsellors, would be relegated to silence. Their mouths would be stopped because their brains might be less developed. The corollary needs only to be stated to be recognized as decisive. Then again how unintended, how utterly without historical precedent, is the assumption that men would show fight if women outvoted them. Men do not show fight against each other because they are outvoted at the ballot box or in the national legislature. The truth is that all the great religious, political, and social advances of mankind have been brought about by minorities. When CONVENTINESE the first issued his edict of toleration, the Christians, numerically constituted but a minority of the population of the Roman Empire, The Jacobins dominated the first French revolution, but there never was an hour during the epoch when they could rally a majority. If women in England, at a given election, happened to return a majority of the members of the House of Commons, they would undoubtedly control the government if they were united, but there is not the slightest ground for imagining that, in such an event, the male voters would refuse to obey the administrative power. The irresistible machinery of official coercion would be arrayed against them. To suggest, moreover, that political parties would ever, under normal circumstances, be formed on sex lines is preposterous. Such a sex division is impossible, as CHURCHILL pointed out long ago in the lines:

We see that Nature doth contrive
That every little boy or girl,
Who's born into the world alive
Is either a Little Liberal
Or a Little Conservative.

Personal and Pertinent

THE Alexander Hamilton National Memorial Association has been formed in Washington to raise funds to set up an adequate figure of HAMILTON in bronze or marble somewhere in Washington. Strange to say, there is no outdoor memorial of him there. The purpose is worthy, and we wish it success. HAMILTON is one of the post-revolutionary figures now on exhibition in Dr. MITCHELL's novel now running in the *Century* Magazine. He also figures in OWEN WISTER's recent *Seven Years of Washington*. The evasive FRANK SARGENT takes exception in the *Springfield Republican* to Mr. WISTER's suggestion as to the prodigious influence that HAMILTON exerted over Washington. "WASHINGTON," says Mr. SARGENT, "had a good influence over HAMILTON, and when that was withdrawn by death HAMILTON's preference deserted him; he broke up his own party and went to his death in a duel which a really great man would have avoided. HAMILTON was a good instance of talents without character, while WASHINGTON's character was so heroic that his really great talents suffered by comparison." That will set us to go to HAMILTON's monument, but it is a shrewd and interesting opinion.

In commenting upon certain alleged diplomatic expressions of Viscount Aoki while he was Japanese ambassador to the United States, the San Francisco *Chronicle* announces the existence of a "persistent" rumor to the effect that his remark was "the result of representations or intimations from Washington that his attitude toward this country . . . too closely resembled the Japanese attitude toward China." Now, whether this rumor has persisted exclusively within the mind of the *Chronicle*, or in Japan as well, we do not know. But certainly, we can think of no other places where it could have done so without our having heard of it before. As for Japan's attitude toward China, as interpreted by the *Chronicle*, it appears to be nothing more nor less than assertiveness in interfering with China's domestic legislation. Moreover, in the opinion of the *Chronicle*, it is "not at all unlikely" that Viscount Aoki assumed such an attitude toward the United States in the matter of exclusion legislation. Nevertheless, he was not so presumptuous whenever it follows, and is a fact, that for such presumption our government did not request his recall in any way whatever.

The career of the late Senator WILLIAM PANDOLPH WYTHE, of Maryland, recalls Emerson's dictum in "A Fable of the People," that the greatest man is he who can stand alone. When WYTHE was appointed by HARRISON SWANN to fill the seat in the United

States Senate left vacant by the resignation of RICHARD JOHNSON, he was forty years old and comparatively unknown. In the struggle between Congress and President JOHNSON, WHITE made brilliant speeches upholding the rights of the President. When Senator CONGER of California moved to "dispend with the further reading of the message," which the President had just then sent to Congress, WHITE arose to protest against what he deemed a slight upon the office of the Chief Executive. Against WHITE there were opposed such men as SUMNER, EDWARDS, MONROE, CAMERON, WADE, and CONKLING. The Senate was like a boiling cauldron, and the Democrats in those early reconstruction days were few. But WHITE, persisted, spoke on, and won over to his side WILSON of Massachusetts, and then HEDGECOCK of Indiana. He secured a postponement of at least a day before a vote was taken, and the next day the Senate agreed with WHITE that the message be read. "In later years, when Democratic enthusiasm ran high for BRYAN, Senator WHITE, with clear vision and sound judgment, stood boldly out against what he called "the heresies of professors of Democracy." He was indeed a lover of strength. That is why the Governorship of Maryland, upon which he entered in 1871, was not, as he then supposed, the climax of his political career. Previous even to the sight of the people is a man who knows when he is right. Governor WHITE was still in the United States Senator, Mayor of Baltimore, Attorney General of Maryland, and again Senator.

There is a difference between a big man and a great man. One would hardly call the late Duke of Devonshire great, but he was big; very big—a GIGANTIC CLEVELAND kind of man, built on British lines of British materials, and of a magnificent respectability. A man of sentiment and of conscience; very rich, rather lazy, unambitious, of a sluggish temperament, and yet a man of great love and immense influence, and in his life governed by the sense of duty. It reads the mind, in the midst of earthly agitations, to think about that big, tranquil, doubtful duke, with his enormous belongings and his simple heart. He never bothered himself to provide an heir of his own body for the estates that came to him. When he was young he fell in love with a lady who married the Duke of Manchester, and continued to be his wife until he died forty years later. "But though she was married to the other man [we are quoting a newspaper], her devotion to HARTINGTON [as he was then] and his devotion to her were famous. She counselled him in all the important affairs of his life, spurred him on, and was his warmest friend. Nobody thought of inviting one to a house party without the other." And in due time, after forty years of unswerving able duty, they got married. There is a pretty story of patience and affection. Another story that is in the newspapers about the big duke is that he was invariably late—late at the House, late at cabinet meetings, late at the railroad station, late at all times and places. "The parson Mr. CROMBIE related to Devonshire was 'the late leader of the Liberal party.' His tastes were simple. The hardest rooms in his mansions were the Duke's own. He was a good hand at whist, fond of racing and the traditional English sports. His tastes were popularly supposed to lie between the Blue Book and the Racing Calendar." He was a continuous though reluctant power in English politics, a man whom wanted nothing for himself and whom everybody trusted. Two or three times the Premiership was offered to him, but he would not have it; but he was a member of the House of Commons from 1857 till he went to the House of Lords in 1891, and a high officer of state in many cabinets.

Correspondence

TOO TENSE A SUBJECT

BIRMINGHAM, N. Y. March 22, 1898

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—What about Bourke Cockran?

I am, sir,

A. S. MONTGOMERY.

PUSH IT ALONG!

NEW YORK, March 24, 1898

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—How much longer is the American people to be compelled to use Godless postage stamps? If "In God We Trust" is to be put back on the gold coins, put it on the stamps, too—unless, indeed, for variety's sake it would be fitter to put on the stamps, "God Bless Our Home."

I also favor making, "I want to be an angel" the sixteenth amendment of the Constitution. Those of us who don't want to sight to, and a sentiment so expressive of the prevalent feeling of the time should unquestionably be received in our own fundamental law.

Don't you think so?

I am, sir,

PETER.

"GARNALLOPS"

ANIMATED, E. L. March 25, 1898

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of March 21, 1898, on page 7, your comment on Colonel Watterston, and the following appears: "But the overgrown Colonel garnallops up and down." etc. I looked in Century, Standard, and Webster's dictionaries without finding such a word as "garnallops." Is this a typographical error? If not, please give us your authority for the word.

I am, sir,

HELEN C. WALLACE.

The word "garnallops" was composed in this office out of materials gleaned from "garnishes" and "gallops." Its purpose is to convey in one package the ideas of vanity and easy motion. It has not been patented, and anybody is free to use it.—EDITOR.

OUTDOOR ADVERTISING—AMERICAN CIVIC ASSOCIATION

BIRMINGHAM, Pa. March 26, 1898

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of March 7, there is printed an editorial entitled "The Bane of Travel," which refers to the billboard nuisance. It is so phrased as to be a most efficient argument against the poster rampant from the standpoint of the better education of our people through their environment, and I am extremely glad to see such an editorial in an influential periodical.

In the body of the editorial comes the following sentence: "Are there not enough people in our own land offended by hideousness to form a society for protesting against making the country through which our trains run an offense to taste?"

It is my purpose to call your attention to the fact that the American Civic Association, which led in the measurably successful attempt to take Niagara Falls from private control and save at least a part of its glory for all the public, is committed to the fight against the abuses of outdoor advertising, and is carrying on an active propaganda all over the country in pursuance of that fight.

Addresses have been made in scores of cities, illustrated by examples of the hideousness which surrounds the American child, whom we hope will have a better appreciation of art while we force them to live in sordid ugliness. Legislation has been instituted in many communities and in several States, and direct attempts have been made to approach the evil by means of showing its poor business economy; for it is believed that this shrieking outdoor advertising is unprofitable.

You will be interested in an extract from a letter just received from one of the chief offenders, as follows:

"As in the question of civic beauty, we must agree that our scenery, either rural or urban, is not improved by the presence of the many colored billboards, but so long as they are permitted and are available at a reasonable price, the progressive advertiser of today is going to use them."

This is a significant statement of the purely utilitarian view taken by a concern which depends upon the good will of the whole country for the purchase of its wares.

We are efficiently aided in our crusade by the shagbarts of the billboard men. These gentlemen insist that we are "cranks," and that all peripherals supporting us are actuated by selfish interest. Note the following extract from the *Billposter and Distributor*, the main organ of the billposting craft:

"The reformer at large is mostly an idealist, who would, like Ruskin, abolish the railroad to preserve natural scenery."

These gentlemen continually insist that America is a purely commercial nation, and that any one who is not pure but advocates commercialism above all things else. They are inconsistent in their suggestions; as, for instance, when Mr. Charles O. Davis, an attorney, led a noted billboarder of New York, personally attacked me on the occasion of a billboard address before the Spring Club at New York, by saying:

"If Mr. McFarland prefers God Island to New York as a place of residence, let him go there by all means. Outdoor advertising is the blood of the commerce of this nation, and you can't stop it from to save your life. . . . We are not here to put Titians and Michelangelo on every street corner. The billboards are here, and they are going to remain as long as American commerce rests on the solid foundations on which it stands today."

I venture to suggest, in bringing to your attention the fact of the American Civic Association's work upon this subject, further active interest in your part in calling the attention of your readers constantly to these desecrations of scenery as well as of the works of man. In Berlin there is advertising near the Imperial palace on Unter den Linden, but it is confined to a simple, small, completely controlled kiosk. Near the Capitol in Washington, on the contrary, are hideous, wild-spread billboards, and the Lincoln statue is practically submerged in advertising.

If you could find it practicable to ask your readers to express their opinion as to whether or not they are attracted to unattractive articles by means of this sort of offensive advertising, good would be done. This association distributed a large quantity of inquiring post cards at Niagara Falls last summer, the returns from which show that eighty-four per cent. of those who noticed the ugly advertising on the Canadian side were disapprovingly impressed as to purchasing the articles there exhibited.

I am, sir,

J. HORACE MCFARLAND

Unlocking \$47,000,000

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU



HE "panic" is over!

On October 23, 1907, that period of financial stringency and business depression to which the term "panic" was popularly devoted was ushered in by the closing of the doors of the Knickerbocker Trust Company. The March 26, 1908, the reopening of that institution marked the close of the crisis. During the first half hour after recognition of business more than \$1,000,000 had been received for deposit at the main banking house, and twice that sum was received during the day.

That the Knickerbocker Trust Company was enabled to reopen at all is due almost entirely to the gratuitous services of one man, Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, the legal representative of the depositors. The story of his battle of nearly five months of war against the declared hostility of opposing forces, against the suspicion of his clients and the indifference of the uninterested, reads like the romance of some galadin. And now it is ended, and the Knickerbocker Trust Company has opened its doors again.

"I'm so tired," said Mr. Satterlee upon the evening before resumption. "I'm almost too tired to think. For months I have been working night and day, seeing from forty to fifty depositors daily, listening in every kind of hard-luck story, leaving this office at two or three in the morning, and receiving visitors at nine the next day, even on Sundays. I've dropped all other business to see this thing through. Still, I should be more tired, I think, if it had failed. I think I should have hidden myself in some sanitarium, or gone to Meikidown. Now—"

"You'll take a long holiday?"

"No, they've put me in as one of the board of directors," he answered, whimsically.

Here is the story of Mr. Satterlee's work:

When the Knickerbocker Trust Company closed its doors, just before noon on October 23, 1907, the statement of the Superintendent of Banks that he had taken the institution in charge marked the greatest failure that has ever occurred in the United States; one equaled elsewhere, perhaps, only by the failure of the Barings in London in 1890.

The dividends of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, which, before the business depression had begun, had aggregated more than sixty million dollars, its ornate marble office at the juncture of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and its widespread banking connections in other States, had given it the widest celebrity. The fact that it cleared its checks through the New York Clearinghouse and carried the largest cash reserve of any trust company in the country had won for it public confidence, and it had more than 18,000 depositors. The resignation of Charles T. Barney, on October 21, found the public quite unprepared, and there was hardly time to realize what had happened before the run began. During the hours that elapsed before the Superintendent of Banks took charge of the institution more than \$5,000,000 had been paid out at the main office and the three branches in Wall Street, Harlem, and the Bronx. The last statement which had been filed at Albany had showed a surplus of nearly \$5,000,000.

The closing of the Knickerbocker's doors marked the opening of the panic. Several small banks and trust companies failed in rapid succession, and other trust companies were compelled to seek outside aid. Two had to be carried through the panic by a syndicate of the largest financial interests in the country.

On the application of the Superintendent of Banks, the

Attorney General of the State at once began suit to declare the company insolvent and to wind up its affairs. He applied for temporary receivers, and the judge immediately appointed Ernst Thalmann, George L. Rives, and Henry G. Ide as temporary receivers to take charge of the institution.

Almost simultaneously the directors of the company appointed a committee to protect the stockholders and look after the interests of themselves, as depositors, and of the others who would join with them. Their plan for enabling the company to resume was based upon the purchase by the depositors of six per cent. gold debentures based on the general credit of the company to the extent of fifty per cent. of their deposits, the remaining fifty per cent. to be withdrawn only by installments. This enforced investment not appealing to the depositors, other committees were formed and plans put forward by them, based on a largely increased issue of the company's capital stock, which the depositors were to be asked to take in payment for a large proportion of their claims. None of these plans met with favor, because of certain legal objections which were raised, and because depositors did not want to take stock in a trust company which carried with it a legal liability.

In the first week of November several of the largest depositors asked Mr. Satterlee to organize a committee and formulate plans for the depositors' benefit. Having in mind a similar situation with regard to a smaller institution several years ago, in which he had succeeded in getting each depositor to guarantee the claims to the extent of fifteen per cent. of his own deposit, Mr. Satterlee thought that even here, in the case of a failure of such magnitude, something of the kind might be done, provided that the depositors could be convinced that there would be no preference as between one man and another, and that all would be treated upon exactly the same basis. This seemed to be the only course available, because every possible source of money supply had already been taxed to the utmost to keep the doors of other institutions open, and to retain many business firms in solvency. There were only two sources from which it was possible to obtain the money necessary to make up the loss of the eight million-dollar drain caused by the run and to provide sufficient working capital. The source was the stockholders of the company, and the other the depositors themselves.

The impelling motive of the stockholders was naturally to protect their investments as far as possible, in the extent of their means, and it was only by convincing depositors of the fairness of the plan that they were induced to make resumption possible by consenting to enforce their claims to the necessary amount.

The plan for the resumption of business, which was afterward endorsed and adopted by all the other substantial interests involved, and has since been approved by the court and the Superintendent of Banks, was based on the theory that the stockholders should turn the company over to the depositors until their demands were satisfied, contributing the sum of \$2,400,000 in cash towards the requirements for resumption; and also that the depositors should guarantee the solvency of the institution by releasing their claims on assets to the extent of thirty per cent. of their deposits, on which they receive "surplus certificates," payable semi-annually out of the company's net earnings; also agreeing to withdraw the remaining seventy per cent. in installments extending over a period of thirty months. The magnitude of the task attempted may be inferred from the fact that there was nearly \$17,000,000 worth of deposits tied up, represented by an army of depositors, residing for the



Herbert L. Satterlee

WHO OPENED THE CLOSED DOORS OF A GREAT BANKING INSTITUTION

most part in New York or near it, but also all over the world. Almost all had been stung by the failure and distressed by the financial calamity which had befallen them, and they were naturally chary of surrendering their rights to any extent. Moreover, the facts which had been revealed concerning people who had occupied important financial positions in institutions that had hitherto been thought safe and sound made them suspicious and reluctant. The tragic death of Mr. Barney, on November 14, had seemed almost to destroy the last hope of redemption. Nevertheless, the committee persevered in its investigations of the assets of the company and of its liabilities, and in appealing to the depositors again and again to have some faith in some one, and to testify to their reliance in the fairness and practicability of the plan by assigning their accounts. In order to insure success, three of the largest and best known trust companies of New York were asked to act jointly as the depositories of the depositors' assignments. The committee was made up of men never previously connected with the trust company as stockholders or factors. Every member of the committee, as well as its counsel, undertook the work with the announced intention of doing so voluntarily and without compensation.

It was slow work to make the depositors realize that the committee was in earnest in this. The press was also slow in coming to understand it; but when it really understood, it probably contributed more than any one element to the ultimate reopening. Night and day, with little regard to Sundays or holidays, the work went on. Circulars were prepared and sent to depositors wherever their addresses could be found. Personal letters were addressed by members of the committee and their friends to those who hesitated. A canvass of deposits was inaugurated, and at one time 160 people were actively at work visiting depositors, explaining the plan, and securing assignments.

A committee was formed of distinguished members of the bar, who advised their fellow lawyers to assist in this work of restoring the public confidence. The presidents of half a dozen of the largest banks published a letter over their signatures endorsing the plan. Ministers and priests who came in daily contact with the hardships caused by the failure lent their active encouragement and aid.

Another important part of the committee's labor consisted in inducing borrowers from the trust company to make payments on account of their loans, or to extinguish them entirely, thereby accumulating the necessary cash in the hands of the receivers to meet the requirements for reopening.

All this time, of course, there was active opposition from those interests that saw a gain in liquidation and no profit to themselves in the redemption. There was plenty of suggestion from those who did not help, and much criticism from those who thought the plan might have been undertaken in some other and better way. The beginning of every week found a new set of problems to be overcome; but the work went steadily on, until the point was reached at last, on March 7, when the Superintendent of

Banks, having made an independent examination of the plan and manner in which it was being executed, announced that in his opinion business could be resumed on Thursday, March 28, at noon; and Mr. Justice Lester W. Clark thereupon entered an order to that effect. The satisfactory result of the efforts of the re-organizers was that the \$2,750,000 of deposits represented by the committee itself had been rolled up to \$37,000,000, or more than eighty-five per cent. of the net deposits, after deducting the claims of the savings banks and moneys deposited by the court, which, under the law, are preferred claims.

This gigantic task was accomplished by the business aid rendered by the stockholders, and by the depositors themselves. Liquidation would have involved comparatively small and certainly infrequent dividends, whereas the assets, sold as at a sheriff's sale, would melt away like ice beneath an August sun. It would have entailed long-drawn-out hardship upon the depositors, the reorganization of a cloud of litigation, and the abandonment of many enterprises dependent upon the solvency of the Knickerbocker Trust Company. Instead of this, there has been secured the gradual payment of every deposit in full, and the immediate freeing for circulation of many millions of dollars.

Mr. Satterlee's personal exertions in this matter have been enormous. "Even on March 8, twenty-four hours before the court was to render its decision, we were not in a position to reopen," he said. "On that day telegrams of fifty words apiece and more were sent out to over a hundred depositors. Responses poured in by telegram, by mail, and by the next morning we were at last able to secure the court's permission to commence business again."

"You would even doze here with stories of distress," continued Mr. Satterlee. "One would tell me how his daughter had tuberculosis and he had to get the money to take her to California as a last chance for her recovery. Another had a sick wife who had to undergo an operation. Another had to sell his store at a nominal sum and go to work as a clerk again. 'I hate to say it,' they would say to me, 'but isn't there some back door to this arrangement? You're not doing it for nothing, are you?' And in every case I was able to back the depositor straight in the face and tell him that there was no back door, that we were all standing in it together, and that nobody had any preference of my kind."

"The apex of it all is that the trust company is solvent, and that the depositors have certificates of deposit, good to sell or borrow on. But the point which especially impresses me is this, in spite of all the attacks upon capital during the past few years, the public's faith has not been undermined. We've had the age of the man with the stone axe and the man with the hoe. What are we coming to now? The man with the megaphone? What are they preparing for? A Commune? It's Roosevelt against Bryan, each vying with the other in denunciation of capital; and yet, in spite of this, the public has been asked to do a thing unheard of: to renounce their rights to everything that they possessed, to permit us to give away, sell, or otherwise dispose of their money as we thought best, and they've done it!"



Resuming Business at the Fifth Avenue Office of the Knickerbocker Trust Company. On the opening Day the Deposits amounted to \$2,000,000, exceeding by Half a Million the Amount of the Withdrawals



Searching the Body of Hildebrandt, who was killed by the Bomb



Dressing the Wounds of Silvenstein, the Anarchist Bomb-thrower



This Photograph was taken Five Seconds after the Explosion, the Smoke of which may be seen rising in the Background

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Mounted Police clearing the Streets east of Union Square



The Crowds charged by Mounted and Foot Police on Fourth Avenue

THE BOMB TRAGEDY IN UNION SQUARE

STONES THROWN WITH THE EXPLOSIVE, WHILE, AS AN INCIDENT OF A DEMONSTRATION OF SOCIALISTS WHO HAD BEEN PARADING TO HOLD AN OUTRAGE MEETING, RESULTED IN THE DEATH OF ONE MAN AND THE MENDS INJURY OF ANOTHER

England's Next Prime Minister

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



HE Prime Minister gets no better. He has only been able to make two or three brief and faint appearances in the House this session. He is at present, I fear, suffering severely from the after-effects of influenza, and there is unfortunately but little likelihood that he will be able to return to active duty. The nation watches the daily bulletin with an anxious solicitude. I do not think the English people quite realized how much they had grown to like "C-B" until he fell ill. I am not sure that even the Liberals were fully aware of their dependence upon his leadership until it was temporarily withdrawn from them. Men talk of the success of this minister and of that of Mr. Morley's admirably balanced handling of India, of the confidence everywhere reposed in Sir Edward Grey, of Mr. Lloyd George's infusion of a new and beneficent life into the Board of Trade, of the patience, originality, and breadth of view that Mr. Asquith has brought to bear upon the problems of military organization. But the greatest success of the present government has been "C-B" himself. I am only interpreting what I feel sure to be the non-partisan awe of the country when I say that "C-B's" development has been the pleasant surprise his ministry has afforded. His hold over the nation, over the House, and over his party, is something that two years ago would have been thought incredible. When he became Premier there were few who thought him equal to the responsibilities of the post. Few thought he could sustain the double burden of the Premiership and the leadership of the House of Commons. On all hands it was quietly assumed that at the first convenient opportunity "C-B" would repair to the seclusion of the House of Lords, taking the Premiership with him, but leaving the leadership of the Lower House in younger, firmer, and more determined hands. And it gives the measure of "C-B's" triumph that to-day, even if such a development were politically possible, not a single one of his followers would welcome it.

What is the explanation? Nobody exaggerates either "C-B's" qualities or his attainments. Nobody ranks him as a great statesman, or a great intellect, or a commanding leader. What people feel is that he fills a very difficult position with a success that many able men, men of far more definite opinions, and of far greater force of character, have failed to achieve. His triumph has been pre-eminently the triumph of personality. "C-B," like Mr. McKinley, has the rare gift of smoothing things out and reconciling the most opposing views and dispositions. Himself a monument of humorous common sense and cheery clarity, he radiates an atmosphere that makes for agreement and co-operation. There is nothing elusive or baffling about him. The suspicion of disingenuousness which stained the latter years of Mr. Balfour's government is the last that would attach to "C-B." His whole ease is got up in good, plain black and white. A pork butcher could understand him. He is a master of all the persuasive arts. He oils the machinery of party government with a loving and imperturbable patience. No one can quarrel with him, because he simply declines to quarrel with any one. His massive urbanity is an emollient that cures the most recalcitrant faction into obedience. He rules without friction and leads, if the "bull" may be forgiven, by a series of gentle pushes. For the past two years he has been a centre of accommodation and harmonizing influence round which a heterogeneous party has revolved not only with gratitude but with affection.

But the British Empire cannot be governed from a bed of sickness, and the day is approaching when "C-B" will either have to transfer himself to the Lords—a step from which, in view of his political campaign against the Upper Chamber, he naturally shrinks—or else resign the Premiership. There is no question as to who will succeed him. Mr. Asquith, at present Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the man on whom the mantle will inevitably fall. Already he is the Prime Minister's alter ego. Already he speaks, as it were, from the threshold of No. 10 Downing Street. Within his own party he has no rival. Mr. Morley is a statesman, but not a politician. He would be Prime Minister in Utopia, but not in England. Sir Edward Gray, with very few men know, but all men trust, has restricted himself to a single sphere of politics, the importance of which is far in excess of the interest group he speaks in it. Mr. Lloyd George, in turn, has not yet come. Mr. Haldane, who possesses perhaps the profoundest intellect now devoted to the service of the state, is regarded by the nation rather as a mind than as a man. There is no one else. Everything points to Mr. Asquith as the inevitable Premier of the future. He alone raises the range of the chamber and the kind of mind upon the people that are the essential qualifications for the highest office of all.

The present session is, therefore, a crucial one for him. Not only is he in charge of the Licensing Bill, which is providing what promises to be the most roundabout political conduct of the

past fifteen years; not only has he to introduce the Budget, and frame his momentous proposals for Old-Age Pensions; not only will his place during the next few months be in the thickest of the fight, giving and receiving the hardest of blows; but he has also to stand the judgment of the country, of Parliament, and of his followers as a prospective Prime Minister. Men listen to him and watch him less for what he is than for what he so soon must be. It is not the Chancellor of the Exchequer that engages their attention. It is the Prime Minister in embryo. They know already what Mr. Asquith is capable of in the rough and tumble of Parliamentary warfare, how strong and effective a gladiator of debate he is and always has been, how inconspicuously inured are his presentations of even the most complex measures. But whether he has also the gifts of personality and of brimpage that are not less essential to successful leadership, whether he is skilled in the vital arts of managing men and can inspire that warm feeling that is worth infinitely more to a party chief than mere admiration of his talents, whether he possesses or can acquire any of "C-B's" mellowness and his remarkable knack of bringing men into line—these precisely are the points on which more light is being anxiously sought.

It is not, I am bound to say, being sought without a certain mingling. Few members of the Liberal party relish the prospect of the change from "C-B" to Mr. Asquith. The Labor men say almost, indeed, he said to reveal it. There is a free recognition of his qualities as a first-class fighting man, who is always supremely sure of himself, who is never far below the top of his form, who can bring all his guns into action at a moment's notice, who will stand up to any one, and whom very few can stand against. Nor, of course, does any one question the virility of his success or the high and genuine character of his abilities. He has made his way, every one agrees, altogether on his own merits, by his own exertions, and without any adroit tricks and whatever. His career at Oxford was surprisingly brilliant. He quickly followed it up by an even more brilliant success at the Bar. Brought into Parliament under Mr. Gladstone's auspices, he at once made his mark as a debater, as almost, indeed, the only debater on the Liberal side who could hold his own against Mr. Chamberlain. In the last Gladstonian ministry he held the post of House Secretary, thrust himself with arduous into the duties of his office, and raised it by his firmness, sympathy, and zeal into one of the most active and beneficent of all the government departments. He did for it, in last, very much what Mr. Chamberlain did for the Colonial Office, and what Mr. Lloyd George is doing now for the Board of Trade. During the Boer war Mr. Asquith resplended himself under the Boer banner and gave the Unionist government an invaluable support. When the fiscal controversy broke out he plunged into it, followed Mr. Chamberlain from town to town, met him speech for speech, and worked perhaps harder and more effectively than any other Liberal to win the great electrifying victory of 1901.

The minglings, therefore, at which I have hinted do not relate to Mr. Asquith's capacity as an administrator or a debater, or to his services in the Liberal cause. They have reference solely to the personality of the man. He is not popular with the rank and file. I have known him to succeed by a speech of pitiless, piled-up lucidity in lashing his party into its enthusiasm, such as even Mr. Gladstone could not always evoke. But the enthusiasm was wholly intellectual; the cheers were for the achievement, not for the man. Lord Rosebery, it is true, has said that Mr. Asquith possesses qualities of heart even more remarkable than his qualities of head. But the average man in and out of the House and Commons remains unimpressed. Mr. Asquith's is not, I should say, an expensive nature, or if it is, his colleagues in Parliament are too rarely allowed to catch it in its more glowing and genial moments. His political manner is not ingratiating. It is even at times a little stifled. There is about him a warning air that fools will not be suffered gladly. Men accuse him of an Oxford superiority. They suspect that his inclination is to treat stupidity as a sort of crime. His alert and energetic bearing is the expression, so they say, of a disposition that is fundamentally self-centred and not without its spice of intellectual arrogance. I do not know whether this is really so, but I think it probably is. There is undoubtedly a lack of warmth and tone and color about Mr. Asquith. His speeches, for instance, though possessed of many fine qualities, though always pungent, vigorous, and concise, and as good as any public speaking can be that is not oratory, always impress me as being a little bloodless, a little too uniformly and rigidly excellent. The vibrant voice, so resonant and full, the abrupt, dramatic gesture, the ordered, resonant period, just fit to convince one that the speaker feels, feels the passion he is declaiming. He always seems to know just what he is going to say; he will not for a moment be carried out of himself, he allows no room for "the magic hand of chance." I have a suspicion that Mr. Asquith is simply incapable of an indeliberation. The party of all the enthusiasms is destined to be led by the man with none.

Oklahoma's Claims to Distinction



Holding down a Claim in Roger Mills County



Keeping down the Death-rate



A Group of Oklahoma's early Settlers



Bacon born on a Ranch near Pawnee

WHEN Oklahoma formally entered the sisterhood of States upon the sixteenth day of November, 1907, the effluvia East little dreamed what strange and wonderful signs would come from the far, wild West. The illustrations show some of these marvels, and similar scenes are said to be witnessed everywhere throughout this youngest sister of the Union. Children "grow" there, like Topsy, and lions are broken in to the plough. Nature has reversed herself in Oklahoma. The rattlesnake lies down with the prairie dog. The pig, no longer wallowing in his sty, has displaced the puppy and babe as a household pet. So marvellous is the fertility of that climate that cows produce four calves at a birth, thus recalling the children in the race to fill up the waste spaces now devoted to prairie dogs. And last, but by no means least, observe the triumph over nature: Oklahoma has evolved the lockless rifle!



A portable Dairy Lunch in Service near Opema

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Hichens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHEEP," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.



HE was certain that he had come to her for some reason other than just to ask if she had need of him.

"It does the signorina good to get a breath of air before she goes to bed," Hermione added, after a moment of silence. "It makes her sleep."

"Si, signora."

He still stood calmly beside her, but now he looked at her with the odd directness which had been characteristic of him as a boy, and which he had not lost as a man.

"The signorina is getting quite big, signora," he said. "Have you noticed? Ter Dio! In Sicily, if the signorina was a Sicilian, the groomsmen would be asking to marry her."

"Ah, but, Gaspare, the signorina is not a Sicilian," she said. "She is English, you know, and English girls do not generally think of such things till they are much older than Sicilians."

"But, signora," said Gaspare, with the bluntness which in him was never rudeness, but merely the sincerity which he considered due to his padrona—dile also to his—*Me*, "my padrone was like a real Sicilian, and the signorina is his daughter. She must be like a Sicilian too, by force."

"Your padrone, yes, he was a real Sicilian," Hermione said, softly. "But, well, the signorina has much more English blood in her veins than Sicilian. She has only a little Sicilian blood."

"But the signorina thinks she is almost a Sicilian. She wishes to be a Sicilian."

"How do you know that, Gaspare?" she asked, smiling a little at his firmness and persistence.

"The signorina said so the other day to the groomsmen who had the cigarettes, signora. I talked to him, and he told me. He said the signorina had said to him that she was partly a Sicilian, and that he had said 'so,' that she was English. And when he said that—he said to me—the signorina was quite angry. He could see that she was angry by her face."

"I suppose that is the Sicilian blood, Gaspare. There is some in the signorina's veins, of course. And then, you know, both her father and I loved your country. I think the signorina must often long to see Sicily."

"Does she say so?" asked Gaspare, looking rather less calm.

"She has not lately. I think she is very happy here. Don't you?"

"Si, signora. But the signorina is growing up now, and she is a little Sicilian anyhow, signora."

He paused, looking steadily at his padrona.

"What is it, Gaspare? What do you want to say to me?"

"Signora, perhaps you will say it is not my business, but in my country we do not let girls go about by themselves after they are sixteen. We know it is far better not. Good?"

Hermione had some difficulty in not smiling. But she knew that if she smiled he might be offended. So she kept her countenance sad and said:

"What do you mean, Gaspare? The signorina is nearly always with me."

"No, signora. The signorina can go wherever she likes. She can speak to any one she pleases. She is free as a boy is free."

"Certainly she is free. I wish her to be free."

"Va bene, signora, va bene."

A cloud came over his face, and he moved as if to go. But Hermione stopped him.

"Wait a minute, Gaspare. I want you to understand. I like your care for the signorina. You know I trust you and depend on you more than on almost any one. But you must remember that I am English, and in England, you know, things in some ways are very different from what they are in Sicily. Any English girl would be allowed the freedom of the signorina."

"Why?"

"Why not? What harm does it do? The signorina does not go to Naples alone."

"Ter Dio!" he interrupted, in a tone almost of horror.

"Of course I should never allow that. But here on the island—why, what could happen to her here? Come, Gaspare, tell me what it is you are thinking of. You haven't told me yet. I know directly you came in that you had something you wanted to say. What is it?"

"I know it is not my business," he said. "And I should never speak to the signorina, but—"

"Well, Gaspare?"

"Signora, all sorts of people come here to the island—men from Naples. We do not know them. We cannot tell who they are. And they can all see the signorina. And they can even talk to her."

"The fishermen, you mean?"

"Any one who comes is a boat."

"Well, but scarcely any one ever comes but the fishermen. You know that?"

"Oh, it was all very well when the signorina was a little girl, a child, signora," he said, almost hotly. "But now it is different. It is quite different."

Suddenly Hermione understood. She remembered what Vere had said about Gaspare being jealous. He must certainly be thinking of the boy driver, of Rutile.

"You think the signorina oughtn't to talk to the fishermen?" she said.

"What do we know of the fishermen of Naples, signora? We are not Neapolitans, we are strangers here. We do not know their habits. We do not know what they think. They are different from us. If we were in Sicily, I am a Sicilian, I can tell. But when we come from Naples saying they are Sicilians, how can I tell whether they are truthful or not?"

Gaspare's inner thought stood revealed.

"I see, Gaspare," Hermione said, quietly. "You think I should not have let the signorina talk to that boy the other day. But I saw him myself, and I gave the signorina leave to take him some cigarettes. And he died for her. She told me all about it. She always tells me everything."

"I do not doubt the signorina," said Gaspare. "But I thought it was my duty to tell you what I thought, signora. Why should people come here saying they are of my country, saying they are Sicilians, and talking as the Neapolitans talk?"

Well, but at the time you didn't doubt that the boy was what he said he was, did you?"

"Signora, I did not know. I could not know. But since then I have been thinking."

"Well, Gaspare, you are quite right to tell me. I prefer that. I have much faith in you, and always shall have. But we must not say anything like this to the signorina. She would not understand what we meant."

"No, signora. The signorina is too good."

"She would not understand, and I think she would be hurt."

"Hermione used the word 'offend'—as you would be if you fancied I thought something strange about you."

"Si, signora."

"Good night, Gaspare. Buon riposo."

He moved towards the door. When he reached it he stopped and asked:

"I am going to bed, signora."

"Good night, signora. The signorina is still outside, I am sure."

"She goes out for a salame nearly every evening, Gaspare. She likes the air and to look at the sea."

"Si, signora. In a minute I shall go to bed. Buon riposo."

And he went out.

When he had gone Hermione remained at first where she was. But Gaspare had effectively changed her mood, had driven away that she chose to call her eyes, had concentrated all her thoughts on Vere. He had never before spoken like this about the child. It was a sudden waking up on his part to the fact that Vere was growing up to womanhood.

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He was surely very unlikely.

She remembered that Gaspare had a jealous nature. His most of his countrymen.

Nevertheless, he had suddenly made the island seem different to her. She had thought of it as remote, as pleasantly far away from Naples, isolated in the quiet sea. But it was very easy to reach from Naples, and as Gaspare had said, what did they know, or understand, of the Neapolitans, they who were strangers in the land?

She wondered whether Vere was still outside. To-night she certainly enjoyed—Vere surely. Never till to-night had she

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remembered that he was not his own master, not the owner of the boat. Of course he could not do what he liked. If he could—well, then he would have come back. She was positive of that.

If he ever did come back, she said to herself now, she would question him about the sea. She would get at him about the sea, at his feelings. She wondered if they could possibly be at all like hers. It was unlikely, she supposed. They two were as very different. And yet—

She smiled to herself again, imagining question and answer with Ruffo. He would not think her mad, even if she puzzled him. They understood each other. Even her mother had said that they seemed to be in sympathy. And that was true. Differences of rank need not, indeed cannot, destroy the magic chain if it exists, cannot prevent its links from being forged. She knew that her mother was in sympathy with Gaspare, and Gaspare with her mother. So there was no reason why she should not be in sympathy with Ruffo.

If he were here to-night she would begin at once to talk to him about the sea. But of course he would never come at night to the inlet.

Very knew that the Neapolitan fishermen usually keep each to his own special branch of the common profession. By this time of night he should Ruffo was in his home at the Margellina, sitting in the midst of his family, or was strolling with lively companions of his own age, or, perhaps, was fast asleep in bed.

Very felt that it would be horrible to go to bed on such a night, to shut herself in from the moon and the sea. The fishermen who slept in the shelter of the Saint's Pool were enviable. They had the stars above them, the waters about them, the gentle winds to caress them as they lay in the very midst of remembrance.

She wondered whether there were any boats in the Saint's Pool to-night. She had not been to see. A few steps and she could look over. She got up and went back to the bridge, treading softly because she was thinking of Ruffo. There was no moon, and looked down. She saw two boats on the far side of the Pool moored at the feet of the saint. The men in them must be lying down, for Vere could see only the boats, looking black, and filled with a confused blackness—of sails, probably, and sleeping men. The rest of the Pool was empty, part of it bright with the midlance of the moon, part of it shading away to the mysterious darkness of still water at night under the lee of cliffs.

For some time the girl stood watching. Just at that moment her active brain almost ceased to work, stilled by the reverie that is born of certain night visions. Without those motionless boats the Pool of the Saint would have been calm. With them, its stillness seemed almost joyfully profound. The hint of life bound in the coils of sleep, prisoner to rest, deepened Nature's impression and sent Vere into reverie. There were no trees here. No birds sang, for although it was the month of the nightingales none ever came to sing to San Francesco. No insects chirped or hummed. All was stark and almost fearfully still as in a world abandoned; and the light fell on the old fairs of the rocks faintly, as if it feared to show the ravages made in them by the storm of the long ages they had confronted and defied.

Vere had a sensation of sinking very slowly down into a gulf, as she stood there, not falling, but sinking, down into some world of quiet things, farther and farther down, leaving all the sounds of life far up in light above her. And descent was exquisite, easy, and natural and indeed inevitable. Nothing called her from below. For where she was going there were no voices. Yet she felt that at last there would be something to receive her; mystical stillness, mystical peace.

A silky sound—far off—checked that imaginative descent that seemed so physical. First nervously arrested it, then, always silky but growing louder, took her softly and softly back to the summit

she had left. Now she was conscious again of herself and of the night. She was listening. The sound that had broken her reverie was the gentle sweep of big-bladed oars through the calm sea. As she knew this she saw, away to the right, a black shadow shimmering under the moonlight beyond the inlet. It pushed its way to the water of her very feet, and chose that as its anchorage.

The figure of the rower stood up straight and black for a moment, looking bently in the night.

Vere could not see his face, but she knew at once that he was Ruffo. Her inclination was to lend down with the soft cry of "Pescatore!" which she had sent to him on the early morning of their meeting. She checked it, why she scarcely knew, in obedience to some imperious prompting of her nature. But she kept her eyes on him. And they were full of will. She was willing him not to be down in the bottom of the boat and sleep. She knew that he and his companions must have come to the Pool at that hour to rest. There were three other men in the boat. Two had been sitting on the gunwale of it, and now lay down. The third, who was in the bows, exchanged some words with the rower, who replied. Vere could hear the sound of their voices, but not what they said. The conversation continued for two or three minutes, while Ruffo was taking in the oars and trying them one on each side of the boat. When he had done this he stretched up his arms to their full length above his head, and a loud noise of a prolonged yawn came up to Vere, not nearly made her laugh. Long as it was it seemed to her to end abruptly. The arm dropped down.

She felt sure he had seen her watching, and stayed quite still, wondering what he was going to do. Perhaps he would talk to the other man. She found herself quickly hoping that he would not. That she was there ought to be their little secret.

All this that was passing through her mind was utterly foreign to any mystery. Vere had no more feeling of sex in regard to Ruffo than she would have had if she had been a boy herself. The sympathy which he felt with him was otherwise founded, deep down in mysteries beyond the mysteries of sex.

Again Ruffo and the man who had not been down spoke together. But the man did not look up to Vere. He must have looked if his attention had been drawn to the fact that she was there—a little spy upon the men of the sea, considering them from her position.

Ruffo had not told. She was glad.

Presently the man moved from his place in the bows. She saw him lift a leg to get over into the stern, treading carefully in order not to trample on his sleeping companions. Then his black figure went to shut up like a telescope. He had become one with the darkness in the boat, was no longer detached from it. Only Ruffo was still detached. Was he going to sleep, too?

A certain tremor came into Vere's body. She kept her eyes, which she had opened very wide, fixed upon the black figure. It remained standing. The head moved. His face was certainly looking up. She realized that he was not asleep, despite that yawn—that he would like to speak to her, to let her know that he knew she was there.

Perhaps he did not dare to—no, not that, perhaps fishermen's etiquette, already enshrined in his nature, did not permit him to come ashore. The boat was so close to the land that he could step out to it easily.

She leaned down, "Pescatore!"

It was scarcely more than a whisper. But the night was so intensely still that he heard it. Or, if not that, he felt it. His shadow—as it seemed in the shadow of the cliff—flitted out of the boat and disappeared.

He was coming—to have that talk about the sea.

To be continued.

NEW WOODS COMING INTO USE



THE scientific study of the merits of many species of trees against the use of which there has been a prejudice for one reason or the other is one of the most important phases of the forest work of the government, from an economic standpoint, and the investigations which have already been made have promised the lumber industry with much valuable information. The latest discoveries of valuable qualities in a former neglected species resulted after an investigation of the tupelo gum which finds its home in the Southern swamps. Experts say that the study has brought out no important data as the studies made on the loblolly pine, another species which was neglected for many years, but which is now put to valuable use for many purposes.

Tupelo, two years ago, at the time the study was begun, was little known and seldom used even in the sections of the country where it is most plentiful. In the logging off of cypress in the Gulf States, where tupelo is found in large quantities, the trees were entirely disregarded. It was found that the prejudice then existing against the wood was caused by a lack of knowledge of its properties and lack of care in handling the material. The investigations have been carried on by the United States Forest Service and have proved the value of the wood for a number of

uses. The result of these studies removed, very largely, the existing prejudices against this gum, and in a short time the demand for tupelo rapidly increased.

This wood is now widely used, not only in the State where it grows, but also in distant sections of the country, in the manufacture of wooden shingles, sounding boards for violins and organs, mantels, and interior finishing, such as moulding, door and window frames, and door joints. It is manufactured into all kinds of lumber, including a good grade of edge grain flooring. Tupelo gum, in the form of flooring, was recently found competing successfully with Douglas Fir in the Los Angeles market, even though bearing a freight rate of eighty-five cents a hundred-weight from its source of production in Louisiana.

This is only one example of the studies carried on by the government for the purpose of creating markets and establishing uses for the kinds of wood whose properties are not understood. The reason for making these studies is that, by finding substitutes for woods now in use which have grown scarce in consequence of an excessive demand, the timber supply of the country is in effect increased, the most economical use of wood is promoted, and the evils of a general shortage in wood supply, which is rapidly becoming a national problem of the first magnitude, are to that degree lessened.

Nevada's Safeguard for Mine-buyers

By SAM P. DAVIS

Chairman of the Publicity and Industrial Commission of Nevada



ANYVILLOIS as the recent development of Nevada's mines has been, the good name of the State has suffered much from the swindling operations of dealers in illicit mines. This evil has now been abated, practically eliminated, and hereafter there will be no excuse for the investor who allows himself to be deceived by mine sharks.

The last session of the Legislature established a Publicity and Industrial Commission, and in a short time this commission will be able to issue a public bulletin which will in a great measure segregate the wildcats from the legitimate mining enterprises. This commission will also act in conjunction with the Mining and Scientific Society of Goldfield, composed of mining engineers who hold diplomas from recognized schools of mining. This organization has agreed to operate



The original Mining Stock Exchange in Goldfield

with the Publicity Commission, and will answer all inquiries made relative to the status of any mining enterprise in Nevada, and inform the inquirer whether it is a legitimate mining enterprise, handled by reputable promoters, or a capitalized sand-bank manipulated by rascals who put the proceeds of stock sales in their pockets instead of applying them to actual developments. A mere inquiry on the status of any property whose stock is on the market will be answered by the secretary of the Publicity Commission at Carson City, without charge, or referred for more explicit information to Forrest Nevers, Secretary of the Mining and Scientific Society at Goldfield. When it is necessary for the experts of the society to visit and examine the property and make an experts' report an expense fee will be charged. The information thus secured will be absolutely reliable, as the Organization of Mining Engineers, whose headquarters are at Goldfield, embraces every mining engineer of standing in the State, and has the official endorsement of the State Board of Publicity.

The history of the newest discoveries of gold in Nevada is as luminous as the history of the earliest finds of precious metal was tragic. The thousands who swarmed across the continent in the first rush for California's gold-fields paid no heed to the prospects in Nevada, whose rugged Sierras were simply so many barriers in the way. The great "Washoe rush" of 1858, so graphically described and illustrated in HARRIS'S MAGAZINE by J. Ross Brown, resulted in the development of the Comstock Lode which added six hundred millions of dollars to the wealth of the world. Nevada, growing in importance from her mineral discoveries, came into the Union in the darkest days of the Civil War.

The story of the rise and supremacy of the Comstock, the story that it held over the politics of the West, and its product of over six hundred millions, most of which went to build up San Francisco, is a three-fold tale, and only incidental to the purpose of this article, which deals with the new Nevada. When the search for wealth went below the three-thousand-foot level, the added expense of keeping the mines clear of water made the work less profitable, and the demonetization of silver dealt a heavy blow to the mining industry of the world. Then followed a period of terrible depression to the State. Rats and snakes took possession of the discouraged mining works, and creeping vices awoke their shrouds about the inert machinery. Nevada went rapidly back in wealth and population, and there was even talk of sending from the wilderness of States the desert-born girl who had saved Uncle Sam's lonely a few years before from possible annihilation and bankruptcy.

But chance, which has always played an important part in the destinies of the State, came back to us on whitened wings when Jim Butler discovered gold in Tonopah. He threw a splash of rock at a refractory mule in a fit of anger, and the stone, after

bounding from the flank of the animal, fell at his feet. He picked it up, it threw again, and, its weight attracting his attention, concluded he had hit the mule enough and placed the piece of rock in his pocket for future reference. A week later he asked an assayer to determine its value, and added that he lacked the dollar and a half to pay for the assay. The assayer replied that as soon as he found anything of value in the rock he would let him know, and pitched it out of the window as soon as Butler was out of sight. It lay there eight months, when another miner picked it up, and, attracted by its appearance, had it assayed by the same man who had previously thrown it away.

This discarded piece of mineral showed an assay value of eight thousand dollars to the ton. Think of it, if you run thick of it lately, of the pranks which chance plays with the mining industry! Had Jim Butler missed that mule, or had the rock, after hitting the animal, not bounded back just where it did, neither Tonopah, Goldfield, Bullfrog, Rhyolite, nor a dozen other prosperous camps of southern Nevada might ever have been discovered. Over a hundred millions staked on a single throw!

Butler and the miner who paid for the assay went into partnership, and, finding the place from which the chunk came, located over a hundred claims, and leased them out on a royalty of twenty-five per cent. The leases were all verbal, and ran to the first of the following January, nearly a year. Some of these leases barely paid expenses and some made inadequate fortunes for their owners. Half a dozen of these leases proved so profitable that one thousand per day rental was offered for renewals as the time approached to give them up. Butler declined to extend the contracts, and at midnight on the last of January all work ceased at the stroke of the clock in Jim Butler's cabin.

By prearranged arrangement, as the clock struck, Butler discharged a six-shooter in the air, and the busy hundreds of miners, working like beads to get out every pound of the precious metal possible, dropped their tools at the sound of Butler's shot as if they had been stricken with paralysis. It is said that out of the hundreds of men, some of whom were taking eight thousand dollars' worth of gold per day from their leases, not one of them ventured to touch another ounce of the precious metal after the sound of Butler's weapon signalled the stroke of midnight. Such was a miner's word and a miner's honor in Nevada.

From this beginning sprang one of the great new mining camps of the West, which has now cast off its swaddling clothes and is regarded as a permanent proposition. There is enough ore in sight in the Mirak above to last for twenty years, it is an odd thing to note, however, what vast attention this tremendous discovery attracted in San Francisco. The queen city of the Pacific had been built up by the mining industries of California and Nevada, yet when miners came to San Francisco from southern Nevada to secure rapid in develop their claims they were met with but cold regard. Men who had made their millions from Nevada mining saw specimens of ore blistered with gold and remarked: "Pretty good rock, but too far from the Comstock." This is a mere-erae the past glories of the Comstock hung as a banner over the future prospects of the new find, because the Comstock had been so great in its day that many people could not disabuse their minds of the idea that there would never be



Bolls and Beas on the Corb at Goldfield

anything in mining to equal it. But the staid Philadelphia capitalists, when presented with an opportunity to invest, put their capital in bonds and reaped a golden harvest.

Tonopah had other drawbacks at the beginning of its career. Nearly every mining expert of our era who inspected the formation turned the discoveries down and made adverse reports. While the experts were discounting the finds, the miners kept right on sinking their shafts and taking out the stuff. Some Eastern

men came out to Tonopah, and, finding all claims in the vicinity of the original discovery taken up, went some distance outside of what was considered the mineral zone and sunk shafts. The old-timers thought it was a case of the quick parting of fools and their money, but the "boos" who knew nothing about mining struck it rich as soon as they dug deep enough and got substantial returns on their investments.

One Irish miner who had a claim for sale was asked, "Does the ledge go down?" "I'm dead sure it don't go up," was the reply. This raised a laugh that resulted in the purchase of the property, which could not now be acquired for less than five millions.

The camp of Goldfield, which is not yet three years old, is another example of the magical growth of a new city. It lies twenty-



The Montezuma Club at Goldfield, where the *Jaquiter* made \$100,000 by taking tips from the Conversation of Members

five miles to the south of Tonopah in the hollow formed by the center of an extinct volcano. The merest novice in geology can recognize its origin in a glance at the massive walls of the crater which surround the town. Like Tonopah, it suffered from the adverse opinions of the experts, but miners' muscle and miners' grit demonstrated the value. Less than three years ago a few hints marked the beginning of what is now a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. Substantial stone and brick buildings are going up; banks with millions of ready capital, modern hotels, rise, mark the progress of development. In the latter part of July the celebration of the new Montezuma Club, a social organization, was held by moonlight. The building will cost fifty thousand dollars. Music, speeches, inspiring ceremonies, and elegantly gowned women graced the occasion. Ladies' night in the old Montezuma Club would astonish a New Yorker. He would pause in wonderment at the beauty and fashion in evidence. Many of the cleverest people of the country have been drawn to this vortex of money-making.

Needling in a volcano's crater, people lead a fantastic existence. The place is a very turmoil of speculation. Last winter in the midst of the stock excitement brokers and stocks to people in the street from the third-story windows of their offices. Our New Yorker made two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in twenty-four hours. Some of the boldest plungers in the game are women. It is related that a young lady for want of a better place had to sleep on the counter of a drygoods store with some bolts of cloth as a pillow.

"Oh, I didn't mind the hard bed," she said next day, "for I made over three hundred dollars in stocks." An old man with a pretty daughter who came in with the rush was obliged to occupy two chairs in a gambling saloon. A couple of miners who saw the young lady's plight gave her the key to their cabin. This is the real chivalry of the desert. All women are equally well treated and protected in a Nevada mining camp. Inside a year from the discovery a railroad was running in. I came in on a Pullman sleeper. Stopping at a stand to get my boots blacked, I found one man working where there were two chairs.

"Where's your partner?" I asked, as I took a seat.

"Oh, he's just run down the street to lay a mine; he'll be back in a few minutes."

After getting down off the stand I noticed that he had not devoted attention to the heels, and took him to task for it.

"You can't expect me to bother with the heels, sah, for a quarter."

Later I learned that an interest in a mining lease had netted him a hundred a day, and success had made him indifferent to the profits of the shoe industry. The *Jaquiter* of the Montezuma Club, a venerable old dork, had managed to accumulate over a hundred thousand dollars by listening to conversations in the club and governing his investments accordingly.

Gold-seeking has thrown together a decidedly mixed population from all over the world. The honest leeches are there—lawyers, stockeers, orators, men of letters who could talk Greek and Latin, adventurers, soldiers of fortune, gamblers and sharpers, all mingled in the same swirling vortex. Nearly every man who has been successful owns an auto, and these greyhounds of the desert have been a tremendous factor in the development of the country. In the old days, to inspect a mine meant a long and tedious ride over the

hot sands on jaded horses, with lack of water and many other discomforts. Now an investor has but to drop into the waiting automobile, and a few hours' speeding over the waste lands him at the scene of a new discovery one hundred miles away, and if he is pressed for time he can return the same day. A new pattern of automobile built especially for desert travel is being manufactured at Goldfield. It is long and low, designed for high speed and rough work. These cars seldom break down, and crossing a twenty-mile stretch of sand on a moonlight night in one of these machines, where the going is as level as a billiard table and as easily as land, is a most exhilarating experience.

Every newcomer to a Nevada mining camp is met with a most sincere and hearty greeting. Conventionalities are put on the shelf, and the late arrival soon realizes that he is one of a big family. Settle down, the orator, announces that he is going to spend his last days in the atmosphere of the desert.

"Everybody here calls me Nate," he says, "and they all mean it. I'd rather be called Nate out here in Nevada than Sir Nathaniel on Pecosville."

A lady who had mingled all her life in the fashionable society of the East said to me: "I have just begun to enjoy the real freedom of living. I haven't got to call up Mrs. Grundy every time I turn around. The pure air, the glorious skies, the weird landscapes, the jolly people and odd characters I meet are all most interesting studies in humanity, but the nicest thing of all is that all my good friends here call me 'fine.' If people in New York had addressed me so familiarly, such cheer or confidence I would almost have fainted, but here it seems just the thing."

But these social conditions do not make mining camps. In order to inspire the confidence of the investing and speculative public, tonnage and dividends are necessary. The following is compiled from the official record of Goldfield as far as obtainable:

	Tonnage	Value
June.....	103,560	\$1,325,405
July.....	16,960	2,146,253

Since these figures were compiled a strike has been made in the consolidated properties owned by Nixon and Wingfield, and conservative experts estimate the value to be fifty million dollars if the ledges extend another hundred feet down. During the first week of August Bernard Baruch and his associates who represent English and French capital accepted consolidated stock in payment of a loan of one million dollars which they had advanced for the development of the mines. They also took an option at \$7.75 per share on the stock paying over a million down, and the taking up of the option will involve an expenditure of six and a half millions. A little over a year ago this stock was considered so worthless that a miner swapped some of it for a horse in Reno. The owner of the horse would not take all stock, but insisted on ten dollars in cash out of the total value of \$75.

The town of Tonopah has settled down to be a regular million producer, and is now yielding at the rate of over a million a month in dividends. Other camps throughout the State are coming to the front at the same time and becoming regular shippers of ore. Bullfrog, Rhyolite, Greenwater, Fairview, Ramsey, Seven Trenches, Elly (with its millions of copper in sight), Ollinghouse Canyon, Florist (with its square miles of placer gold), and the Ironwood Canyon copper ledges east of Carson City give promise that Nevada this



A Stormy Day in Goldfield during one of the Winter Blizzards which sweep over the Desert

year will more than make good the estimate of the mint director that Nevada would produce fifteen millions in 1907.

Goldfield alone will produce twenty millions and Tonopah twelve millions, and the other new camps will get in line as soon as they can secure the proper shipping and milling facilities. The country is being so well stocked with men and money that the laws of population and new business conditions. Yet in spite of this hundreds of thousands of tons of low-grade ore have accumulated on the dumps, and thousands of tons of freight have been piled at the way stations. Mining engineers are constantly experimenting to secure processes by which low-grade ore can be successfully treated to meet the conditions caused by high freight rates.

The Millions at Tonopah

By DONALD B. GILLIES



NEVADA'S mineral greatness was long ago established. The performances of this Sagebrush State when the Comstock mines were startling the world with their marvelous productions are fresh in the memory of many, and those who are of the younger school have heard of the production of the \$400,000,000 from those world-famous mines. The record still stands, but who knows for how long? Comstock, with a production of \$400,000,000; Eureka, \$100,000,000; Austin, \$34,000,000; Candelaria, \$20,000,000; Belmont, \$9,000,000, and many others of lesser importance, are particularly bright stars in the mining horizon, whose individual performances have never been surpassed. New stars are appearing—Tonopah, Goldfield, Bullfrog, Fairview (and many others), and simultaneously with them you hear of the "Miraph" mine, the "Mohawk," the "Montgomery Shoshone," Fairview—all youngsters to-day, but with records when compared in value since their discovery that surpass Virginia City, Butte, Cripple Creek, Leadville, etc., many times over.

Much has been written in praise of Nevada's great mineral production in the past. Today speaks for itself, and to-morrow are equally bright. Praise and criticism of every new camp that comes to the front in this desert State go hand in hand. Tonopah has had her tributes and adverse criticisms, and it is my desire to write a few facts concerning this great shining camp since its discovery—of its past record, and what it is doing to-day.

Tonopah, the parent camp of the Nevada, was discovered May 19, 1900, by "Jim" Butler (and his burro), and I will pause here only long enough to doff my hat in silence to the Father of this great camp, and stand uncovered while his burro sounds the morning call.

Three mountains—Oddie, Butler, and Brangler—partly enclose Tonopah; the first discovery of ore was made at the foot of the west slope of Oddie. The first assays ran in the neighborhood of \$600.

On August 23, 1900, the first recorded locations were made, covering the Miraph ledge. Following this location many others were made, notably the Montana, Tonopah, Fairview, Tonopah Extension, North Star, Belmont, and West End. These were blind locations, as the veins did not outcrop or apex at the surface.

With the exception of the Miraph, as above mentioned, no other veins outcropped or apexed at the surface in the district; but the cuppages were covered by a capping (later andesite) varying in thickness from 100 to 1100 feet (proven), so that it was necessary to sink through this capping into the earlier andesite, or ledge-bearing porphyry, before one could expect to find ore, as only in the ledge-bearing porphyry have the more important ore bodies been found. The Belmont-Tonopah was the first mine in the district to prove this fact, and was afterwards followed by the Tonopah Extension, Midway, and all others in the district. It was during this period of development work, when this capping was being sunk through, that some of our best mines of to-day were spoken and written of as "cellars." This development proved three facts: that the more important ore bodies were only found in the earlier andesite, and that wherever the earlier andesite was found, and crosscutting pursued, magnificent ore bodies were found. In the camp to-day, where a shaft has passed through the capping (later andesite) into ledge porphyry (earlier andesite) it is considered just as significant as the finding of ore, for, wherever the ledge-bearing porphyry has been explored to any extent, veins and ore bodies have been encountered.

The depth of the shafts in the producing mines varies from 500 to 1100 feet, and the latter in camp was developed in course of company (excepting the Miraph) sinking through from 100 feet to 400 feet of rapping before reaching the ore horizon or ledge porphyry.

It is true that some companies have been organized and commenced operations in this district without the necessary funds to carry them through the capping. Other companies have so located their shafts that any amount of reasonable sinking would not

bring them into the ledge porphyry, for the reason that the same were located in volcanic necks. Suffice to say that where the development work has been conducted along lines and contrary to the geological facts, success has attended every venture in the district. Too much credit cannot be given to the pioneers of this region who made it possible to accumulate the geological data which to-day direct our course of development.

The ore veins and formation in general closely resemble those of the Comstock district. Mr. J. E. Spurr, who has given to us a wonderful geological work on this district, has not designated the veins of the locality as true fissures, but calls them veins of replacement, in which the ore deposits have been formed along certain well-defined shear zones. While this is technically true, yet they have all the characteristics of true fissure veins, and in many cases it is impossible to put them in any other class.

The veins being worked to-day in the Tonopah district are large (10 to 40 feet wide), well defined (having been developed for over a mile on the strike), and will average in value higher than those of any other district in the United States. Faulting has more or less affected the ore bodies, but has not to date been detrimental to them. Intrusions (rhyolite and rhyolite dactite) of the younger series (temporarily speaking) of volcanics in this district have in places interrupted the ore bodies, and to-day the very important work of "proving up" the ore bodies underneath the intrusion of rhyolite dactite la is progress in two or more mines in the camp.

Ledge porphyry similar to that above the intrusion has been found underneath it, and in the humble judgment the same ore bodies in character and value will be found underneath the intrusion as exist above.

While the camp of Tonopah is but six years old, it has shipped 396,000 tons, with a gross valuation of \$17,395,000. There are on the milling dumps in the Tonopah district 143,000 tons of milling ore of a grade of \$20 per ton, or a gross value of \$2,860,000. It is interesting to know that out of \$17,395,000 worth of ore sent to the market from this district, the railroads and smelters have received \$6,248,000, and the mining companies only \$11,347,000. This explains why on the dumps of Tonopah to-day there is \$2,860,000 worth of ore which, on account of the existing marketing rates, it is impossible to ship. This evil, however, is about to be remedied, for in this district are at present four milling plants operating successfully, and two more under consideration. So that all grades of ore can be treated with great profit at home. In another year but little ore will be shipped to the smelters, which are 750 miles distant, thereby saving freight charges of from \$7 to \$17 per ton, and the rolling cost will be less than half the existing smelting charge.

The mines of Tonopah in the past have been worked exclusively for the higher grade ores (from \$24 upward), as such ores only could stand the very high freight and smelting charges. This made the cost of mining necessarily very high and did the mines a great injustice. With the advent of the successful milling operations, the entire width of the vein from wall to wall is being worked, greatly reducing the mining costs; and the great saving effected from milling increases materially the earning capacity of the mines so doing. Our greatest mining camps to-day are those which produce a rolling grade of ore in great quantities. Tonopah, with her mills in operation, can produce great quantities and of a good grade.

Tonopah has a population of 6500 persons; four banks, with a total capitalization of \$1,250,000, and \$3,200,000 on deposit; has an assessed valuation of \$1,800,000; and has paid in dividends \$4,100,000. The wages paid are the highest in the country. The relation between employer and employee are most cordial; there never have been any labor trouble or disturbance of any kind, and it is no mining camp in the country can you find a superior class of miners to those in Tonopah.

A camp of six years that has produced \$17,395,000, paid in dividends \$4,100,000, and expended in improvement and construction \$1,800,000, and has a population of 6500 persons, and it is true, as this is, still a greater record will be made in the years to follow.

Cobalt, a City of Silver

By MARC M. REYNOLDS

SILVER has been found in vast amounts in Cobalt, some 300 miles north of Toronto, on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, and a wild stampede has been for some time in progress.

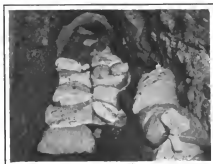
The first mine to be discovered in the Cobalt district was the La Rose, and to-day bears the name of the discoverer. La Rose was a poor blacksmith in the employment of the railway in course of construction during the year 1901 from North Bay, Ontario, toward Hudson Bay. La Rose was waiting for a blast, and just as the explosion occurred a piece of rock fell at his feet from the hillside. After the usual incidental delays, the ore was assayed and showed great silver values. As a result of this, the La Rose mine discovery became known as a rock began. During 1903-04 the stampede was at its height, and the news was exploited that Cobalt was

the richest silver camp in the world. In 1904 there were four shipping mines—La Rose, Tretheway, Nipissing, and St-Kinley. The output was 120 tons of ore, valued at a little over \$120,000.

In 1905 additional mines—the Kerr Lake Mining Company, Victoria Mining Company, Buffalo Mining Company, Lawson, White Silver Company, University, Watts, Temiskaming & Hudson Bay, Valdez, Drummond, and others—were discovered and valued at nearly one and a half million dollars. The total output of all mines, old and new, in 1906, was 5120 tons, valued at \$5,100,000. Cobalt now contains some 5000 inhabitants, and is the usual type of mining town, but very orderly, since the provincial law forbids the use of intoxicants in the district. This character (Cobalt) nickel, and copper have also been found, and the development of the district is proceeding at a rapid rate.



Sacking \$1,000,000 of Hayes and Monnette's Gold Ore in the J. S. Cooke Co's Bank



Gold to the Value of \$1,000,000 from the "Daisy" Mine, leased by Detch and Brewer



Guarding a Million Dollars in Gold Ore awaiting Shipment



\$250,000 worth of Frances Mohawk Gold Ore deposited in a single Vault of the State Bank and Trust Company



Where the Mohawk Mine stores its high-grade Ore in Goldfield

HOW GOLDFIELD GUARDS HER TREASURE

Bullfrog and its Suburbs

By FRANK P. MANNIX

Editor of *The Bullfrog Miner*



THAT portion of Nye County, Nevada, known as the Bullfrog mining district was nothing but a barren desert of shifting sands and unnamed rocks toward the end of the year 1904. To-day it contains more than one hundred mines and prospects upon which active work is being done, and five stamp mills with a capacity aggregating 500 tons daily are being installed, most of which will be running by October 1. The district has two modern cities equipped with electric light plants, water systems, ice factories, and all the equipment of civilization.

These towns, Liklydite, with a population of between 4000 and 5000, and Beatty, with a population of about 1000, are four miles apart, and have two railroads each, while a third will be completed to Liklydite within the next thirty days. The Western Union Telegraph Company has had offices in the district since its first settlement, and the Postal Telegraph Company is in the field, announcing that it will establish its state headquarters at Liklydite. A system of telephone lines was installed at an early date, and branch lines to the outlying camps are being added nearly every week.

The last reliable reports from the mines and prospects show an aggregate of more than 100,000 feet, or twenty miles, of development work. In fact, the Bullfrog claims to be the second district of the State and a formidable competitor for first place in Nevada mining. Tonopah was the first discovery, with Goldfield second, and Bullfrog third. But the advocates of the last named town say that "the last shall be first", and they fix the time at an early date for the fulfillment of the prophecy.

The Bullfrog, like most mining camps, has its romantic story of discovery. Early in the month of August, 1904, "Shorty" Harris, whose Christian name has been lost in the sickening custom which obtain among miners, came to the conclusion that everything of value had been staked in the Tonopah and Goldfield districts and packed his horses and started out with Bullfrog, California, his objective point of destination. He was travelling along the Amargosa Desert, about seventy-five miles to the south from Goldfield, when he came upon Edward Cross, a stunted prospector, and the two camped for the night at Buck Springs, where a small amount of water seeps out from the side of a mountain.

An outcropping of rock 3000 feet away had previously attracted Harris's attention, and the following morning, while waiting for Cross to recuperate for the journey, he climbed up a declivity and broke off a piece of the formation. It showed free gold, and so soon as Cross was able to travel the prospector secured other specimens and returned to Goldfield. Assays showed 7000 oz. gold to the ton and a stampede immediately followed. The entire country proved to be highly mineralized, and some of the best mines of the State have been developed there.

The naming of the district came from one of those characteristic small incidents common to mining life. A bullfrog never croaked within hundreds of miles of its boundaries, and it is only since the district has been established that that portion of the animal which is estate has found its way into camp in a refrigerator car, but the predominating color of the rocks are found in the district is an alternate dark and green, which is well defined in every specimen. A lump of the formation comparative in size and shape with the animal very much resembles a bullfrog. When Harris and Cross were debating a name for the new camp a lump of ore was tipped over and it rolled down by the side of Harris. It so much resembled a bullfrog that the new district was then and there given the name.

The development of the district has been rapid and permanent. Every hill and mountain within an area of 400 square miles of the discovery proved to be mineral bearing, was staked, and is now being developed and mined.

New discoveries are being frequently made on the outskirts of

the district, whose boundaries are being gradually extended. There are already numerous, and their number is being increased every few weeks. Scarcely a month has elapsed since the achievement of Harris and Cross, in which other discoveries have not been made, and a rush followed. In nearly all cases the finds have proved substantial.

Notably among the later discoveries are Greenwater, Lev, Echo, Schwab, Skidoo, Harrisburg, and other established camps, while other camps are being constantly formed.

Greenwater, Lev, and Skidoo have already become known abroad in a substantial way, and are forging to the front with mines that are giving them a more substantial reputation with every strike of the pick.

Lev is the nearest of them to the Bullfrog. Only a narrow strip of the Amargosa Desert intervenes between their boundary lines. The Lev Bonanza on the Nevada side of this district is the nucleus of a cluster of mineral deposits in the Bonanza Mountain which is giving proof of what development will do.

Across the line on the California side is the Baywood, whose high-grade ore has already spread the reputation of the district abroad. Twenty or thirty other mines and prospects in its neighborhood are being worked and developed, with good results in every case.

While neither the Bullfrog nor its younger neighbors have produced such high-grade ore as other districts in Nevada, yet they possess advantages over others in point of area of paying gold.

This is especially the case with the Bullfrog. It is many times the area of Goldfield and Tonopah combined, and has better transportation facilities. Its mining zone contains incalculable deposits of low and medium grade ore, with many lenses and sheets of high grade. The great outcry which has been raised against the new Nevada mines, to the effect that their deposits are without depth, has no foundation here. Her massive ledges bearing rich gold values come near the surface, it is true, but they have grown in wealth and width as they have been developed. Depth in every instance has demonstrated an increase in values and bulk.

Property owners are not afraid, but are eager to uncover their holdings, and every dollar of that can be obtained is being devoted to this work. Instead of having five or six mines upon which to sustain the district, as is the case in many instances, every well-informed citizen and miner expects to see within the next few years more than one hundred mines in the Bullfrog district that pay dividends.

The deepest mines in the district—though no great depth has yet been reached—are proving the existence of sulphide under the rhyolite. The predominating vein matter is quartz and talc, often stained with iron, or changed near the surface to a more or less heavy manganese. Rhyolite almost invariably constitutes the rock at the present levels. Where a depth of 400 feet or more has been reached the rhyolite has given place to porphyry, and free gold has often been found in porphyry dikes.

The lack of transportation facilities and congested conditions of manufacturing have retarded the introduction of mills and machinery into the district, but despite all obstacles the Montgomery Shoshone, Home-take King, Gold Bar, Keane Wonder, and Gold Bullfrog have almost completed mills, and will all be pounding ore in the early part of the coming fall. The Montgomery Shoshone expects to be running its combination mill of 300-ton capacity in September 1. The Home-take King will begin with twenty stamps. The Gold Bar will begin with one hundred stamps, the Keane Wonder with 600; and the Gold Bullfrog will try a new process. All intend to increase their capacity as rapidly as machinery can be secured and installed.

But this is only introductory. Gigantic water systems and electric power plants costing millions of dollars are being installed to supply the hundreds of mills that are contemplated for this portion of Nevada, which will be built as soon as money, transportation



Frank ("Shorty") Harris, the Discoverer of the Bullfrog District

facilities, and factories can do their part. Water pipes are being strung along the desert, and down the mountainsides for miles and miles, pipes for wires which are to supply electric power are being installed along the same rights of way; wagon roads, autoways, and railroad spurs are being extended in every direction. The general activity that prevails here is possibly unparalleled outside of Nevada desert mining.

This is doubtless due to the recent improvement in transportation facilities. In the month of October a year ago the first railroad, the Las Vegas and Tonopah, reached the district. It gave connection with the outside world through Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. The second road, the Goldfield and Bullfrog, reached the district only recently, connecting it with the Southern Pacific system at Brea by way of Goldfield and Tonopah. This has also given connection with the machine shops and foundries both east and west, and established a competition for Nevada patronage which has not proved disadvantageous to the mining interests.

The arrival of a new railroad this summer and the rapid strides across the desert of the nearly completed "Borax" South line from the Santa Fe on the south, has also opened the operating route to the westward, and has in a measure relieved the congested condition of transportation.

The arrival of the third road will be a further relief in this connection, and with the summer run, the foundry and machine shops have been enabled to fill most of the orders. In view of these facts the activity this fall is expected to surpass anything so far done in the way of development and improvement.

During the past summer stocks have been dull. Many companies have practically closed their doors, but, without exception, bankers expect an early revival and a great full trade. They reason that if conditions were so good before such wholesale development began they ought now to improve in proportion. All manner of business is confident and prosperous. There is not an instance of failure. Millionaires have increased their fortunes, and men who went there in debt have become millionaires. The country has afforded the greatest opportunities in the world, and they are still increasing, though competition is greater. A steady flow of immigrants is pouring in.

Besides mining and the other businesses incident thereto, all which are prosperous, there are great possibilities in other lines in

this country. No attention, as yet, has been given truck farming, gardening, dairying, or fruit raising. Of course the land is a desert. But water is being brought from abroad for mining and domestic purposes, and it may be secured in ample quantities to supply the needs of husbandmen. The soil is rich and only needs water to make it produce anything that grows. But little effort has been made to secure water by boring or digging, though a few wells have been sunk, and it has been found at different depths. It is possible that at many points on the Amargosa desert water may be found at reasonable depths in sufficient quantities to supply large areas for gardening and agricultural purposes.

People are already beginning to investigate, and the high prices which they have to pay for all manner of produce of this kind gives them an idea of the profits that may be made by tillage of the soil. At present a stampede is being made toward a portion of Death Valley, a distance of thirty miles from Khyolite, where it is reported that a prospector has discovered pure water, pure and in large quantities, a few feet below a surface covered with bunchgrass. This discovery is claimed to be more valuable than a gold mine. It is said that over an area of many miles water is to be found just under the surface, so that it can be easily turned to irrigation uses. If this is true, a great agricultural district can be brought into existence. The soil and climate would produce everything in the way of vegetation. Men are engaged in staking and locating the country under the Desert Act with the same eagerness which they devote to the staking out of valuable or promising gold claims.

The social and moral conditions of the Bullfrog district are good. The towns do not bear the stamp of the old time mining camp. As before stated the towns are modern in every particular; they have splendid business edifices, many of them being built of stone and costing more than \$50,000. Real residences are also a feature. Most school buildings are the first things planned in the location of a Nevada town. Churches are liberally patronized and different denominations already have met edifices in which to worship.

The man who seeks his fortune in the southern Nevada mining camp, and expects the Bullfrog, will find, in addition to the greatest opportunities on earth, a homelike place with chances for every advancement in commercial and social life.



Bill Brun, one of the Discoverers of the Lee-Echo District, twenty-five miles south of Bullfrog

THE ALAMOS DISTRICT OF MEXICO



ESTABLISHED in the foothills on the west side of the Sierras, in Sonora, Mexico, is the old city of Alamos, the gray walls of which have reflected the sunshine of over two hundred years. The quiet life of Alamos has been touched by the modern magic of railroad transportation, and a district known for two centuries as one of Mexico's richest mining regions is now, under the new conditions, pouring out a wealth of silver, copper, and gold. Riding into Alamos through orange-groves and fertile valley lands, the scenery suddenly changes. Rugged hills and fertile orange groves replace the green level lands of the Mayo River valley, and you ride out of the agricultural into the mineral zone.

What a romance of millions these hills could tell if tunnels and shafts were endowed with the gift of speech! In 1804 Humboldt rode into Alamos on his tour of scientific investigation of Mexico's mineral resources. In the footnotes of his book he states that at the gates of this city he passed a caravan of a thousand mules laden with silver bars from the Quintana Mine. This mine is still producing, and is now the deepest mine in the state of Sonora. According to the prefect of Alamos, F. A. Salido, the Quintana has averaged a million dollars a year for a century.

Alamos is one of the smallest little cities in the world. It has a population of six thousand, with schools, church, and hospital. Its riches have been legendary year in and year out by the production of its principal mines—the Quintana, Frimontorin, Santa Dominga, and Minas Nuevas, all located on the great silver ledge which has a record of production of several hundred million dollars.

Strange tales of extravagance of mine-made millionaires, of

fabulous finds, and of still richer are bodies in the deepest workings add to the interest of this district. A story is told of one of the rich mine owners of the old days in Alamos, Señor Almada, who gave a public feast in celebration of the baptism of his first grandson. He turned the great well, located in the plaza, into a fountain of wine by pouring into it a hundred kegs of claret, ten barrels of brandy, and a hundred casks of sugar. The entire populace were then invited to refresh themselves at this wonderful well, after which in a long procession they marched across the plaza to the cathedral, where one hundred and seven years old, over a pavement of solid silver bars, which the rich old miner had caused to be laid from his street mansion.

Dwight K. Woodbridge, M.E., in a recent article on Mexico says: "From west coast districts, like Alamos, there are still to be traced deep-worn trails over the Sierra, leading a thousand and more miles to Mexico City, through which ran the streams of produce that lured the shores of Mexico and Spain, and brought to the latter its height of envying wealth and imperial prosperity. Under heavy guard, month after month, year following year, there traversed the western mountains the great caravans consisting of hundreds of mules, each laden with a cargo of gold and silver bars."

The led, which has made Alamos famous is a great contact between granite and porphyry, which can be traced across the mountains for over forty miles. The famous mines previously mentioned, together with the Zambora, Balvanera, and La Perla, are all on this great vein or contact, and comprise the latter, which is a recent discovery, are all famous old producers. Ruins as old apparently as the Aztec civilization are found in these hills, not infrequently in mines supposed to be new discoveries.



THE GOLDEN LURE

DRAWN BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

Rock-Drilling For a Miners' Prize

By CONNER MALOTT



sport sets a Western mining-camp abode like the annual rock-drilling contests between the champions of rival mines. All work is suspended, while the miners, trudging in from the mountains for miles around, assemble in enthusiastic groups to "root" for their own team. The mine managers come with their young wives to witness these truly titanic contests, and in their charming white dresses the women cheer on the brawny heroes of the "Fidelity Flows" or the "Hell-to-Pay" Company, as the case may be, to victory.

There is always betting, and the gambling spirit is fostered by the fact that the best team does not always win. Though the drills are sharpened by the mine blacksmith with all the skill he can muster, there is always a chance of an overlopped steel seeking its doom deep in the granite hole; and then the un-



On the Left is Nygren, one of the Winners, holding the Drill, while his Partner, "Cash" Patterson, is pounding it into the Ground at the rate of more than Two Inches a Minute. The Man with the Coat in the Foreground is a Coach who Regulates the Supply of Water from a Bucket to the Drill Hole

lucky team, taking a fresh "bit," must literally crush that broken section into fragments before the demolished steel can be worked out of the way and the sinking of the hole be renewed.

The rock itself is a huge basaltic of granite from the quarry famous for producing the hardest in the district, and it is brought down from some far-off region, miles away, at considerable expense. Usually the scene of the contest is some natural amphitheatre among the pine-clad hills, and around the rock there is built a rude platform of heavy beams to support the drillmen in view of the spectators. A great circle is roped off to keep back too enthusiastic friends. This spot has an elaborate repertoire of its own, with time-keepers, referees, and so-called; and it would be highly improper for outsiders to crowd so near the drillmen as to hamper them in any way.



On the Right is "Cash" Patterson, the grizzled Prospector who, with his young Partner, Nygren, bent All Corners in a Rock-drilling Contest of the Corner d'Alene at Wallace, Idaho

In one of the 4th of July contests at Wallace, Idaho, for the championship of the Corner d'Alene, eight teams competed—mostly robust young fellows, with the clear pluck and white skin that comes from long work underground free from the tan of the sun. But all these young abilities were defeated by the team including the celebrated "Cash" Patterson, a grizzled miner and prospector over fifty years old, who for fifteen years has been carrying away these trophies.

In these matches one man, crouching close to the rock, holds the drill in place while his partner wields the hammer. At brief intervals they change places, but so perfect is their training that even in the change there is not a stroke lost in the rhythmic roar of the sixteen pound sledge that beats, like a huge triphammer, seventy-five blows or more in the minute.

It takes a dozen drills to carry a team through a contest, and they range in length from one to five feet. As the hole deepens, and the bits are drilled, the supreme test of skill is shown when the holder snatches out the old drill and thrusts a fresh one into place in the fraction of a second that elapses between blows of the sledge.

The winner, "Cash" Patterson, and his partner, Nygren, in fifteen minutes drilled a hole thirty six and two eighths inches deep into that adamant granite. At every blow the steel sank perceptibly into the rock.



A Group of Drillers at a Rock-drilling Contest held at the Corner d'Alene, Wallace, Idaho. This was the Contest won by old "Cash" Patterson and his Partner, Nygren



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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DRAWN BY JAMES



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The Rise of Fairview



BORN in the dawning of 1906, Fairview, in Humboldt County, is one more addition to Nevada's roster of phoenix-formed camps which, with a year and a half of development, ran hoisted on lucky values as he under the brooding sun of the little-brown State. One of her heirs is already a regular distributor of dividends. A score of others verge upon such status.

Fairview's most famous producer is yielding an output whose average value exceeds that of Goldfield's. Moreover, the district is no longer an experiment. It is an asset reckoned with by such statisticians as make honest effort to compute and compile the annual mineral production of Nevada.

Back in the middle twenties this region was known to Uncle Sam, as appears by a notice filed on a monument on Fairview Peak, 8500 feet above sea-level. The writing is dated September 24, 1878, and was posted by a party of California division surveyors under Lieutenant H. Birnie, of the Thirtieth Infantry. That little army corps tramped the ground that now forms the town site and covers the mines of Fairview.

Forty miners, culled from every section East, travelling by pony express, halted at West Gate, a watering station on the Overland route. West Gate is a part of Fairview. Flout was kicked from the dust and eyed through pocket lenses; but it bore not the ear-marks of the treasure they sought, the fabled yellow flakes from California's golden sands, and with the passing of the pony express Fairview retired to long slumbers. Rejuvenation came with a visit by F. O. Norton early in the fall of 1903. Norton was a poor prospector living at Reno. Three months after his discovery he had sold claims for \$200,000, and in February of 1904 the stamp was on his forehead.

Today he who journeys hither, not by pony express or on burro-back, but in Pullman cars and luxurious autos, finds a city the goal of steam and trolley railroads; a metropolis whither water is piped, where ice is to be manufactured, where electricity provides the light, and where the power of the great dam where more than a score of hoists are lifting to sunlight rock that is heavy with gold and silver or the coarse country cupping that conceals it; a district, the central attraction of the present market in Nevada shares, commanding the attention of silver and gold miners, and still more so of the State's pioneers, Nevada's great millmen, and the country's every curb this side the water, and even existing exploratory energy from England.

Fallen, forty-two miles northwest, terminal of a spur from the Southern Pacific, is Fairview's present railway station. Last March the Southern Pacific completed a survey from Fallon to Fairview and Winnemucca, acquiring rights of way, perfected other preliminaries, and announced that the branch would be ready for service by October, the cost to be about \$100,000. Delays occurred; the Nevada Hills Mine was galled with rich ore for which it could find no adequate transportation facilities, and the management met, discussed and determined to build an independent broad-gauge railroad to Fallon, the work to be finished by next April. The money is on hand to carry the adopted plans to speedy execution. Meanwhile, the Fairview Electric Railway and Power Company is arranging to build a trolley line from the city to the producing district. E. D. Lidsdale is the proprietor of the electric scheme, and is backed by San Francisco and local capital. Lighting is one of its objects.

Government officials have granted contracts which will give Fairview a water-power equal to 4000 horse-power from the middle of March to the middle of September, and 2000 horse-power the remaining months of the year, the supply to come from a dam across Carson River near Fallon, where 10,000 horse-power is available. A lead company has shipped in a powerful pumping plant to haul a supply of excellent water from Fallon to mine, and will also install apparatus for the manufacture of ice.

Fairview, at this time of quotation slumps and trade stagnation, is more than holding its own on every Exchange listing its securities. Cash, to be applied to development of the promising mines and new prospects, is pouring in from every quarter. A significant circumstance in the business' renaissance came from Nevada operators—miners in position to judge most accurately of the merits of the diggings. According to Nat Thoselin, the miner actor, who is now devoting most of his time to exploiting Fairview claims, English money will soon be on hand assisting the construction of the new prospects into shipping concerns.

Geologically, the characteristics of Fairview and Virginia City are almost identical. Both are of a primary formation that is deeper than the majority of Nevada ranges, Tonopah being the nearest approach to it. Nature has done much of the sinking in Fairview, as is evident in properties in the eastern section of the district, where croppings on such claims as the Climax correspond to a depth of 200 feet on the old Comstock, and reveal the same sort of quartz, taking into account the leaching that has been in process for centuries. Fairview is relatively a thousand feet deeper than Nevada City.

Two claims were leased by Percy Langdon early in the history of Fairview and christened Nevada Hills. W. H. Clark, John H. Davis, John T. Hodson, John A. Kirby, M. V. Rice, and W. H. Weber looked the prospects from the prospector, Clark, Hodson, Kirby, and Rice were pals together, but in 1904. They paid \$2500 for the ground, and in 1906, in June, they cleared \$8000 on their maiden shipment to Salt Lake, the first carload, taken practically from the grass-roots, averaging \$254 the ton. There were sold 50,000 shares of the stock at par (\$1), but none of this fund was ever required in the development of the mine. Two

months later the market price jumped to \$275, and the valuation of Nevada Hills on Exchange has since been \$6,500,000. On September 30 there was paid the third dividend of \$75,000, settling the total disbursements of breed money to \$225,000. There were left \$250,000,000 worth of ore in sight, a pay shot demonstrated for a continuous distance of 1000 feet, \$1,000,000 worth of rock sacked for the market, and sufficient cash on hand to guarantee the building of the mine's own railroad to Fallon. At the rate of sixty tons per day, the wagon haul to Fallon would cost the mine \$340,000 in a year, and that mine will build the road. In the slope that is thirty feet above the 130-foot level there lie great masses of ore whose silver and gold contents make it worth \$6000 per ton.

On September 30, the date of its expiration, the parent company purchased the outfit equipment, including two powerful hoists, of the Nevada Hills Leasing Company's lease, which had been shipping at the rate of \$300,000 per month, the product running from \$150 to \$250 the ton, and average \$100 or having been thrown over the dump. Hereafter those lease diggings will be operated on contract account. Their greatest vertical depth is 200 feet. On the dump lie about 3500 tons of dirt worth from \$40 to \$100 the ton.

Naturally next in importance and geography is the Fairview Eagle, a wide estate that sidelines Nevada Hills on the north and east, and was purchased by United States Senator Nixon and George W. Richards, of Salt Lake, in a year, and that mine for the shooting. They selected Fairview Eagle as the most promising prospect of that period, and that they judged wisely has been demonstrated in later revelations. After only a year of development Eagle has exposed shipping ore in four places, and has furnished the most magnificent example of a year's career, boring tapped at a depth of 200 feet fifteen feet of solid sulphide ore that all averages better than \$50 the ton, with two feet running \$700 without sorting, and smaller seams going up into the thousands. The sulphide formation, which is the strongest possible proof of permanency of values with depth, is deeper than the lowest levels of the adjoining Nevada Hills, and is regarded as the most important revelation of the camp's brief history. The product of the Eagle runs in silver, gold, and copper, about three-fourths of the value being in the white metal. The output is being sent at three times the old regular shipment rate, the order so soon as there shall be implanted machinery to handle the flow of 8000 gallons of water per day, tapped simultaneously with the uncovering of the sulphide ledge. Fairview Eagle bought the first hoist delivered to Fairview district, and has never let up on development. Considering physical improvements, there has been nothing strange in the fact that Eagle stock two weeks went from sixty-five cents to \$2, a gain of 204 per cent.

At a depth of only six feet the Jarvis lease on the Fairview Eagle extracted thirty-six marks of shipping ore, and later ran into a big body of equally rich goods on the fifty-foot level. In its No. 2 shaft this level is now mining on a four-foot shoot of ore at 150 feet depth, the product ranging in silver-gold value from \$100 to \$1000 the ton.

Six miles south of the proved bonanza belt, where lie the Eagle and Nevada Hills, is located the estate of the Nevada Fairview Company, controlled by Salt Lake operators. Initial shipments from that mine averaged \$100 per ton, and subsequently there has been evidenced a material enhancement of values. The mother lode of the section measures all of sixty feet in width.

Brief mention is here made of other Fairview mines and prospects:

Climax.—Six claims, a mile northwest of the Eagle and on the trend of its ledge. Andesite and granite contact 200 feet wide, courses across estate, boldly outcropping. Has extension of Golden Boulder lead, and float assays as high as \$4000 the ton.

Chigger.—East of Arva. Two leases successfully operating.

Crocker.—Eight claims four miles south of Nevada Hills. Tunneling for depth on silver sulphide ledge.

Crocker.—Just installed a sixty horse-power hoist.

Crocker.—First Fairview find, located in the winter of 1903-4. Northwest of Fairview Eagle and west of Boundary Dump. Mine shaft, 100 feet deep, has yielded a good body of ore, and is sinking for 500 feet depth on ledge that showed much high grade on the 100-foot level.

Gold Craze.—Five miles east and south of the heart of the district. Richest gold of this section found in a large dyke, peering for a length of 1500 feet into the Gold Creek basin.

Golden Shovel.—Northwest of the property of the Ida Mines Company. With forty horse-power hoist in commission, the management is going to great depth on ledge whose croppings show fine values.

Ida.—North of Arva and northeast of Eagle. Lease being operated by Ludwig & Company of San Francisco.

Butt.—Extreme northern portion of district. Has powerful Western gas-engine. Soaking substantial depth.

Ida.—A little northeast of Fairview Eagle. Vigorous exploration, involving tunnels and shafts.

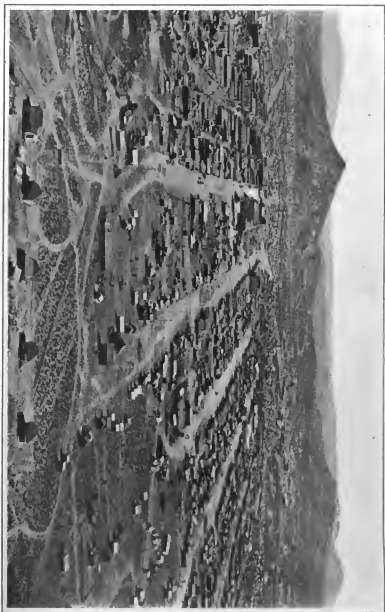
Ida.—Five fractions adjoining the Eagle on the north, and three claims far to the south. On direct line of rich strike on Eagle's No. 2. A promotion of Patrick, Elliott, & Camp, but now the possession of prominent capitalists of Fairview and Goldfield.

Ida.—Sinking last-foot shaft by contract.

Verde.—North of the Pyramid. Sinking 250-foot working shaft. Has fifteen horse-power hoist.

Red Red.—Southwest of Golden Shovel. Streamlined development of a most promising ledge system. Hoist based on the ground.

Ida.—Favorable showing in main shaft.



GOLDFIELD, NEVADA, WHICH DESERVES ITS NAME

THE DISTRICT OF WHICH THIS TOWN IS THE DISTRIBUTING CENTRE IS ONE OF THE RICHEST GOLD-PRODUCING REGIONS IN THE WORLD

Fluck and Luck in the Desert

By BARTON WOOD CURRIE



AMBLANCE at the careers of the foremost men in that little company of rugged pioneers who established themselves on the map of Nevada, and dug from its hills a great store of treasure, brings to notice the names of George Wingfield and "Diamondfield" Jack Davis.

George Wingfield is still in his twenties. Six or seven years ago he was a penniless cowboy; that is, he was usually penniless within a week after pay day. This was due both to his generosity and speculative bent. The possibilities in furs, roulette, sequent, chuckback, and divers other diversions unknown of Hoyle, which under certain (not usual) conditions yielded handsome returns for small investments, fascinated him from an early age. It was this insatiable lust. If we view it through a proper moral lens, that lured him on to vast achievements at an age when most college-bred men are lugging their sheepskins under their arms and marching forth in the mighty stride of human endeavor. George Wingfield saw much of strife, tests, and there was the smoke of powder and the taste of lead in it. That he was unusually favored of aces goes without saying. To sum up his career, it would seem that he merely clasped hands with the blind goddess, whereupon she, moved by one of her eccentric, unaccountable whims, swung him off his first, and span him without let or hesitation to the dizzy heights of plenty.

While an unbroken had he learned to punch cows and rope steers on the Washoe range, as his father had done before him. So he was raised among rugged folk. In the cattle towns of northern Nevada he became a close student of the primal law which deals with the survival of the fittest. He learned to stand with both hands. He learned not to drink, but could not withstand the fascination of gambling.

It was a sober fascination, however, and he set out to study the subject from all its aspects. He dealt furo and tended roulette under many masters. He played for and against "the house." Always he played fair, and his conception of fairness led to many quarrels in which he soon earned fame as a gun-man.

"The scilicet and surest man with a gun in the State," he has been called. Furthermore, you will hear from many sources he was just as dangerous with a gun empty as loaded. He preferred, if possible, to vanquish an antagonist with a tap on the head

astrologer's eye he would have rejoiced to notice how radiant it was, and what a splendid sidereal mansion it was slipping into. He was cowed from vague glooming by a slap on the back, and turned to shake hands with Senator Nixon.

They had met before in Hawthorne, where the Senator did a small banking business. He liked the young man, as every true Westerner admires a man who can do big human things, such as facing down a roomful of armed bullies, telling them quietly that they were bullies, blacklegs, and tin-horns, softly suggesting that they drop their guns and raise their hands and surrender, being obeyed. Then the fact that the boy was the only person concerned who had not mentioned the incident brightened Mr. Nixon's evening for him.

So it came to pass that the United States Senator staked the young cowboy, suggesting that he try his luck on another game. A while later Wingfield dropped into a sixth chair, completely circle about a bare pine table that was cluttered with little mounds of chips, drifts of gold and silver. They were playing table stakes, and the boy put his all on the table, and though it was a wofully slim pile compared with the shining heaps before the others, it was the welcome of the many little stakes that had been swept away from earlier plays.

Several years after this game I heard from the lips of one of those caroles of the frontier, whom it is your good fortune to meet now and then, a graphic account of the beginning of George Wingfield's astonishing career of luck. The narrative, as set out in the game, had been in it for hours, and could scarcely be over his heap of winnings when the young man "skinned" the ends of the first hand dealt him.

"It was bad enough," the carole related, "for George to begin with four deuces pat, against two full houses and a blooming posy of hearts, are high. But to catch family after family of court cards and fill in for fifteen hands running was certainly Elkhondo luck with the brakes off. He sat through sky-pot after sky-pot, an unblinking idol, and when down began to spit the curtains I spun in my last four-leaf chip for a show-down. Ed Sikes and Bill McGuire, the two earliest poker players of Hawthorne, were trimmed down to their belt knuckles. Wingfield had shot the whole table full of zero; from us all to a cold quit."

"Of course we were sore at being trimmed by a mere boy from a Washoe County ranch, but so one showed any inclination to get feisty. George never turned a trick in his life that wasn't on the square. Yes, there were some at the table who occasionally relied more on their artillery than on any mere run of the cards, but they were wise. They knew they were babies compared to the kid cowboy when it came to gun-play. All we could do was to choke over our smiles and congratulate him on his Jumbo run of luck. We've been doing that ever since. Now he's the richest man in the State, and little more than turned man at that. I'm an old dodger; been in mines and prospecting for half a century. I've had many a fine dish at the wheel, at furo, and at poker—but where am I to-day? Well, I've got a board and a shankel in a 'dobe hut, and looking down the main street you'll observe the highest, steepest graveyard in the world."

"At the time of the poker game, my friend, Reno was in a fever over stories of high play and high grade ore at Tonopah. And George Wingfield, reckoning that his tide was on the flood, skirted next day to the southern alitudes. At the Tonopah Club he found an open game with a sky-limit. He won steadily, playing with the resource of a man who's got Pan's backing. He got up from the table when there wasn't a chip left to play against."

"Passing out of that back room he stopped at a table at which the proprietor of the place was dealing, and sat down. Duck game way to down. The sun walked across the sky and night fell again, and the purple shadows had once more begun their breakneck dance when George rose from that table. He had broken the bank and the "house" changed hands."

The winning of the Tonopah Club amounted to almost the same thing as winning \$4,000,000 invested at 6 per cent, for during the years afterwards in which Wingfield ran it the net earnings never fell below \$300,000 a year. He lived in luxury, but the chance to be taken by the "house," and lived an expert accountant to estimate the constant net gain from the various tables. Then he decided the number of tables.



The Banquet which George Wingfield gave to the Members of the Goldfield Mining Stock Exchange and their Friends

rather than quiet him eternally with a bullet. He is not, nor was he ever, a braver. In fact, he is uncommonly taciturn and diffident, and in his conversation shrinks from the use of the first personal pronoun.

When he dropped into a now famous poker game at Reno five years ago he had no more idea that he was to become the richest man in Nevada within the span of a lifetime than Dick Whitington knew he was to become Lord Mayor of London until he met the nature faking out. The story has long been current that United States Senator George S. Nixon staked the youngster for this historic poker game.

Wingfield was standing just without the sunny glare of one of Reno's popular "clubs" jollying the best view into the cards of the wooden pavement and gazing poetically up at the yellow moon, so like the last chip he had played on the case queen and lost. His star was up there too, and had he had an

This was about the time Goldfield sprang into existence. Wingfield got there before the "ground floor" had been scratched, and bought a considerable area of it. He purchased two lots that happened to fall on the main street, and he bought the Mohawk claim. He set George H. Nixon in on the Mohawk and became his partner. The two lawyers now control a sixty-percent corporation of consolidated mines, with "Diamondfield" Jack Davis, of Idaho, Utah, Montana, and Colorado as one of their right hand men.

Davis came to Goldfield with a well-earned fame as a gunman, and the reputation of one of the shrewdest speculators in mines in

Idaho, and it was several moments before he could stretch out his big fist and grasp Mr. Hunt's slender hand. The latter was also embarrassed by the situation until Davis pulled himself together and said:

"To meet you, Governor, sort of brings me back pretty close to the edge of the grave. They were knocking the bump round my neck when that reprieve of yours arrived. If you will come over to my room I will show you the rope. It's a rather gruesome souvenir to keep, yet I wouldn't part with it for a damn good mine. Whenever I feel like getting at all wild it serves me up



The Mohawk Mines at Goldfield, Nevada, among the Richest in the Section, where George Wingfield made his first millions

the West. He had been a terror to those walking delegates of miners' unions, and has been on the blacklist of the F. W. W. for a decade.

The career of this young man was marked by an incident of unique dramatic value for those who are at a loss for thrilling situations in their Western romances. And I learned of it in this fashion, which is also not lacking in picturesque color:

It was in the Shamrock Club in Goldfield, and I had just been introduced to former Governor Hunt of Idaho, Henry Weber, one of the new millionaires of the district, had performed the office of introduction. We were chatting of mines and millions when, about a rather insignificant man striking appearance, entered.

"There's 'Diamondfield' Jack Davis, Governor," said Weber to Mr. Hunt. "I suppose you know him."

"No," replied the former Governor. "I never met him, but I once issued a reprieve for him when he was about to be hanged. It was in Idaho in the strenuous days of the Cour d'Alone. He was arrested for the killing of two miners—members of the union. The evidence was flimsy enough, but the 'fear of God' inspired by dynamite and sawed-off shotguns seemed to work a potent spell upon judge and jury in the remote town where the trial was held—some thirty miles off the railroad.

"Well, as it was presented to me at the time, once the nation agents had succeeded in getting the conviction they made all possible haste to execute their money, hoping to swing him off before his friends could get to me and appeal for a stay. But they managed to get to me and I granted the reprieve. They had to arrange a relay of ponies to carry it to the place of execution; and it arrived, I believe, just as the rope was about Jack Davis's neck. He got a new trial and was acquitted. I understand there are no merrier young men than he standing in shoes today, and should rather like to meet him."

Weber called Davis to my table, and when he said, "Jack, this is ex-Governor Hunt, of Idaho," "Diamondfield" Jack's swarthy skin

like nothing else could." The ex-Governor was curious to see the rope, and the pair left the clubhouse arm in arm.

"Diamondfield" Jack Davis never reckoned his years of dangerous activity as mine superintendent and promoter, when he was marked by the Western Federation of Miners as "undesirable." He earned a reputation as a gun-fighter in every camp he lived in, and in Goldfield during its early days he lived up to his fame.

In the open streets of the great gold camp, a year ago last September, he and George Wingfield drew their guns and defied a mob of one hundred and fifty miners who had pursued a non-union worker to their offices. So great was their reputation as gun-men that they were left in sole possession of the thoroughfare.

When in his sprightly moments David had a little trick of opening a bottle of champagne by shooting out the cork at fifty paces that occasioned considerable nervousness in Goldfield restaurants, and one fragment of his history deals with an even more astonishing feat of marksmanship. The story goes that he became aware of a man stalking him with a shotgun, turned on the would-be assassin, fired two shots, and pierced his ears so neatly that afterwards the man could have worn rings in the bullet holes like a Cornish headst.

Though this thrilling bit of anecdote was told and retold with solemn emphasis in many saloons and corners of Alkali land, its strict veracity may be doubted. Davis never carried what some frontiersmen call "parlor ordnance"—revolvers and .32s. He balanced himself with a pair of 10's 4's, one hooked to his belt over each hip. The victim of such sure-shooting must, therefore, have possessed extraordinary ears not to have lost them altogether.

Nevertheless the fact remains that these two quiet, steady-eyed young men have passed through many desperate moments that required the sort of nerve and fire of which epic heroes are made; and undoubtedly if there were more of their calibre down in the new county seat of Esmeralda there would have been no demand on the government for regiments of regulars to settle Goldfield's labor troubles.

THE Y. M. C. A. IN MINING TOWNS AND CAMPS

THREE hundred and fifty men are building a bridge for the Western extension of a railroad on the "raw edge of nowhere," in South Dakota. The gang took seven days in the week and live in makeshift bunk houses in the construction camp. The Young Men's Christian Association has gone forward with the construction gang, and makes its headquarters in a passenger coach run in on a siding by the company. From the day the coach was opened it has been crowded with men from daylight until midnight, and the hard-boiled beaten track in the camp leads there. The general secretary has been appointed postmaster, and each day nearly all of the three hundred and fifty men working on the bridge come to the car for their mail. Since it was opened the mail sent out has doubled and letters have been sent home by men who had fallen in with the rough life of the West, and had not written since since coming to the camp.

Sunday night religious meetings packed the car with one hun-

dred men, while a stereopticon talk given by the secretary in the dining room brought out two hundred and fifty. Then the men would not go to their bunks, but stayed to sing "Yield not to temptation" and other gospel hymns, and listen to a talking machine.

After one of the meetings a bridge builder wanted the secretary to go over to his bunk house and reason with his partner about gambling. He was told that every man would be gambling. When he arrived no gambling was going on there or anywhere in the camp, for the meeting had put a stop to it. Christmas night the big men of the rough camp held a Christmas festival, which was as popular as in a Sunday school of children.

On pay days saloons had cashed \$3000 in checks, but by arrangement with the banks this is done in the Association car. Here it becomes easier to send the money home by mail, and less money now finds its way over the bars.



THE WEST'S UNDAUNTED SEEKER

DRAWN BY W HERBERT DWYER

Boston Consolidated Mining Co.

The mines of the Boston Consolidated Mining Company are situated in Bingham Canyon, Utah, 28 miles southwest of Salt Lake City, on the line of the Rio Grande Western Railway, at an altitude varying from 6500 to 7700 feet. The property of the company at Bingham consists of 51 patented claims, approximately 380 acres, which includes the Sulphide Mine and the Porphyry Mine, two distinct and separate mining schemes. The company also owns over 1000 acres at Garfield, about 16 miles west of Salt Lake City, on which has been erected a large and thoroughly equipped Concentrating Plant, capable of treating 3000 tons of porphyry ore daily.

A tract of land comprising over 1000 acres has also been acquired on the west shore of Utah Lake, about 40 miles from the mines at Bingham.

The Sulphide Mine is situated on the eastern side of Muddy Gulch. The deep sides of the mountain at this point have been pierced by five principal tunnels, all connecting with large bodies of sulphide ore. Owing to the great size of these ore bodies, the square-set method of mining is used exclusively, and all the ore is broken and dropped through chutes to the lower level, where it is hauled by electric trains to the ore bins.

The Sulphide Mine is fully equipped to produce at present about 1000 tons of ore daily, assaying from 2 per cent. to 4 per cent. copper. In the fully developed portions of this mine about 750,000 tons have been blocked out, which averages 2.8 per cent., producing about 21,000 tons of copper. In addition to this, a conservative estimate shows about 375,000 tons of 2.5 per cent. ore in the portion of the mine which is only partially developed. This will yield about 9000 tons of copper. The value of the gold, silver, and excess of iron in this ore amounts to about \$3.00 per ton. The copper value of the ore averages, at 15 cent copper, \$7.90 per ton. The Sulphide Mine is one of great possibilities, and is by no means fully developed.

The Porphyry Mine includes 156 acres on the western side and summit of the mountain at an altitude of from 6250 to 7700 feet. About 25,000 feet of development tunnels have been run through this portion of the mountain, showing the body of pay ore to be from 300 to 400 feet thick. These tunnels have been assayed every five feet.

The estimated tonnage of the Porphyry Mine, as blocked out and fully developed, is as follows:

The 300 foot thick ore body, at 12.4 cubic feet of ore to the ton, will yield 58,581,000 tons, averaging 1.56 per cent. of copper.

In addition to this amount, the estimated tonnage of the ore bodies not fully developed is 113,405,000 tons of about 1 per cent. copper. The gold and silver values of this ore amount to about 20 cents per ton. The cost of producing copper from this porphyry ore, allowing for the gold and silver values, as above stated, varies from \$0.056 per pound for 2 per cent. ore to \$0.084 per pound for 1.5 per cent. ore.

The mining of the porphyry ore is all open-air work, and is done by steam shovels, the cheapest method of mining known.

The present equipment is capable of handling 15,000 tons daily.

The new Concentrating Plant of the company, of 3000 tons' daily capacity, which has just been constructed at Garfield, is thoroughly equipped and modern in every respect. It is situated on the mountain side, so that gravity plays an important part in the handling of the ore. The site includes over 1000 acres, thus affording ample space for disposing of the mill tailings. Three railroads cross the company's land at this point, viz.: The San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, the Rio Grande Western, and the Western Pacific Companies.

The mill is about two miles distant from the large Garfield Plant of the American Smelting and Refining Company.

Newhouse Mines and Smelters

The property of the Newhouse Mines & Smelters is situated at Newhouse, in Beaver County, Utah, 250 miles southwest of Salt Lake City, on the line of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad.

The company owns 2000 acres of land, in which is included the rich, highly developed Cactus Mine, the large, well-equipped Concentrating Plant having a daily capacity of 1000 tons of ore, and the town site of Newhouse, with its modern Store, Bank, Opera House, Club House, Booming and Eating houses, Café and Restaurant, together with over eighty modern cottages, containing from four to six rooms each. These latter are built in the Colonial style, are electric lighted and supplied with hot and cold water, baths, etc., and are occupied by the employees of the company having families.

One of the most unique and attractive structures in the town is the Cactus Club, substantially built, of the bungalow style, and containing a reception-room, reading-room, billiard-room, bar, barber's shop, music and ball rooms.

The membership includes the business men of the town, mine and mill superintendents, and all employees of the company who are eligible and who may be elected by ballot. The club is managed entirely by its members, and has been so successful, both as a means of promoting good-fellowship and financially, that a new Opera House, Restaurant, and Café, with eight bedrooms for transient guests, have lately been constructed by the club.

The Cactus Mine was owned and developed about twelve years ago by two French companies, but owing to continued disagreement and lawsuits between these two associations, as well as a great scarcity of water for milling purposes, the mine was closed down and the property came under the hammer. In 1901, Mr. Samuel Newhouse, with great daring, planned and successfully carried out the redemption of the Cactus Mine, which resulted in the acquiring of this magnificent mining property and the formation of the Newhouse Mines & Smelters.

This company is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, with a capital of \$6,000,000, divided into 600,000 shares of a par value of \$10 each, which are non-assessable and all issued. Mr. Newhouse realized the urgent necessity of an abundant supply of water for the use of the Concentrating Plant as well as the town, and he succeeded in purchasing the Wah Wah Springs, in the mountains on the west of the valley, eight miles distant from the town, this being the only available water supply in that section of the country. A reservoir was built

at the springs and a pipe line ran from it to another reservoir above the mill and town, and thus perfectly pure mountain water is delivered by gravity at the rate of over 1000 gallons per minute.

The operations of the Cactus Mine are carried on by means of a tunnel 600 feet in length, running into the side of the mountain 600 feet below the mouth of the shaft. 50 H. P. electric locomotives haul the train of ore cars, each car holding about three and a half tons, from the various ore chutes in the mine to the crusher-house and loading station, situated at the mouth of the tunnel. On each level of the mine immense ore bodies have been blocked out, and these have been cross-cut for distances of 135 to 200 feet, without, in several instances, disclosing the walls of the deposit, and they have been drifted upon a distance of 600 feet on the strike of the vein on each level, and from one level to another ore chutes have been sunk to the tunnel level, thus facilitating the handling of the ore, which is dumped directly into the electric train.

The motive power for operating the mine and mill has been steam, electricity, and compressed air, but the entire plant is now being equipped with machinery to be operated by electric power furnished by the Telluride Power Company's plant on the Beaver River, 60 miles distant.

The mining experts sent to examine the Cactus last spring, when the stock was listed on the New York Exchange, reported to the committee of that association that there were about 2,284,437 tons of ore in sight, of an average of 2.5 per cent. copper. In addition to this they reported about two million tons of ore under progress of advancing development. These estimates were based on a recovery of 80 per cent. of copper. In addition to the immense bodies of milling ore, above referred to, large bodies of high-grade chalcopyrite, running from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. copper, have been encountered during the past six months on the various levels of the mine above the 600 foot level. This ore is shipped direct to the smelters.

Within the past few months an incline shaft, to be sunk 1000 feet below the 600 foot level, has been started, and a cross-cut from this shaft has been opened on the 700 foot level in 5 per cent. ore. This shaft will be continued to the 1000 foot level, with cross-cuts every 100 feet. These operations below the 600 foot or main tunnel level will open up a vast undeveloped territory of ore, the existence of which has been proven by means of diamond-drill borings.



The Treasure-House of Don Diego and his Spanish Adventurers

By JOHN KEENAN



It was more than three hundred and fifty years ago that a brave Spanish adventurer, Captain Don Diego de Velazquez by name, at the head of a small company of supporters, threaded and posted and fought his way through Northern Mexico in a westerly direction. Like scores of other courageous men, Don Diego had been lured across the Atlantic by tales of wonderful treasure in the new world, which was to be had for the asking. He had seen cargo after cargo of gold and silver ingots brought home to Spain from the newly discovered El Dorado; he had seen fabulous quantities of gold and silver vessels and ornaments obtained somehow from those lost-off regions—perhaps through gift from the strange, child-like, half-savage people who had mined and fashioned them; perhaps through the simple method on the part of Spanish adventurers of merely helping themselves out of the abundant stores of palace and temple. At any rate, there in Spain were ships and ships, returned from across the stormy Atlantic; and in their strong-rooms was treasure, beautiful to behold, massive, heavy, and exquisitely designed. And there also were captains and subordinates and gangs of uncouth, hardy followers, who, starting away from home poverty-stricken and often desperate, had in a few months or a few years come back rich as Cressus.

The knowledge of such treasure awaiting those who went after it, the sight of such masses of gold and silver ingots, the tales related by the men who brought them home, inflamed the imagination of Don Diego so they had fired the spirit of hundreds of others.

The year 1547 saw him at the head of his company, penetrating the forests of Northern Mexico, keeping savage beasts and savage men at bay, undergoing hardships of hunger, exhaustion, thirst, and never dreaming of turning back because ahead of him, at a definite spot, in one particular locality that he had heard of was a group of mines so rich, so extensive that they could make a thousand barones for a thousand men.

Finally, to cut a long story short, Don Diego and his followers achieved the wellnigh impossible, and one day found themselves, with glowing eyes and tense nerves, actually arrived at a great mineral camp, which they at once named "Providencia de la Nueva Vicería," and which is now the town of Santa Barbara. The

turbulence of their feelings, their joy, the dizzy prospect of having uncounted riches literally in their grasp, is difficult to realize at this far-distant day. How they were, at the end of their hairbreadth voyage, in the southwestern corner of Chihuahua, Mexico, within comparatively easy reach of the great Pacific Ocean. On every hand were Indians, not savage, but powerful, easy-going for generations, and close at hand were the vast treasures of another earth—Nature's strong-box, indeed, filled to overflowing with precious metal, only a little disturbed by the indolent, child-like Indians, who took out what they wanted and when they wanted it.

Don Diego and his company were men of stern stuff, who had journeyed thither for a definite object, and they wasted little time before making what at that time was a complete and careful exploration of the mines. That they were energetic can be proved to-day by the existence of ore on the walls of the ancient workings, which yield high assays of this precious metal; that their efforts were crude is likewise proved by the fact that they barely skinned over the surfaces of these bank deposits of the gods, having not the faintest idea that three hundred and fifty years later science and engineering and mining skill would make available a hundred times more wealth than they themselves could cut away and carry home on shipboard.

How long Don Diego stayed at the mines, or what other adventures he had on his way homeward, it is not the present purpose to relate. Suffice it to say that after he and his adventurers departed, hoarded with gold, the important mines and their fabulous deposits became almost forgotten, and interest in them was not revived until the railroad was approaching.

It was early last spring, 1907, that two business men, Mr. Howell Hink and Mr. Ralph W. Cavenough, learned through high sniffer reports that the mines were producing ore which was of surprising richness. With the enterprise and decision characteristic of wide-awake aggressive Americans, Messrs. Hink and Cavenough quietly started for Mexico in the month of April, and by reason of the present accessibility of the properties easily reached the mines, and after a thorough, careful, scientific examination they immediately purchased the entire group. The first news the general public had of what was virtually a rediscovery of Don Diego's treasure-house



Face of vein at bottom of Reforma Shaft—25 feet wide, no walls



Howell Hinds

came with the announcement that it had been secured by these two Americans, who found that the vastness of the field of operations was so stupendous that in May, last year, 1907, Messrs. Hinds and Cavanaugh organized a corporation known as The Hinds Consolidated Mining Company, limiting its executive and administrative offices at No. 1 Wall Street, New York City, with other offices at Cleveland, Ohio, and Santa Barbara, Mexico. The company was capitalized at \$5,000,000, and a very favorable contract was closed with the American Smelting and Refining Company, for 250,000 tons of ore, and because this ore contained a high percentage of lead it is very acceptable to the smelting company.

property, and have then told their friends of it, who likewise invested.

The Hinds Consolidated has tremendous ore reserves consisting of the following metals, gold, silver, copper, and lead; it has three large parallel fissure veins running through and outcropping the entire length of the property, over one and a half miles, and extending in breadth from ten to twenty-eight feet.

The building of the railroad has made it possible to ship the ore direct from the mill to the smelter. But, owing to their contract with the American Smelting & Refining Co., it is necessary only for them to ship the ore ninety miles to Pinal, where it is taken in charge by that company.

Expert after expert

has seen this property, and without a single exception all have been high in their praise not only of the tremendous possibilities and present ore reserves, but also of the management, which in every case has been pronounced excellent. They have openly stated that it is one of the best mining properties they have ever examined. Carl Barnell, an expert and mining engineer, sent to examine the mines by prominent New York capitalists, stated in a letter that "the ore bodies are so large and so open in character that the most casual inspection satisfied me of the existence of more ore than it will be possible to mine during the next twenty years. . . . I have every confidence that the Hinds Consolidated will be a steady and liberal dividend-payer, and I firmly believe its stock to be one of the best and safest investments at present available."

Mr. Urrin Allen, mining expert, in concluding his report on the property said: "I am of the opinion from the facts obtained by me at the mines and embodied in this report, that one of the largest mines in Mexico will be opened up. With good management at the mine, with the equipment I have suggested, this mine should pay out at least one-fourth the per value of its capital stock each year."

One of the stockholders, writing under date of Feb. 11, 1908, says: "I had a conference to-day with Mr. F. W. Wardwell, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has just returned from a trip to the property of the Hinds Consolidated Mining Company. Mr. Wardwell was very enthusiastic in his talk with me, and being a man of large experience and a keen observer, what he said to me in the course of our conversation was certainly very encouraging. He stated to me that in his opinion the property was a gigantic one, and that it would be a great success. He said that he was very much impressed with the entire management, and was dumfounded to find the amount of work that had been accomplished in so short a time. He further stated that the stockholders up here did not know what they had. While we were all aware of these facts, as stated to us from time to time, nevertheless a statement of this kind coming from a man of Mr. Wardwell's reputation certainly made me feel very good. Knowing that you would be pleased to have such information, I have taken the trouble to write you of the above interview, and feel that I certainly have a great deal to look forward to when I reach the property about the first of March."

The company has as its officers, Howell Hinds, of Cleveland, President, one of the most conservative mining men in this country; Ralph W. Cavanaugh, of New York, Vice-President and Secretary; Frederick C. Becker, of Cleveland, Treasurer; Frederick S. Stearns, of New York, Assistant Secretary; and Wm. W. Elmer, General Manager at the mine, a capable and practical mining man of wide experience.

It is confidently expected that the Hinds Consolidated Mining Company, a tremendous working mine, will declare large dividends for many years to come and will eventually be one of the largest producing mines in Mexico.

dated Mining Company has been organized less than a year; yet in these few short months development operations have been pushed to a remarkable extent. The brief story of this energy and intelligent development reminds one of the giant of old who, on attaining his growth, fell asleep and remained so for centuries, when he suddenly awakened, sprang at once into life, and commenced his career of heroic deeds and glorious achievements. It is more than three hundred years since Don Diego left the Santa Barbara mines, and they have done on decade after decade, undisturbed by the feeble and infrequent attempts to take out a little of their precious treasure. Now, however, after less than a year's effort, this modern giant, composed of gold and silver, lead and copper, is thoroughly aroused and active, and his name is known, his power and wealth are recognized, the world over.

One year only—one short year—since Americans took hold of the ten great mines. In that time the property has been equipped with the most modern and up-to-date machinery, three miles of standard-gauge railroad has been built connecting the mines with the Mexican Central Railway at the town of Santa Barbara, and an overhead tram is being constructed to bring the ore from the various shafts to the concentrator. At the present time the Hinds Consolidated Mining Company has five shafts, with an aggregate depth of more than 2000 feet, and between 8000 and 9000 feet of drift and raises, in addition to the great underground workings and surface and railroad construction, employing over 300 men.

The success of this gigantic enterprise is due solely to the enterprise, ability, and integrity of Messrs. Hinds and Cavanaugh, and to their staff of conservative assistants. Their steadfast plan has been at all times to work for the benefit of the stockholders, and understanding that the company was organized to operate the mines, Messrs. Hinds and Cavanaugh have not done as many other operators—organizing a company for the railroad with the profit for themselves; or a town-site company, or for the extension which they have just purchased at a colossal figure, consisting of the San Rafael and Calavera mines, which is the continuation of the great Santa Gertrudis vein and which has been tared over in this company.

To-day this company enjoys the distinction of having paid a quarterly dividend of 2 per cent. on the capital stock on February 27th, this year, and considering the financial disturbances, or depression as it may be called, which started in the last week of March, 1907, and has continued to the present time, it is apparent that the company has certainly accomplished a great undertaking. Not only has it put in all the equipment mentioned above and paid for it by the sale of stock, but its output of ore has been large enough to pay a substantial dividend within the year. It is a record well to be proud of. Nor has this stock been placed by significant investing men, as so many mining companies have sold their stock, but it has all been sold to conservative investors, a great many of whom have seen the



The company owns its own railway and equipment

Tom Lockhart

AFTER two years' incessant development work, comprising nearly two miles of shafts, drifts, and cross-cuts, the Florence Gold Mining Company is planning a monster quartz mill to crush the huge tonnage of millings ore which stands exposed throughout the underground workings and lies heaped on the dumps about the various shafts. The contract for the erection of the building has been let, the machinery has been ordered, and men are employed in leveling the surface for the foundation. Towering high above the other buildings surrounding the mine on the slope of the hill overlooking Goldfield, it will add to the scene of activity presented the entire length and breadth of the Florence property, and be classed among local mining as Goldfield Mill No. 7.

The management has planned its mill on what may be termed the unit system. This means that additional stamps can be added as circumstances warrant, thus increasing the capacity of the mill and allowing the future development of the mine to be conducted on a larger scale than ever before attempted in Goldfield. These and other details, including a perfect system of concentration and cyanide, have been carefully worked out for many months by the officials of the company in Denver, experimenting with various styles and types of crushing machinery, in order to discover the best process of handling the company's ores at the least possible cost and the greatest saving in gold values. When the first unit of the mill is completed it will consist of fifteen stamps, with a capacity of crushing 120 tons of ore per day.

That it is unlikely there will be any dearth of ore for many years is obvious, when taking into consideration that the main ledge is from fifty to sixty feet wide, nearly all of which carries good milling values. The policy of shipping exceptionally high-grade ore will be continued. From the general trend of the vein, northwesterly and southeasterly, and its dip to the east, it gives every appearance of being a permanent, true fissure, capable of being mined a thousand feet deep. The main workings are now in various levels, down to the 350-foot station. At the latter depth the ore has a tendency to carry a slight percentage of copper, this being considered an indication that somewhere deep down below the lowest mine in the mine, there will be found immense bodies of ore that will produce millions of dollars and eclipse all records for permanency and extent.

That the history of the famous mine needs no introduction to the public is felt assured, as its record for producing several million dollars to fortunate lessors is well known. Its interest, in the main, to the controlling owners—A. D. Parker, vice-president of the Colorado Southern Railroad, and T. D. Lockhart, a prospector whom he kept supplied with funds for twenty-three years—lies in the fact that the mine has at last rewarded their persistent search for a mining property that would make them independently wealthy.



James H. Macmillan

By James H. Macmillan, head of the firm of The J. H. Macmillan Co., Inc. Goldfield has one of the native sons of Nevada, who has met his fate with the mining industry of the State as recently come into prominence again through its mining activities, and pronounced success has crowned his efforts.

Mr. Macmillan was born in Unionville, Nevada. His father, one of the prominent attorneys of both Utah and Nevada, was considered the leader of the Democracy of the Sagebrush State for many years.

Mr. Macmillan acquired his early education in the schools of Nevada and Utah, but his trend towards mining was developed throughout Montana, including Butte, Anaconda, and, in fact, all the mining camps of note within that great State of the industry. It was there that he acquired his first thorough practical knowledge of what seems to be his natural life-work. For several years he devoted his time to newspaper business, and, in fact, his first venture in Goldfield (although he went there for the purpose of mining) was the foundation and publication of Goldfield's first daily paper, known then as the "Goldfield Sun" and later as the "Goldfield Tribune."

Mr. Macmillan was one of the pioneers of the Manhattan Camp, where he acquired heavy interests and made several successful promotions. One or two of these promotions are now considered in the list of most worthy properties in the Manhattan District.

Later, this young and energetic promoter gave the Goldfield District careful scrutiny, and decided that with good judgment and the proper management leasing would be a profitable venture in that high-grade camp. He associated himself with George B. Holliman, his present partner in The J. H. Macmillan Company, in the development of a block of ground on the Gold Wedge Fraction of the Jumbo Extension, which was incorporated and presumed under the name of Mohawk-Jumbo Lease Company. The history of that lease up to the present time shows that determination and good judgment on the part of Messrs. Macmillan and Holliman were all that was needed to bring the mine into being.

The Mohawk-Jumbo Lease shaft was continued to a depth of 450 feet, at an expenditure of \$50,000, and the result is three dividends already, amounting to \$250,000.00, with enough money in the treasury to pay two or three additional ones, and several millions yet in which to operate; so that the record of the Mohawk-Jumbo, in all likelihood, will be equalled by but few leasing companies in Nevada.

The J. H. Macmillan Co., Inc., has pronounced the Mohawk-Hed Top lease, which already is a pronounced success, and bids fair to eclipse the Mohawk-Jumbo.

The Mohawk-Newman Lease Company is another successful promotion of The J. H. Macmillan Company.

The J. H. Macmillan Co., Inc., is the owner of valuable properties in wonder, chief among which is the Wonder Queen Mining Company. The Company has also valuable interests in the Greenwater and Rosebud Districts.

Macmillan's four and one-half years of activity in Northern Nevada have made him thousands of friends and followers, and have given him a popularity which few mining operators in the West can rival. With a sunny and genial disposition, he is generally well liked, and while he is a man of keen business acumen, it is said of him that his greatest pleasure is in doing good for others. Most of such sound business judgment, sense of justice, and sturdy character are making of Nevada the great mining commonwealth it ought to be.

Loftus-Davis

THE rise from comparative poverty to affluence in a short time, on the square, must always prove interesting. The following story is true, because the writer was there and can vouch for it. J. P. Loftus and J. R. Davis, already spoken of as Loftus-Davis, have pulled together in double-homes ever since they struck Goldfield a little over two years ago. Both are exceedingly modest men and never talk about themselves, but as every one knows, and that is, they both came from Colorado, and when they landed in Goldfield neither had any more of the coin of the realm than the absolutely needed.

J. P. Loftus had been in the business of mining with doubtful success for thirteen years. J. R. Davis, or "Jim," as all his friends call him, had also had his ups and downs in mining. Their first venture was a lease on the Sandstorm, which was the first discovery made in Goldfield—or what was then known as Grandpa District, and which was found by Harry Stimler and Will Mish, Stimmer to say, this property had been operated by a well-known and educated mining engineer for several months, and thrown up Davis, who has as good a new vent for ore as a good newspaper man has for news, went after it and found it. The writer happened to be one of a number present when the property was prospected and first opened up. It was a mere matter of November, two years ago. To make a long story short, as near as the writer can learn, they took out about a quarter of a million dollars.

About three years ago the Bullfinch excitement had been at its height, and just a little time after, and on February 22, 1905, he succeeded in buying a controlling interest in the Gold Bar. His history need not be told. All the writer has to say is that he saw samples a few days ago in Goldfield, enough to make him worth \$3,175,725.00 now, which gives the Gold Bar to be one of the richest mines in Bullfinch District. Over \$1,000,000 in gold is now blocked out in this mine.

What Davis Did

When Mr. Davis had put this property on its feet, he came back to Goldfield, where he found the Sandstorm doing well, and so he cast about for other mines to open up. He looked over the area around, near Hammondfield, and found a property owned by a well-known mining engineer from Salt Lake, and had proven a failure.

Mr. Davis took hold of it for himself and associates, and in no time has made a pay mine out of it. His success was not at all haphazard, however, and so when the Round Mountain excitement broke out he was there with an automobile and secured the property owned by the Round Mountain Mining Company, the dry places from which alone produce over \$400 a day. The ore vein here is from nine to thirty feet wide, traverses the ground for 2700 feet, and has to date produced the richest gold ever recovered in Nevada. One million dollars in gold is now blocked out in this mine, and it is now producing \$50,000 in gold bullion every thirty days.

Fortune Smiles Further

Kind fortune was, however, not through with smiling on these gentlemen, and so when Fairview suddenly went up, according with Nevada Hills mine, Davis was "Jimmie on the spot," and bought a sixth interest in it for \$5000. The stock in this property is selling at over \$5.00 per share, and produced \$15,000 worth of ore in the month of September. The mine is now producing a good net return of \$60,000. Three dividends of \$75,000 have been already declared in December. The other owners in it are Jno. A. Kirby, W. V. Rice, W. H. Clark, Jno. T. Hodson, and W. A. Wadler, all Salt Lake.

In the Great Goldfield Merge

It will be recalled that the great Combination mine was turned into the great Goldfield merger, through the agency of George C. H. Robinson, for \$4,000,000.

It is among the most brilliant thing done—perhaps the most brilliant—and will return a fortune in itself. It brings them substantially into the merger, with Mr. Davis on the directors.

But it seems the end is not yet for these lucky ones. As these lines are being written the Loftus-Davis-Sweeney lease on the Combination Fraction, adjoining the famous Mohawk ground, is in "boom," and we have been found running as high as \$100,000.00 the ton, and from present indications this property promises to give a dividend in the district. One success in a lifetime is considered pretty good, but when no less than seven over in two years it breaks the record, and it looks as though even more was in store for them. At present, therefore, it is hard to say how much the success that has come to them.

Just Remember This

that as long as you make a business of gambling in mining stocks, just so long will the unscrupulous mining promoter thrive and you lose your money. You can just as well use the same amount of the money in purchasing mining shares as you would in buying a grocery store, and we feel sure that it will mean money in your pocket in the long run.

How often have you made purchases of mining stock without having once stopped to inquire what the really substantial fact was in the case where the property was, who the men were that controlled the proposition, in other words, you decided to "buy a horse" without knowing whether you were buying a horse or a mule. You registered a terrific kick against the mining industry.

Wouldn't it have been better if you would have taken only a little time and investigated the enterprise before investing? First find out who is behind the proposition, where the property is located, see if there are any producing mines in the vicinity—sort of assay the management before assaying the property. If you find that the men in control have a standing, are respectable, know the mining business, and the company name good prospective mining property, then you can safely take a chance with them. You can satisfactorily afford to wait a few months for the development of the proposition. Never forget that it takes time to develop a prospect into a mine under the most favorable conditions, just the same as it takes time to make a success of any business enterprise.

A firm that has any kind of a standing is not going to ask their clients to run them in a proposition that they can't be verily satisfied with. They are not going to stake in the first place, and in the second place it means more to them to make a success out of their mining propositions legitimately than otherwise.

Our firm practically started with the first discovery of ore in the Goldfield district. We have stood faithfully by the game, working hard, trying to make success out of our mining enterprises. We believe that we have succeeded to that extent, but we still keep working. We believe that our clients have confidence in us, and we keep working to the extent that we are reasonably comfortable and stronger. Of course, we are not infallible, but we do say that a large majority of our mining enterprise have proven successful. We believe in the Goldfield mining district, believe that its best days are yet to come, and that it will always stand as the greatest mining camp in this country, but there are other camps in the State that are making substantial showings as development progresses, particularly the camp of Fairview in Churchill County. Here is located a property that developed into a dividend payer in seven months from the time the first pay was struck into the ground. We refer to the Nevada Hills. It has already paid its stockholders \$250,000 in dividends. Immediately adjoining this property is the Fairview Eagle Mining Company, which is rapidly coming to the front, and probably has a much better showing at the same stage of development than the Nevada Hills. Now comes the Eagle's Nest, with big developments with only one foot of work. Then there is the Dromedary Hump, the Golden Boulder the Hades, the Atlas, all showing in good shape with but little development. We believe there is an excellent opportunity for making money in Fairview, not only for our clients but ourselves. We have thought so for some time and long ago put our man on the ground investigating, looking for something thoroughly good. We believe that we have found it. We have now control of a property that immediately solves the big problem of that district, and are now offering stock in this property for the purpose of development. We desire to increase our clientele and desire readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY on our list. We want to go into details regarding our new proposition from a "fair view." The Fairview Keystone Mining Co. We want you to have our map of the camp and full particulars regarding the Keystone. We want you to write us on the matter. We feel that we can invest your money in a mining proposition that will make you money.

We also have a fine map of Goldfield, which will be mailed upon request.

We give as reference the Crocker National Bank of San Francisco, the Atlantic National Bank of Los Angeles, J. B. Cook & Company, and the Nye & Ormsby County Bank of Goldfield.

Address all correspondence to the main office,

GOLDFIELD INVESTMENT CO.

417 Main St., Goldfield, Nevada

MEMBERS

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK AND EXCHANGE BOARD
Office, 243 Bush St.

LOS ANGELES-NEVADA MINING STOCK EXCHANGE
Office, 1020 Union Trust Bldg.

GOLDFIELD CONSOLIDATED MINING STOCK EXCHANGE

L. L. Patrick

The name of L. L. Patrick has at every moment been identified with the early history of the northern Nevada mining camps and the best interests of Goldfield. In this he was practically the honor of the district, the first of the Goldfield District and giving the camp its first impetus. While Goldfield was still known as Grubtown, and the whole place consisted of a few hundred men hived in tents, Mr. Patrick came forward with a big offer for the Consolidated group, then a mere dream.

Mr. Patrick had great mining experience in Colorado, Idaho, Colorado, and Montana. In Leadville he was connected with Colonel Silver Mine, one of the most noted in Colorado. It was one of the original locations of the first Goldfield. Arriving a few days, A. D. Meyer made his rich arm of ore on the Consolidated. Mr. Patrick's knowledge of mining told him that here was a rare discovery. He purchased the property for \$100,000 on a one-year bond and lease, the cash consideration being \$25,000. So good did Mr. Patrick's judgment prove itself in striking the shafts alone enough ore was taken out to pay for the property in six months, together with \$25,000 for working expenses and improvements. In one year, besides paying for the ore, he gave enough ore to pay for a year for a life lease, build a twenty-stamp mill, deliver the first dividend of ten per cent., and place \$100,000 in the treasury. Patrick's initiative, therefore, made Goldfield its first one mill, its first dividend-carrying, and a mine that did more to improve conditions with the permanence and value of Goldfield than any other mine thing else. From this investment of \$25,000, a profit altogether of \$4,400 was realized.

During his active career Mr. Patrick has done much to popularize Nevada stocks from the profits arising to investors through his personal efforts. The reason for this is found in the care and judgment with which he has selected his properties in the first place, and the line of work in which he put them out originally, enabling the investor to make large returns. Among some of his successful promotions were the Black Horse, Black Horse Consolidated, the National Bank at Goldfield, and the Lumber of Goldfield, the latter of which was now a successful enterprise.

Mr. Patrick is showing his integrity through giving all his personal affairs and efforts at this point towards placing the affairs of Patrick, Elliott & Camp aside upon a business basis.

Mr. Patrick has recently taken hold of some large copper properties at Mina, in the heart of Nevada's copper belt. He has organized a company to build a water line and it will soon be in operation for the treatment of ores of the locality. When this is in operation it is expected that the brilliant record Mr. Patrick made when he organized the Consolidated Mine and Mill at Goldfield will be once again repeated.

Mr. Patrick has been the soul of all efforts looking to the social and economic betterment of Goldfield. He was one of the organizers of the Montevideo Club, and its first president. He has at present drawn out his public offices at Goldfield in order to give his entire attention to business.

He has been said of him, "He is distinctly a man of affairs, quiet and unassuming, yet shrewd and to the point. He has the spirit of a true business man, and the sense of a true citizen. He has the sense of a true citizen, and the sense of a true citizen."

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Rhyolite Mining and Brokerage Company (Incorporated)

In the most exciting and strenuous period of mining camps where sensational values are found, a large number of men follow the proper methods that secure success in business transactions; but when the storm of excitement has cleared away it is generally found that some firms, that were never in the forefront of wholesale advertisement, nor were represented by seventh agents, are the successful ones, relying only upon sound judgment and meritorious work in all business transactions, are the men who retain substantial patronage and public confidence.

Stirling integrity and square dealing have won a name and a large business for the above company. This company is one of the oldest, most substantial, and most reliable concerns of Southern Nevada. It was formerly a partnership, composed of Judge L. O. Ray, J. B. Lindsay, and John Luckman, but it is now incorporated, with a paid-up capital of \$100,000. J. B. Lindsay was withdrawn from the firm, and J. A. Lindsay has taken his place as a member of the corporation. The Rhyolite Mining and Brokerage Company has perhaps done more towards the developing and upbuilding of the Bullfrog District of Nevada than any other concern in that part of the State.

Judge L. O. Ray, the head of this company, is now a resident from Nye County, Nevada, and is known from New York to San Francisco as one of the able and successful mining men of this grand old mineral commonwealth. He was one of the pioneers of the Black Horse, Black Horse Consolidated, and in that locality, and from that day he has labored unobscured and faithfully in searching out the many rich veins of the district, and has been one of the locations of the famous Denver, Tramps, Echigo, Perrier, and Victor mines, which are worth to-day many millions of dollars. His ability and sound judgment has taken his place as the material development of these noted properties.

The Rhyolite Mining and Brokerage Company is proud of its past record, but it has made the same of dollars for its associates and patrons without a single failure. In view of these facts, this company feels that it is entitled to a good reputation, at least, for securing a large volume of business to care and invest in this corporation, and that a keen interest should be taken in the reliable promotions now being presented to the public.

Nothing succeeds like success. The Nevada Legislature has been in session, Judge Ray has shown that he has many of the qualities of a law-maker as well as mining and business man. He is one of the most prominent members of the legislature, having been given some of the more important committee work.

The Inyo Gold Mining Company

The Inyo Gold Mining Company owns the original Hike and Leavitt locations in Echo Canyon, Lee-Echo mining district, Inyo County, Calif. The immense area of ground is traversed by a network of quartz veins, holding a general course, and all carry values from the roots. As far as explored, all of the numerous veins carry an excellent grade of milling ore with depths.

The famous Upper Ten ledge, the principal ledge in the group, is 225 feet in width at the base, and runs a long string of coarse gold at grade roots. The ore is entirely free—perhaps the freest gold ore in the district. The white granulated sugar quartz is so soft in places that for days the miners were not required to shoot, but simply shovelled in the ore and sent it to the surface. The richest ore in the property occurs in this character of material.

Vertical cutting on this vein has shown a strong, well-defined channel to a depth of 250 feet, and a cross-cutting the hill to reach the Upper Ten ledge, two other ledges have been encountered which are very promising. Lateral work is now in progress on two of the ledges, and excellent showings of milling ore are being obtained. The ledge, well as all of the several ledges on the property, are traceable for great distances on surface, and invariably carry good values in the groupings. The possibilities of the ground are simply immense.

On the Iron Old claim, the Inyo Gold group, 190 feet of sinking has revealed a ledge eight feet in width which carries an excellent milling grade of ore throughout. The ore is continuous from surface to the shaft.

The management of the company deems the establishment of a treating plant advisable at this time, as the amount of ore in sight justifies the expenditure. The water line of the Ash Meadows Company will shortly be within close range of the property, with a gravity flow from the summit of Furness ridge, and this important feature will be solved. With a mill upon the ground, these immense stopping areas now exposed may be utilized as a handsome profit.

The officers of the company are Lafayette Hobbs, president, Proctor, Utah; Theobald, vice-president, Rhyolite, Nevada; John B. Twelves, secretary and treasurer, Proctor, Utah; additional directors, John A. Kirby, Salt Lake; Samuel A. King, Salt Lake; and James Carr, Spanish Fork, Utah.

H. B. Lind

One of the early pioneers of Goldfield who, today, is considered one of the most conservative and one of the most favorably known mining men in the Sage-brush State. Mr. Lind exemplifies what can be done in legitimate mining on an honest, business basis, having in less than four years amassed one of the largest fortunes in the State through the development and sale of gold-ore properties.

The subject of this sketch is a firm believer in Nevada as the future producer of vast quantities of precious metals. However, he is equally firm in his belief that mining ventures should be approached by the investor from a sane business standpoint. "Use the same care in buying mining stocks and mines as you would in buying good realty," is his motto. If such care is exercised the good results, from a profit point of view, will prove certain and surprising to the investor.

Four men have reached the plateau of success, or even approached it, without having a less favorable cause to mention. (overlooked and previous to the "crisis" on his trial." Yet one of these is evidently Dr. W. K. Robinson of Goldfield, Nevada, leader of some of the finest practitioners in the district.

Born in Maryland in 1854, a son of Dr. R. K. Robinson, a noted surgeon in the Civil War, he, too, took up the study of medicine and graduated in 1875 at the University of Maryland. Believing that Germany meant what he said about the Wert being the place for a young man, the manner of that found the disciple of Dr. Robinson awaiting in the forests of Denver, Co.

The spirit of science, or rather the looking-out for opportunities abroad as well as at home, drove him to Goldfield, where in the early days of the famous mining camp he had a large practice. Believing that there was a future for the educated man in mining and mining, he took up the profession and in turn, with George Vickers as his partner, he began to earn the leasing of properties in well proven fields, and began the development of several promising ones.

Dr. Robinson took out leases in his own name on the famous Florence mine, then not widely known as it is today, and began the development of the Mohawk property. The advance was rapid and sure, and after he had proved the value of the property he sold it to the Mohawk Florence Mining and Leasing Company, of which he was made the Secretary and one of the general managers.

This company was incorporated under the laws of Nevada for \$1,000,000 (one million shares, at \$1 each), and the money for the further development of the property was provided by the sale of a portion of this stock at the nominal sum of 10 cents a share. Immediately immense returns began to be shown, and at the end of a year nearly \$1,000,000 had been returned to the stockholders as dividends on their investment, still leaving a considerable sum in the treasury with which to develop other properties already in the hands of the firm or in contemplation.

Before the lease on the Mohawk had expired, Dr. Robinson secured another property, and one which, as well known miner, Mr. Thomas L. Macdonald, had expressed considerable interest in. This mine came into being the Little Florence Company, with the same organization as the Mohawk, and under the plan of



Dr. W. K. Robinson

franchising the improvements necessary for a sale of part of the treasury stock was followed, thus the shares being sold at the nominal sum of but 10 cents, and they were quickly, now that it was known that Dr. Robinson had made good in the Mohawk, and that he was to be elected to give free presidency.

The confidence of the financiers in the Doctor was not misplaced, for up to the present time dividends amounting in all to \$400,000 have been declared and paid to those who invested in the shares of stock. At this time there are in at the market or in process of shipment some tons of ore

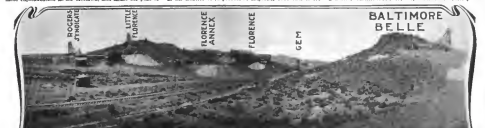
which will run \$25 to the ton. This is a reason to the funds made the conservative estimate, that the total returns to investors in this stock will reach \$1,000,000 before the lease runs out, and will be profitable.

But while earnings resulting from the income of the then acquired properties, Dr. Robinson was casting about for further profitable investments. He found his quest in a plot of three acres, adjoining the Little Florence Mine on the east, and abutting the widely known Jumbo on the north, and located directly on one of the largest mineral-rich belts of the whole region. This ledge has been proved at a depth of 300 feet, and at that level shows a vein of ore over sixty feet in width, assaying from \$45 to \$55 per ton. This ledge, the prospects for which seem to Dr. Robinson the most promising in his career, has four miles to run, and already the shaft is sunk to the 200-foot level and the mine is fully equipped with machinery. Great plans are now being made to fully develop this enormous vein and valuable property, and already it is the intention to go down to the 300-foot level.

The new company, named the Baltimore Belle Mining Company, has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, and the shares (1,000,000 at a par value of \$1 each) are being placed on the market to capitalize the future development and the installations of additional machinery. A limited number only are for sale for the nominal sum of 10 cents a share.

Dr. Robinson has been made the President and General Manager of the new company, and as his judgment has been shown to be sound in his former operations, and as the value of the property has been proved, coupled with the fact that the lease has so long to run, investors are being attracted to it. These interests are always active in the Doctor, as in his office in Goldfield, and from him can get the prospectus of the Baltimore Belle, as well as lists of prices of other properties already mentioned here.

Referring again to Dr. Robinson's success, it should be said that he has never yet had a moment's worry over his investments, and although there have been many and rumors of war between copper and silver in the district, he has never had a day's sleep disturbed by the cause, and his confidence never to have been glad of his success and are moved with a desire to further it in every way which lies in their power.



Malcolm L. Macdonald

From a camp of straggling tents Tompach has arisen to the dignity of a prosperous city of stone buildings, with banks and handsome residences and flourishing mercantile houses. Southern Nevada has blossomed from sandy wastes and barren mountains into a great treasure-house, from which it is pouring its vast resources into the lap of the nation.

This great change, which has been accomplished in a few short years, has been effected by the hands of men with brains, perseverance, and unflinching courage. These were the men who built up this wonderful country, men who had the courage to try and the patience to endure, men who were not afraid to back their judgment with their money and to develop the properties of which they took hold.

Prominent among this class of men is Malcolm L. Macdonald, then whom there has been no more active agent in the development of the various districts throughout Southern Nevada. He has interests in every camp from Manhattan to Bullfrog, and from Kawich to Greenwater, including Goldfield, Beville, Silver Bow, Silver Peak, Furrow, Wonder, and, in fact, every camp of any note in Nevada.

Mr. Macdonald is a thorough mining man of long standing and is ever looking for new fields to explore. He went to Tompach from Montana in the early days of the camp, and became largely interested in Montana-Tompach. Since his advent in Southern Nevada, he has been among the first to get into every camp of any prominence, and he always has a corps of men in the hills looking out for new prospects. He is a man who has the courage of his convictions, and he never hesitates to develop any property that he takes hold of. He has been connected with nearly every big mining deal that has taken place in Southern Nevada in the past three years and is still as active as ever in the field.

One of Mr. Macdonald's greatest exploits was the big consolidation of Bullfrog properties under the dominion of the Silver-Bow Consolidated Mines Company. This included the famous Montgomery-Shoshone Mine, the Polar, and other properties, ultimately taking in the Amethyst and the Bullfrog Mining Company. It was in this deal that Macdonald

succeeded in getting Charles M. Schwab interested, through whom the consolidation was effected.

The next big Macdonald venture was the invasion of the Greenwater country. With Donald B. Gilles, Schwab's right-hand man in Nevada, Mr. Macdonald took a number of options on Greenwater properties and went through to the Death Valley country in his automobile. An examination of the properties on which the options were held proved so encouraging that the options were taken up in the shortest possible space of time and the copper estates transferred to Macdonald, Schwab, and Gilles.

The returns from Greenwater have almost revolutionized the copper situation of the world, for the percentages of copper which have been found are the most remarkable ever known.

Mr. Macdonald and his associates went right to work in the matter of development, as they have done with all their holdings, and they have been well rewarded for their courage. The first thing that they did was to incorporate the property into the Greenwater and Death Valley Copper Company. Rates of transportation into the new country necessarily made the price of material very high, so a proposition was worked out for the consolidation of some of the principal properties in Greenwater. As a result, Greenwater and Death Valley, Furnace Creek and United Greenwater are now under one administration, the lion's share of the consolidation going to Greenwater and Death Valley.

Many improvements are in contemplation for the new district, which include a smelter and a railroad. The present season will see a great crop in Greenwater and more laurels for Macdonald and his associates.

Another big achievement for this country was the organization by Macdonald and his associates of the Nevada Mines and Smelter Corporation. A smelter is to be established at Beville for the treatment of the ore from Kawich and Silver Bow. Ever progressive and watchful, Mr. Macdonald was among the first to learn that the Clark road was going to traverse that section of the country on its way to Ely. He had large interests there, and he quickly set about acquiring more. The building of the smelter will mean the opening-up of another big mineral section of Southern Nevada. The more men like Macdonald there are in the country the better for the country.



Malcolm L. Macdonald

Cobalt Central Mines Company

It takes three years at least to develop a mine as shown on various mining engineering, but Cobalt has destroyed many fixed rules of mining science, just as it has upset nearly every argument of the pessimists who, from evil design or ignorance, declared its silver deposits were not permanent, and that its ores were so refractory that they could not be successfully treated. Since these statements were first given wide circulation, two years ago, Cobalt has marketed over \$15,000,000 of silver, which, on its face, dispenses of the absurd statements that the ores are refractory, while shafts have been sunk to a depth of over 400 feet without any diminution of value, in disavowing engineers now concede that the Diabase, Huronian, and Keweenaw, which are the permanent formations of the country, all carry vast deposits of the precious metal in great depths beneath the surface. Indeed, J. H. Stockley, one of the best-known mining engineers in Colorado, after a recent examination of Cobalt, has gone on record with the prediction that the mines of that camp will be profitably operated many generations hence.

That it is possible to develop a Cobalt mine from a prospective to the productive stage in less than three years has been proved by the remarkable results of the Cobalt Central Mines Company, one of the largest and most enterprising of the corporations now operating in the camp. This company was organized and its shares brought out to the investing public by Thomas Nevins & Son, Bankers, of No. 37 Wall Street, New York, on December, 1906. Its properties are now 26 in number, and embrace 777 acres of mineral lands, most of which are located in the richest proven silver-bearing sections of the Cobalt District. When the properties were acquired no development of any consequence had been done upon them. Within one year, however, the properties have been brought to a productive state, full and up-to-date equipment has been erected, and shipments of silver are now steadily going forward to the smelter. The properties have been developed under the engineering direction of H. W. Harding, a consulting engineer of high standing, who has made a specialty of the development of mines, the work being concentrated upon the Big Pete, the Gamay, and mines on Lot 38, adjoining the Nipissing and Foster Mines.

The Big Pete Mine has been developed to a depth of 225 feet from the surface. Two levels have been run from the central shaft, on both of which fine veins have been cut, showing immense reserves of high-grade shipping and milling ore. Fifteen or twenty additional veins have been uncovered on this property, with surface showings identical with those developed in the lower workings, some of which assay as high as 7000 to 12,000 ounces of silver. These veins, showing on the surface, will be cut and developed from the lower levels. Good progress has been made in the Gamay Mine and Lot 38, and it is believed that these two properties will go on a shipping basis in the near future.

A concentrating-plant, with a potential capacity of one hundred tons per day, has been in operation on the Big Pete property for three months past, and has shown remarkable results. It has been making an extraction of 90 to 95 per cent. of metal values, a result which has attracted great attention from metallurgists because of its extraordinarily high extraction. As an example of its operating results, on March 16 last 10 tons were treated at the plant, yielding 4554 ounces of silver, which, taking the assay at its current market price, would give returns of \$3227.

A large number of important interests in New York City have identified themselves with the Cobalt Central Mines Company, and its shares are widely held by investors. These shares are listed on the London Stock Exchange, and dealt in very extensively on the New York market. The English representatives of the company include John E. Dudley Ryder, president of the Boston Consolidated Copper Company, and George H. Johnson, representative of the Newhouse interests in England. The chairman of the English committee is the Earl of Chesterfield, who is largely identified with very important mining interests in South Africa, Mexico, and elsewhere.

The Cobalt Silver Queen (Ltd.)

This property of 98½ acres shows a remarkably fine promise of steadily development. Originally one of the Temiskaming & Hudson Bay Mining Company's holdings, it was acquired by the present company in March, 1906. The new owners went at once into the development of the property, and within a year the process of transformation was completed, and the energy which has been expended began to show definite and paying results.

Up to the present time but six acres have been developed, and all the work of the year has been done on them, but the promise held out at the beginning of this week has been abundantly fulfilled. The development has been steadily going forward, showing almost daily a greater and greater yield of ore.

The shaft has now been sunk to a depth of 145 feet, and two levels, one at 75 feet and second at 125 feet, have been actively pushed forward until, approximately, 2500 feet of tunnel have been driven, requiring a fair body of ore estimated (on sight and blocked out) to be worth more than \$300,000.

Up to July of 1907, 145,126 bags of ore were ready for shipment, all of which went to the smelter in arsenic, cobalt, and nickel as well, by-products which yield a large revenue when the proper machinery for their salvage has been installed. At present the company's machinery is largely being used to save the loss of assays made on the general run of ore, irrespective of the sale of the silver.

The shaft has been divided into three-quarters of a mile west of Cobalt Station, and a spur of the railroad has already been laid on the property at Kerr Lake. The shaft is now in ore and is shipped directly from the mouth of the mine.

The ore is given three gradings: A, an exceedingly rich ore in silver, No. 1, also very rich; and No. 2, a rich ore in both runs from 225 to 2500 feet of silver to the ton, as good or better than the run of ore in mines that are paying propositions.

In spite of the fact that the money for development was raised from the sale of a part of the treasury stock, the first year's financial statement shows that shareholders of \$100,000 (4 per cent. of the total of \$5,000,000) had been paid to the stockholders, and that was done after paying for the machinery for a complete plant. The comfortable balance of the year was retained for the further development of the property and the increased machinery needed.

The company that commenced the installation of a large 12-hp air compressor to take the place of the old plant, and then they decided to do after six months of planning and testing the property to a depth of 145 feet and finding it to be so rich.

The officers of the company comprise some of the best known men in the mining world. They are: Lieut. Col. John L. Davidson, President; Fred J. Culver, Jr., Vice-President and General Manager; Robert Gordon, Vice-President; John H. Stephens, Secretary and Treasurer; and Messrs. Alfred J. Young and Peter S. Hainston, comprise the Board of Directors.

The Beaver Consolidated Mines (Ltd.)

THE BEAVER CONSOLIDATED MINES, with an authorized capital of \$1,000,000, is one of the propositions that will be more widely heard of in the near future, as the property is proving to be one of the best located in the Cobalt District which at the start showed far less prospect of success than does the Beaver. Since that time they have proved abundant sources of the mines of capitalistic warfare.

This claim comprises twenty acres in the heart of the ore belt, all of it proved as ore bearing, and from the first has more than repaid the effort and labor expended on it, showing remarkable returns to its promoters and stockholders. The property is located in the best section of the Cobalt District, and is paying properties surrounding it, the hope of its owners that it would prove a profitable proposition did not seem to be unfounded. The results gained in the property was opened have been such that even the most sanguine of its owners had hoped for; and the progress of development, which at first had been so slow, is being pushed ahead rapidly with the installation of new and improved machinery and an enlargement of the working force.

Two shafts have been sunk, one to a depth of over 100 feet and the other already down to feet. Shaft No. 1, which is the deeper, is 2½ feet in the clear, and is strongly and substantially timbered and well equipped, while Shaft No. 2 opened a level of ore that is not only in natural silver but in nickel and available silver as well.

When this shaft of ore is fully blocked out by the crosscuts which are already proving it, it is the intention of the company to sink both shafts to the level of the ore, and then apply crosscuts, so that the ore that is already showing exceeding richness on allaying properties.

The ore has already tapped and blocked out shows a return of 1000 tons of ore to the surface. At the present time the property has a force of twenty-eight men and a superintendent are at work, and as fast as room can be made more men will be employed.

The company has offices at Toronto, Canada, and at Cobalt. The officers are: Frank L. Culver, President; C. J. Booth, Vice-President; H. C. Troman, Secretary; and J. H. Stephens, Treasurer. The directors are: The Board of Directors consists of A. J. Young, W. D. Lumson, F. H. Clappa, and W. L. Churchill.

McKinley-Darragh-Savage Mines

The McKinley-Darragh-Savage Mines of Cobalt, Limited, was incorporated under the "Ontario Companies Act," on April 17, 1907, with a capital of \$5,000,000 in shares of \$100 each, of which about 4,000 shares have been issued. The principal stockholders are Toronto and Rochester capitalists, who have given the mines much personal attention.

The company owns the fee, secured by registry under the Torrens system and guaranteed by the Canadian government, of the following three mining properties, all about 10 miles in extent:

1. The McKinley-Darragh Mine, situated at the head of Cobalt Lake and adjoining the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway.

2. The Savage Mine, about a mile south of the McKinley, on Hart Lake.

3. What is known as the Bennett Lot, in Buckle Township, about a mile and a half northeast of Cobalt Station.

At present the McKinley Mine is most actively worked, because here development could most readily be conducted and promised quicker returns. Much time and money have been expended on this mine in development, for a particularly strong evidence to the mine getting out of ore. Here have been constructed a power-house, with compression hoisting and about 1000 feet of tunnel, a sleeping-camp, a mess-camp, with seating capacity for 125 men, an office, superintendent's dwelling, store-house, bath, toilet-house, laboratory, and a concentrating plant with a capacity of 100 tons of ore an hour, and which is now run twenty-four hours a day. There is also a five-acre lot of ore at the head of the lake, which is a body of very rich gravel. The mine is now working more than 100 men.

Nine veins have been exposed on the McKinley, two of which (Nos. 1 and 2) are exceedingly rich, No. 7 being an extension of the famous Keweenaw vein of the Nipissing property, adjoining.

The concentrating plant will allow the company to send its ore to the smelter at its own expense, and cannot be shipped to the smelters at a profit, and gives promise of being a source of much revenue.

The Bennett Lot is altogether undeveloped, but shows several surface veins which promise great values.

The operation of the mines is in the hands of Captain John Harris, formerly superintendent of the Levee and the Ontario Mining Company, who is mining. The reports of expert engineers fully confirm the expectations of the directors, and the results so far have justified such reports.

W. S. Mitchell

WILLIAM S. MITCHELL, formerly of Boston, but now of Halesbury, Ontario, Canada, where he represents the Levee and the Ontario Mining Company, is one of the largest mine operators in and near the Cobalt belt, and stands sponsor for the Argonaut, Toronto, and Casey-Gold Mines.

The last named mine was the first discovery in Casey township, and has proved to be one of the best in that region, and likewise proved that the northern Ontario ore belt was of much greater extent than had been believed. The Levee and the Ontario Mining Company had been proved, Mr. Mitchell organized a company for the development and expansion of the mine, and active work was started.

After the preliminary work had been accomplished and the proper machinery installed, the first two carloads of ore were shipped, and the result showed that the mine was one of the richest in the region. The stock was put on the Exchange, and the mine is considered a good investment. On the Board of Directors with Mr. Mitchell are a number of the best-known mining men of the district.

The Toronto Mine is located, as its name implies, on the site of what was originally laid out the town of Cobalt. This property is one of the most valuable in the region, and as an evidence of the preceding rich results, the Levee and the Ontario Mining Company had been proved, Mr. Mitchell organized a company for the development and expansion of the mine, and active work was started.

The Argonaut mine is another promising investment property. It is owned and operated by the Argonaut Cobalt Mines Company, which is also on the Board of Directors. The company is now working on the property, and the results are showing a very good return. The company is now working on the property, and the results are showing a very good return. The company is now working on the property, and the results are showing a very good return.

These three mines are not the only ones in which Mr. Mitchell has been successful. He has also been successful in other mining ventures, and his success has been a source of much interest to the public. He has also been successful in other mining ventures, and his success has been a source of much interest to the public. He has also been successful in other mining ventures, and his success has been a source of much interest to the public.

The Redman: An Arizona Mine

YAVAPAI County, Arizona, which territory last year led the country in mineral production, is one of the oldest and best-known mineral zones in the Southwest, comprising within its borders such prolific producers as the Jerome and McCabe camps. These have stood the test of time and become noted for the volume of wealth their mines have poured, and are now pouring, into the coffers of the nation. Particularly has the McCabe section developed into its present pre-eminence as one of the richest of Arizona's camps, on the fundamental merits of its mines alone—without the accompaniment of stock-selling clamor, for which some of the more western camps are now conspicuous; and among the more important properties may be mentioned the Lelan, Jessie, McCabe, Gladstone, Triangle, and Iron King mines, whose combined record of production amounts to many millions in gold. A few miles to the northeast of McCabe, moreover, is situated United States Senator W. A. Clark's great United Verde, with a dividend record to date of \$21,520,322.

There are several other properties in this section rapidly coming into prominence, notably that of the Redman Mining, Milling & Smelting Company. This company's mine—the Redman—has been making steady headway for the past four years, under the management of W. T. Wintemute, of New York, and comprises an area of 200 acres. The Redman is located on the same lode as the gold properties above mentioned, and is only one and a half miles from the Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix Railroad and the Humboldt Smelter.

On the Galena-Flagler claims of the Redman Company, the greatest development has been carried on, the property being equipped with powerful hoisting works, air compressor, and machine drills, while a new ten-stamp mill and concentrator are now nearing completion, whereupon the company will begin the permanent production of gold bullion.

There are stated to be five strong, well-defined veins on the Redman property referred to. At a certain point they converge and form three compact veins, and run the entire length of the claims. The engineers believe that at a certain depth these veins will unite and form one immense ore deposit of great richness, the dip of the veins towards a common centre seeming to justify this belief. Assays taken by R. H. Hetherington, of Prescott, Feb. 5, 1908, gave the following respective values, \$84.36, \$32.24, and \$72.36, in gold and silver per ton, while an

assay of drillings by Thomas O'Neill, who recently visited the Redman Mine in the interest of Eastern capital, showed a value of \$80.20 per ton in gold and \$2.95 in silver, or a total value of \$83.15. This assay was made by Henry Carmichael, Ph.D., of Boston, Mass.

In a recent report, the mine manager of Redman says: "In opening up the Redman's ore bodies on the 100 and 200 foot levels, we have a stretch of stoping ground which will insure the continuous operation of the mill from the start." He also states that the other eight claims of the company are highly mineralized, and that it is the purpose of the management to ship all concentrates to the Humboldt Smelter, close by, as well as run the mill to its full capacity, increasing, as opportunity arrives, the number of stamps, so that the production of gold may be as large as possible.

Stock in the Redman Company has not yet been listed, because there are still public offerings being made through company channels; but when such listing is effected, the management believe that the publicity thus given it will greatly enhance the stock's value. It is true that in some instances such publicity has overreached itself—that is, where the original intention to inform investors as to true values has started such an avalanche of buying that the stock rapidly transforms from an investment into a speculation. For instance, speculation ran riot in Nipissing some months ago, and early investors reaped fortunes on an extremely moderate investment by selling out, all or in part, at its crest.

During the famous Comstock boom, Alpha Consolidated, which sold at \$13, sold in the same year at \$1570 per share, and stock in the Belcher Mine, which first sold at a dollar, advanced, on the speculative wave, to \$430 per share; similarly, Baltimore Consolidated fluctuated within twelve months from \$6.50 to \$1525 per share. It is perhaps hardly necessary to mention the more recent instances of the famous Mohawk, whose stock at private sale sold at its inception for ten cents per share, and, after listing, was rapidly run up to \$20 per share. Yet, be it observed, Mohawk, when selling at ten cents, had the same ore that made its stock worth \$20. The only difference was that, while a few knew this, the great buying public did not.

The affairs of the Redman Company are in the hands of W. T. Wintemute, Banker, 17 Battery Place, New York.

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The company owns the New Years, Albion, Lulu No. 1, and Sky Ann claims in the heart of the Diamondfield section of the great Goldfield Mining District, which were recently acquired from Diamondfield Jack Davis, the discoverer of Diamondfield, and his associates. The property lies very close to the famous Haier Mining Syndicate, it adjoins the Jumbo Extension, one of the big mines of the district, and the Diamondfield Triangle, another, and is adjacent to such well-known mines as the Diamondfield-Black Butte Consolidated, the Great Bend, and many others of note, the stock of all of which companies sold above par.

If you will cooperate with us we will share the profits with you. We guarantee a square deal and the judicious expenditure of every cent of treasury stock proceeds towards diligent prosecution of development work. The ore is there—it is no gamble. All we want is the necessary treasury account to expedite early development—the results will speak for themselves. There is already about 100 feet of shafting done, and assays of \$20.00 have been secured. For further information, address the company or call at 201 Chamber of Commerce, Buffalo, N. Y., or M. C. Scully, the President, Goldfield, Nevada.

Use the wires. We advise a reservation of your allotment by telegraph at our expense, and urge that immediate consideration be given our offering if you desire this stock at the present price. Act quickly—a repetition of the small investment and big profits that have made Nevada mines famous is our goal.

QUARTZITE ANNEX MINING COMPANY

201 Chamber of Commerce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE OFFICERS OF THE COMPANY ARE:

- M. C. SCULLY, President, a mining man of twenty years' experience in mining throughout Montana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, Nevada, Arizona, and Mexico. Mr. Scully has been most successful in his mining ventures.
- T. J. KAVANAUGH, Vice President, a San Francisco capitalist.
- H. H. TANNAM, Secretary, a well-known and successful Goldfield assayer, formerly of Minneapolis, Minn.
- C. O. HENDERSON, Director, a Goldfield mining operator.

Ubiquitous Gold

The earliest mention of gold is in the second chapter of Genesis, where it is referred to as one of the metals of the land of Havilah. Silver appears almost as early. The Babylonian civilization which, with that of Egypt, ruled the Biblical world, appears to have had a silver currency. "Shekels of silver" and "pieces of silver" are constantly spoken of. Gold was used chiefly for ornaments, its malleability and ductility making it the easiest of metals to handle.

The mines which supplied the colonies of the ancient world were in India. Solomon's sailors brought gold from "Tyhir," an unknown land for many thought to be Madagascar, in South-Central Africa where ruins of pre-historic Semitic forts and mine shafts have been found.

The Spanish conquest of South America flooded the world with gold and silver. Precious metals landed during a century. Before the discovery of America, a fat sheep could be bought for a quarter, and workmen had lived sumptuously upon five cents a day. The second great influx of gold occurred during the fifties of the last century, when the mines of California and Australia were discovered, and since then there has been a slow rise in the price of commodities, due to the increase of the precious metal; but on the whole the rapid increase in population has kept pace with the increase of gold.

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FACTS.

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Nevada-Douglas

A COPPER-MINE MARVEL

By EDWARD GILLIAM



THE rejuvenation of the mining industry of Nevada, coincident as it is with the beginning of the century, and the reascendancy of the State as perhaps the greatest mineral kingdom in the Western Hemisphere, seem as easy to account for as a law of gravitation or any other natural phenomenon.

Along the State's eastern border extend the mighty Rockies, while to the west for 300 miles the Nevada Sierras are the boundary between Nevada and California.

Broadly speaking, Nevada is the centre of a great series of cosmic convulsions. The slopes of the Rockies and the Sierras constitute riparian limits, like the monster banks of a colossal river. Nevada is the channel through which and into which have been poured metallic treasures beyond all human computation. Through the immemorial ages and some comprehended by the word "geology," fire and flood and matter have wrought their changes, resulting in the formation of yellow, white, and red treasures, and their deposit in the various rich mining districts that are interlarded almost like so many chains stretching lineally from end of the State to the other.

Nevada's Mineral Primacy.

All natural conditions maintain Nevada's right to the mineral primacy of the West—to being the headquarters of future activity in mining. Here is the theatre of a marvellous geological romance—a trilogy of gold, silver, and copper.

Nevada was 43 years old on the last day of last October. Its first prominence was that of the Comstock lode, about 40 miles north of this district.

In twenty years—from 1859 to 1879—the Comstock produced over a half-billion dollars—I have seen the figures placed as high as \$500,000,000—about 60% of which was silver and 40% gold. No prodigious was the wealth and so crude and wasteful were the mining methods at that time, as compared with those of the present day, that \$600,000,000 in silver and \$800,000,000 in gold was lost in the process of treatment. About 70% of this loss, which is almost enough to cover the capitalization of the great Standard Oil Amalgamated holding copper corporation, could be saved by modern methods.

Comstock, though regarded as a memory, is still producing about \$300,000 a year.

Yerington a Neighbor of Comstock.

Yerington is a neighboring camp to Comstock, and its oldest mine and first shipper, the Ludwig, now a small part of the vast holdings of the Nevada-Douglas Copper Company, is linked in history with that most famous of all American mining camps.

This nest-egg Ludwig was discovered in 1903 by a half-breed old German prospector named Ludwig Schmidt, who drifted away from the Comstock in search of new gold and silver-bearing ground. History has it that he was grubstaked in his expedition by Mark Twain, and the story, often repeated, has never been denied. Mr. Clemens was said to have been at that time trying his "pretzel act" pushing a pencil on a Virginia City paper.

The Ludwig consisted of three claims (60 acres), but only one claim has been worked, from which millions of dollars have been taken. It is almost entirely surrounded by the Nevada-Douglas group of 900 acres, to which it was annexed June 29, 1907, making about a square mile in territory and formation of what is considered by many to be one of the richest copper mineralizations in the world.

Nevada-Douglas a World's Wonder.

East of the Rockies and throughout the Intermountain region I heard of the Nevada-Douglas mines as a world's copper wonder. Many called it the richest individual copper group in Nevada, others in the West, and there have been those—among them engineers and mining experts—who declare it to be one of the biggest copper entities they know of.

I came here to see it, and I find that practically every day some visitors interested in copper mines who have heard of its fame in different parts of the country. I know of a number of people in the East and New England who have journeyed here to see these bonanza mines. Not less than seventy-five copper mining engineers have visited and inspected the mines.

"Bonanza!" The word is indeed overworked in descriptions of mining properties. But what other word could you apply to properties that, in the course of development, rearing their banners and sinking their shafts in straight lines for working purposes, and hitting their rich veins as yet largely unexploited, make shipments to the smelters of no area running less than 10%—20% pounds of copper to the ton? What word would you apply to the Ludwig, which has made one series of shipments to the amount of \$200,000 of ore running copper 35%? What word would you apply to a veritable mountain of copper ore, the rich mineralization of which is not only shown in the surface outcroppings, but is already found to a depth of nearly a quarter of a mile below the top of the mountain?

The Nevada-Douglas consists of two divisions—the main group,

or Nevada-Douglas proper, and the Ludwig division. They are being exploited by a large number of shafts and tunnels, the principal ones of which are the Ludwig shaft, now being sunk to the 550 level, the Copper Casting and the Triple Compartment Shafts, and the Main Drive Tunnel, the portal of which is at the base of "Douglas Hill." This tunnel is being driven in a direct line straight into the heart of the mountain, the first unit to be about 2800 feet, paralleling a rich zone of mineralization practically the entire distance. At the termination of this first unit the main ore body will be tapped at a depth of about one foot from the top of the mountain. It is through this tunnel that the principal ore tonnage of the mines is to be conveyed to the surface.

One Tonnage Immense.

The ore tonnage of the Nevada-Douglas mines is something immense. I find many mining people at Yerington and other places in the West who believe the company controls one of the biggest copper deposits ever discovered. A prominent engineer recently said that the surface showings of the mines had no counterpart in all his wide observation, save at the world-renowned Copper Queen mines at Bisbee, Arizona, the properties of the Phelps, Dodge & Co. people, with offices in New York. Another high authority said that the property was "another Anconada." Others have called it "the most stupendous copper deposit ever discovered" and "the largest copper proposition perhaps in the world today." Such testimony of the company's possibilities I have been here personally investigating.

\$100,000,000 in Copper.

I have before me the reports made on the original Nevada-Douglas properties, and also the Ludwig mine, by engineer E. P. Jennings of Salt Lake City. Mr. Jennings, a veteran engineer, was at one time superintendent of the mammoth Utah Consolidated mines of Bingham, Utah, and has been engaged as consulting engineer with other large corporations and operators, among them the E. A. Wall of Salt Lake City.

Mr. Jennings went over Douglas Mountain, and estimated, that down to the first level, 100 feet, the company had a deposit of 10,000,000 tons of 35% copper ore. This applies to the main division only. Mr. Jennings also says that above the sixth level of the Ludwig there is available now \$1,500,000 in high grade ore, 10,000,000 tons of 35% copper—70 pounds to the ton—mean 700,000,000 pounds of copper, 700,000,000 pounds of copper, at 14 cents a pound, mean \$98,000,000 gross. At the high figure of copper for 1907, they mean \$182,000,000 gross.

Mr. Jennings says that he found 30,000,000 tons of such ore by his calculations, but that in the interest of conservatism he cut his figures two-thirds and made them read 10,000,000 tons.

Not only has Nevada-Douglas millions of tons of 35% copper ore, say those who know it, but it is equally remarkable for the high grade of its ores. It has hundreds of thousands of tons of 6% ore, and for the past six months has been shipping ore to the smelters which ran from 10% to 20% copper. One lot of precipitates recently shipped averaged 72% copper—1450 pounds of metal to the ton of ore!

A Million Tons Ready for Smelters.

I met the superintendent of the mines, who has just returned from a trip to the Eastern offices of the Nevada-Douglas Copper Company, in charge of A. J. Stern & Co., 60 State Street, Boston.

He said, in conversation with me: "Nevada-Douglas has been pushing development work at a rapid rate for the past year, and now has a million tons of ore available for smelter treatment that will average 35% copper. I believe we will have a smelter here in Yerington before the close of 1908, and I believe that the already developed tonnage of the district will cause the Southern Pacific to extend a branch line from Washoe, 18 miles away, into the district in the near future."

I am not a technical mining man, but I took out my pencil and figured:

35% copper means 100 pounds to the ton;
1,000,000 tons—100 pounds to the ton—mean 100,000,000 pounds of copper;
100,000,000 pounds of copper, at 14 cents a pound, mean \$14,000,000.
And this is but the initial ore accumulation of the company.

Senator Nixon on Yerington.

I recalled a recent statement from United States Senator George S. Nixon, of Nevada. After discussing Ely in eastern Nevada as a low-grade copper camp, he said of this wonderful newly discovered district in the west:

"The possibilities of much higher grade production in the Yerington and other districts should not be overlooked. Who shall say that even at present prices much profit cannot be had from copper mines?"

With the showing that the Nevada-Douglas mines at Yerington are making, it appears that copper will continue to be a good investment.

UBEHEBE COPPER MINES & SMELTER CO.

Ubehebe, Inyo County, California.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$3,000,000 (THREE MILLION SHARES AT \$1.00 PER SHARE)

JOHN SALSBERY
(President of the Tonopah Lumber Co.)
President and General Manager,
Tonopah, Nevada.

H. G. MERRY
Vice-Pres. and Consulting Engineer,
Equitable Building,
Baltimore, Md.

J. J. GRIFFITH,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Tonopah,
Nevada.

HISTORY OF THE UBEHEBE DISTRICT

FOR many years it has been known that the territory in Inyo County, California, adjacent to the Nevada-California line, had within its mountains immense deposits of copper, gold, and silver, but, on account of the inaccessibility of the region, mining men gave little attention to the fabulous wealth that lay deposited there.

With the building of the railroads through southern Nevada and the establishment of permanent towns throughout this section, attention was diverted to this hitherto unknown country, resulting in the entry of business men from all parts of the United States with strong financial backing, and the purchasing of properties that are producing many millions of dollars.

Ubehebe is one of the sections that has been receiving marked attention during the past few months from men foremost in the mining industry. It is located in the Butte range of mountains, near the

this section is the existence of veins of enormous width on the surface, carrying extraordinarily high values, many places showing the existence of sulphides, while impregnated throughout the ore is native copper.

Ore Bodies, Etc.—The Ubehebe Copper Mines & Smelter Company has within the confines of its holdings several very rich veins. The ore vein is very large, averaging over fifty feet in width, while at one point near the apex of Mt. Ubehebe it is one hundred and fifty feet in width. It traverses the entire length of the property for a distance of eight thousand feet, being exposed the whole distance. At another point this vein is opened by means of an open cut fifty-five feet across and ten feet deep, with a shaft down in the center to a depth of sixty-five feet, exposing good grade ore throughout the workings. Eighteen hundred feet below this large vein, near the base of the mountain, a tunnel run in one hundred and eighty feet has tapped a forty-foot ledge of sulphide ores, four feet of which averages better than fifty per cent copper, with considerable gold and silver values.



Ubehebe Mountain from the West

Nevada-California line, about forty-eight miles from Thorpe, a station on the Goldfield and Bullfrog Railroad, and is recognized by mining experts to have the largest deposits of copper ores of sensational values on the surface found anywhere in recent years.

Ubehebe was first discovered in the summer of 1906 by prospectors who had heard of the rich mineralized district through Indians, they having previously at different times brought into Keeler, California, large chunks of ore full of native copper, which they said they found on top of the ground.

Mr. John Salsbery, the Lumber King of Nevada, sent a number of men to the Ubehebe District over a year ago. This pioneer work resulted in Mr. Salsbery securing the very best ground in the district. On further investigation by Mr. Salsbery, the Ubehebe District appealed to him so greatly that he began to buy additional property until up to the present time he has made very large investments in this territory.

Mr. H. G. Merry, of Baltimore, a mining expert, formerly of Butte, Montana, became associated with Mr. Salsbery, and in the month of March, last year, these gentlemen made a thorough investigation of the Ubehebe District, and on finding the property so rich in copper, gold, and silver, they organized the Ubehebe Copper Mines & Smelter Company.

COMPANY'S HOLDINGS

The Ubehebe Copper Mines & Smelter Company was the first company to secure ground and to do active development in this district. The company has in its right title claims fully surveyed, the titles being perfect.

Formation.—The formation throughout this district is granite and lime, the granite showing wonderful strength, remarkable persistence and continuity. Where the gossan or iron has existed, the ore deposits have always been found by penetrating the capping. The feature of

Shafts, tunnels, and open cuts throughout this property have opened up bodies of ore exhibiting large deposits of exceedingly high values. Native copper, cuprite, and chalcocite are found existing in all the deposits in the property, while in many instances heavy sulphides have been exposed almost from the grass roots. In all the ores gold and silver are associated with the copper, and, at one point, a sample gave assay returns of fifteen hundred dollars per ton in gold.

Water, Fuel, Etc.—It is a rule that newly discovered camps must first seek water, fuel, and also transportation facilities. In the mountain ranges close by, millions of feet of timber are available for fuel and mining purposes, while close to the mine the company has water rights with a flow of water capable of meeting any necessary demand. A good road has been built between the mines and Thorpe, and a railroad projected, the line for which has been surveyed and steps taken looking towards its early construction.

Mine Operations.—The mining claims of the company are located so that a tunnel proposition presents the most economical method of mine operation. Development work has proven the existence of enormous copper-ore bodies, demonstrating that millions of tons of high-grade ore are available for extraction, treatment, and diversion into commercial channels.

One great feature of attractiveness about the Ubehebe property is the ease with which the ore can be taken from the mountain. It is entirely a tunnel proposition. There is no necessity of sinking shafts hundreds of feet below ore is concentrated. The ore is right there at night and can be taken from the earth with the greatest ease.

The Ubehebe Mine today is largely in the position of the Tonopah Mine before the Tonopah and Goldfield Railway was built. What Ubehebe needs to make it a great dividend earner from the start is a railroad of some 14 miles from Thorpe, Nevada, to the property. Negotiations are already started towards the building of this railroad line, even if this should be delayed through the present condition of the money market, investors in stock of the Ubehebe Copper Mines &

Simelter Company only have to be a little patient before they will reap a rich reward in the enhanced value of their stock through the sale of the high-grade ore which is now being sacked and carried to the railroad by the burros and mules. Ore that runs from \$50 to \$500 a ton can be shipped even in this way at a great profit.

A PERSONAL INSPECTION OF UBEHEBE

A member of our firm made a special trip to Tonopah, Nevada, in August, having been under an inspection of the Ubechebe District. The trip was made from Tonopah to the mine with Mr. Salberry and Mr. Ray Baker, manager of the Ubechebe mine. After arriving in Ubechebe, sufficient time was spent in going over the property to give it a most thorough inspection. It was found that the Ubechebe Mines & Smelter Company own practically a mountain of ore, consisting of over a 100 acres of mineral land. The ore bodies on Ubechebe Mountain are of the same size and character as the ore bodies on the Tonopah, as a rule, and there is one that exceeds 150 feet. These ore bodies run from the top of the mountain to its base. Shafts have been sunk all the way to demonstrate the continuity of the ore bodies; tunnels have been driven in on the sides of the mountain, proving beyond peradventure of a doubt the continuance of these ore bodies to the base of the mountain. There are simply hundreds of thousands of tons of high-grade ore on Ubechebe Mountain. The ore taken on this trip was shipped to Chicago on the way East, and the report of Dr. Charles B. Gibson, the assayer, 84 Clark Street, follows:

Laboratory No. 571			Sample Marked No. 1		
Gold		Silver			
Ozs. Per Ton.	Value.	Ozs. Per Ton.	Value.	Copper.	Total Value.
0.46	\$9.20	32.78	\$32.42	57.42	\$151.20

EASTERNERS INSPECT UREHERE

On October 26th last, a party of Eastern and Southern men made the trip to Ubeche on the private car "Ildwild," covering the distance between the terminus of the railway and Ubeche by automobile. These gentlemen made the inspection of Ubeche at a time when the worst of the financial disturbances were going on in New York—certainly not the most propitious time to view a mining property—but the enthusiasm of the party well repaid the effort of taking them to California. There were nineteen in this party, from Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and New York. They had an opportunity of critically inspecting the property, and the best evidence of their appreciation is expressed in the following letters:

"After a thorough personal examination of the properties of the Ubbelschke Copper Mine & Smelter Company of California, I am of the opinion that the company owns one of the most extensive and valuable deposits of copper ore in this country. The claim of the company extends from the bottom to the top of the Ubbelschke Mountain, at an elevation of about 6000 feet above sea level. It covers an area of about 100 acres. The principal veins of rich ore are found at all levels, shafts and tunnels at as many as six different places show immense bodies of ore. To estimate the value of this vast mountain of copper-ore is simply impossible—estimates of tons will not express in figures the extent of the deposit. It would require more than a hundred years to mine it. The amount of by-product could not be exhausted in one hundred years. The company is capitalized at a very low basis considering the value of its property. Its management is in the hands of progressive and honorable men, who are interested in the commercial development to a dis-

* Every condition for a profitable enterprise and for rich earnings seems to me to be present. In addition to the copper, the ore carries enough gold and silver to pay all cost of reduction. The property is located in a section of country where transportation, mining and smelting can be conducted on an economical basis.

"The property owned by the Ubelake Mines & Smelter Company I consider wonderful. I believe they have nothing of kind of copper ore at night. My friends whom I have taken to see the property all agree with me that this is one of the most valuable copper mines ever found."

—Garrison, Va., Nov. 18, 1891. E. G. HANCOCK.

"I have been most favorably impressed with my Western trip, and can say that the most vivid recollection cannot suggest the possibilities of that country. Turkestan and Uzbekistan in reality great oases situated in the midst of a vast desert, a few years ago would have been considered absolutely unpopulated wildernesses. The discovery of gold alone offers the explanation. To-day to develop the Uzbek District, with its mineral wealth exposed and its natural resources at hand, is to speak presents but few mental

The mineral wealth in Ubechele property, both by its vastness and richness, is amazing—the supply seems inexhaustible. The average percentage in the ore is unusually high as compared with the larger copper mines of the country, while the gold percentage is equal to that of the largest gold-producing mines in the Nevada camps. I have reference to the Tonopah Mines of Tonopah, Nevada. The gold ore of these mines averages between \$40 and \$45 per ton.

^cPhiladelphia, November 19, 1987. HARRY J. GRY, M.D.

"I visited the Ubeleshe Copper property with nineteen others on August 19, 1907, from Vancouver and Toronto, and as far as I could learn the property showed up far better than any exposed to date in the Northwest.

"We ascended all the different outcroppings. There seem to be several veins or contacts from 15 feet to 100 feet in width cutting together at the foot of the Ubeleshe Mountains, on the eastern side of the mountain, and dipping to the west at an angle of 30° to 40°.

"There were many more the mountain and down the other side to the plain below, a distance of 200 feet perpendicular. The vein has been tapped in a number of places by running into the mountain, all showing rich copper. The veins are from 10 to 20 feet in width, and are made of the same native copper. There have been shafts, tunnels, and open cuts made from the base of the mountain for a distance of eight or ten thousand feet, and the mountain is well all of which show rich copper. The same ore that yielded 20 per cent copper.

After two trips to the property, having thoroughly examined it from present price to those not seeking an overnight investment. The Ubeho of Copper, Gold and Silver. It will take time to develop such a proposal reward worth waiting for.

MEMBERS BALTIMORE STOCK EXCHANGE PEARD, H

"From all the openings I examined, I should say the whole would make a high average. I had heard a great deal about Ubbelohde before I went there, and must admit it was not overestimated. It is a property that must be seen to be appreciated."
"Really, I am perfectly sure in moving another I, not my children, nor my children's children, will give me no chance."
"We passed over one of the proposed routes for a railroad, by automobile, from Bonnie Claire to the mine, and I saw no obstacle in the way of building a road."
—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE—

¹Toronto, December 3, 1907.

While our opinion of the property more than coincided with the reports of various men of experience who visited the mines, we felt it was only right to our clients, before offering the stock of the Ubechee Copper Mines & Smelter Company that we should have additional evidence from practical men of mining experience. We therefore called on Mr. J. M. Smith, President of the Roanoke Rye Dantling Company, Baltimore, to go to Ubechee as a mining engineer. Young Mr. Gambrell left for the mines on August 26th, and his report, which follows, confirms all previous statements concerning the remarkable richness of the ore bodies. There is no doubt that the Ubechee property is one of the most important gigantic property, which, with its acreage and enormous deposits, will, through inexhaustible, provides a wealth of minerals that insure sufficient income from gold and silver, entirely irrespective of copper, to make the mining of this ore possible; but, when it is considered that the Ubechee property is one of the largest and most valuable property temporarily, the value of the Ubechee ore deposits seem immeasurable.

REPORT OF MR. GEORGE T. GAMBRILL, L. E. M.

On the Ubehebe Copper Mines & Smelter Co.

The above property, consisting of about 2000 acres, is located in the east central part of California, in Inyo County.

Topography.—Consists of rugged mountains, peaks and high slopes. The nearest water is at present at Marys Springs, about eight miles northeast, and Dodd's Springs, about ten miles south. A well is being sunk about a mile from the present town site, and water should be had within a few hundred feet.

Geology.—The country rock consists of lime and granite, the mineral occurring between the above. From all indications, there has been an upheaval, the granite having been lifted through the lime. The contact is regular and may be traced and readily seen from one end to the other of the entire property. For a good contact, I do not believe the Ulichie property can be surpassed.

Timber.—There is no timber or vegetation on the property, but any amount may be obtained on Tin Mountain, about eight miles northeast from Ulshebe.

Ore Bodies.—Outcrops are distinctly seen almost any place over the full length of the property, and where development work has been done one may readily see that there are large bodies of ore in sight. On the Meare property a tunnel has been driven about ninety feet. The copper shows up here as copper glance running high in copper.

The surface outcrops on all the claims show up as Caprite, Chrysocolla, Chalcocite, and Malachite, with some azurite, thus showing there are sulphide bodies in depth, the copper having been leached out near the surface. In some places native copper is found. All of these copper occurrences show good values in gold and silver. At the Moana the vein may be traced up the entire side of the mountain, dipping at about eighty degrees west.

On the Star, south of the Mears and about 2000 feet higher in elevation, the vein has been opened to fifty feet in width; this is not, however, its entire width, as outcrops of the same structure and composition are found on either side. The ore occurs as Chrysocolla and Carbonates, with some traces of sulphides. A shaft has been sunk about sixty-five feet, showing up five bodies of copper rock, gradually gaining more sulphides. The sand vein dips about seventy-five to eighty degrees northeast and strikes northeast.

The Tip Top, which is a little farther south shows the same composition and structure, and is the same level, and a point worthy of note is that the extension south has penetrated the ore and with a rather more thorough-

Surrounding Country—The surrounding country is highly mineralized and auriferous than the scratched area. One could not find a district where all the minerals occur.

Many properties are now under way, and steady work, judging from what the companies say, will be begun when the railroad is put through, which is expected in a short time. There is no doubt that a railroad would have all the business that it could do, and that a smaller would make good profits in Utah.

Mining.—The necessary mining would require very little timbering, judging from the structure of the rock. This would lessen the cost to a certain extent. Also the plan of running a tunnel from the east side to cut the Tip Top at about 100 feet would reduce the expense, as this is without question the cheapest way to mine. Assessment work is being done at present, but as soon as the machinery arrives, within a few weeks, the tunnel is to be opened.

Town Site—A town site is being completed, consisting of about three thousand lots—a more suitable location could hardly be found in the State.

Climate.—The climate is very healthful, though rather warm in summer, there is no humidity, being very clear and dry.

Transportation.--At present Ulshebe is reached by wagon or automobile from Montana Station, a stage line is going to be run shortly, and Ulshebe is to have a post office. The railroad, as before said, is to be built shortly between Ulshebe and the above-mentioned station.

Remarks.—The Uchebe has without doubt wonderful copper showings, and the surface outcrops I do not believe could be surpassed anywhere. A tunnel run from the east end through the Uchebe will develop it about 1 mile to the east, and the probable ore bodies could be exposed, and it is here that I believe to be the largest and main deposits.

In conclusion, I may honestly say that I believe that any one who may look over the property will concede in saying that if the Uchebe is properly worked it will be one of the **Largest and Most Profitable Camps in the History of Copper**, as there is (from all indications) an unlimited amount of this ore, as well as large deposits of gold and silver.

On every standpoint, we have no hesitation in recommending the stock at its property consists of over one thousand acres, practically a solid mountain range, but to the stockholders who are patient will, in our judgment, come to believe, present prices of the stock, etc.

L & CO. 212 E. GERMAN STREET
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Seven Troughs—Nevada

By O. H. Tibbitts

THE Seven Troughs District is located in Humboldt County, Nevada, about thirty miles north of Lovelock Station on the Southern Pacific Railway. The mineral belt extends from Vermont on the southwest to Stone House or Farrell on the northeast, a distance of about ten miles, and is folded volcanics on the flank of a granite uplift to the west and north, while south and east the older slates appear backed up by granitic peaks.

The rocks are principally rhyolites, breccias, porphyries, and occasional showings of andesites. Prevailing these flow rocks is a series of basic rocks of a basaltic nature, and it is along these dikes and in the porphyry that the ore veins occur.

The dikes and veins all have a strike north about fifteen east, with a dip to the westward varying from nearly vertical to forty or fifty degrees.

The ore is nearly every instance carries both gold and silver, in about equal quantities—that is, one ounce of gold to each ounce of silver.

This district may be said to be in its infancy, from a mining standpoint, but enough work has been done on various properties to demonstrate that it is a locality of wonderful richness and great possibilities.

The veins are true and continuous, increasing in both size and value as depth is attained, and at least in one instance, "The Fairview," at 300 feet of depth, the sulphides have appeared and the values built.

The "Mazuma Hill," "Theriac," "Thor," "Fine Gold," "Kindergarten," "Signal Peak," "Fairview," and others, are already justly regarded as great mines, for while comparatively little work has been done, the showings are something wonderful. The values are marvellous, and it is not uncommon to see ore that will run from \$20,000 to \$100,000 per ton, while face samples run well up into the hundreds.

I consider this district one of unusual promise, and do not hesitate to assert that in a few months it will be recognized as one of the leading producing camps of Nevada.

The "Tom Boy" group consists of seven claims and fractions of claims, aggregating about 110 acres, and has been surveyed for patent, there being no adverse. The claims are as follows: Tom Boy No. 1, Tom Boy, Tom Boy No. 2, Tom Boy No. 3, Grinose, Grinose Fraction, Grinose No. 1.

The ground is advantageously located on the north side of Seven Troughs Gulch, and carries the porphyry and siliceous dikes indicating the lines of mineralization, and should prove to be a good property.

The "Grinose" claims adjoin the "Fine Gold," and will carry the dikes and contacts of the "Fine Gold" and "Kindergarten" claims, while the "Tom Boy" claims will carry the ore mass of the "Budger" and "Thor" veins.

The country is extensively forested, and it is likely that crosscutting will hasten the existence of many veins not now known.

At the date of my visit traveling had just been started along the various lines of contact to determine the vein fields, and while on large showings of base anode, the surface dirt both upon the "Tom Boy" and "Grinose No. 1" showed some fair payables. There is as yet, however, no chance to do systematic sampling.

I suggest a continuance of this traveling along the contacts until it is determined where are the most available places to sink, but that the permanent development work be projected from Seven Troughs Gulch on the Grinose Fraction, where one can gain 500 feet of depth with from 700 to 800 feet of driving. This work should not be started, however, until the preliminary surface exploration has been completed, indicating the most favorable zone for your crosscut work.

In closing I wish to emphasize the statement that I consider Seven Troughs the most promising camp it has ever been with my pleasure in visit, and as the property is favorably located I believe that well-directed exploration will prove it to be valuable ground.

The Whole World Knows

who have made fortunes in Wonder and Goldfield,

BUT

who can tell who the next are to be?

YOU

can be one of them, if you buy the better class of stocks. We will be glad to aid you in selecting these stocks, if you so request. We never recommend a stock without first knowing thoroughly all that is necessary from the investors' standpoint.

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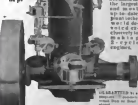
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GRAY MOTORS

THE RHYOLITE BULLFROG MINING COMPANY

(A Nevada Corporation)

Owens 4 full claims or 80 acres on Red Mountain, 6 miles southwest of Rhyolite, in the Bullfrog Mining District, Nye County, Nevada. This company is incorporated for 1,000,000 shares, par value \$1.00, with 500,000 shares in the treasury.

We are now offering 50,000 shares of treasury stock at 15c. per share in order to purchase hoist and compressor plant and continue active development.

The vein is uncovered on the surface for a length of 1500 feet, and ranges from 2 to 10 feet in width. That portion of the vein where the present work is being done is situated on the Angelina claim at the point where we found the highest average values.

Herewith we give extract of report from our Superintendent for the month of October:

Work up to date consists of sinking 68 feet (shaft was down 10 feet), shaft was timbered, square sets and partially lagged for the first 30 feet, 4x6 feet in the clear; the hanging wall for the balance of the distance was made secure, where necessary, by stulls and headboards.

The vein striking North 78° West was followed on its 50° dip (to the Northeast), and is composed of a crushed, altered, silicified brecciated rhyolite, with a foot-wall, a dark bluish, and hanging wall, a light-gray rhyolite, well defined.

The vein averages close to 3½ to 4 feet wide, and the following samples were taken:

Number of Sample	Width of Sample	Where Taken	Silver	Gold	Value
1	2'-2"	25' down on east end of shaft		\$4 40	\$4 40
2	3'-6"	45' 6" down across both ends of shaft		40	40
3	From Orifice	63' 6" down centre of hanging wall		2 00	2 00
4	3'-8"	63' 6" down across east end of shaft	\$1 22	10 00	11 22
5	3'-6"	Same depth as No. 4 West end	1 46	22 00	23 46
6	2'	East end of shaft 40 feet	1 09	8 80	9 89
7	2'-2"	West end of shaft 50 feet	97	9 60	10 57
8	3'	Same place as No. 4	1 22	4 40	5 62
9	3'	Same place as No. 5	1 70	14 00	15 70
10	21"	Both ends of shaft 78 feet	2 43	16 00	18 43

OSWALD STEIN, Superintendent.

The above showings, increasing as they do with depth, give every promise of making a mine, as all properties in this district that have developed into mines have started with small values at the surface.

The control of the property is owned by Nevada mining men, who are operating the mine along economic lines and are not manipulating the stocks.

Inspection and sampling of this property is invited by all investors, and all statements made by the management are guaranteed to be correct.

MINING OPERATORS

VOORHEES & TAYLOR

FISCAL AGENTS

RHYOLITE, NEVADA

References: Every bank in Rhyolite and the Bullfrog Mining District



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Atlantic City, N. J.

JOSIAH WHITE & SONS, PROPRIETORS

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE FORTY BEACHES OF NEW JERSEY.

The one hundred and twenty-five odd miles along the New Jersey coast line from Long Branch to Cape May presents the greatest pleasure section in the United States.

Upon the bluffs of the northern end and the gently shelving sands of the southern end are located forty resorts which entertain during the spring and summer season multitudes of pleasure seekers.

At no time in the year is this section more delightful than during the spring and early summer months. One who has not seen them at this season would marvel at their delights. The great pine belt, which extends through the centre of New Jersey, fills the air with life-giving, cooling, which, combined with the salty taint of the sea and the open-air exercise possible at all times, is exhilarating and tonic to the highest degree.

Long Branch, with its beautiful cottage-neighbors, West End, Hollywood, and Elberon; Deal and Allenhurst, largely devoted to estate life; Ashbury Park and Ocean Grove, attracting thousands yearly; Avon, Belmar, Como, Spring Lake, and Sea Girt, are a galaxy of attractive places upon the bluffs where "the country meets the sea."

Then the Barnegat Bay section, where Point Pleasant, Sea Side Park, Island Heights, Barnegat City, and Beach Haven, with other smaller places near by, welcome the summer sojourner.

Atlantic City, with its seven miles of beach and drives, and its charming suburbs, leads the island resorts, separated from the mainland by the great salt marshes.

Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, and Stone Harbor, Angelsea, Wildwood, Holly Beach, and Wildwood Crest also have a large summer population.

And Cape May, with its new million-dollar hotel and its wonderful improvements, makes a fitting climax and holds a high place among the forty beaches.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is the direct route to all of these resorts from all sections of the country. Its splendid train service makes each of them neighborly to all the rest and to the world at large.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. LII

New York, Saturday, April 18, 1908

NO. 2218

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MORE TROUBLE FOR ROBINSON CRUSOE

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COMMENT

Enough Said Already

WILL MR. ROOSEVELT reply: "If I am elected I will not serve?"—*The Sun*.

Probably he will not. Why should he? Why should he discredit the efficiency of his existing declarations by adding to them useless words? He can't be President again without being a candidate for President. He has said that he would not again be a candidate or accept a nomination. That is enough. More words or any different form of words on the subject would avail nothing. Folks who do not believe what he has said would not believe anything he could say.

Let a Good Thing Alone

Our valued contemporary the Princeton (Minnesota) *Union* comes at us with reproaches, as follows:

Because Mr. BRYAN realized \$52,000 last year from his lectures he is caricatured by HARPER'S WEEKLY as a bloated plutocrat. It takes more than the average amount of brains to make \$52,000 a year on the lecture platform, and Mr. BRYAN possesses it. HARPER'S aim is seemingly to rub the achievements, and seeks to insinuate that he did not give value received; but the truth is that the Nebraska well earned that sum by a combination of ability and strenuous work, and the people who listened to his discourses received their money's worth.

Whatever he made, he earned it all. He is a man of platform talent; a remarkable speaker, a lecturer whom folks gladly pay to hear. We guess he is the best man in the lecture business to-day, and excepting Senator TILLMAN. And does our Northern-sterne neighbor impute it to the WEEKLY as a fault that it wants to keep Mr. BRYAN active in a field where he is master rather than subject him to the blight of a Presidential nomination? Why spoil a strong lecturer to make a weak candidate?

Know a Little Law

A little knowledge of what the law actually is is a very suitable part of the equipment of any person who aspires to be a leader of men and a maker of new laws. Mr. ROBERT HUNTER was one of the promoters of the socialist mass meeting in Union Square on March 28 which was dispersed by the police and punctuated by a bomb. Mr. HUNTER protested that the right to hold mass meetings was protected in the Constitution of the State, and that the police had no right to interfere with it. So it is protected, with some necessary and constitutional limitations in the penal code. But the Constitution gives no one the right to assemble on the premises of an unconsenting owner. The city, represented by the Park Department, is the owner of the park, including Union Square, and with a permission to assemble there was asked by Mr. HUNTER's friends it was refused, not wisely, perhaps, but at least legally. That inside the meeting took place, and the attempt to hold it was necessarily frustrated by the police,

Mr. HUNTER in his remonstrances seemed quite unaware what law governed the situation.

A Continuing Controversy

Addressing the order of Railway Conductors in Chicago, Secretary TART said:

There is no denying the fact that we must look forward to a gigantic controversy between labor and capital, hoping and trusting that it will be settled peacefully. That controversy when it comes will divide once for all how capital and labor shall share the joint profits which they create.

The controversy the Secretary speaks of is as old as history, is going on all the time, and is likely to continue as long as civilized society remains on the earth. It is more acute sometimes than at other times; possibly a worse than usual ebullition of it is now ahead. SYLVIA GORMAN may think so when he threatens the country with seven labor organizations bound by oath if Congress does not amend the SHERMAN law to suit him. But that any particular outburst of that controversy will settle "once for all" how capital and labor shall divide seems very unlikely. Perhaps the Judge was misquoted. The law of supply and demand can be thwarted in various ways, and can be modified, but it is hard to beat it in the long run.

Still Speculative, but Unlikely

TILLMAN says BRYAN has said too much in favor of ROOSEVELT and his policies to run against him. Well, he won't have to. Nobody is going to run against ROOSEVELT. That is settled. It isn't quite settled yet whether any one will run against BRYAN, but we guess not.

The Turk and His Habits

If the Turk is a sensitive man and an extensive reader of current American newspapers, his feelings are liable to be hurt. Persons who still venture to argue in gentle disparagement of complete prohibition are prone to point to the Turk and say: "There is an example of successful prohibition! Just look at him!" And then the defenders of tobacco, when they have chance to meet, say: "There's the Turk. He smokes all the time, and keeps remarkably healthy under it."

It doesn't seem quite fair that the Turk should prove that tobacco is comparatively harmless because he smokes it incessantly, and that rum can't be quite so bad as represented because he never drinks it. No doubt the truth is that tobacco habituates to some degree the restlessness of human energy, and contributes to the Turk's healthy temper. Possibly, also, alcohol drives nations that use it, both by its direct effect as a stimulant and indirectly by offering a danger to be overcome. The energy and discretion developed in keeping alcohol in its place may have an effect on a nation comparable to the effect of warlike neighbors. It is developing to have to stand on guard, and doubtless exerting to be too much shielded and protected.

The Strength of Strong Families

Sundry divorce suits and remarriage propositions that take up space in the papers just now illustrate that it makes less difference how much money a man leaves behind him than in what hands he leaves it. To leave abundant means, in foolish hands is failure. To leave wise children in the world is success, and if they can be left in a position of fiscal advantage, so much the better. To found a good family, or give good human stock a lift, and put it in a position of enlarged opportunity and increased power, is a work that is legitimately attractive. But it is the human stuff that is important. What every country needs is families that will breed true to high standards and give superior individuals to the service of the world. We have such families, that generation after generation turn out high-class men and women. Every progressive country has, and must have, such families. Whether at a given time they are rich or not is a matter of secondary importance. If the human material is strong and good, money in sufficient quantity will come to it first or last. If the human stock is inferior, immoral, or ill trained, money dumped upon it will merely advertise its inferiority.

Property Rights in Texas

ALDEN C. GERALD, Governor of Texas is a candidate for reelection. He finds him from a charge of improper conduct in receiving a hundred dollars a month from a law firm

of which he was a member before he took office, the Houston *Chronicle* says that that is all right; that he had an equity in the business of his former firm, and that when he retired his partners arranged with him a basis for the payment of that equity.

The Attorney General has no longer any part in the practice of the firm. He is now paid only for a property right that he created in the period before he quit the firm. To deny his right to receive such payment is equivalent to denying the reader's right to build a house and take monthly rental for it.

But in the same column it bids the people of Texas remember that the issue in the current campaign is, "Shall the money power rule, or shall the people rule?" But if a "reader" has a right to build a house and take rental for it, is not that a bare concession to the money power? To admit that, would seem to necessitate admission that folks who build railroads or anything else in Texas have property rights, and that is contrary to prevailing opinion in Texas as we understand it. Perhaps the Texas plan is to preserve the property rights of "readers" and residents, while absorbing those of non-residents.

The Sequestration of the Asphalt Lake

A few weeks ago the Senate called upon the President for the transmission of all documents and correspondence concerning the five claims of citizens of the United States against Venezuela. The President has complied, and after due consideration it will be for the Senate to make the next move in the game with CARMAO CARRERA, who has finally worn out the patience of our State Department after several years of insistence on its part that the claims be submitted to arbitration. This is the story: In 1903 fifty-five claims of American citizens against Venezuela were arbitrated by a mixed commission. Since then fifty-three of these have been heard of no more; but the other two have in part been reasserted by the claimants and supported by the United States government, one on the ground that the question of its validity was not decided, the other on the ground that it was erroneously disallowed. Three other existing claims originated after 1903. Of these the most notorious is that of the New York and Bermudez Company. In 1883 Venezuela made a conditional concession of the right to exploit asphalt in the state of Bermudez to one HENRY R. HAMILTON, a citizen of the United States. This right soon passed to the New York and Bermudez Company, which, in 1888, in order to render its position more secure, obtained from Venezuela two additional and more specific concessions, namely, the right to exploit on asphalt lake and a full proprietary title to the lands about the lake—the lake and the lands, be it understood, both lying within the state of Bermudez. After 1888 the New York and Bermudez concern sagged with other companies, passed along with the rest of the so-called "trust" into the hands of receivers in 1901, and finally appeared in 1902 as a member of the General Asphalt Company, of which Mr. JOHN M. MUCK is president. Not long afterward the trouble began. In 1904 President CASTRO sequestered the asphalt lake on the ground that the New York and Bermudez Company had not fulfilled the conditions of the HAMILTON concession, and subsequently this concession, but neither of the two of 1888, was declared void by the High Federal Court of Venezuela. Since then President CASTRO and Mr. AMEL L. BARNES appear to have shared the profits from asphalt exploitation in the state of Bermudez to the exclusion of the General Asphalt Company. If we may believe one of the most important documents transmitted to the Senate, the CARROLL report, neither of these gentlemen is within his rights.

The All-Kite Ticket

FRANK SANDOZ'S "winning Presidential ticket" (which, he complains in one of his weekly letters to the Springfield *Republican*, does not draw out much response) is "BRYAN for President and ROOSEVELT for Vice." Its strong points, as he expounds them, are that it would debate the dangers of a third-term campaign, and put ROOSEVELT in the chair of the Senate, where he could harness his Senatorial obstructions, and where he would be relieved of the obligation to send in messages and make speeches. But Mr. SANDOZ hardly expects his ticket to be accepted, and, true enough, it is not promising. A ticket ought not to be all kite and

no tail. The SANDOZ ticket would flop mightily, but would hardly fly.

A Professional Southerner

The Nashville *Banner* calls Representative HEPBURN "one of those professional Southerners who seek to make display of supposed Southern traits when in Northern localities." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* thinks that Mr. HEPBURN, when his temperature drops, will find that his efforts to police the national capital have been unprofitable.

More Light in the Armor Belt Controversy

It looks as if GABRIEL WELCH's policy of being the thirteenth at table had not appealed to the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs. At any rate, they have avoided giving an ignorant public the impression that they had cause to discredit the Navy Department, in that they have refused to accept or publish certain evidence presented to them during their recent investigation into the alleged structural defects of our battleships. But, as was inevitable, the evidence in question has leaked out through unofficial channels, with the result that it has been partly published and considerably misinterpreted in the daily press. In particular has this been true of Admiral EVANS's statement of last summer, that "in the case of armored ships their armor belt is practically awash at load draught, which leaves them, so far as protection is concerned, but little better than unarmored cruisers." One newspaper understands by this that Admiral EVANS has stated that our battleships are "left, so far as protection is concerned, but little better off than unarmored cruisers." This interpretation disregards the qualification: "at load draught." "At load draught," and "at load draught" only, did the Admiral say his fleet was thus inferiorly protected. But would this fleet fight at such a draught? It is improbable. However, in view of the report of the Admiral, sent to the Navy Department from Magdalen Bay, this has become a secondary question. In the report it is submitted that in the event of war the load draught of the battleships could be so far decreased by the removal of superfluous structural work that their belts would rise the necessary height above water; but it is further observed that during the cruise about South America, "even when heavily laden" is "smooth to moderate seas," the battleships "frequently exposed their entire belt and their bottom plating beneath." As the belts of our battleships are but from eight to nine feet in width, and Admiral EVANS evidently by "heavily laden" means "at load draught," this is the same as saying that eight or nine feet of armor is needed below the water-line. One can but conclude from this that our battleships, no matter what their draught, have belts too narrow to afford them adequate protection both above and below water. However, there is some consolation to be derived from this revelation, for most foreign battleships have even narrower belts than their American contemporaries. For example, the belt of the Japanese battleship *Kashima* from top to bottom measures eighteen inches less than the belt of the *Vermont*. Whence it is evident that in so far as concerns protection below the water-line—and quite possibly above it also—the American vessel can be trimmed to fight at an advantage. Yet Mr. ROOSEVELT would have us believe that she is as much a coffin ship because of her belting as any one of the unfortunate vessels under the command of ROOSEVTSKY.

Harsh Language

The New York *Sun* and other unpatriotic journals.—*The Outlook*. Tut! tut! Brothers AMORY and MUMF! If Brother LARSEN should designate you as "unpatriotic," you would want, and would be entitled to receive, a bill of particulars. It strikes us as an unjustifiable term—also most nagpety.

Expert Mayors

We know how they make mayors here, and we also know the kind of material we have for the making, and the output. How do they make them in an empire the head of which is pretty much of a dreg? One bit of knowledge is somewhat familiar. The Germans have better and cheaper municipal governments than we have. Counsel-General TRUBNER of Berlin has told us how the mayors are chosen. Like postmasters, generals, ambassadors, and collectors in Great

Britain, these German mayors belong to a permanent graded service. The Mayor of Berlin, for example, is not a citizen of that town necessarily; indeed, as a rule, he comes from some other place, and has served successfully as a mayor at some smaller city. He has become an adept in his business, and he is chosen by the town council from among German mayors. The town council does not consist of citizens who, if they were aldermen of New York, would vote for ARKERS. They are respectable men and good citizens, and the interests of the city are the only interests with which they are officially concerned. They are elected by the taxpayers, who are divided into three classes according to the amount of taxes they pay. Each class chooses an equal number of councillors, although they differ from one another in numbers. These highly respectable and dutiful citizens choose the Mayor, who may serve for many years. He is elected for twelve years and may be re-elected. If he serves one term, he retires with a life pension equal to one-half of his salary; if he serves for twenty years, his pension is two-thirds of his salary. They have great confidence in experts in Germany, quite as great as we have in amateurs, and perhaps with as good reason. So far as municipal business is concerned, the Germans are a good people to swap ideas with.

The Playground Association's Dinner

Two important problems were treated, one directly, the other indirectly, by the ladies who shared in the after-dinner speaking at the annual dinner of the Playground Association of America, on March 31, in New York. The guest of honor at the dinner was Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. A number of ladies spoke, among them Mrs. WARD, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Miss JANE ANDAMS, of Chicago. They all talked about the need of giving city children a chance to play in wholesome fashion out of school hours. Mrs. WARD told how London nibbled at the problem; Miss ANDAMS told how imperfectly Chicago dealt with it. The duchess, who was called upon first, took a wider range, telling about the public work done in England by women, whose influence, she said, had "permeated every field of endeavor, political and philanthropic, no less than social and artistic." From earliest childhood, she said, English women are made to feel the obligations of individual responsibility. "It is in this sense of obligation," she said, "that I venture to think we American women should foster and develop, recognizing it in its ethical basis, and turning it to account in practical works." She went on to speak of the Playground Association, of the executive capability shown by American women in the management of hospitals and charities, and of the importance that many more of them should develop in the sense of personal obligation to the community, and interest themselves in educational and philanthropic work.

A Sound Example Handsomely Set

All of which is true and proper for the occasion. Still more important was the indirect value of the speaker's appearance and address on such an occasion, as an example of a useful employment for those American women who have not much to do and a vast deal to do with it. It is the reproach of the women of the rich and powerful American families that have developed in such number and such fiscal and social strength in the last quarter century that too many, though not all, of them are either unemployed, or employed in matters of trivial consequence. They are an enormously advertised lot of women; every newspaper reader knows more or less about them, and they have come to have something recognizable as social rank. But obligations go with rank, and they should try to shoulder theirs. The young duchess, who is one of them, has certainly tried to discover her obligations and perform them, and in that particular she has set an honorable example, worth all the publicity that can be given it.

The Bromley Lectures

The Bromley Lectures on "Journalism, Politics, and the University," delivered at Yale University by the editor of this journal, have been printed in convenient form, along with some of the press comments thereon. Any one caring to see a copy can get it by sending his name and address to this office.

Will There Be Another Morocco Conference?

AGREEMENT for the moment it is desired, we should not be surprised if, in the end, there should prove to be solid foundation for the recent report that the French government will soon feel constrained to denounce, in conjunction with its British and Russian friends, the Algeiras convention, and to propose either a reconsideration of the Moroccan question in a new international conference, or the submission of that question to the Hague tribunal. With comparatively little assistance from Spain, her avowed coadjutor, France has been occupied for many months in the task of restoring order in Morocco, and the work has cost her a considerable loss of life, as well as a great deal of money. She has no prospect of obtaining pecuniary compensation from the reigning Sultan, ABDUL AZIZ, and her reward for the services rendered by her to the cause of civilization in northwestern Africa must inevitably take the form of territorial acquisitions. No such acquisitions can be made under the terms of the Algeiras convention, and, consequently, it may seem reasonable to ask that the convention should be superseded by a more equitable arrangement.

We say that the work undertaken by France, almost single-handed, in Morocco has been performed, because although Fez, the northern capital, as well as the city of Morocco, which is the southern capital, are still in the hands of MUJAI RABID, the so-called Sultan of the south, the authority of the recognized ruler, ABDUL AZIZ, is acknowledged in all of the coast towns, and thanks to some advances of money made to him through the good offices of the French government, he has been enabled to keep in the field a considerable military force, whereas his rival's adherents, having been beaten repeatedly by the French expeditionary corps under General D'AMAR, are said to have dispersed, and it is further alleged that MUJAI RABID himself has made overtures of peace to the French commander. It is, therefore, quite on the cards that at no distant date the cities of Fez and Morocco may renew professions of allegiance to their lawful sovereign. Thereafter the plan which was agreed at Algeiras for maintaining order in the coast towns by means of a Moorish police force commanded by French and Spanish officers under a Swiss inspector-general might, apparently, be carried out without much difficulty. But how are the losses and disbursements of France in the cause of order to be made good? Assuredly the laborer is worthy of his hire. Unfortunately, the legitimate ruler of Morocco, ABDUL AZIZ, has no money, and is at this moment subsisting on French bounty. He has lands, however, and the addition of a considerable frontier strip to Algeria might be accepted as an equivalent for the sacrifices made by France. But so such territorial cession can be made so long as the Algeiras convention is regarded by the signatories as binding.

It is clear, then, that a new situation has arisen in Northwest Africa, not contemplated by the conference at Algeiras; a situation of which the French Republic will be the victim, unless it is to be reimbursed in one way or another for its outlays. That is a truth which even the Emperor WILLIAM cannot dispute, reluctant as he may be to witness a considerable expansion of Algeria toward the west. We repeat, therefore, that, although the report first printed in the *Times* of Paris may fall for the moment to receive official disavowment, we deem it probable that negotiations looking to a re-settlement of the Moroccan question will soon be on foot.

Garden Philosophy

WHEN the cook braves inclemently, when the hamper of meat fails to arrive by the only train from town, when the housemaid conceives a dislike to cut-glass and TIFFANY vases, and resorts to daily smashing, when you ponder about your house with murder in your mind, then, said a lady who knew, tie up some vines and roses, or dig about with a trowel a bit, and the fure of the world changes.

There is nothing truer than that a house and needlework lead to melancholy, irritability, and narrow-mindedness. There is something in the shut-in atmosphere, the endless, petty repetitions, the mere mechanical dexterity demanded by such pursuits that contracts both heart and mind, and freedom comes with the opening of doors and windows; hopes and fancies long pent up break loose and flow like the swollen spate of springtime. The free air, the open sky, the wide range of the eye, the bright alone, the unlimited depths beneath into which to dig, all these free the soul from the petty businessness of life, and set the blood to coursing; we draw in a long breath of fresh air and new courage, and all our relations to the cosmic forces are readjusted.

Every one who owns a spot of earth pines in the natural course of events for a large garden, and who attains such blessedness must bear the brunt of it since he, at any rate, has what he wanted. But the owners of very small gardens may solace themselves by doing all the work of their gardens in person, and that is a great gain in itself, ridding one, as it does, of the fretting coarct of other personalities and opinions. Then there is the intimacy of a small garden, a boon not really overrated. One may indeed gain

masses of color and large effect by planting by the thousand, but in planting by the half hundred or the dozen one establishes a personal friendship with each separate plant; one knows the faces of the pansies, the exact height of the delphiniums, and the bushiness of the phlox. In a very short time, indeed, may such a relation be established in a tiny garden as resulted in the poet's finer sense of things:

"The Red Rose cries, 'She is near! she is near!'
And the White Rose weeps, 'She is late!'
The Larkspur lingers, 'I hear! I hear!'
And the Lily whispers, 'I wait!'"

It was doubtless merely the exuberance of filiation that led the larkspur to linger in that case, for in the main he is an active and aspiring plant, reminding one, as he overtops the gentle Madonna lilies and waves over bushy phloxes, somewhat of an assertive rising democracy still proud of its peasant's blouse. And how like life, after all, is a garden, and what excellent discipline and training it is for general existence! Gardening, indeed, often leaves youth impatient, unwilling to have such obvious morals pointed at it, and keeping ever somewhere hidden in the depths of its glowering vitality a tiny, secret hope of the miraculous, a faint expectation that the order of the universe will, after all, reverse its course, and come about somehow in favor of the personal hopes. It was in the very youth of the world that the kings of Mexico were at their coronation, to swear to keep all the laws of the land, and *swear the sun confine his daily career*. It is somewhat funny and rather homesick that a garden teaches, what you sow, that you shall reap; and the wisdom, the richness of life, is to hitch your wagon and all your efforts to a star, for in the wake of the curves of the universe you shall go wildly nilly, and it is much better to go with heavy ascent, making the best of the matter, whether it be good or evil. Then, again, the garden, like life, is never "all we have hoped and willed and dreamed of good." Here, too, we must postpone fulfillment into the dim future, and look forward to next year, but next for the completion of happiness. It is never this year, but next, that the hollyhocks will be properly grouped and thick enough, that the foxgloves will have attained the proper height, and the dark blue columbines be near the white lilies and the cerulean columbines on the side of the spotted ones. Indeed, a harkly garden border is a perennial game of chess, where year by year we move and replant to attain better combinations of color, more perfect gradations of height. The garden is the eternal approximation; it keeps us up and doing, ever pursuing the still fleeting ideal.

And yet what a comfort, what a restful matter it is, after all, to find that each year we are moving a step nearer the goal; that the bare corner of last year is this year decorated in swaying color; that as the spring months lengthen day by day the garden takes on something of the undulatory and variableness of human nature itself, unexpected charm and color coming to the birth by the quiet process of the seasons.

One of the haunting regrets, when one sits on the bench in the pergola under the wistaria vine, is that MONTAIGNE did not write about gardens and flowers. Living as he did among "equestrian, vine-crowned towers, smiling over a little, irregular village, itself half hidden in gauding vines," he should have turned his ample, impartial gaze from the rows on rows of folk, and his memory from the doings of Greek and Roman heroes, to the fat, vine-clad undulations beyond, and have discoursed to us in his rambling, genial way about these same vines and hedges. He had come, by his own confession, to that stage in life when gardening and philosophy are the main props of existence.

"It is not long since I retired myself unto mine own house, with full purpose, as much as in me lay, not to trouble myself with any business, but solitarily and quietly to wear out the remainder of my wellnigh spent life: where, methought, I could do my spirit no greater favor than to give him the full scope of discourse, and entertain him as he best pleased, and withal to settle himself to be best liked; which I hoped he might now, being by time become more settled and ripe, accomplish very easily."

Who that has lived to forty years does not recognize the signal given in this passage? It means, if one will, that the blossoming time is over; that we have seen the bloom and accepted the fading, have won our little victories and faced our defeats; that we realize in ourselves the universal flux and rhythm of nature, and that the time is at hand to renew relations with the great, sweet mother, to cuddle down secure on the low, warm, level of the soil from which we sprang, not to delight in sport upon Earth's breast, giving back to her the blossoming we have in our person outlived. Mock us, say may, at times here as to unmeasured efforts, break faith with us when and as she will, and yet through all the toil we expend upon her, slowly and surely she induces us into the true nature of things, teaching us to strive without renouncing, to hear with smiling patience, to fling out dreams ever beyond the moment and the present life, knowing, however secure we are of our knowledge, that the tale has but been told us in fragments here, and that wherever there are fragments, broken bits of ideals, shards of hopes, somewhere in infinity is the whole.

Personal and Pertinent

Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, now almost a septuagenarian, is still moved by living enthusiasm for the cause she has long supported. To a young Northern writer who was introduced to her in Boston last year Mrs. HOWE, after due exchange of conversation, said: "And now, my dear, go home and start a little club for women; any kind of a little club, but make them meet and read and talk. That is what I did. I can't tell you how many little clubs I've started in my day." One can easily realize what a godsend to dull and shut-in lives Mrs. Howe's clubs may have been a half century ago when the *costs to women's lives were fewer than they are now*. (Chas. novelists, however, are accused of drawing women away from more serious and worthy pursuits than they can furnish them.)

Professor ALBERT BURNELL HART, of Harvard, has of recent years spent several long vacations in the South, learning what he could at first hand of contemporary conditions there. Of his studies he has made preliminary use in a series of Lowell Lectures in Boston. In his fourth lecture (March 2) he touched upon amalgamation, or miscegenation, whereof he found altogether too much both in the past and now. He quoted estimates made by Southern whites that of about fifteen hundred thousand miscegenators in the South not more than a million are the children of miscegenation. He could not make sure whether miscegenation was decreasing, but thought it was somewhat. "There is no strong denial," he says, "that a mixture of the races now or in the future would be calamitous. This belief rests upon the conviction that the negro race, on the average, is below the white race; that it can never be expected to contribute anything like its proportion of the strength of the community. Therefore, to fuse the races means slight or no elevation for the negro and a great decline for the whites. With that belief I coincide: it is a hard conviction, but it must be expressed. And if amalgamation is dangerous, then such steps must be taken, in all justice, in all humanity, with all effort, to raise both races, as are necessary to prevent amalgamation."

ANATOLE FRANCE in French literature of to-day holds a position in many respects analogous to that held by ANDREW LANG in English. Both are critics, both novelists and historians. Both, too, are stylists, though the ironic humor of the Gaul is different and more subtle than the more genial humor of the Scot. Each of these men has a particular fondness for certain periods of the history of his respective country. Mr. LANG has delved much in Jacobite history, though it is in the period of MARY, Queen of Scots, that has received his best attention. ANATOLE FRANCE, in turn, is deeply versed in medieval history, in the pathology and the fascinating legends of monks and monasteries, to which he evinced a devotion, even as a boy, before he entered the Ecole des Chartes. The Scot's best work is perhaps his *Life of Queen Mary*. The Frenchman has just published a *Life of Joan of Arc*, which critics find to be his greatest achievement, and the final and standard work on the subject. But to Mr. LANG the work of the *Ancientist* is a disappointment. He finds in it many misstatements and inaccuracies. In one place M. FRANCE says that the said "feigned ecstasy," and in another that he "does not dispute her honesty," and that "she cannot be suspected of falsehood." Mr. LANG further points out, according to M. FRANCE, the reports in the Italian chronicle of MOROSINI "contain not a single fact which is presented in its true character"; yet M. FRANCE twice tries to prove, "on the sole evidence of MOROSINI's reports, that JEANNE made a false prophecy." It is to be hoped that M. FRANCE will take notice of those strictures, for nothing could be more interesting than a heated battle between the Anatole France of Britain and the Andrew Lang of Gaul.

Correspondence

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND HYPNOTISM

Boston Mass., March 26, 1898

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In a recent issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY two columns were given up to a review of Dr. John D. Quackenbush's theories on "Hypnotic Therapeutics." His statements about Christian Science are all the more surprising because he roundly abuses it for doing what he himself is urging should and can be done. He accuses Christian Science of being auto-suggestion, and groups it, with other methods, under the general title of a "coterie of impostures." Apparently auto-suggestion in the hands of Dr. Quackenbush is a beautiful and invaluable method of healing, but to the lay mind it is not quite clear how he can denounce it in one case and laud it in another, how he can consider it an imposture in one case and a revelation of absolute truth in another. As far as Christian Science is concerned, it makes no difference what attitude Dr. Quackenbush chooses to assume toward suggestive therapeutics, inasmuch as Christian Science has no kinship with it.

It would be useless to categorically refute the unjust charges that

fairly bribe in Dr. Quackenbush's remarks on Christian Science. It is sufficient to say he has given clear evidence that he does not know enough about Christian Science to intelligently criticize it. He says: "The hopelessly dead are treated by screaming in their ears, 'You can hear.' He says Christian Science teaches that 'a person prostrated with diphtheria is not sick, but only thinks he is.' He refers to formulae as integral parts of Christian Science treatment, all indicating that he has not a true or proper sense of the teachings of Christian Science nor of its practice. He explains the phenomena of Christian Science healing on the basis of hypnotic suggestion. As a matter of fact, the study of the development and activity of the human mind finds no place in Christian Science, which claims to be and is proving itself to be a restatement of the pure idealism of Jesus' theology. Jesus was not a hypnotist. He did not cure his patients by substituting one belief for another, but he declared that His Father did the work. I suppose no modern Christian would be independent enough to say that God is the master hypnotist of the universe, and so we must admit that Jesus' cures were not the results of hypnotic suggestion. Now the Christian Scientist endowments with some success to be possessed of the same mind that was in Christ Jesus, be dispossessed of the human mind, and to allow the Father to do the work, as Jesus promised He would.

Dr. Quackenbush admits that hypnotic suggestion may be abused, and he frankly acknowledges how little the scientific world knows about this subject. Others agree with him as to the danger of suggestion. Dr. Samuel McComb, of Essexville Church, Boston, lectured in Buffalo recently. After his remarks he was questioned by the doctors present. Some one asked him, "How many persons can be hypnotized?" "I should say about ninety per cent," Dr. McComb is reported to have replied. Then Dr. James W. Putnam, of Buffalo, said: "Well, if ninety per cent. of the people can be hypnotized, I should say that ninety per cent. of that ninety per cent. should never be hypnotized. I have used hypnosis once in ten years, and I hope I shall not use it more than once in the next ten years. It's dangerous!"

There are in the ranks of Christian Science both the learned and the unlearned. There are those who are very simple, plain people, and others with scholarly intellects who have had an academic education fitting them to scrutinize and analyze the theological and philosophical claims of Christian Science. The grotesque charge that Christian Scientists are amassing wealth is amusing to the average Christian Science practitioner, who finds that in many cases he is obliged to supplement his philanthropic work for mankind by some commercial pursuit in order to sustain himself.

Dr. Quackenbush's statement, "No case of organic trouble has ever been cured by Christian Science or ever will be," shows that he has not investigated the subject very carefully me that provide which is supposed to accompany scientific investigation. I am glad to assure him that there are many cases of organic trouble which have been cured by Christian Science, and the evidence is not difficult to obtain.

Dr. Quackenbush also makes the flat assertion that "scores of perfectly curable cases have been sent by its fanatics to the undertaker." It would be interesting to have the names, dates, and places of these scores of cases along with the circumstances. Dr. Quackenbush also says, "In some States it is regarded as a misdemeanor to give Christian Science treatment." I am very glad to be able to tell him that this statement is quite as incorrect as the others. In no State in the Union is it a statutory offence to give Christian Science treatment.

I am, sir,

WILLARD S. MATTHEW.

SAVE THE SCENERY

BIRMINGHAM COURIER, March 21, 1906

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I wish to express my grateful thanks for the article in your edition of March 7, entitled "The Race of Travel." Would that something could be done to stop the interminable stretches of unsightly sign-boards that blot our landscape.

Last summer I held for the first time the historic locality of Harper's Ferry, and that lovely cliff overlooking the Potomac, had upon its face a "proclamation highway" surrounding a certain toilet preparation. The fact of that brazen sign being placed in such a position ought to keep any man or woman from ever using one soopen of that preparation.

I am, sir,

L. E. B.

JOVING STUBS ON A MARGIN

New York, March 21, 1906

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Would you kindly favor a number of your readers—for I am convinced many would like to know—(1) if, in your opinion, the buying of stocks on margin is a method of doing business in which young men or any one of limited means should be encouraged, and if not, why not? (2) Is it not a fact that only a small percentage of the men who buy on margin are successful, with the expectation that the buyer shall pay the full purchase price for them? (3) Is it not a fact that thousands upon thousands of men are ruined every year by this system of "buying" stocks? (4) Isn't this method of "investing" in stocks as much of a gamble as "investing" in a horse race, or investing in a game of poker, and if not, why not? (5) Does HARPER'S WEEKLY—the "Journal of Civilization"—advocate "investments" of this character?

I notice that Wall Street will receive some attention in your

next issue. Would it be possible for you to answer these questions at that time, and oblige one who would like to remain

A CONSTANT READER.

(1) We would not call it a method of doing business, but merely a method of buying stocks. We would not encourage it. It is too risky. When you win, it is too much like getting something for nothing. When you lose, it is too much like getting nothing for something. If you do much of it, it distracts the mind too much from steady work. Nevertheless, some experience of it is sometimes usefully instructive to persons who can afford to learn in that way. But it does not need our encouragement. It's too much done as it is.

(2) We believe it is.

(3) Thousands lose some money. Not so very many are ruined. A great many speculators are scared off by moderate losses, and some win.

(4) People don't invest in horse-races or poker. They merely bet. They really do invest in stocks, and very often they pay to tell for what they have bought, and take their stocks away.

(5) No.—EDITOR.

UNDOUBTEDLY COMPETENT

March 21, 1906

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Among the names suggested as available for nomination for the office of President of the United States, has it ever occurred to any one that Mr. John Pierpont Morgan, a master of affairs, might merit consideration?

Regardless of sectional party affiliations, where may one find more sterling integrity, forceful, innate resources? Deeper patriotism. With the cabinet of his wise selection, the material interests of the Republic would be guarded beyond a doubt, and what a rapid elimination of the unfit!

Genuine America once again in evidence.

I am, sir,

INCOSITE

FREMONT AND NEW JERSEY IN 1856

EVEN. KAN., March 21, 1906

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In the WEEKLY of the 7th inst., in the editorial entitled "Sixteen Better Candidates than Bryan," is found this statement: "In 1856 John C. Fremont obtained New Jersey's electoral vote for no other reason than because his running mate was another Jeremiah, William L. Dayton."

That is a mistake. The vote of New Jersey in the Presidential election of 1856 was as follows:

Bushanan	40,943
Fremont	28,338
Fillmore	24,115

Fremont and Dayton carried but one county in the State—Owen, and which polled only a small vote (less than two thousand). Even this county failed to give them a majority over both the opposing candidates, but only a small plurality over Bushanan.

(See Tribune Almanac for 1857, p. 56.)

I am, sir,

L. STELLWELL.

ELIMINATIONS CALLED FOR

ALBANY, N.Y., March 21, 1906

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I would ask an indulgence of your time to voice the thanks of one young Democrat for the very splendid fight you are making toward the return of our country to conservatism and Americanism in politics and business—particularly your efforts to warn Democrats and Republicans from their allegiance to false friends. The enthusiasm in national politics of the average Southern Democrat of my generation has been wounded, and when we vote it is only a compliment to the teachings of our fathers, though a very poor one to our intelligence. We all feel the futility of voting for Mr. Bryan and other repulsive leaders who his ideas. The politician's ever-present bugaboo of the Black Devil whips us into line to vote for the men who are seeking their own political advancement rather than the limiting of new capital among us, the bombing of new people, and the starting of manufacturing and other enterprises by our labor. The very recent moderate legislation by some of our Southern States has intimidated capital, not so much with what has been done, as what will be the future of new dollars and brains if bound to help the old ones. Our helplessness men are discouraged, labor is becoming idle, and our machinery will rust, but the politician points out to the farmer with pride his record of helping cripple the men who furnished the money to the farmer and laborer to make his past prosperity. An assurance that Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt would be eliminated, or their avowed policies, from the coming campaign would revive business quicker than any one else's agency. With a united Democratic, a new national leader like Judge Gray, Governor Johnson, or Governor Felt, would bring to its support the brains, time, and money of the independent thinker of all parties—and they always hold the balance of power.

I hope the attacks and misrepresentations of self-seeking politicians and a hostile popular press will not discourage the strong effort you and other conservative opinion formers in the daily, weekly, and monthly press are making to bring the country back to an era of plenty and prosperity.

I am, sir,

M. N. McVILLAGE.

Finance

The Effect of Some Recent Court Decisions

By HORACE SCHENCK MOTT



FOR a long time the *demagogue* has been having things his own way. Inflations in railroad rates, in street-car fares, and in the price of gas have afforded him pasture in his legislative hours and glory among those of his constituents who are perpetually dissatisfied. Meanwhile the owners of property have trembled at every fresh onslaught, and have wondered whether the Constitution of the United States is only an antique curiosity suitable for a frame and a library wall.

But that venerable instrument apparently must still be regarded as a vital part and the fundamental basis of our national life. The question, "What is the Constitution between friends?" is eloquently answered by the United States Supreme Court in a decision handed down at March 23, in what is known as the *Minnesota Rate Case*, as follows: "The question of the sufficiency of rates to enable the company to obtain some return to its stockholders for their investments has for many years been held to be one for the courts to decide, as it would be a violation of the Constitution of the United States to fix rates so low as to be confiscatory if enforced."

This statement of our organic law is blunt and emphatic. Greatly disturbed as the owners of securities have been by legislative encroachment upon corporate profits, good lawyers expected no different pronouncement from the courts. While it may be considered that power resides in the legislatures of the several States or in Congress, as the case may be, to prescribe rates or prices that may be charged by corporations of a semi-public character, compulsory laws must not be confiscatory and must allow a reasonable return on invested capital. The question, What constitutes a reasonable return, is one that must still be adjudicated. According to the Pennsylvania courts it may be six per cent. Yet, a few weeks ago, in rulings in the course of the settlement of the eighty-four case now preparatory to appeal, Judge Lough said: "It has not been asserted and is not believed that six per cent. is a profitable, satisfactory, or attractive rate for the investment of capital in the city of New York, or that it would be considered fair to those who are engaged therein and cannot readily escape."

As a matter of fact, the question of a reasonable return on invested capital may never, except in isolated cases, be possible of adjudication. So many different conditions enter into a consideration of reasonableness that both legislatures and courts may be kept busy indefinitely without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. For example, here is one general difficulty that seems to defy a permanent conclusion: In the latter part of 1900 and during 1907, when average rates for the use of money in ordinary commercial transactions were seven per cent. to ten per cent., surely a six per cent. return on an investment was relatively less than it would be now, when average money rates are from three per cent. to five per cent. Furthermore, the income from a six per cent. investment a year ago, when commodity prices were high, had smaller purchasing power than it now has, when commodity prices are lower. The folly of attempts to interfere with the natural laws of trade has been amply demonstrated in the nonobservance of vital statutes against money. A similar result will follow the application of rigorous compulsory laws, or capital will refuse to embark in enterprises so restricted.

To return, for a moment, to the Supreme Court decision (there were two cases decided, including provisions of the jurisdiction of the United States courts, one in relation to the Minnesota railroad rate law and the other to the North Carolina railroad rate law), Justice Peckham reasons that the penalties provided in the rate laws, consisting of fines for the railroad companies, and imprisonment for their agents and employees, are as enormous as to deter the companies from testing the validity of the legislation in the courts, thus depriving them of the equal protection of the law to which they are entitled under the Constitution. This statement contains another idea on which our reckless lawmakers may reflect. The coal lands of the floating Railroad Company are part of the security under the mortgages covering its bonds. It is said that the company has been deterred from questioning the validity of the *Beidorn* railroad rate bill because it dared not meantime incur the penalties of the act. Yet at this writing, apparently, no practicable method of complying with the provision of the act calling for a separation of the coal lands from the railroad property has been found. Possibly the company will see its way clear, but the test of the statute.

The Supreme Court sustains both Judge Pillsbury and Judge Lawrence, of United States Circuit Courts, in taking jurisdiction in these cases from the State courts. That the United States courts have jurisdiction in cases involving rights guaranteed under the Federal Constitution should be beyond all question. Any litigation might drag wearily on through all of the State courts, which would be incompetent to pass upon the questions involved, and finally reach the United States Supreme Court after

irreparable damage had been done to a corporation or an individual. It is pitiful enough that the delays of justice are long and costly, but it is good to know that they may not be unnecessarily lengthened.

In speaking of the penalty clause of the Minnesota railroad act, Judge Lawrence characterized the legislation as vicious, a disgrace to the civilization of the age and a reproach upon the intelligence and the sense of justice of the legislature. This is rather vigorous language, but no more vigorous than the censure demanded. Our State legislatures as a class are so moved by ephemeral popular clamor that they lose both sense of proportion and sense of justice. When they retain either or both, they have not the courage to withstand the party boss, which is wicked in a man sensible to do more for the "people" than has yet been done by the opposition. Policies, unfortunately, play far too large a part in our industrial and financial life. But the politician who yesterday was willing to assist in the passage of unconstitutional rate laws, to-day or to-morrow, finding a change in popular feeling, will be just as willing to repeal them.

Meanwhile the holder of securities has ample reassurance that his property rights will be protected by the courts. As an address delivered before the Economic Club of New York, on April 4, Professor Gillingham of Columbia stated that the American mind runs into the mob mind a little more readily than does the French or the German mind. This is a sweeping generalization which, if wholly true, constitutes a serious reproach upon our national character. But it is not wholly true, for the reason that such exhibitions of the "mob mind" as we experience speedily give way to recollections of feeling and sober second thought. Sober second thought sometime since began to influence the minds of the courts of this country, so that to-day the decisions referred to above fall upon minds receptive of sane counsel.

Perhaps no recent event contains for the investor in securities a larger degree of comfort than these decisions of the Supreme Court. Their ultimate effect will be far-reaching, for they will do much to promote the return of confidence and to encourage the interests of capital in the country's productive enterprises.

Early in the year 1907, after the Stock Exchange, in declining character, had indicated the coming of a financial and business disturbance, for a long time it was impossible to see any material let-up in the activity of business. This situation may properly be ascribed to the fact that the troubles of the past year had their origin in a very extensive inflation of credits and a serious shortage of loanable capital, or "money,"—a shortage too great to permit the conduct of business at the price of activity then prevailing. Naturally an inflation of credits and a shortage of loanable capital found their first reflection in the financial markets, in the prices of securities.

The first commodity to show a recession in demand last year was copper metal. After reaching a price of about 25¢ cents per pound in March, 1907, the indications of coming business depression given by the Stock Exchange, and the inability of the public service corporations, which are large users of copper, to finance their needs, suddenly checked consumption. In fact, consumption ceased almost altogether and the price of copper broke violently. The decline in the price of the metal caught producers with large stocks on hand, with practically no having power from domestic consumers; and it was not until late in the year that this trade situation was relieved by very heavy sales of copper for export. Experts of copper during the country's production, November, and December, 1907, reached record proportions, and the movement of the metal across the water continued in heavy volume for the first two months of the present year. This movement was of value to this country, not only in relieving a serious overproduction in the copper industry, but because it added to a favorable international trade balance for this country at a time when a big balance was badly needed.

Only once since 1898 has the price of copper declined below 12 cents per pound. It went to 12½ cents in February, 1908, which, so far, is the bottom this year. About the first of March, 1908, for the first time in nearly a year, a little demand appeared from domestic consumers and the price of the metal advanced about one cent per pound. The reopening of the Anaconda and Copper Company's mines, a few weeks ago, expressed the judgment of the directors that improving business conditions would result in an increased demand for the metal.

Perhaps the third feature of the recent strength in the price of the metal lies in its significance for the business situation as a whole. There was a great deal of speculation in the metal when it was twenty-five cents per pound. The violent decline represented the pricking of a bubble. One of the weakest parts of the industrial fabric at that time, it was the first to collapse. It has, therefore, had a longer time in which to recover than other industries which met their setbacks later. This recovery has been so in, however, may reasonably be taken as a prophecy of recovery elsewhere.



The Second Squadron of Admiral Evans's Fleet cruising in Line of Squadrons off the Straits of Magellan
THE SHIPS FROM RIGHT TO LEFT ARE: "MINNESOTA" (FLAGSHIP OF REAR ADMIRAL THOMAS),
"ALABAMA," "OHIO," "ILLINOIS," "KEARNSE," "MISSOURI," "BENTLEY," AND "MAINE."

Through the Straits

By ROBERT DUNN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL EVANS'S FLEET

AROUND U.S. "BROOK ISLAND," STRAITS OF MAGELLAN, OFF CAPE PILLAR, FEB. 2



AVE you ever trumped in lilly New England? And seeing a mountain to climb, inquired at a farmhouse concerning trails and time needed to gain the top and return? And been told that you purposed an ashured-of-foot—one no husky hayseed had ever tried? No, in confident disgust, you scaled your hill, and more quickly, more easily, than you anticipated; and then shrunk from announcing your temerity on those who cried "wolf" at the farm.

I imagine that this is somewhat the way the fleet feels in the matter of passing these Straits of Magellan when it recalls the misgivings of those at home who rather shied at the prospect of risking nearly all our battleships (three and a half miles and some 10,000 worth of the doped-draught steamers that over passed there) in the channels and weather that have the worst repute of any in the world.

It is now 8.30 P.M. Fifteen minutes ago, across six miles of drizzle and spindrift, we touched the ghostly band of a search-light upon a humplike knoll, ahead and to port. Back here, seventh in column, we were not the first to sight Cape Pillar; but memorable, somehow, should be the straits in which sixteen gleaming arms of light revolved out to grip upon that pole of land. Their light dredged from it no detail; they quivered backward again—withdrawn tentacles. Here the steady air-lean from each forward-bridge still played upon the white foam collar of its ship's towing-spear. But the American Armada was in the Pacific. The crux of the voyage was past.

The band had been playing nothing appropriate, because it was not impressed enough to pick out a fit tune (if it has one); and the ward-room was at its nightly bridge game. But just then some one dozing on the mainmast woke up at the laugh over the rescue of a risky make, or at the gentle swell, now first perceptible.

"Say, tell me," came his bored voice, "what ocean's this that we're in now?"

No battleship had the pettled mis-hap; not even a steering-gadget jammed. The broken reversing gear on the torpedo-boat *Leopoldo*, fixed in an hour, concentrated the fleet's distrust. It has none but the good word for where, as the book says, "prevails the worst weather in the world, and winter and summer alike, with rain, snow, hail, wind—there is absolutely no fine season." agreed that the vessels would run Magellan one at a time—that is, separated from each other by the tide interval (six hours), on account of the "violent snow squalls which make it difficult to keep one's bearing and position, and land currents, where two ships caught near together, and in a snow squall of any duration, might be dangerous to one another."

Of course the fleet did not pass through singly, but in exact column, at regular intervals (four hundred yards from bow to bow of each ship), in a four-ship squadron of ours had done be-

fore—in 1892. The set speed of about 10.25 knots an hour was not once relaxed even in the gale and dense drizzle of the afternoon run from Atreco Rock to Pillar, the stormiest end of the pass, where land only a few miles ahead was not once sighted. No current, cross or tidal, even through the dire Crooked Reach between Carlos III. Island and Playa Parla Harbor, in which the channel narrows to a mile, mislabeled so liberally as much as three hundred yards. The lead wind never exceeded "seven" (which is naval for what merchantmen would call "less than half a gale"); and there were no squalls—"woolies"—at all.

One has no idea of throwing cold water on an achievement. Scarcely did we enter the channels at the first season, and maybe with the good luck—Evans lack, Roosevelt lack—that has followed the cruise so relentlessly, perhaps so dishearteningly in some narrows. Nothing fell out in the frantic way, according to book, for these parts: Cape Crossed should have been lined with wrecks, but wasn't; the scenery should have been "grand and wild," but it was trivial beside Norway, insignificant beside

Alaska; we saw not even one skinned animal Fagien woman diving for sea-urchins with great dexterity." So we aped a Coleridge mood by quoting "The Ancient Mariner," and supposed the following petrel to be albatross.

At Punta Arenas, Magellan is unequally divided both by man and by nature, as you know. Hence one hundred and ten miles to its eastern entrance at Cape Virgin the land is low and treeless, the channels wide—ten to twenty-five miles—but with shoals, big tides, moderate currents, anchorages. The two hundred miles from Sandy Point to Pillar, mountainous and wooded; channels from one to ten miles, averaging six, great depths, no anchorages, weaker currents, but thicker weather. One might think that such items would offset themselves, but any skipper will tell you that the most ticklish navigation is in the second narrow of the eastern stretch. Although the fjords west of Cape Froward have the worst name, popularly, most ships' bridges consider the worst over when they emerge from those narrows around Santa Magdalena Light before Sandy Point, the most southern—and amazing—settlement in the world.

At sea in the Atlantic, on the afternoon of January 20, the fleet got a wireless that our repair ship *Peacock* was anchored in Possession Bay, just inside Cape Virgin. The ill-drawn squally, with a sou'west wind. About ten o'clock, as we the gray sea, starboard appeared suddenly rigid—a disconcerted, flat, unimpaired coast, marked sparsely with truncated hills, spicily brown and low. Seven bells, and the white Virgin Light was ahead, overlooking San Martín Island from a low bluff like a curved river bank; beyond, ending a spit that ran south for four miles, a Lighthouse Station and Dungeness Light—the black and white banded lighthouse pole ast. We crossed to S. 82° W., passed it at two miles, shifted to exact return, and were in the straits just at noon.

Cape Catherine, their southern portal on Tierra del Fuego, hard-



Looking Back on the Fleet in "Crooked Reach" THIS PHOTOGRAPH, WHICH SHOWS THIRTEEN SHIPS IN LINE, WAS TAKEN BY LIEUTENANT-DEMANDER PHILIP ANDREWS, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE BATTLESHIP "KANSAS"

by defined herself, for yonder the immense land locked one dimension—thickness. We hugged the Patagonian shore, kites of a forgotten wreck desolated the black beach. Rag squalls advanced, and of an indigo intensity than I have ever seen; the gale rose once to "ten" ("twelve" is the naval limit), and the swellings green channel veined itself with whiteness. But still the fleet's "ping-pong" tactics snappled, and we slipped out a submerged torpedo sled to see if it would buckle under way. The *Lieutenant* slipped a cog in her steering-gear, and dropped out of line for a while. A British merchantman spun past to starboard; then two tramps in port, one a German—the morning eddies east from Sandy Point on the old tide. It hooked us at a two-knot gait, so the thirty miles to Possession Bay were not covered till four o'clock. There, to make sure of passing the narrows by daylight, the fleet's anchor chain roared out for the night in a burst of brilliant sunshine. The *Peacock* was gone. Depth, twenty fathoms. Temperature, 50°.

It's hard to keep from reading dry as a log. Under way February 1, 4 A.M. Clear and cold. Column right column left, southwest to Delgado Light, guarding the first narrows. The favorable flood was beginning, but as no current of the straits, except in narrows, is effective until three hours after slack water we got no shore-aloof until Delgado was ahead, and then not more than four knot help. White sheep learn ashore there struggled against the light, and west, toward Punta Arenas, telegraph poles marched over the dismal land, exactly as you see them from the windows of a transcontinental train. And just as you see cattle-men thus in a Western town, the sheep lands here patterned before one king shed, with a red roof, boards sunk, hands pocketed, leaning slightly against the white washed boards in the pale twilight-midnight. They seemed even to have the cowboy's bored, superior stare; yet most likely were gazing their eyes out at our passing, three and a third white miles of snaky gale.

Then Philip Bay, eating away into Finland, so its surface touched the sky, and the second narrows. Certainly the channel was well landscaped; a triangulation standard capped every swell of the land. Four to seven knots of current, plus our speed of ten, heaved on the swinging whip line of white steel, but no rip or eddy swung any ship aside more than fifty yards. On the bridges the navigators told their midshipmen assistants to mark here the riskiest navigation of the voyage. But from the quarter-deck one never would have guessed it. Only a mile away, on the steep shore, you saw a flutter of black birds from rank on rank of such rust holes as bank-swallows build at home, and searching the ashing land for asparagus you might sight a dwarfed antarctic leech.

Our wireless began to work. A Chilean cruiser, the *Ocho-loro*, lay at Sandy Point (now twenty-five miles off), with Admiral Simpson, of the Chilean navy, and Mr. Hicks, our minister to Chili, aboard. They asked us to anchor off the town in line of squadron; they would send out a tug to meet us with the chart maps of the straits, and steering south far across square-beaked Magdalena Island, and fared a far shore making straight away south. As if by miracle, rolling hills darkened timbered, touched with snow, arose there, guarding a gray smear by the sea—Sandy Point. A yellow tug puffed out; a boat from the *Consuelito* was lowered, and at eight bells we dropped anchor by the frigate's broad stern, and the Chilean port captain British cruiser of all ports off the beaten track.

Sandy Point has shared the straits' deserts, as the jumping-off place of deserters, beachcombers, fugitives from justice. But the down gold-diggers across in Fuego, the surrounding sheep ranches, have changed all that. Today it is—Leeds, S. D.; and were it in Alaska, Seattle would be keeping it with head-lands, and boosting a "rush." It is not even the world's southernmost town any more; Porvenir across the straits is that, and if our flag waved over Fuego the island would be dotted with camps, for the climate is rain and tropical beside Cape Yema. Sandy Point has the frontier's broad streets, low shacks, multitudinous hotels; only corrugated tin replaces scuttles, and the bars are without foot-rails. The Spanish touch shows in a plaza with a fountain and a municipal open house, where the show would be playing but for an overabundance in choosing the ladies of the chorus. Naturally the rumor about blowing the fleet up had never got its staffer's head there, and the Chilean port captain did tell of four mysterious Orientals who had entered the town and vanished like shadows fifteen days before. A collier with 6000 tons of coal was a day late, and we of the *Rhode Island*

rearily too two midshipmen in a rapined sailing launch. Yet the torpedoes' course is on time, dark ashore acted the gentleman he is, and as for his officers—the warmth of Chilean hospitality which began with leave for each to cable salutations home gratis, cooled the week but quite at the boiling-point.

Sunk-out from there the forest rumples upward into bluish mountains; snow streaks flash against a raw sky. But the coastward into the black horizon of twelve day in Fuego, then swing south along the rising hills there, till you come to the narrows, least promising gap of water between the highest peaks. That marks Magellan's route, into Famine Beach, past San Isidro Light to Cape Froward, the southern tip of the western continent. The fleet "upped its books" near midnight, February 7, at wind NW, to W.N.W. (it always is), and blowing "four" to "seven"; thermometer in the fifties. We coiled snout, quite five miles now of solemn black smoke and magenta glitter, for the *Chacabuco* led us cooing, the torpedo flotilla joined in, the *Peacock*, *Falcon*—all but the *Fastnet*, which had pulled out a day ahead. With the sun rising at 4.40 A.M. and setting at 7.20 P.M. we would have, counting twilights, about sixteen hours of daytime

for the run of one hundred and sixty miles from Froward—at less than 1000 hours' performance has tallied exactly with these mathematics, for an hour ago, but for the drizzle, we should have saved our eyes (streaked with light).

Before five o'clock we were close in off the hemisphere's tip, and changing course to north of west, Fuego, now almost alpine, smothered the sun, so it slanted pillars of a violent orange upon Dawson Island to port. A glow stroked the even shores of Mount Sarmiento, 4700 feet—and the highest peak we have seen. Our "strategy board"—some of the staff—paced the quarter-deck under shelter, linearly and compass, and the lookout for glaciers.

And Froward promised well enough; a gashed ear gleamed in the tiny beak of the antarctic beech, a brown bridge of saw-teeth behind properly patched with snow. And the current obliged, but only by a knot or so. Whatever the right wind was, it blew straight against us between the heightening walls of the Froward Beach, now narrowed to eight miles. It blurred us in a mist of raw cloudiness and eider, so that, being in exact column and on an unchanging course, we saw no more than the stern of the *New Jersey* ahead, the steady ruff about the Virginia's bow behind, unless a lurch of current or a belittlement's slip waved either from line. Half of them to port, half to starboard, the black flotilla tumbled on, until their dead stop for the luckless *Laurence* at six o'clock.

Eight o'clock, and we swung into the English Beach, veering so that the whole vast line was visible, tempering the paucity of the cliffs. The *Chacabuco* led the *Snagby* by quite two miles, and our Fourth Division, independent as ever in its conviction that it is the star cruising division, because it is the oldest, kept wide water between the *Indomita* and the *Maine*. The German mail-boat, which left port at dawn, plunged on and past at starboard. Ahead of us the *Albatross* lay on the morning's nose of the Charles Islands, and beyond them on San Fia, our strategists made out in three places the true rumpy green of glacier ice.

Far the first time the column seemed to be disrupted by the currents: the *Georgica* moved broadside slightly to port, the *Kosmos* to starboard. Ahead the straits seemed to divide against the triple-deck needles of the Thornton Peaks (which in the States would have been named "The Three Sisters"), and Jerome Channel opened north.

We turned due west around Cape Croiside, the northwest point of Carlos III. Island, and at half past nine stood in the eye of the straits, at the heart of the great waterway. Between the cape and the black buoy over Amos Reef, exactly on the starboard beam—the only one west of Froward, because the perfect depths need no more—was scarce more than a mile. Between here and Playa Parda Harbor, twenty-eight miles west, the Atlantic and the Pacific divide, not, or rather overlap, by a meal of more according to separate tables. You read that the stretch off Croiside, therefore, is marked by "a soothing mass of water and foam," and that "the strong eddies have a marked effect upon the steering of a ship." Maybe—at times—and to tramps. But battleships drawing twenty-seven feet can give credit to the steadiness of cathedral. We saw port the whole way, a mad stream; the column wavered not one oar; it was like twisting through a mill-pool into the long three-mile-wide channel of the famous Crooked Beach.



RECORDING CAPE VIRGIN, THE ENTRANCE TO THE STORMY STRAITS
THE VESSELS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: THE BATTLESHIPS "VERMONT," "NEW JERSEY," "MINNESOTA," "OHIO," "MISSOURI," "MAINE," "ALABAMA," "ILLINOIS," "KEARNAH," "KENTUCKY," AND THE SUPPLY SHIP "CULOGA"

Wrecks should line the shores here, according to look, but we saw none. A flock of ducks dipped over our bows, and the crew up there pelted them with holystones. [This has been "field day," which means a general spring cleaning, only it comes every Saturday.] A black tramp snaked outward to port, and again all colors dipped. At eleven o'clock the tide ceased to favor us. We were about a mile from the south, and there our stratagems discovered the scaled surface and high ledges of a sure-enough glacier all but touching the coast—a slim icicle beside the average of our North Pacific, but clean and healthy, bearing little moraine for all that.

Henceforward, though half the distance from Puntarenas to Pillar still remained, it spelled for the eye—Monotony. Drizzle and mist shut in and lifted in the magic manner of all sub-arctic coasts. It thickened at noon, cleared from half past one to two, another east-going breeze with a red fl on its funnel passed, and the head gale blew up to "seven." We entered the Long Reach; looked in vain for Mount Wyndham, 4060 feet, northwest over Playa Parla. Never more than our nearer bounding walls narrowed through the thickens; and they, pale and chaotic, low and rubbly—see you see rock about the shoreline of a retreating glacier—averred the age of the great ice avenue that once cut this channel from ocean to ocean straight as an arrow. Yet the desolation that in many wastes of the world depresses and vilifies strong men against their will does not breed there. Now and then a tree struggled from a cliff, and timber growing upon the sort of void that depraves is a paradox.

The fatilla caught us up at three o'clock in a moment of almost darkness. They plunged on like porpoises, and at more than twelve knots, to reach the entrance of Smith Channel before dusk, when they follow up the coast behind its islands as we



The "Connecticut" following the Chilean Cruiser through the Straits
THE "CHACABUCO" MET ADMIRAL ITANCA'S FLEET AT
PUNTA ARENAS AND ESCORTED THE SHIPS TO THE PACIFIC

gloom. At seven came the promontory darkness; seven-fifths and a muddy bottom at half past, all towing-spars over ten minutes after. "You'd think," complained some one, "if it's going to be rough off this Cape Pillar we'd feel something now."

"Whoever named those islands sure ran through here with a fairer growth," says someone else. "Desolation, blood-stained Harbor, Breaker Coast, Port Famine—how he must have hated himself to give a good enough country such a black eye."

The light on the rock of the Four Evangelists is visible. It must be about the leastest point in the world, that. The rain is driving strangely through our searchlights. Their stiff bars—like the ghosts of twelve-inch guns—disappear each drop, so it seems as if a blizzard were raging on deck. The towing-spar plunges on, a following sea monster between under that unearthly light, in sprays of green verging into violet, white into green; time, behind each ship down the long line. The thirteen thousand of us, moving along together, can see it. It has been inexpressibly moving, after all.

As the Executive Officer Saw It

By LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER PHILIP ANDREWS

EXECUTIVE OFFICER U. S. S. KANAWA
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

U. S. S. "Kanawa," at Sea, February 20, 1901.

THE ships of the fleet left Sandy Point about midnight of February 7, having cruised day and night in order to gain time. At Punta Arenas the people assured us that we had brought the good weather with us, and, when it still kept fine and bright, that it never had been clear for so long a time.

Whether this was true or not, we carried our good weather right through the straits to the western end, and even there had the best of which that tempestuous corner of the sea is capable. The first night's run, only a few hours of which was in darkness, was in a wide part of the straits, and we did not reach a narrow part until eight in the morning, when everybody was about to see that the terrible Straits of Magellan might be fiercer, and in gaze at the really beautiful scenery. Of fierce cross currents, heavy luffing winds, and other menaces, we encountered none. Bright clear weather with occasional sun, light, perhaps occasionally moderate wind, and a smooth sea, we had all the time. The sudden fierce gusts of wind that are met in the straits and in Alaska and freezing Sea are called "Williwaws," but none of these did we see, nor even any of their remote cousins. The narrow places were not specially narrow, and we frequently passed steamers. One German steamer passed us, gaining slowly, and was in sight for some hours. Our faithful friend the *Chacabuco* came with us, leaving Sandy Point at the same time we did.

While I am sure that no one in the fleet had felt that our passage through the straits would present any great difficulty, the reality seemed little short of ridiculous when we considered the grave forebodings and the dismal doubts entertained and expressed as to the safe passage of the ships. Of course the winter season in that latitude, either south or north, is stormy and bitter, and snowstorms and heavy rain or hail then make the navigation difficult, because it is difficult to see. But in the summer it does not seem much of a navigation problem for a modern ship, and in the winter it is certainly no worse than many other places—Bering Sea, for instance, in which the navy has long been accustomed in the old days of small ships with limited engine power it was probably a hazardous trip, and many were the wrecks which glad-

dened the hearts of the savages on the shores of the straits. The old naval officers who spoke occasionally of our trip through the straits undoubtedly gained their experience of them in small ships; and lay writers in our own and the foreign press have probably exaggerated the sailing directions or ancient books of travel and adventure. The Straits of Magellan, and the weather there, have not changed in the least, but ships have. The fleet encountered this supposed ordeal as it has everything else so far—uneventfully. We went right along at the usual 400 yards distance, and with no variation from the strict requirements of the straits.

It is two hundred miles from Sandy Point to Cape Pillar, the west end of the straits. We covered that distance in twenty hours if I read somewhere that the last sailing vessel to go through made it in eighty-six days!

There was some indignation and not a little amusement in the fleet when we saw at Rio de Janeiro published in our home papers that an experienced merchant captain had been sent down to take the fleet through the straits. From the subsequent issues of the papers that we saw we gathered that the public was incensed because we needed a pilot to go through the straits. I am told that Admiral Evans characteristically remarked that if he couldn't take the fleet through, there were, luckily, plenty of others in the fleet who could. As a matter of fact, Captain Osterhaus of the *Connecticut*, and his navigator, Lieutenant-Commander Day, took the *Connecticut* through the straits, and we all followed like lambs after the one above. As regards the emergency sailing of the flag-ship was the admiral, upon whom by all the responsibility.

It is usual on entering the Pacific Ocean from the straits to encounter a gale. The *Tacoma* and *Washington* had done so, though at a slightly more unfavorable season, and the order was therefore given to make every preparation to meet a heavy gale. So the ventilators forward were taken down, hatches and turrets closed up, and everything movable was snugly secured.

This was a wise precaution, but it proved unnecessary. We met nothing but good weather, though it was misty and rainy, and reasonably foggy.

So ended the passage of the Magellan Straits by the Atlantic fleet—not become a Pacific fleet.

THE BANQUET GIVEN TO MRS. HUMPHRY WARD BY THE PLAYGROUND ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA



THE PERSONS INDICATED BY NUMBERS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE ARE AS FOLLOWS: 1, MRS. HUMPHRY WARD; 2, THE SUCHESS OF HARTINGSTON; 3, MR. EDWARD WAYSON SELIGER; 4, MR. HUMPHRY WARD; 5, MRS. 2. H. FLICK; 6, MRS. JACOB A. BIRN; 7, DR. W. H. MAXWELL; 8, MR. CUNO M. RUDOLPH; 9, MISS JANE ADAMS; 10, MR. ROBERT W. DE FOREST; 11, MRS. GEORGE WHITE FIELD; 12, DR. NEYH T. STEWART; 13, MR. JAMES SPETER; 14, MRS. G. H. P. BELMONT; 15, MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR.; 16, MRS. JAMES SPETER; 17, MR. G. M. P. BELMONT; 18, MR. RALPH FULTZER; 19, MISS ANNE MORGAN; 20, MRS. W. G. WEISS; 21, MR. FRANK S. WEISS; 22, MISS ELIZABETH MARETT; 23, MRS. RALPH FULTZER; 24, MR. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, who is now visiting America, was the guest of honor at a dinner recently given for her at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, by the Playground Association of America, of which Mrs. Ward is an honorary member. The distinguished married read an address on the subject of "Playgrounds in England," in which she told of the increasing attention that is being given abroad to the work of providing recreation

facilities for the children of the poor, and compared with it the progress that has been made in this respect in the United States. The Duchess of Marlborough, who was present, discussed in a pointed and effective speech, "The Responsibility of Women." In addition to the toastmaster, Mr. Richard Watson Gilber, other speakers at the dinner were Miss Jane Adams, of Chicago, Mrs. George C. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin), and Mr. Jacob A. Birn.

WHEN WOMEN RULED

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

THERE are, no doubt, arguments of value that may be advanced against the extension of the franchise to women, but these who claim, in effect, that female suffrage would overturn the structure of male dominance, built up since the dawn of history, could hardly put forth a feebler hypothesis. The earliest condition of every race upon the globe has been one of feminine supremacy.

"Contrary to the received usage," writes Diochus Siculus, "the laws permit the Egyptians to marry their sisters, after the manner of birds and bees. . . . The queen receives more power and respect than the king, and . . . among private individuals the woman rules over the man, and it is stipulated by the terms of the dowry contract that the man shall obey the woman." Remains of domestic deeds bear out these assertions.

"It was the custom for the woman to govern the man," wrote Andrew Wright of the Trojans in 1873. "He might be ordered at any moment to take his blanket and pack off." After such a catastrophe, unless some kindly mother-in-law intervened, he had to return to his clan. The women even elected the tribal chief.

It was the growth of the custom of holding personal property which overthrew the woman's rule, and established the system of agnation or inheritance through the males. Hitherto the woman had been supreme in tribe and household. In Dahomey, famous for its female warriors, the royal house inherited through the mother. This was also the custom in Tonga and the islands of Polynesia.

The afterglow of the period of female supremacy is dimly shown

in legends carried down to us from the dawn of history. Atreus came to the relief of Troy. To appease the anger of Poseidon, it was decreed at Athens in the time of Kekrops that women should no longer have the right of voting in the assemblies, and that children should no longer bear the names of their mothers.

Stories in the Old Testament take on a new interest in the light of our present knowledge of this ancient period of feminine rule. According to Genesis 2:24, a man shall leave his father and mother and cleave in his wife. Now, this does not mean that they shall set up house-keeping together; it is set a stir upon the primitive mother-in-law. It means that he must leave his clan and enter that of his wife. So, too, we understand the tribulations of Jacob. When this patriarch stole away with his two wives, Leah and Rachel, from the home of his father-in-law, he was committing the most heinous of all offenses, for his marriage had made him a member of his wife's clan. He had become their property. And, much later in history, Samson marries a woman in Philistia, and has to go there to visit her.

"Woman," says Tertullian, "then art the gate of hell." It is unnecessary to quote the well known opinions of the fathers in this respect. The stern provisions of the Christian jurists came into conflict with the milder customs of the barbarians. Among the Visigoths, Havarians, and Burgundians no male kinsman could interfere with the wife's guardianship of her children.

According to Macaulay, the anthropologist, the average criminal capacity in cubic centimeters of men in the stone age was 1544, as against 1580 of modern Europeans; that of women in the stone age was 1422, as against only 1338 today.



Getting the Boats into
Trin for the Races over
the Lake Worth Course



A Crowd of Palm Beach
Motor-boat Enthusiasts watch-
ing the Races from the Shore

The "Dixie," Winner
of the Dewar Trophy

"The General" making
fast Time on Lake Worth



Viewing a Finish from One of the Elec-
tric Launches which followed the Races



The "Dolphin," Winner of four
Firsts and two Seconds in her Class



One of the favorite Coiges of Vantage
during the Races—a Gasoline House-boat



The "Trente-Sept," a
Florida-built Contestant

PALM BEACH'S MOTOR-BOAT CARNIVAL

AT THE FOURTH ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE PALM BEACH POWER-BOAT ASSOCIATION, HELD RECENTLY AT THE FLORIDA RESORT, TWENTY-TWO HIGH-POWER CRAFT COMPETED. THE MOST NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE MEET WERE THE WINNING OF THE DEWAR SHIELD TROPHY BY E. J. WUNDERLICH'S "DIXIE," AND THE ESTABLISHMENT BY THE SAME BOAT OF A NEW ONE-MILE RECORD—2 MINUTES 16 3/4 SECONDS. THE REGATTA LASTED FIVE DAYS, AND WAS LARGELY ATTENDED BY MOTORBOAT ENTHUSIASTS.

Madame de Billion's Easter Costume

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

DRAWINGS BY F. STROTHMANN

Poor Madame de Billion,
the times were so hard
She found it distasteful to
live by the card.
Her husband's cold cash was
locked up in the bank
Of the Crackerjack Trust,
And all of his bonds and in-
dustrial stocks
Were scattered around in "Se-
curity Hocks,"
Not a dollar in sight
To ease off the plight,
With Easter approaching next
Saturday night!
De B. didn't care... he's a self-
ish old man,
Who lives to enjoy all the fun
that he can.

And goes to the Club for his wine and dining,
And pays for it all by just signing and signing.



Wining and signing

Her bills were so large at both
Dressen's and Gore's,
And also at all of the rest of
the stores,

They'd shut off her credit, and,
with little respect,

Send around to collect
Quite a number of folks whom
'twas hard to resist,
Who'd never been put on her
visiting list.

While Madame Von Feather,
Who made all her hats, had
closed up altogether,
So nowhere in town—how it
filled her with loathing!—
Would any one send her a
scrap of new clothing
In which to appear at St.
Swithin's next Sunday,
And dazzle the eyes of the old
Lady Grundy.

Of course she had plenty of
gowns and creations

By modistes of all the sartorial
nations,

But nothing she hadn't already
once worn,

would fill her with scorn,



A chapeau she made

That saved all her troubles,
and saved her digestion
Beyond any question.
A chapeau she made
Of the parlor lamp-shade!
For feathers, a buster
Plucked out of the family bric-
a-brac duster,
A hat I must say that not only
was cunning,

But stunning.
Her waist was a dream, made
of delicate lace
From curtains of windows, and
old pillow cases.

Where no one would miss 'em,
and showed off her tigger

In fashion de rigueur;
And then for a skirt, an old
rose portiere,

Or rather a pair,
Were draped in the jauntiest
possible air.

For things that are jaunty the maid of Poree
Is 'way up in Gee.



The maid of Poree



Then for a skirt

A girdle of curtain-ropes, hinting
dull red,

With knobs at the ends from
the baby's brass bed.

Completed a skirt
So rich it made others look
tawdry and pert;

As chaste and as chic
As the best japonique.

A cutaway coat, with a spar-
rowish tail,

That used to be worn by her
brother at Yale,

Embroidered in front, and be-
hind, and all over

With braid from her grand-
mother's old-fashioned sofa.

In patterns suggesting the use
of some dope

Kaleidoscope,
With a wee little vest

Dug out of a chest

Of duds that De Billion was constantly sporting
In days long ago when he came to her courting.

Topped off the whole thing. I
neglected to say

The spats that she wore were
of yellowish gray,

And made both her shoes
Resemble a couple of fine char-
lotte rozes.

Fresh, sweet, and untainted,
Her uppers she painted!

These done, she was ready, and
went to the service

Both calm and contented, and
not at all nervous,

And none would have guessed
from her bearing majestic

The gown that she wore was
improvised domestic,

And every one said, as they
noted her garments!

"De Billion's a wonder, the
beastly old varmint!

No trouble can break him, it's
rottenly funny

To think where he gets such a big wad of money!

We're skimping, and scamping, and scrooging, but he
Keeps his wife dressed as well as the Queen of Sheba!"



Not at all nervous

And to wear them again, that
And weaken, no doubt, much
her social position

'Twas those who are fighting
the games of Perdition.

Miss Lemon, for instance, who
sits in the pew

Behind her would know that
the gown wasn't new.

And every one knows that Miss
Lemon's a teaser,

And to get juicy gossip you
don't have to squeeze her!

Poor Madame De Billion! 'Twas
an awful dilemma,

And filled her with many a
shiver and tremor;

And then in a moment a glad
inspiration

Arrived to relieve her most sad
situation.

Her maid was a wonder, and
gave a suggestion

Pink Lemonade and Philosophy

By

JOHN S. LOPEZ

DRAWINGS BY
H. B. WATSON



BY H. B. WATSON



"YOU do me an injustice," said the Serious Student in a hurt tone. "It is not only because I have free passes. But here is the only form of public entertainment which has remained practically unchanged. The mountebanks, the jester, and the acrobat of the middle ages all are prototypes of the principal performers in the circus of to-day. Their viewpoint may show us why public taste in entertainment has not improved. Of course, if you do not care to accompany me—"

There was nothing to do but pacify him by going along. All during the trip to the outskirts of Brooklyn he continued his enthusiastic efforts to harness up the past to the present. Not even the unpleasantly chilly drizzle discouraged him.

"So much the better," he argued; "the circus people will have time to converse with us."

But it was only half an hour till show time, and "hustle" was in the air. The performers were too busy to be interrupted, explained his friend the press agent; we could walk around and talk to the attractions. It was not until the man in charge of the monkey cage told him gruffly to "move on and not block the tent" that the Student finally gave up.

Just then the persuasive tones of the portly individual in charge of the lemonade stand drew our attention. He was hawking to little purpose, we noted, for few of the dampened multitude that swept by vouchsafed him even a look. Immediately the Student's air of dejection faded.

"I had forgotten him," he said; "one of the most ancient and inevitable institutions of the circus, yet sufficiently apart from it to be a competent critic. He's not busy; we shall learn from him."

As a preliminary the Student purchased two glasses of the virid fluid and relished his change. The portly individual brightened up amiably. When the Student communicated with him on the unseasonable weather, it became obvious that the Pink Lemonade

Man's blatant exterior hid a sensitive soul; he had been depressed, discouraged, and he welcomed sympathy.

"It's fierce," he replied, suspending the larking. "It's three days now, and if it don't stop, I'll be cramped. It keeps you busy trying not to lose a sale—"

He lapsed ingratiatingly to a tall angular woman who was peering through steel-rimmed spectacles at a lemonade tab, while she held tightly by the hand a primly starched little girl.

"No'm; no coloring matter in it to hurt the insides. It's made of the new stylish lemons grown in California by Mr. Burbank specially for the Four Hundred pink teas. Here ye are, Jimmy, two glasses."

He interpreted the Student's expression and explained:

"Got to do it since that blamed quacker Wiley turned loose his pure food wrinkle. The stiff that's nursing a weary existence on exorbitant breakfast foods and savoury coffee blows ahead and wants to know all kinds of food things—if the lemonade contains lemonade of dynamite, formaldehyde, or any of the popular embalming fluids. I can't tell 'em the truth—that those things is too expensive to put in our product; so I have to square it more artistic and picturesque."

"The art is to conceal art," murmured the Student.

"Exactly," went on the Pink Lemonade Man; "but you've got to be careful nowadays. I get wise that most of those who comes up representing 'emself as food inspectors and consuming samples in be sure it was O.K. was grafters. No I get reckless. A smooth sales-man sold me a job lot of patent lemonade powder at sixty cents a pound, which makes sixty gallons. Well, there's a rush on, so we make it up and deal it out, regardless. They what happens. Along comes a stiff an' buys a glass an' pours it into a bottle. He's back in about two hours with a constable who pinches me for violating the pure food laws."

"I don't say nothin' while the stiff sings a long wail to the judge about my 'liquide lein' full of saccharine. But I'm remembering some patent medicine dope I once read trustfully, so I pull a line of expert chemistry for a delense, and get turned loose—"

"Here you are! Here you are! Scientific lemonade for the children! (Jimmy, tend to business.) That's it—a glass for each of the youngsters and one for yourself, of course."

The Pink Lemonade Man turned to us and said, sotto voce:

"I know that fat old guy was yearning for a chance to get up against our goods. You could tell by the way he slowed up when he dragged the kids by. I'd 'a' lost him in a minute."

"Lost him," I said; "how?"

"Well, he'd 'a' been ashamed to stop unless the kids put up a howl. Same way about comin' to the circus. The old guy lets us on it's too undignified for their own amusement, but they stir their kids up with ambition to go, so at the last minute they can show how kind-hearted and self-sacrificin' they are, by takin' 'em. Thas they get 'em here and manage to attract their attention in all the lemonade and peanuts and other circus delensers which they yearn for. Consequence, there's a constant howl which is stifled with the goods. As the old ones has bigger capacities, they survive; but the kids is sick next day. We get all the blame, when, start to finish, it's the fault of these old hypocrites."

The Student was duly impressed, but I could tell there was something on his mind. Finally he spoke.

"You spoke of a rheumatic delense," he remarked with significant carelessness; "what was it? I mean in the pure food case."

"Oh," said the Pink Lemonade Man, "sax mean about the saccharine." Well, I admitted it, and said we used saccharine purely for the scientific reason that there was thousands of victims of diabetes and Bright's disease which regular sugar would be poison to. Also I invited the judge in come to the show at my expense and taste the goods himself."

"Will you look at that cheap skate flitting that slice of bacon out of his glass and blowing it up!" He beckoned to Jimmy, who was at the other end of the stand. "If you ain't careful about dipping up them lemons, you're fired. I could make some money if it wasn't for you."

"It's things like that," he said, tazing to us, "that keeps me



"The kids is sick next day. We get the blame"

poor. Besides, it makes it too risky to use them new paper-mashy articles I hear is on the market."

We looked our incredulity.

"Sure," asserted the Pink Lemonade Man, with a superior smile; "though I ain't never used 'em. Had one experience with fake ice that made me leery of them devices."

"It's an awful hot summer day, and we're in one of them little jay bums where the local ice supply is cornered by the ice-cream store and the undertaker. The former won't ever loosen up, 'sevin' they figure on controlin' the coolin' refreshments while the show is in town; and the undertaker trustin' he'll need his after it's gone. Well, we manage to dig up a little from a farmer, but 'sevin' it's a sterling day, our display is pitiful. The natives have drove in for a holiday and they're making a constant yell for more ice to flush the dust out of their throats. I got another helper with me then, an' he's an Edison in the lemonade biz. Says he:

"Regards for cracked ice is all imagination. Break up some of them thick glass insulators which will look like ice. We'll fill the glasses with it, then top off with some real ice, and fill up with lemonade. Besides, it'll be savin'."

"Nay, the effect is great! You get a merry shink-shink on the side of the glass that would bring joy to a man the morning after. I'm figurin' on raisin' the boy's salary."

"It's in the evening, that sold him one of them rural types that raises a crop of face affairs in order to save the expense of shavin'. With him in three kids which threaten to grow up the same. He hovers around the stand five minutes before he gets courage to buy. Then it's one glass he orders."

"I'm watchin' proceedings, which consists of takin' a sip all around. Then I'm hesitin' to see the old skate dip into the glass and begin to whack up the cracked ice. The old fellow goes up against a fawner piece, and the first thing you know there's a yell that starts a pause in the wild animal treat. It's hit down with a loun tooth and broke it off. 'Sevin' the village constable's present, I'm pinched, and it costs me two hundred for permission to leave the leery."

"You must come to understand the circus profession pretty well," suggested the Student, still incredulous of his purpose.

"Lemons," said the Pink Lemonade Man, "is my profession—and first and last, I've had a good many handed me."

"Take it from me, there's four-fishers in this business, same as any other. I don't wonder you smile; but it's a straight goods. Why, there's the game 'Smooth Al,' one of the ticket men, put up in us lemonade men. There's four of us boys the privilege. Anderson, that's selling across the tent, gets wise that our business is always hurt by the home talent, which makes up lemonade and peddles it outside for half price. An' he does out how he can prevent it by combinin' forces. This is that we send a man to see the small bugs a day ahead of the show, and buy up every lemon is right. This ain't difficult, 'sevin' there's usually about three stores that keep lemons, and the supply ain't staggerin'."

"Immediately we notice business picks up, and besides we don't lose neither. There's usually been such a demand for lemons that the grocers is glad to lay them back at full price when we leave."

"By and by we get tackling bigger villages, and then notice that we got to buy a lot of lemons that we can't unload afterwards. Reports is there's always one or two men with a big supply on hand for which they want prices."

"Well, the thing comes out. 'Smooth Al' is doin' us dirt. He's got wise to our method, and is the one shadin' in those big benches of lemons. He's had some sent to bums for three weeks ahead, and they're distributed by a sneaky lithographer who gets around a day ahead of our man, and appoints agents. But we stung him all right. We stopped buying for four weeks, which about covered Al's supply. At the end of that time he had about six billion on hand, which he was glad to unload on us at very bargain prices."

"Do you find your—profession profitable?" I asked.

"Business has been rotten so far this season, but it'll pick up from now on. The show jumps out through territory where all the towns mostly is prohibition."

"Ah!" ejaculated the Student, delightedly; "so you find that in those places the people really prefer lemonade to stronger drink?"

The Pink Lemonade Man fought nonchalantly. "Profer it?" he chorled. "Well, not by a damn sight. The ain't consumes quantities of it for the same reason they voted for prohibition. It's advertising. In them rubber-neck communities all the old sanctified dame knows what everybody does. So the men folks have to vote for prohibition or he bid up as town drunkards. 'Course in they fall up around a lemonade stand to keep up the bluff, and we benefit. It's amusin' to see them victims outpacing the stuff under the counter, same as the wise members of a Sixth Avenue Saturday night reunion."

"There's some men unscrupulous enough to swindle them unfortunately in a most heartless and disappointed way. They'll have one level of fluid colored red like ink. They recommend this to the men, with a very suggestive side wink, as 'tonic lemonade' at ten

cents per. Of course, it's only lemonade, but the poor victim can't make a holler, 'sevin' their chaperones is present."

The Student had been gazing at the Pink Lemonade Man's right hand, on which sparkled a big diamond, which he adjusted frequently so that it would show to advantage.

"Fine stone you have," he remarked. "I have heard, I think, that diamonds are rather popular with circus people."

"Most performers," said the Pink Lemonade Man, "soak away their spare change in sparklers so as to have somethin' to hock if they go broke. I flash mine mostly for business reasons, though I ain't denyin' I've converted it at times. Diamonds adds dignity, specially in small towns, where they can only recognize a gentleman because he wears a high hat, patent leather shoes, and swell clothes. Besides, it makes 'em feel easier to let 'em are you trustin' a 'fin' sparkler like that in the liquids you're sellin' 'em."

Here a shower of sawdust fell about us. Two boys were fighting in front of the stand, rolling on the ground and pelting each other with sawdust.

"Well, I'll be—!" began the Pink Lemonade Man, as a quantity of it landed in one of the tubs. Then he smiled philosophically.

"It'll draw a crowd, and maybe I'll land some of 'em. Here, Jimmy," he called loudly to his assistant, "take this tub over to the dressing tent and empty it."

"What he'll do," he confided, "is strain it through a cheesecloth we keep on purpose. He'll bring it back in a minute, that is, unless Mademoiselle Fleurette is hanging round."

The Serious Student beamed.

"Are there many little romances around the circus?" he asked, eagerly. "I presume she is his sweetheart?"

The Pink Lemonade Man threw back his head and gave up to such explosive and sprinkling mirth that I shuddered for the lemonade.

"If Jimmy heard you," he finally managed to splutter, "he'd probably try to bust your jaw in. Mademoiselle Fleurette's a young man. Him an' Jimmy inter be pals, but now most every time they meet there's a scrap. Fleurette's got a swelled head an' puts on airs. Jimmy gets back at him by insinuations concernin' him passin' for a prefer' lady."

I shared the Student's obvious amazement, but it was he who voiced our curiosity.

"They fall up against a lemonade stand to keep up the bluff!"



"Nix, he ain't the bearded lady," replied the Pink Lemonade Man. He wiped the evidences of great emotion from his eyes with the back of his hand, erased three patrons with such preoccupation that he neglected to fill the glasses, and then returned with mysterious mien.

"You got to promise to say nothin' till the show leaves," he stipulated, one hand shielding his mouth in a theatrically confidential manner. We promised.

"Well," he confided, "Fleurette is at present what you see all over the billboards as 'The Dainty Parisienne in the Double Sensation. Death-defying. Whirlin' Leap for Life.' Just before the accident his name was Dugan—Mike Dugan, an' he run away from home with Jimmy to join the circus."

"Accident?" we gasped, simultaneously.

"Cert," said the Pink Lemonade Man; "that's what made him a star. He'd been a circus man, working twenty six hours a day. One day there was trouble placin' one of the big poles, and they

(Continued on page 25.)



THE MESSAGE AND THE MESSENGER

DRAWINGS BY



GER—"PLEASE ANSWER BY BEARER"

R. F. SCHABELITZ

The Charm of Eastertide at Atlantic City

By JOHN STEEVENS

DRAWINGS BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

DURING two weeks of each recurring spring-time—the week preceding and the week following Easter, Sunday—the native spirit of America vanishes from Atlantic City, and in its place suddenly appears, from nowhere and everywhere, a sprle whims habitant in Paris—the Paris of gayety, color, music; of laughter and chat; of costumes and cafes, of dancing and merriment, of "farewell-to-yesterday, and the devil-take-to-morrow!" Why this giddy little spirit should have selected Atlantic City, some years ago, as a place wherein to settle down for a fortnight each spring and to hold jester's court no man knoweth, and none attempteth to guess. But that he comes is fact; and that some thousands of men and women come to welcome him is also fact, for the great majority see him in his home every year or two, and they seize the annual opportunity to see him here, to imbibe of his ever-flowing gality, to breathe of his atmosphere of lightness, and to share his care-free life.

Nowhere else, certainly not in the eastern part of the United States, does the Easter season come with such a sudden burst of joyousness, such a fountain of renewed vitality, as at Atlantic City. During the few hot months of the year this cosmopolitan old resort is humming, roaring, shouting, with good humor on the part of millions of visitors from all over the land. The immense boardwalk is filled in the morning, crowded in the late afternoon, and almost jammed at night; beach shoes, pavilions, piers,—all the thousand-and-one opportunities for an hour's enjoyment—are in full blast. The latest yachts are loaded to their capacity; the bathing grounds are swarmed; hotels, boarding-houses, cottages of high and low degree are filled to overflowing with guests booked far in advance; and excursionists from a score of cities and towns come by thousands to spend but a day, and return home at night. Such, in brief, is Atlantic City for one part of the year. And then, excepting for a comparatively few of the best hotels, the town practically shuts down its activities, puts on a cloak of quiet gray—gray sand, gray sea, neutral sky-effects—during the long winter. To be sure, people do come down here in the cold season, the season of sharp, bracing winds and menacing, tumultuous, smothering seas; but they are a handful compared with the summer multitudes. The latter part of January and February are

more and more arriving—business and professional men who know they need rest, and take it as a regular matter of business; women and children who need a change of scene and air, or who can easily convince their families of the apparent need. And all these folk enjoy themselves keenly, rationally; for the best of the hoteleries are never closed, and good living and good music and general good cheer are conducive to rational enjoyment. And it is during the week preceding and the week following Easter Sunday that Atlantic City shows its individuality. Its clear-cut distinction from any other resort in America.

You who are worldly-wise readers of newspapers and periodicals, and who therefore read the advertising columns as habitually as you read the news columns and editorials, may have noticed that for a month preceding Easter there appear now and then moderate reminders of Atlantic City as a spring resort. But you also note that there is as such carefully-planned, elaborate, extensive, and expensive advertising as appears later on in the summer when the hotels and boarding-houses exert themselves to draw guests thither. The reason is easy to determine. Atlantic City needs no Easterlike advertising. It has, during the two Easter weeks, all the guests its leading hotels can accommodate, and those who neglect to secure quarters far in advance are turned away. Its leading hotels, I say, and for the very good reason that mightily few of the other kind are open at Easter. And only the best are open, for the further good reason that practically all of the Easter guests here are people of wealth and fashion from fourteen States, who come regu-

larly, year after year, regarding their sojourn something in the same way they regard the opera season—as a regular function of high social importance. They are accustomed to the best at home, are these folk, and they demand the best here—and get it. Nothing is too costly, nothing too elaborate, so long as it approaches perfection in quality and service. Seventy-five per cent. of their names figure in the social registers of their home cities. An equally large percentage figure on boards of directors, on lists of patronesses for a hundred different undertakings in social, philanthropic, educational, and charitable affairs. They have had a long, strenuous winter, most of these men and women, and they come down here to regain elasticity of spirit. They don't have to seek long for elasticity, either. An hour's ride in one of the great boardwalk chairs, if you are not feeling quite "up to snuff," or a fair mile tramp at a swinging gait along that great avenue, will bring good red blood rushing

The Pleasure Craft at the Inlet





Atlantic City's far-famed Boardwalk, with its strolling, idling thousands of visitors

through one's body from crown to toes, and somewhere in between—everywhere, in fact—a ravenous longing to get into the dining-room as soon as luncheon is served, and to stay there no longer as possible. But this is only for the first morning. After that you take the boardwalk, and the appetite as matters of course; and begin to enjoy yourself. You can't help it, for you find a dozen friends and acquaintances in your own hotel, and you meet twice that many staying elsewhere. Over at the Country Club is golf for the taking, and a course so noted that the enthusiast has little time for night else while daylight lasts. Down on the beach are piers and shacks and ready for use, as well as others harnessed to phantoms; and a gay sight it is, this broad, hard band of sand, with the thronged boardwalk on one side, and on the other the tumbling breakers and hissing tide. Big folks, little folks, old and young, are there these gorgeous afternoons, driving solitarily in basket-carts, or urging faster and faster the scampering ponies, while others stroll along close to the water's edge picking up shells, digging for possible claims of the early spring varieties, or just doing nothing, thinking nothing, dreaming of nothing, while the great, deep undertone of the sea sounds responsive.

Far out there, beyond the line of breakers, are white sails and gay pennants, and graceful hulls skimming along, mostly ships from the big light that marks the northern boundary of Atlantic City. And if you go up to the inlet, passing the sentinel light-house that stands so grave and dignified on the way you will find a score of pleasure craft tugging at their moorings, dancing with pleasure at the thought of being off with a cargo of guests; and

there you will find others darting hither and thither in the great, smooth inlet with no swell, no pitching or tossing to divert the minds—or other things—of those who have lunched long and well.

Doing, perhaps, to the course of the Gulf Stream, or to any one of a dozen other possible causes, the warm breath of springtime comes to Atlantic City earlier than to New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Chicago, or other Northern cities. When Easter is almost at hand the good folk of these and many like communities long to feel something that is real, not illusory; to be able to go outdoors soon after breakfast minus coats and wraps, to stroll along the boardwalk, or lounge in the shops inspecting curios and objects of art from the world over. They welcome the chance to breathe in great draughts of salt-laden air which has tonic qualities but no beastly stiver in it. So they come to Atlantic City. The men with the hoe is not in evidence, but the man with the gun is; and he early steals off quietly to the marshy lands, where birds may be had by the skilled. Also the man with the hook and line is here at Easter-time—scores and hundreds of him; and there are boats and guides and bait and fish (not merely "fishin'") for him, too.

Bowling alleys? Blow your soul, yes—plenty of them, and all in demand, morning, noon, and night. Bridge? Sure thing, and plenty of bridge-enthusiasts, if you want to join them. The piers are open, too, or the principal ones; and sailors or seamen who would never think of such a thing at home put on roller-skates and whirl around and around the great rink, happy-go-lucky as a crowd of children, regardless as to whether school keeps or not, forgetful—

thankfully forgetful—of ordinary convention and corresponding useless restrictions of ordinary life. There is music, too, in such places, morning, afternoon, and night. On one of the piers especially there is music—some of the best bands to be obtained in the country, and its services are obtained only because the hotel proprietors club together, and thus subscribe sufficient sum to pay for it. And this band plays, plays well, while one section of the visiting community is skating, and other and much larger sections, in gay groups or confidential *tête-à-tête*, are comfortably ensconced near by, where they can listen and chat, or look out upon the swelling green waves that sweep shoreward beneath the pier.

It is, of course, after dinner, in the late evenings, that one feels to the full the spirit of frolic and gaiety during Easteride in Atlantic City. Then the great hotels are ablaze with light, the corridors are shimmering with gay costumes, the air is laden with string music and the delicate odor of flowers. The boardwalk outside is bright with countless cars, and the cafes are thronged. You may see, at other times, much the same kind of a crowd in a few hotels in New York—on New-year's Eve, for instance. You may see it almost any time during the season in Paris. But nowhere else in America do you see it and enjoy it, as a whole, so much as at Atlantic City during Easter week. The very air is alive and sparkles with effervescence; it seems as if some magic hand has drawn away the curtain of dull care that is supposed to be ever-present with Americans, and replaced it with the myriad-colored costume of Mademoiselle Folly at her prettiest and preperest. For there is this difference between Atlantic

City's cafes and those of Paris—you can safely take your wife and daughter into any of those of the former where Easter crowds congregate, whereas one would think twice before taking them into all the cafes of the French capital.

Of course the great event of Easteride down here by the sea, the one greatest event, strange to say, is not a ball or a series of races on land or on water, but simply a leisurely stroll along the boardwalk—the parade of Easter Sunday. Years and years ago, the Easter parade on Fifth Avenue used to be looked forward to and taken part in by some thousands of fashionable folk, and Monday's newspapers used to devote columns of space to it as a whole and to its most prominent individuals, with more or less successful attempt on the part of the reporter to tell whether Mrs. Plaza and her charming daughters were pompous-bazille cut to the polka-dot; and to-day the Easter Sunday parade figures with some seriousness of purpose in Philadelphia, it is said. Whatever may be the custom, or lack of it, elsewhere, the parade in all its glory still takes place down here by the shore; and it is a carnival such as was never dreamed of by New York, even in the palmy days



The Beach and the never-silent Sea

younger wife passed along the boards in amicable and animated conversation with a dignified Hindu who held his flowing robes carefully in the balmy salt breeze. But of course the great majority of the paraders are from points east of Pittsburgh, south of Portland, Maine, and north of Richmond. They come and go, passing in straws, eddies, groups, rades; individuals passing here to greet unexpected friends while the human currents swirl around them; swinging off in this direction, retreating in that—a vast, intermingling, comprehensive tide of life and laughter and brightness, brads which that great monotonous salty tide at the edge of the beach sinks into sulken, blinding insignificance.

The Easter parade over, the Easter church services concluded, the Easter evening passed, Atlantic City awakens Monday morning with a shout, "on with the dancet!" And the dance is had in a multitude of social functions. Day after day, night after night—and when Friday and Saturday come the thousands are leaving for home, the crowds are swelling away from hotels, piers, boardwalk, beach, inlet, and country club. Then one wakes up to the fact that the spring sink is all over, and nothing much will be doing until the summer weather arrives. Just why this is so, why Atlantic City should be so sparsely populated with guests during May and early June is a mystery. For in these six weeks the resort is literally at its very best and highest state of efficiency. By this time all the hotels are ready for business—they have to be ready then. The furnishing and decorations are unused, macarred, and maimed. Everything is bright with new paint, everybody of the permanent population is ready for the upcoming hosts of visitors; the shops have their new stock laid in and displayed, the boardwalk attractions are in order, and the last dab of brush and pressure of polishing cloth has been given to the wood and brasswork of the inlet yachts.

A few of the canny ones come here in May and in early June, and a few more are coming each year. If the pleasure-loving populace of the country knew what was to be found here in these six weeks it would come down by tens of thousands. For there are thousands of Americans who think of Atlantic City only in its midsummer aspect—thronged to the guard rails, boisterous, rollicking, its action, always in action, restless as the sea itself. Such it is in the heated term. But the Atlantic City of May and early June is as different as if it were in a foreign country.



The Haven of Hundreds of Guests



A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Hichens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHEEP," ETC.

CHAPTER IX



"ONA sera, signorina."

"Buona sera, Ruffo."

"She did not bring surprise when he came up to her.

"No you fish at night?" she said. "I thought the divers for *frutti di mare* did not do that."

"Signorina, I have been taken into the boat of Masolino Giuseppe."

He spoke rather proudly, and evidently thought she would know of whom he was telling her. "I fish for sardie now."

"Is that better for you?"

"Si, signorina, of course."

"I am glad of that."

"No, signorina."

He stood beside her quite at his ease. To-night he had on a cap, but it was pushed well off his brow, and showed plenty of his thick dark hair.

"When did you see me?" she asked.

"Almost directly, signorina."

"And what made you look up?"

"Signorina?"

"Why did you look up directly?"

"Not to see, signorina."

"I think it was because I made you feel that I was there," she said. "I think you obey me without knowing it. You did the same the other day."

"Perhaps, signorina."

"Have you smoked all the cigarettes?"

She saw him smile, showing his teeth.

"No, signorina, long ago. I smoked them the same day."

"You shouldn't. It is bad for a boy, and you are younger than I am, you know."

"The smile grew wider.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I don't know, signorina."

"Do you think it is funny to be younger than I am?"

"No, signorina."

"I suppose you feel quite as if you were a man?"

"If I could not work as well as a man Giuseppe would not have taken me into his boat. But of course with a lady it is all different. A lady does not have to work. Poor women get old very soon, signorina."

"Your mother, is she old?"

"My mamma! I don't know. Yes, I suppose she is rather old." He seemed to be considering.

"No, signorina, my mamma is rather old. But then she has had a lot of trouble, my poor mamma!"

"I am sorry, is she like you?"

"I don't know, signorina; I have never thought about it. What does it matter?"

"It may not matter, but such things are interesting sometimes."

"Are they, signorina?"

Then, evidently with a polite desire to please her and carry on the conversation in the direction indicated by her, he said, "And are you like your signora madre, signorina?"

Vere felt inclined to smile, but she answered, quite seriously: "I don't believe I am. My mother is very tall, much taller than I am, and not so dark. My eyes are much darker than hers and quite different."

"I think you have the eyes of a Sicilian, signorina."

Again Vere was conscious of a simple effort on the part of the boy to be gallant. And he had a good memory too. He had not forgotten her three-day-old claim to Sicilian blood. The slight mitigated the blunders of his transparency. It seemed. Vere could not help being pleased. There was something in her that ever turned towards the Sicily she had never seen. And this boy had not seen Sicily, either.

"Isn't it odd that you and I have never seen Sicily?" she said, "and that both our mothers have? And mine is all English, you know."

"My mamma would be very glad to kiss the hand of your signora mother," replied Ruffo. "I told her about the kind ladies who gave me cigarettes, and that the signorina had never seen her father. When she heard that the signorina was been after her father was dead, and that her father had died in Sicily, she said—'my poor mamma!—'ff ever I see the signorina's mother, I shall

kiss her hand. She was a widow before she was a mother, my the Madonna comfort her.' My mamma spoke just like that, signorina. And then she cried for a long time. But when patrigeo came in she stopped crying at once."

"Did she? Why was that?"

"I don't know, signorina."

Vere was silent for a moment. Then she said:

"Is your patrigeo kind to you, Ruffo?"

The boy looked at her, then swiftly looked away.

"Kind enough, signorina," he answered.

Then they both kept silence. They were standing side by side then, looking down rather vaguely at the Nalati's Pool, when another boat floated gently into it, going over to the far side, where already lay the two boats at the foot of San Francesco. Vere saw it with indifference. She was accustomed to the advent of the fishermen at this hour. Ruffo stared at it for a moment with a critical, inquiring gaze. The boat drew up near the land and stopped. There was a faint murmur of voices, then silence again.

The Marchesino had told the two sailors that they could have as much or as little of sleep before beginning to fish.

The men lay down, shut their eyes, and seemed to sleep at once. But Artide and the Marchesino, lounging on a pile of rugs deftly arranged in the bottom of the stern of the boat, smoked their cigars in a silence laid upon them by the night silence of the Pool. Neither of them had as yet caught sight of the figures of Vere and Ruffo which were becoming more clearly relieved as the moon rose and brought a larger world within the radiance of its light. Artide was satisfied that the members of the Casa del Mare were in bed. As they approached the house he had seen no light from its windows. The silence about the islet was profound, and gave him the impression of being in the very heart of the night. What had he anticipated? What had he expected of this expedition? He had been, as usual, politely waiting on bedstead. He had come to the islet in the hope that destiny would meet him there and treat him with every kindness and hospitality, forestalling his desires. But let! he was abandoned in a boat among a lot of turbulent men, while the object of all his thoughts and plans, his plots and hopes, was doubtless harmlessly sealed in the home on the cliff above him.

Several Neapolitan words, familiar in street circles, ran through his mind, but did not issue from his lips, and his face remained perfectly calm—almost scrupulous in expression.

Out of the corner of his eye he stole a glance at "care Emilio." He wished his friend would follow the example of the men and go to sleep. He wanted to feel himself alone in wakefulness and unobserved. For he was not resigned to an empty fate. The voices of the laughing women at the Antico Giuseppe still rang through his memory. He was adventurous by nature. What he would do if Emilio would only chamber he did not know. But it was certain he would do something. The islet, dark and distinct in outline beneath the moon, summoned him. Was he a Neapolitan and not beneath her window? It was absurd. And he was not at all accustomed to control himself or to fight his own impulses.

For the moment "care Emilio" became "malafatto Emilio" in his mind. Sleepless as Frodo, Emilio reclined there. A slightly distracted look came into the Marchesino's eyes as he glanced away from his friend and stared once more at the islet which he longed so ardently to invade.

This time he saw the figures of Vere and Ruffo above him in the moonlight, which now sharply relieved them. He gazed. And as he gazed they moved away from the bridge, going towards the seat where Vere had been before she had seen Ruffo.

Vere had on a white dress.

The heart of the Marchesino leaped. He was sure it was the girl of the white boat. Then the inhabitants of the house on the islet were not asleep, were not even in bed. They—she at least, and that was all he saved for—were out enjoying the moon and the sea. How favorable was the night! But who was with her?

The Marchesino had very keen eyes. And now he used them with almost fierce intensity. But Ruffo was on the far side of

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Vere. It was not possible to discern more than that he was male, and taller than the girl in the white dress.

Jenouisy leaped up in the Marchesino, that quick and almost frivolous jealousy which, in the southerner, can so easily deepen into the deadliness that leads to crime. Not for a moment did he doubt that the man with Vere was a lover. This was a blow which, somehow, he had not expected. The girl in the white boat had looked enchantingly young. When he had played the seal for her she had laughed like a child. Even he, who believed in no one's simplicity, made sceptical by his own naughtiness so early developed towards a fine maturity!—had not expected anything like this. And these English, who pride themselves upon their propriety, their stiffness, their cold respectability! These English misses!

"Ouf!"

It was out of the Marchesino's mouth before he was aware of it, an exclamation of cynical disgust.

"What's the matter, amico mio?" said Artois, in a low voice.

"Niente!" said the Marchesino, recollecting himself. "Are you going to sleep?"

"Yes," said Artois, throwing away his cigar end. "I am. And you?"

"I too!"

The Marchesino was surprised by his friend's reply. He did not understand the desire of Artois not to have his sense of the romance of their situation broken in upon by conversation just then. The romance of Nature was not with Artois, but the romance of Nature was. He wanted to keep it. And now he settled himself a little lower in the boat, under the shadow of its side, and seemed to be giving himself to sleep.

The Marchesino thanked the Madonna, and made his little pretence of slumber too, but he kept his head above the gunwale, leaning it on his arm with a supporting cushion beneath; and though he really did shut both his eyes for a short time, to deceive caro Emilio, he very soon opened them again, and gazed towards the islet. He could not see the two figures now. Raze seized him. First the two men at the Antico Giuseppe, and now this man on the islet! Every one was companioned. Every one was enjoying the night as it was meant to be enjoyed. He alone was the sport of "il maledetto destino." He longed to commit some act of violence. Then he glanced cautiously round without moving.

The two sailors were sleeping. He could hear their regular and rather loud breathing. Artois lay quite still. The Marchesino turned his body very carefully so that he might see the face of his friend. As he did so, Artois, who had been looking straight up at the stars, shut his eyes and simulated sleep. His suspicion of Doro, that this expedition had been undertaken with some hidden motive, was suddenly renewed by this sly and furtive movement, which certainly suggested purpose and the desire to conceal it.

No care Emilio slept very peacefully, and breathed with the calm regularity of a sucking child. But in this sleep of a child he was presently aware that the boat was moving, in fact was being very adroitly moved. Though his eyes were shut he felt the moonlight leave his face presently, and knew they were taken by the shadow of the islet. Then the boat stopped.

A moment later Artois was aware that the boat contained three people instead of four.

The Marchesino had left it to take a little stroll on shore.

Artois lay still. He knew how light in the slumber of women in a boat with the wide airs about them, and felt sure that the sailors must have been waked by the touch of the boat across the Pool. Yet they had not moved, and they continued apparently to sleep. He guessed that a glance from their "padroni" had advised them not to wake. And this was the truth.

At the first movement of the boat both the men had looked up, and had received their message from the Marchesino's expressive eyes. They realised at once that he had some design which he wished to keep from the knowledge of his friend, the fore-sure. Of course it must be connected with a woman. They were not particularly anxious. They had always lived in Naples, and knew their aristocracy. So they merely returned the Marchesino's glance

with one of comprehension and composed themselves once more to repose.

The Marchesino did not come back, and presently Artois lifted himself up a little, and looked out.

The boat was right under the lee of the islet, almost touching the shore, but the sea was so perfectly still that it scarcely moved, and was not in any danger of striking against the rock. The sailors had seen that, too, before they slept again.

Artois sat quite up. He wondered a good deal what his friend was doing. One thing was certain—he was trespassing. The islet belonged to Hermione, and no one had any right to be upon it without her invitation. Artois had that right, and was now considering whether or not he should use it, follow the Marchesino and tell him—that he had not told him—that the owner of the islet was the English friend of whom he had spoken.

For Artois the romance of the night in which he had been revelling was now thoroughly disturbed. He looked again towards the two sailors, suspecting their sleep. Then he got up quietly, and stepped out of the boat on to the shore. His doing so gave a slight impetus to the boat, which floated out a little way into the Pool. But the sea in it seemed to sleep on.

Artois stood still for a moment at the edge of the sea. His great limbs were cramped, and he stretched them. Then he went slowly towards the steps. He reached the plateau before the Casa del Mare. The Marchesino was not there. He looked up at the house. As he did so the front door opened and Hermione came out, wrapped in a white lace shawl.

"Emilio!" she said, stopping with her hand on the door. "Why—how extraordinary!"

She came to him.

"Have you come to pay us a nocturnal visit, or—there's nothing the matter?"

"No," he said.

For perhaps the first time in his life he felt embarrassed with Hermione. He took her hand.

"I don't believe you meant me to know you were here," she said, guided by the extraordinary intuition of women.

"To tell the truth," he answered, "I did not expect to see you. I thought you were all in bed."

"Oh no. I have been on the terrace and in the garden. Vere is out somewhere. I was just going to look for her."

There was a distinct question in her prominent eyes as she fixed them on him.

"No, I haven't seen Vere," he said, answering it.

"Are you alone?" she asked, abruptly.

"No. You remember my mentioning my friend, the Marchesino Panacci? Well, he is with me. We were going to fish. The fishermen suggested our sleeping in the Saint's Pool for an hour or two first. I found them gone, and came to look for him."

There was still a faint embarrassment in his manner.

"I believe you have seen him," he added. "He was bathing the other day when you were passing in the boat,—I think it was you. Did you see a young man who did some tricks in the water?"

"Oh yes, an independent young creature. He pretended to be a porpoise and a seal. He made us laugh. Vere was delighted with him. Is that your friend? Where can he be?"

"Where is Vere?" said Artois.

Their eyes met, and suddenly his embarrassment passed away.

"You don't mean that—?"

"My friend, you know what these Neapolitans are. Doro came back from his bath reeling about Vere. I did not tell him I knew her. I think—I am sure he has guessed it, and much more. Let us go and find him. It seems you are to know him. E' il destino."

"You don't want me to know him?" she said, as they turned away from the house.

"I don't know that there is any real reason why you should not. But my instinct was against the acquaintance. Where can Vere be? Does she often come out alone at night?"

"Very often. Ah! There she is beyond the bridge, and—is that the Marchesino Panacci with her? Why—no, it's—"

"It is Raffaele," Artois said.

Vere and the boy were standing near the edge of the cliff, and talking earnestly together, but as Hermione and Artois came towards them they turned



They turned round as if moved by a mutual impulse

remained as if moved by a mutual impulse. Ruffo took off his cap and Vere cried out:

"Monsieur Emile!"

She came up to him quickly. He noticed that her face looked extraordinarily alive, that her dark eyes were fiery with expression.

"Good evening, Vere," he said.

He took her small hand.

"Buona sera, Ruffo," he added.

He looked from one to the other, and saw the perfect simplicity of both.

"Tell me, Vere," he said; "have you seen any one on the inlet tonight?"

"Yes, just now. Why? What made you think so?"

"Well?"

"A man—a gentleman, come. I told him we was trespassing."

Artois smiled. Ruffo stood by his cap in his hand, looking attentively at Vere, who had spoken in French. She glanced at him, and suddenly broke into Italian.

"He was that absurd boy we saw in the sea, madre, the other day, who pretended to be a seal, and made me laugh. He reminded me of it, and asked me if I didn't recognize him."

"What did you say?"

"I said 'No' and 'Good night.'"

"And did he go?" asked Artois.

"No, he would not go. I don't know what he wanted. He looked quite odd, as if he were feeling angry inside, and didn't wish to show it. And he began trying to talk. Just as I didn't really know him—after all, laughing at a man because he pretends to be a seal is scarcely knowing him, is it, Monsieur Emile?"

"No," he said, smiling at her smile.

"I said 'Good night' again in such a way that he had to go."

"And so he went!" said Artois.

"Yes. Do you know him, Monsieur Emile?"

"Yes. He came with me tonight."

A little look of pensiveness came into the girl's face.

"Oh, I am sorry!"

"Why should you be?"

"Well, he was saying something about knowing friends of mine, or—I didn't really listen very much, because Ruffo was telling me about the sea—and I thought it was all nonsense. He was absurdly complimentary first, you see, and so, when he began about friends, I only said 'Good night' again. And—and I'm really afraid I turned my back upon him. And now he's a friend of yours, Monsieur Emile! I am sorry!"

Already the Marchesino had had that lesson of which Artois had thought in Naples. Artois laughed aloud.

"It doesn't matter, Vere. My friend is not too sensitive."

"Buona sera, signorina! Buona sera, signora! Buon riposo!"

It was Ruffo preparing to go, feeling that he scarcely belonged to this company, although he looked in no way shy, and had been smiling broadly at Vere's narrative of the discomfiture of the Marchesino.

"Ruffo," said Hermione, "you must wait a moment."

"Si, signora?"

"I am going to give you a few more cigarettes."

Vere sent a silent but brilliant "Thank you" to her mother. They all walked towards the house.

Vere and her mother were in front. Artois and Ruffo behind. Artois looked very closely and even curiously at the boy.

"Have I ever seen you before?" he asked, as they came to the bridge.

"Signore?"

"Not the other morning. But have we ever met in Naples?"

"I have seen you pass by sometimes at the Mergellina, signora."

"That must be it, then!" Artois thought. "I have seen you there without consciously noticing you."

"You live there?" he said.

"Si, signora; I live with my mamma and my patrigno."

"Your patrigno," Artois said, merely to continue the conversation. "Then your father is dead?"

"Si, signora, my babbo is dead."

They were on the platform now, before the house.

"If you will wait a moment, Ruffo, I will fetch the cigarettes," said Hermione.

"Let me go, madre," said Vere, eagerly.

"Very well, dear."

The girl ran into the house. As she disappeared they heard a quick step, and the Marchesino came hurrying up from the sea. He took off his hat when he saw Hermione, and stopped.

"I was looking for you, Emile."

He kept his hat in his hand. Evidently he had recovered completely from his lesson. He looked gay and handsome. Artois realized how very completely the young man's desires were being fulfilled. But, of course, the introduction must be made. He made it quietly.

"Marchese Isidoro Panarè—Mrs. Delarey."

The Marchesino bent and kissed Hermione's hand. As he did so Vere came out of the house, her hands full of Khalil Targa cigarettes, her face eager at the thought of giving pleasure to Ruffo.

"This is my daughter, Vere," Hermione said. "Vere, this is the Marchese Isidoro Panarè, a friend of Monsieur Emile's."

The Marchesino went to kiss Vere's hand, and she said:

"I'm very sorry—look!"

She showed him that they were full of cigarettes, and so escaped from the little ceremony. For those watching it was impossible to know whether she wished to avoid the formal salutation of the young man's life or not.

"Here, Ruffo!" she said. She went up to the boy. "Put your hands together."

Ruffo gladly obeyed. He curved his brown hands into a cup, and Vere added this cup with the big cigarettes, while Hermione, Artois, and the Marchesino looked on; each one of them with a fixed attention which—surely—the action scarcely merited. But there was something about these two, Vere and the boy, which held the eyes and the mind.

"Good night, Ruffo. You must carry them to the boat. They'll be crushed if you put them into your trousers pocket."

"Si, signorina!"

He waited a moment. He wanted to salute them, but did not know how to. That was evident. His expressive eyes, his whole face, told it to them.

Artois suddenly set his lips together in his beard. For as instant it seemed to him that the years had rolled back, that he was in London, in Camille's restaurant, that he saw Maurice Delarey, with the extravagant explosion on his face that had been so pleasing. Yes, the boy Ruffo looked like him at that moment, as he stood there, wishing to do his devoir, to be polite, but not knowing how to.

"Never mind, Ruffo." It was Vere's voice. "We understand!—and—laughing look came into her face. She went up to the boy and, with a delicious, childish charm and delicacy that quite removed the action from impertinence, she took his cap off. "There!" She put it gently back on his dark hair. "Now you've been polite to us, buona notte!"

"Buona notte, signorina."

He bent his head off, half laughing, and carrying carefully the cigarettes in his hands still held together like a cup.

Hermione and Artois were smiling. Artois felt something for Vere just then that he could hardly have explained, warmer than he was of the explanation of the fragility of a man. It seemed to him that all the purity, and the beauty, and the whimsical self-consciousness, and the touchiness of youth that is divine, appeared in that little, almost comic action of the girl. He loved her for the action, because she was able to perform it just like that. And something in him suddenly adored youth in a way that seemed new to his heart.

"The boy ran off, when Ruffo had disappeared. "Will you come in? I'm afraid all the servants are in bed, but—"

"No, indeed it is too late," Artois said.

Without being aware of it he spoke with an authority that was almost stern.

"We must be off to our fishing," he added. "Good night. Good night, Vere."

"Good night, signora."

The Marchesino bowed, with his hat in his hand. He kissed Hermione's hand again, but he did not try to take Vere's.

"Good night," Hermione said.

A glance at Artois had told her much that he was thinking.

"Good night, Monsieur Emile," said Vere. "Good night, Marchese. Buona sera!"

She turned and followed her mother into the house.

"The simplices!"

It was the Marchesino's voice, breathing the words through a sigh. "The simplices, signorina!" Then an idea seemed to occur to him, and he looked at his friend reproachfully. "And you have the girl with the perfect little nose, Emile—all the time you knew her?"

"And all the time you knew I knew her!" retorted Artois.

They looked at each other in the eyes and burst out laughing.

"Emile, you are the devil! I will never forgive you. You do not trust me."

"Care again, I do trust you—always to fall in love with every girl you meet. But—and his voice changed—the signorina is a child. Remember that, Emile."

They were going down the steps to the sea. Almost as Artois spoke they reached the bottom, and saw their boat floating in the moonlight nearly in the centre of the Pool. The Marchesino stood still.

"My dear Emile," he said, staring at Artois with his great round eyes, "you make me wonder whether you know women."

Artois felt satisfied.

"Really?" he said.

"Really! and yet you write books."

"Writing books does not always prove that one knows much. But explain to me."

They began to stroll on the narrow space at the sea edge. Close by lay the boat to which Ruffo belonged. The boy was already in it, and they saw him strike a match and light one of the cigarettes. Then he lay back at his ease, smoking, and staring up at the moon.

"A girl of sixteen is not a child, and I am sure the signorina is sixteen. But that is not all. Emile, you do not know the signorina."

Artois repressed a smile. The Marchesino was perfectly in earnest.

"And you—do you know the signorina?" Artois asked.

"Certainly I know her," returned the Marchesino, with gravity. They watched Ruffo's boat. As they did so, the Marchesino glanced at it with a certain knowing impudence that was peculiarly Neapolitan.

"When I came to the top of the inlet the signorina was with that boy," the Marchesino continued.

"Well?" said Artois.

"You see now, don't you? Emile, care."

"I am not angry," said Artois.

Ner was he. It is useless to be angry with racial characteristics, racial points of view. He knew that well. The Marchesino stared at him.

"No, I see you are not."

"The signorina was with that boy. She has talked to him before. He has dived for her! He has sung for her. She has given him cigarettes, taken from her mother's box, with her mother's consent. Everything the signorina does her mother knows and approves of. You saw the signora send the signorina for more cigarettes to give the boy to-night. Ehben?"

"Ehben. They are English!"

And he laughed.

"Madre mia!"

He laughed again, seized his moustaches, twisted them, and went on.

"They are English, but for all that the signorina is a woman. And as to that boy—"

"Perhaps he is a man!"

"Certainly he is. Oh, yes, the boy at least is a Neapolitan."

"No, he isn't."

"He is not!"

"He's a Sicilian."

"How do you know?"

"I was here the other day when he was diving for fruit di mare."

"I have seen him at the Mergellina ever since he was a child."

"He says he is a Sicilian."

"Boys like that say anything if they can get something by it. Perhaps he thought you liked the Sicilians better than the Neapolitans. But anyhow—Sicilian or Neapolitan, it is all one! He is a southerner, and all fifteen a southerner is already a man. I was."

"I know it. But you were proving to me that the signorina is a woman. The fact that she, an English girl, is your friend who that fisher boy does not prove it."

"Ah, well!"

The Marchesino hesitated.

"I had seen the signorina before I came to meet you at the house."

"Had you?"

"Didn't you know it?"

"Yes, I did."

"I knew she told you."

"What?"

"She told you! She told you! She is brilliant. She is a woman, for she pretended as only a woman can pretend."

"What did she pretend?"

"That she was not speaking at my coming, at my finding out where she lived, and seeking her. Why, Emilio, even when I was in the sea, when I was diving the seal, I could read the signorina's character. She showed me from the boat that she wanted me to come, that she wished to know me. Ah, che simpatia! Che simpatia ragazza!"

The Marchesino looked once more at Ruffo.

"Come here a minute!" he said, in a low voice, not wishing to wake the still sleeping fishermen.

The boy jumped lightly out and came to them. When he stood still the Marchesino said, in his broadest Neapolitan:

"Now, then, you tell me the truth! I'm a Neapolitan, not a foreigner. You've seen me for years at the Mergellina."

"No, signore."

"You're a Neapolitan."

"No, signore. I am a Sicilian."

There was a sound of pride in the boy's voice.

"I'm quite sure he speaks the truth," Artola said, in French.

"Why do you come here?" asked the Marchesino.

"Signore, I come to fish."

"For cigarettes?"

"No, signore, for sardes. Buona notte, signore."

He turned away from them with decision and went back to his boat.

"He is a Sicilian," said Artola. "I would swear to it."

"Why? Hark at his accent."

"He is a Sicilian!"

"But why are you so sure?"

Artola only said:

"Are you going to fish?"

"Emilio, I cannot fish to-night. My soul is above such work as fishing. It is indeed. Let me go back to Naples."

"Va bene."

Artola was secretly glad. He, too, had no mind—or was it an

heart!—for fishing that night, after the episode of the boat. They



She came up with a shell cry that startled him.

hailed the sailors, who were really asleep this time, and were soon far out on the path of the moonlight setting their course towards Naples.

CHAPTER X

On the following morning Hermione and Vere went for an excursion to Capri. They were absent from the island for three nights. When they returned they found a card lying upon the table in the little hall—"Marchese faldoro. Parnelli di Toros"—and Gaspare told them that it had been left by a signore, who had called on the day of their departure, and had seemed very disappointed to hear that they were gone.

"I do not know this signore," Gaspare added, rather grimly.

Vere laughed, and suddenly made her eyes look very round, and staring, and impudent.

"He's like that, Gaspare," she said.

"Vere!" said her mother.

Then she added to Gaspare: "The Marchese is a friend of Don Emilio's. Ah! and here is a letter from Don Emilio."

It was lying beside the Marchese's card with some other letters. Hermione opened it first, and read that Artola had been unexpectedly called away to Paris on business, but intended to return to Naples as soon as possible, and to spend the whole summer on the bay.

"I feel specially that this summer I should like to be near you," he wrote. "I hope you wish it."

At the end of the letter there was an allusion to the

Marchesino, "that gay and admirably characteristic Neapolitan product, the Toledo Incarnate."

There was not a word of Vere. Hermione read the letter aloud to Vere, who was standing beside her, evidently hoping to hear it. When she had finished Vere said:

"I am glad Monsieur Emilio will be here all the summer."

"Yes."

"But why specially this summer, madre?" Hermione answered.

"I am not sure what he means by that," Hermione answered. But she remembered the conversation in the Grotto of Virgil, and wondered if her friend thought she needed the comfort of his presence.

"Well, madre?"

Vere's bright eyes were fixed upon her mother.

"Well, Vere? What is it?"

"Is there no message for me from Monsieur Emilio?"

"No, Vere."

"How forgetful of him! But never mind!" She went up stairs, looking disappointed.

Hermione reread the letter. She wondered, perhaps more than Vere, why there was no message for the child. The child—she was still calling Vere that in her mind, even after the night conversation with Gaspare. Two or three times she reread that sentence, "I feel specially that this summer I should like to be near you," and considered it; but she finally put the letter away with a strong feeling that most of its meaning lay between the lines, and that she had not, perhaps, the power to interpret it.

Vere had said that Emilio was forgetful. He might be many things, but forgetful he was not. One of his most characteristic qualities was his exceptionally sharp consciousness of himself and of others. Hermione knew that he was incapable of writing to her and forgetting Vere while he was doing so.

She did not exactly know why, but the result upon her of this letter was a certain sense of depression, a slight and vague foreboding. And yet she was glad, she was even thankful, to know that her friend was going to spend the summer on the bay. She blamed herself for her melancholy, telling herself that there was nothing in the words of Artola to make her sad. Yet she continued to feel sad, to feel as if some grievous change were at hand, as if she had returned to the island to confront some untoward fate. It was very absurd of her. She told herself that.

The excursion to Capri had been a cheerful one. She had enjoyed it, and all the time she had been watching Vere, and seeing her, as she had not watched and studied her before. Something had suddenly made her feel unaccustomed to Vere. It might be

(Continued on page 28.)

A SPIRIT IN PRISON

(Continued from page 26.)

the words of Gaspare, the expression in the round eyes of the Marchesino, or something new, or newly apparent in Vere. She did not know, but she did know that now the inclusion of Artés in mention Vere in his letter seemed to add to the novelty of the child for her.

That seemed strange, yet it was a fact. How absolutely mysterious are many of the currents in our being. Hermione thought. They flow far off in subterranean channels, unseen by us, and scarcely ever realized, but governing, carrying our lives along upon their deeps towards the appointed end.

Gaspare saw that his presence was not quite as usual, and looked at her with larger-eyed inquiry, but did not at first say anything. After tea, however, when Hermione was sitting alone in the little garden with a book, he said to her bluntly:

"Che ha lei?"

Hermione put the book down in her lap.

"That is just what I don't know, Gaspare."

"Perhaps you are not well."

"But I believe I am, perfectly well. You know I am always well. I never even have fever. And you have that sometimes."

He continued to look at her searchingly.

"You have something."

He said it freely, almost as if he were supplying her with information which she needed and had lacked.

Hermione made a sound that was like a little laugh, behind which there was no mirth.

"I don't know what it is."

Then, after a pause, she asked that phrase which is so often upon Sicilian lips:

"Ma forse è il destino."

Gaspare moved his head once as if in acquiescence.

"When we are young, signora," he said, "we do what we want, but we have to wait it. And we think we are very free. And when we are old we don't feel to want anything, but we have to do things just the same. Signora, we are not free. It is all destiny."

And again he moved his head solemnly, making his liquid brown eyes look more earnest than usual.

"It is all destiny," Hermione repeated, almost dreamily.

Just then she felt that it was as if each human being, and she most of all, was in the grasp of an inflexible, of an almost fierce guide, who chose the paths, and turned the feet of each traveller, reluctant or not, into the path the will of the guide had selected. And now, still dreamily, she wondered whether she would ever try to rebel, if the path selected for her were one that she hated, or feared, one that led into any horror of darkness or any horror of too great light. For light, too, can be terrible, a sudden great light that shines pitilessly upon one's own soul. She was of those who possess force and impulse, and she knew it. She knew, too, that these are often rebellions. Just today it seemed to her that she might believe so much in destiny, that she might believe in the inflexible purpose and power of the guide, that her intellect might forbid her to rebel, because of rebellion's beclouded utility. Nevertheless, she supposed that it was her instinct to rebel, she would do so at the psychological moment, even against the dictates of her intellect.

Gaspare remained beside her quietly. He often stood near her after they had been talking together, and calmly shared the silence with her. She liked that. It gave her an impression of his perfect confidence in her, his perfect ease in her company.

"Don't you ever think that you can put a knife into Destiny, Gaspare?" she asked him, presently, using an image he would be likely to understand, "as you might put a knife into a man who tried to force you to do something you didn't wish to do?"

"Signora, what would be the use? The knife is no good against Destiny, nor the revolver, either. And I have the permission to carry one," he added, with a smile, as if he realized that he was being whimsical.

"Well, then, we must just hope that Destiny will be very kind to us, be a friend to us, a true comrade. I shall hope that, and so must you."

"Ri, signora."

He realized that the conversation was finished and went quietly away.

Hermione kept the letter of Artés. When he came back to the bay she wanted to show it to him, to ask him to read for her the meaning between its lines. She put it away in her writing table drawer, and then resolved to forget the peculiar and this agreeable effect it had made upon her.

A fortnight passed away before Artés's return. June came in upon the bay, bringing with it a more vivid life in the environs of Naples. As the heat of the sun increased, the vitality of the human notes that danced in its beams seemed to increase also, to become more distant, more persistent. The wild wanderer was in flower. The thorny cactus put forth upon the rim of its precipitous pale yellow blossoms to rival the red exclamation that thronged about it impetuously in Italy. In the streets of the city ranged boys ran in crying, "Frische!" and holding aloft the shallow baskets in which the rosy fruit made splashes of happy color. The carters wore bright carnations above their dusty ears. The children exposed their bare limbs to the sun, and were proud when they were given morsels of ice wrapped up in vine leaves to suck in the intervals of their endless dances and their play. On the hill of Posillipo the Vesuvius blinks of the houses, in the gardens enclosed by the rounded skirts of the great stone pines, were thrust back, the windows were thrown open, the glad sun rays fell upon the cool paved floors, over which few feet had trod

den since the last summer died. Loud was the call of "Acqua!" along the roads where there were buildings, and all the lemons of Italy seemed to be set forth in baskets to please the eyes with their sharp, yet soothing, color, and tempt the lips with their poignant juice. Already in the Galleria an "avviso" was prominently displayed, advising that Ferdinando Rivero, the famous maker of Sicilian ice-creams, had returned from Palermo for the season. In the Piazza del Plebiscito hundreds of chairs were ranged before the band stand, and before the kiosks where the women sit on the night of summer near the Caffè Turco. The "Margherita" was smiling up. The "Eborato" was opening. And all along the sea, from the variable heights protected by the brushwood borders on the outskirts of the city towards Portici, to the balconies of the "Mascotto," under the hill of Posillipo, the wooden bathing establishments were creeping out into the shallow waters, and displaying proudly to the passer-by above their names: "Stabilimento Ebraico," "Stabilimento Donna Anna," "Stabilimento delle Sirene," "Il Piccolo Paradiso."

And all along the sea by night there was music.

From the Piazza before the Palace the band of the Caffè Gambirini sent forth its busy valves. The peering women of the wooden kiosks caught up the strain of sound, and sang it on with their shrill voices down the hill towards Santa Lucia, where, by the water-side and the crowding white yachts, the itinerant musicians took it into the keeping of their guitars, their mandolins, their sprightly fiddles, and their loud and tremulous voices. The "Valse Blau," "Santa Lucia," "Addio mia bella Napoli," "La Frangosa," "Sole Mio," "Marchesino," "Pierdiana," "La Cicalina," with the chain of light the chain of light of the music round the bay: from the Eborato, past the Hotel de Vesuvio, the Hotel Royal, the Victoria, to the tree-shaded alleys of the Villa Nazionale, to the Margellina, where the naked mermaids of the flower folk took their evening bath among the resting boats, to the "Seggio di Frisco," and upward to the Ristورانте della Stella, and down to the Ristورانте del Mare, and so away to the point, to the Antico Ginepro.

Long and brilliant was the chain of lamps, and long and ardent was the chain of melodies melting one into the other, and stretching to the wide darkness of the night and in the great stillness of the sea. The night was alive with music, quivered with the quivering mandolins, palpitated with the voices that beat like hearts overcharged with sentimental longings.

But at the point where stood the Antico Ginepro the lights and the songs died out. And beyond there was the mystery, the stillness of the sea.

And there, beyond the chain of lights, the chain of melodies, the light lay in its delicate isolation; nevertheless, it too, was surely not unaware of the coming of summer. For even here Nature ran up her flag to honor her new festival. High up above the rock on the mainland opposite there was a golden glory of ginepro, the brown plant, an expanse of gold as brilliant, so dense in its low surroundings, that Vere said, when she saw it:

"There is something ever even in beauty, madre. Do you like successful audacity?"

"I think I used to when I was your age," said Hermione. "Anything audacious was attractive to me then. But now I sometimes see through it too easily, and want something quieter and a little more mysterious."

"The difference between the Marchesino and Monsieur Emile" said the girl, with a little laugh.

Hermione laughed too.

"Do you think Monsieur Emile mysterious?" she asked.

"Yes—certainly. Don't you?"

"I have known him so intimately for so many years."

"Well, but that does not change him. Does it?"

"No. But it may make him appear very differently to me from the way in which he shows himself to others."

"I think if I knew Monsieur Emile for centuries I should always wonder about him."

"What is it in Emile that makes you wonder?" asked her mother, with a real curiosity.

"The same thing that makes me wonder when I look at a sleepy lion."

"You call Emile sleepy?" said Hermione.

"Oh, and his intellect, madre! Of course that is horribly, hideously wide awake."

And Vere ran off to her room, or the garden, or the Saint's Pool—who knows where?—leaving her mother to say to herself, as she had already said to herself in these last days of the growing summer, when Alena I said that to Emile, what a fool I was? She was thinking of her statement that there was nothing in her child that was hidden from her. As if in answer to that statement, Vere was unconsciously showing to her day by day the folly of it. Emile had said nothing. Hermione remembered that, and realized that his silence had been caused by his disagreement. But why had he not told her she was mistaken? Perhaps because she had put him down having been in his old path that was in her heart. Her call had been for sympathy, not merely for truth. She wondered whether she was a coward. Since they had returned from Capri the season and Vere had surely changed. Then, and always afterwards, Hermione thought of those three days in Capri as a definite hiatus, a dividing line between two periods. Already, while in Capri, she had begun to watch her child in a new way. But that was, perhaps, because of an unconscious, partly nervous, within her self. In Capri she might have been imagining. Now she was not imagining, she was truthfully.

Over the sea came in the belt the intensity of summer. Then (Continued on page 36.)

Pink Lemonade and Philosophy

(Continued from page 17.)

sent up Mike, him bein' little and skinny, to guide the riggin' into place. There's gangs settin' up stuff all over the place, and there's enough guy lines stretched to make that end of the tent look like a big barn.

Then Dugan has his lucky slip. He pitches off the top of the pole, and most of the boys begin to figure how long it will take to gather up the remains. But that's not what Dugan drops about a foot and starts a good deal of singing like a brass-bell string. He bounces off and makes the prettiest turn you ever saw before he hits another line about eight feet opposite and some further down. Consequently, he is the first manœuvre with superior variations, and the other line still further down. He hits five lines altogether, bounding down on the zig-zag step plan, and then, seen't there's a line to be made. He finishes the trip as nature intended.

"Jenkins, the Manager, is dancin' up and down like a crazy man."

"'Finest ever!' he yells. 'Got the loop-the-loop skun a mile. There's a fortune if I can get it done regular.'

"Dugan has come to and is sittin' up
clined. Jenkins turns to him.

"I'll give you two hundred a week if you pull it," says he, "providin' I ain't held re-

"'I'll take you,' says Dugan, 'if you let me practice with nets and wear pads where the lines hit.' He kept at it for a week, and now he's the feature of the show."

"Marvellous!" said the Student. "But why does he pose as a woman?"

"Well, because it's more romantic and exciting, and then the heavy upholstery necessary in certain spots to give him the female form divine keeps the lines from cutting him in half."

"I suppose a great many become circus performers through accident?" hazarded the Student, hopefully.

"Yes," said the Pink Lemonade Man emphatically: "it *is* the mostly understated accidents. Don't ask me what I think of 'em an' rouse my feelings 'em a night like this. I'll say this much, though: that for swayed heads and 'comin' it ever you' business, about all of 'em's got open stars inlaid in the centre pole. Of course it ain't the real performers, which some of 'em circus families, that put on airs. It's these kid-glove specimens that in the winter work in polite vaudeville.

"An' what good are they, anyhow, except to depe out stunts that look hard, but is dead easy? They got to have private cars and stop in swell boarding houses, and if you introduced them to a horse they'd have to use smellin' salts. It ain't like the good old days when all hands lived and eat in the tents, and hardluck riders an' tight-rope walkers wasn't about helpin' out up the canvas, or at least poodin' the time of day."

"You can trace the decadence?" encouraged the Student.

The Pink Lemonade Man looked deeply puzzled for a moment. Then his face brightened.

"Oh, so far as that goes," he said, blandly, "nowadays the managers insist on plenty of soap and water."

Before we had time to solve the meaning of the mysterious reply there was a trumpet blast followed by the outburst of a band. The Triumphant Pageant of the Nations was emerging from the dressing tent.

"You'll have to excuse me," said the Pink Lemonade Man apologetically. "After the parade kicks up the dust, my boys 'll be kept busy peddlin' our gangle. Stop back later."



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It has to be two villages out all night long and school for your grilling will this look even better. I am now left of and the weather is now."

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ABBOTT'S BITTERS

important to see that it is Abbott's

(Continued from page 28.)

world was changing. And in this changing world Vere was beginning to show forth more clearly than before her movement onward—whither?

As yet the girl herself was unconscious of her mother's new waterfulness. She was happy in the coming of summer, and in her happiness was quite at ease, like a kitten that stretches itself luxuriously in the sun. To Vere the world never seemed quite awake till summer came, only in the hot sunshine did there glow the truthfulness and the fulness of life. She shared it with the ginestra. She saw and felt a certain cruelty in the gold, but she did not fear or condemn it, or wish it away. For she was very young, and though she spoke of cruelty she did not really understand it. In it there was force, and force already appealed to the girl as few things did. As, long ago, her father had gloried in the coming of summer to the south, she gloried in it now. She looked across the Pool of the Paint to the flood of yellow that was like sunlight given a body upon the cliff opposite, and her soul revelled within her, and her heart rose up and danced, alone, and yet as if in a glad company of dancers, all of whom were friends. Her brain, too, sprang to the alert. The sun increased the feeling of intelligence within her.

And then she thought of her room, of the hours passed shut in there, and she was torn by opposing impulses.

But she told no one of them. Vere could keep her secrets, although she was a girl.

How the sea welcomed the summer! To reach this house on the island would have seemed an arid, inhospitable place, desolate and lost amid a cruel world of cliffs and waters. It was not so to Vere. For she entered into the life of the sea. She knew all its phases, as one may know all the moods of a person loved. She knew when she would find it stormy calm, at early morning and when the evening approached. At a certain hour, with a curious regularity, the breeze came, generally from Ischia, and turned it to vivacity. A temper that was almost frivolous then possessed it, and it broke into gayeties like a child's. The waves were small, but they were impetuously lively. They made a turmoil such as archers make at play. Mindless of reverence, but not consciously impious, they flung themselves at the feet of San Francesco, casting up a tiny tribute of spray into the air.

Then Vere thought that the saint looked down with pleasure at them, as a good old man looks at a crew of laughing children who have run against him in the street, remembering his own youth. For even the saints were young! And, after that, surely the waves were a little less boisterous. She thought she noted a greater calm. But perhaps it was only that the breeze was dying down as the afternoon wore on.

She often sat and wondered which she loved best—the calm that lay upon the sea at dawn, or the calm that was the prelude to the night. Silvery were these dawns of the summer days. Here and there the waters gleamed like the scales of some lovely fish. Mysterious lights, like those in the breast of the opal, shone in the breast of the sea, stirred, surely travelled as if endowed with life, then sank away to the far-off kingdoms that man may never look on. These dawns drew away the girl's soul as if she were led by angels, or, like Peter, walked upon the deep at some divine command. She felt that though her body was on the islet, the vital part of her, the real "I," was free in roam across the great expanse that lay flat and still and deliciously mysterious to the limits of eternity.

She had strange encounters there, the soul of her, as she went towards the east.

The evening calm was different. There was, Vere thought, less of heaven about it, but perhaps more of the wonder of this world. And this made her feel as if she had been nearer to heaven at her birth than she would be at her death. She knew nothing of the

defilements of life. Her purity of mind was very perfect; but, taking a parable from Nature, she applied it imaginatively to Man, and she saw him scoured with dust because of his journey through the world. Poor man!

And then she pitied herself too. But that passed. For if the sea at evening held most of the wonder of this world, it was worth the holding. Rarely would she substitute the heavenly mysteries for it. The fishermen's boats were dreams upon a dream. Each sail was akin to a miracle. A voice that called across the water from a distance brought tears to Vere's eyes when the breeze was at its fullest. For it seemed to mean all things that were tender, all things that were wistful, all things that trembled with hope—that trembled with love.

With summer Vere could give herself up to the sea, and no only imaginatively, but by a bodily act.

Every day, and sometimes twice a day, she put on her bathing dress in the Casa del Mare, threw a thin cloak over her, and ran down to the edge of the sea, where Gaspare was waiting with the boat. Hermione did not bathe. It did not suit her now. And Gaspare was Vere's inseparable companion. He had superintended her bathing when she was little. He had taught her to swim. And with no one else would he ever trust his padroncina when she gave herself to the sea. Sometimes he would row her out in a reel of racks in the open water not many yards from the island, and she would dive from them. Sometimes, if it was very hot, he would take her to the Grotto of Virgil. Sometimes they would row out to sea, and then, like her father in the lagoon sea before the Casa delle Sirene, Vere would swim away and imagine that this was her mode of travel, that she was journeying alone to some distant land, or that she had been by the sea forever.

But very soon she would be sure to hear the soft splash of one following her, and, looking back, would see the large, attentive eyes of the faithful Gaspare cautiously watching her dark head. Then she would lift up one hand, and call to him to go, and so she did not want him, that she wished to be alone, smiling and yet imperious. He only followed quietly and inflexibly. She would dive. She would swim under water. She would swim her fastest, as if truly anxious to escape him. It was a game between them now. But always he was there, latent upon her safety.

Vere did not know the memories within Gaspare that made him such a guardian to the child of the padrone he had loved; but she loved him severely for his watchfulness, even though now and then she longed to be quite alone with the sea. And this she never was when bathing, for Hermione had exacted a promise from her never to go to bathe without Gaspare. In former days Vere had none or twice begun to protest against this prohibition, but something in her mother's eyes had stopped her. And she had remembered.

"Father was drowned in the sea."

Then, understanding something of what was in her mother's heart, she threw eager arms about her and anxiously promised to be good.

One afternoon of the summer, towards the middle of June, she prolonged her bath in the Grotto of Virgil until Gaspare used his authority and insisted on her coming out of the water.

"One minute more, Gaspare! Only another minute!"

"Ma signorina!"

She died. She came up.

"Ma veramente signorina!"

She died again.

Gaspare waited. He was standing up in the boat with the oars in his hands, ready to make a dash at his padroncina directly she reappeared, but she was wily, and came up behind the boat with a shrill cry that startled him.

To be Continued.

A SPRING POEM

By GEORGE JAY

The horses chirping cock their heads,
The summer sausage sprouts,
The little pigs in garden beds
Push up their tender snouts.

The turning worm has left the soil,
Estate hop-vines leap,
The butcher stifens up his bill,
The chicken tests its crop!

The pussy cats from willow trees
Are sprawling on the ground,
And in the field the new-born chicks
A-kipping go, all round.

The butterflies with latter fill,
The bees waxed big on sizzling,
The redstart about is never still,
The woolly tramps are gumbeling.

The turtle's voice is heard once more
As creeps he over the land,
The tame grass runs up to the door,
The fly feeds from your hand.

The cow is waddling from her nest
In elm no longer bare,
Then skimming with creamy crest
The cowbirds through the air.

Soon will the corn prick up its ear,
The arrowroot will shoot,
The trees their dizzy heads will rear
Yet keep their feet, to boot.

Oh, some will freeze in winter-lime,
Oh summer some are slain,
With half some fall in love, but I'm
Glad spring's unmoved again!



From stereograph engraving, sent, by Underwood & Underwood

UNITED STATES SENATOR WHYTE, who died recently in Baltimore at the age of eighty-six years, had a long public career. He was born in Baltimore, and elected to the State Legislature at the age of twenty-three, becoming afterwards Controller of Currency for Maryland, and Governor of his State. In 1880 he became Mayor of Baltimore. He was appointed to the United States Senate in 1888 to fill the unexpired term of Beverly Johnson, was re-elected in 1874, and was again appointed in 1906 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Arthur Pue Gorman. Senator Whyte was one of the few Democrats who defended President Johnson during the impeachment proceedings.



THE National Congress of Mothers held their annual meeting last month at Washington, D. C., and in the course of their sessions elected Mrs. Frederic Schoff as president. The members of the executive committee, as shown in the photograph, are as follows:

First row, left to right: Mrs. David M. Sears, of Albany, New York; first vice-president: Mrs. Frederic Schoff, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; president: Mrs. Robert H. Cotton, of Hurry, North Carolina. Back row, left to right: Mrs. James F. Holton, of New Haven, Connecticut; Mrs. Herman H. Birney, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Mary K. Garrett, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Louise K. Gilson, of Wilmette, Illinois, treasurer.

GERMANY'S "AGENTS OF PROSPERITY"



It has been said that Prussia's triumph in the Franco-German war was due to the schoolmaster; and it may be said with equal reason that Germany's commercial prosperity is due to him, because he drills the future "drummer" for his work.

The chief agent in the expansion of German trade is the "drummer." He follows up his ideas from their conception till they have achieved successful issue; he never lets go. No other European nation shows this tenacity of purpose.

But, as already remarked, the "drummer" is the product of the schoolmaster. In the school of commerce the future representative of the nation's trade gets a special education. He is taught to speak fluently whatever language he may need for the purpose of drumming up custom. He studies the art of making himself agreeable, of analyzing the peculiarities of his customers, of training himself to a philosophical and superb complacency when confronted with the prejudices of foreign purchasers. In England or in France any man may be a drummer; the good customer is the man who can sell large bills of goods to people who do not need anything that he carries. He works on salary and commission, and he is bound to sell; his value to his employers depends upon it, and so does his personal comfort.

That is all very well in France, England, or America, but the drummer of Germany has to be something quite different. He must come from either the upper ranks of life, or be so habituated to good society that a cultured bearing has become his second nature. He must be gentle under all circumstances, polite, and anxious to satisfy every whim of his customer.

Pleasing personality is the first qualification of the German "on the road." He is not magnetic; his methods exclude everything along the line of hypnotic suggestion. He puts aside his own wishes, and waits for an expression of the wishes of his little world. He is obsequious, and his enterprise produces permanent trade relationships—not the trade of a month or of a year. He is an explorer; he does not go south in winter and north in summer; he does not take the road travelled by the man of wealth. He

breaks ground in unknown fields; he endures hardship; he fells his way through forests, to get into new countries and to represent his house where no other house has been heard of. He aims to be the first of his kind, and for that reason the German drummer is known in the backwoods of nearly every country under the sun. All Europe knows him; he is known in Scandinavia, Russia, Portugal—everywhere where German goods can find a market. Wherever there is trade, Germany has a dozen representatives to France's, England's, or America's one, and generally speaking the Germans have the best of it, because they are tactful, yielding, patient, and agreeable.

The German knows how to fulfill the demands of his customers. His "free samples" are not like any other free samples known. They are large enough to give an idea of what they represent. He offers exceptional facilities to buyers, not only by giving credit, but in a hundred different ways. He never urges people to purchase. If one sample does not please, he withdraws it and offers another. For instance, he carries samples of cloth of different widths; if some of his widths is satisfactory he takes an order for the widths desired, the German weaver furnishes it, and the drummer delivers it woven to order. He promises to the full extent of his employer's power of execution, and he is justified in doing so, because his house supports him and carries out all his promises.

As he furnishes cloth of any width desired, so he takes orders for and delivers such odd and modified forms of machinery as are suggested by his customers by the modest samples that he carries. "No," he says, with a tender light in his eyes, while he curls his light mustache—"no, we have not manufactured that shape as yet, but we can manufacture it." And he takes the order.

"Of what importance is a trifling thing like that?" somebody asks him.

"Suppose we haven't got it! We can make it! The main thing is to give them what they want!" he answers. That is his key note. He is not to please. His object is to make an outlet for the material goods of German industry that pour in constantly increasing volume from thousands of factories.

GREEN AND YELLOW GREEN AND YELLOW



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The Camel and the Needle's Eye

GIUSEPPE CARATO stored himself away in the hold of the *Merle* at Palermo in order to reach this country. He was discovered during the voyage, and when the ship reached New York was locked in the hospital. Through the perils of Giuseppe could see the haven of his dreams, and the sight proved so alluring that he forgot the proverb of the



A Stowaway's Flight which ended half way through a Ship's Porthole

camel and the needle's eye and tried to crawl out to freedom. Giuseppe became wedged when half way through, and it was necessary to cut away his clothing and lubricate him with oil before he could be released. The process was accompanied by a spanking. Now Giuseppe is outward bound for Palermo.

The Passing of the French

The population of France, whose thirty millions formed the most numerous national non-English group in Europe at the opening of the last century, has increased only twenty-six per cent. during the past hundred years, as against England's 350 per cent., and America's 1600 per cent.

The total population of France is now 38,336,788. The female sex exceeds the male in number, the figures being, respectively, 19,323,809 and 19,012,979. On the other hand, an excess in the number of the unmarried is shown on the masculine side, the respective figures being 9,917,176 and 9,114,536. There are 2,751,897 widows and divorced women, as against 1,005,884 widowers and divorced men.

The number of French families is 9,761,117, of which 1,214,773 are without children; 2,249,337 have but one child; 2,010,063 have two; 1,210,264 have three; 748,841 have four; 429,719 have five; 248,159 have six; 138,719 have seven; 71,841 have eight; and 33,917 have nine children. These figures continue to represent, in a rapidly decreasing proportion, the number of families having a larger number of children. Upon comparing these groups of figures, it will be perceived that for about two thirds of the families of France the average number of children does not exceed three; while for about one and one half per cent. of them the average number is seven; and for less than one per cent. of the same, eight children. Twenty-four families are recorded, however, as possessing seventeen, and 34 as possessing eighteen children.

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COMMENT

Dr. Wilson at the Jefferson Dinner

MR. BRYAN was not invited to speak at the JEFFERSON birthday dinner of the National Democratic Club in New York, and, properly enough, stayed away from the dinner altogether. He also politely vetoed the proposal to have a rival dinner here the same night at which he should be the chief speaker. If he had spoken here, he would have given an excellent oratorical entertainment, but sent his listeners away no wiser than they came. Not so did Dr. WOODROW WILSON, the chief speaker at the dinner which Mr. BRYAN did not attend. There was much meat in his remarks; meat fit for Democrats to digest and assimilate. He talked, not of conditions, but of principles, of which both parties seemed to him to be losing sight. Both parties, he said, have turned to the regulation of business, and he admitted that with the transfer of the greater part of the business of the country into the hands of great corporations and trusts there was undisputed need of "adjustments and reformulations of the law which the courts have not had the power or the courage to make, and which must therefore be made by legislation." Discussing what the characteristics of that legislation should be, he said:

We have, in fact, turned from legal regulation to Executive regulation. We have turned from law to personal power. It is that choice which as Democrats we challenge, and challenge with confidence, as opposed to every ancient principle of liberty and of just government.

A mere casual examination of recent legislation will show that these statements are not based upon fancy or upon exaggeration, but upon the necessary character of the things we have been trying to do.

The latest proposals are typical of all the rest. All combinations or agreements in restraint of trade had been forbidden by statute, but some agreements in restraint of trade, some sorts of pooling of rates by the railroads, for instance, do not in fact operate to the detriment of the public or of trade itself, but are beneficial rather, and to be desired in the interest alike of efficiency and economy. The lawmakers, upon that discovery, are not loath to let the reformers to attempt definitions of law which will discriminate between those agreements in restraint of trade which are innocent of monopolistic intent or effect and desirable in the interest of the community itself and those which the vulgar original law was intended to prevent. They are urged, on the contrary, to put the whole matter in the hands of an executive officer. It is proposed to invite all corporations which wish to keep within the limits of the law to register with him and to submit all their contracts and arrangements to him for his sanction or disapproval; to let him make law by executive order.

If this is necessary, government by law has broken down and personal government has been substituted. I for one do not believe that it is necessary. Neither do I believe that the American people have consciously made any such choice. They have been lashed by reformers who acted upon no principle whatever into measures the real character and consequences of which were not explained to them. When these measures are introduced the people of this country will turn from them and substitute law once more for personal power.

To all thoughtful persons, scrupulous of the ancient principles

of our law, it is evident where this demoralization crept in. It is plain why the Federal government has become the patron of the people instead of the arbiter of just and definite law. Our later tariff legislation has not been based upon the general welfare, but upon the patronage of special interests already strong, already very influential in politics. The present tariff is really a mass of special favors.

The corporation lawyers of this country know what is going on; the legislators do not. I want to say to all corporation lawyers, "If you would save the corporation, you will come out from cover and tell the legislators what is needed. You know what is needed; they don't. If they tell them you will save the corporation. If you don't, you will have the mob at its doors in a decade."

Two Men of an Excellent Spirit

Closing his address, Dr. WILSON said:

I find a great many men who do not know which party they belong to, because they cannot see any difference between them. This country is waiting for a party which will be brave enough to abide the slow processes of success and to say that they know that righteousness, that right judgment, that careful adjustments of law, that the slow processes of courts are the bases of human liberty; and that it will not despair of human liberty until it has itself departed from these historic and ancient bases.

It is interesting and encouraging to find Governor JOHNSON of Minnesota saying, the same evening, in his JEFFERSON day address at Louisville:

Expediency never got a nation anything; it never got a people anything; it never will get the Democratic party anything. When the Democratic party in its national convention plants its cause on the grounds of expediency and adopts a platform based on expediency, it cannot win and ought not to win.

What we want today is to go before the people with a patriotic, manly declaration and ask for the concurrence of the people in that declaration.

I know it may be a long road to the victory which we all want to see come. If we have the patience to endure, if we have the faith that ought to be in us, and if we have the intrepidity which ought to be characteristic of a Democrat, we shall get there.

WILSON and JOHNSON may not be perfectly at one in the details of their opinions, but there is a notable identity of spirit in their words as we have quoted them. If the Democratic party can tie to such leaders as they are, we see no reason why the road to victory should be a long one, or why the processes of success should be slow.

New York and Massachusetts Republicans

The long struggle in Massachusetts between LOUG and CRANE and the sentiments which the two Senators respectively represented ended as it should have done in an agreement to send an unimpaired delegation to the Chicago convention. The TURTLE sentiment, fostered by Senator LOUG, was strong, but not strong enough to control the convention or beat the inclination towards KNOX, led by Senator CRANE. In New York the Republican convention endorsed with pride "the great administration of President ROOSEVELT," and directed the delegates whom it chose to present at Chicago the name of Governor HUGHES, and to use all honorable means to bring about his nomination. All the same, New York will send a delegation much divided in sentiment. Governor HUGHES's chances for first place do not look promising, though he would be an attractive candidate for Vice-President.

Four Battleships or Two

It will be recalled that some four months ago Secretary of the Navy MCMURDO requested Congress to authorize the laying down of four first-class battleships during the current year. The request was referred to the Naval Committee of the House, a majority of which reported the other day in favor of beginning the construction of only two battleships. The majority report has laid itself open to criticism, because the accompanying account of the relative naval strength of various Powers was noticeably defective. For example, it did not take cognizance of the fact that Germany's construction plan, which originally had provided for only three battleships of the *Breadthought* type a year, has recently been revised with the consent of both the Reichstag and the Bundesrath, so that the number of first-class battleships to be begun annually up to and including 1911 is to be increased to four. Moreover, the scheme provides for a certain number of armored cruisers of the *Invincible* type, one of which was launched the other day, and promises to be a most formidable engine of war. It is of 12,000 tons burden, is expected to cost nearly \$7,000,000. So too, the failure at The Hague to bring about a conventional reduction of expenditures for war purposes on land and sea was quickly followed by intensive activity in the shipyard

of France and of Japan. We cannot, therefore, afford to neglect the laying down of the keels of four battleships this year on the plea that we can do so hereafter should such an addition to our sea power seem necessary. President ROOSEVELT has announced himself warmly in favor of Secretary METCALF's original project.

Negro Votes Wanted in Georgia

CONGRESSMAN LIVINGSTON, of the Fifth Georgia District, who wants to be re-nominated, advises his supporters to vote next fall against the constitutional amendment which is aimed to disfranchise the Georgia negroes. The Democrats will need the negro votes, he says, to beat TOM WATSON and the Populists. "With the negro disfranchised," says LIVINGSTON, "WATSON would dominate the State." Here is a symptom of a change that would make an enormous difference about the negro vote in the South. With two white-man parties competing in close elections there would be very much less said and done about disfranchising the negroes.

Panama, Colombia, and the United States

It was reasonable enough that Panama should have considered it the duty of the United States to prevent the seizure of Juncalo by Colombia. The first article of the Canal Treaty of 1903 reads:

The United States guarantees and will maintain the independence of the Republic of Panama.

Panama promised that the town was hers, and that therefore we were pledged to preserve its independence. But are Juncalo Panama's? Our government appears to have thought a negative answer to this question quite possible, and to have understood, moreover, that Colombia, in seizing the place, was not so much asserting a right of permanent possession as endeavoring to induce Panama to settle diplomatically the boundary dispute between the two countries. There is no doubt that the Colombia of to-day under REYES is esteemed more highly at Washington than was ever yesterday's Colombia under MONCAYOS. In 1904, in Chicago, this gentleman was characterized by Mr. ROOR as an "irresponsible dictator." But two years later, at Cartagena, the Secretary of State referred to General REYES as "that noble and great man whom it is the privilege of Colombia to call her President." To be sure these words were spoken on Colombian soil, in the presence of Señor VASQUEZ-CORO, the Colombian Minister for Foreign Affairs; but if such circumstances suggest hyperbole they also evidence indisputably our government's change of front. However, to return to Panama. Only a few days before Mr. ROOR spoke at Cartagena he addressed, in the name of the United States, the National Assembly of the Isthmian republic. On this occasion he said among other things:

It often happens that we misunderstand each other. . . . Let us remember this in all our intercourse. . . . That independence which we, first among the nations of the earth, recognized, it is our desire to have maintained inviolate. Refuse this: be patient with us, as we will be patient with you.

Pretty good advice for the Panamanians to revell at such a time as this, when they are disposed, perhaps, to judge the conduct of the United States rather inconsiderately.

A Lease and a Peace Treaty

In 1896 the Russo-Chinese Bank negotiated in behalf of the Chinese Eastern Railway Company, a Russian corporation, a lease with the Chinese government. The lease granted to the company for a term of years a strip of land about thirty miles wide running through Manchuria, on which the company might operate its railway, and also, according to Baron ROOR, exercise an "absolute and exclusive right of administration." On this leased land stands a part of the town of Harbin, whereof the residents, both Chinese and foreign, have been subjected to governmental regulation by the director of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Against some such regulation, we gather from the papers, Mr. FREDERICK D. FOSTER, our consul at Harbin, appears to have protested. The question seems to be whether what is nominally a private foreign corporation can exercise governmental control over the inhabitants of leased land without infringing upon domestic sovereignty. In Article III, Section 2, of the Treaty of Portsmouth, Russia declared she had "no territorial advantages or preferential or exclusive concessions in Manchuria of such a nature as to impair the

sovereignty of China." It is difficult to reconcile with this declaration a concession which turns over, as Baron ROOR interprets, an "absolute and exclusive right of administration" over a part of China and its inhabitants to a Russian railway company substantially owned by the Russian government.

The New British Premier

MR. HERBERT H. ASQUITH, who has succeeded Sir H. J. CAMPBELL-BANNEMAN in the office of Prime Minister, was Home Secretary when the Liberals were last in power (1892-95), and since December, 1905, has been not only Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the principal champion of the measures of the Liberal government in the House of Commons. It is noteworthy that he should have attained the post of Premier at the age of fifty-five, in view of the fact that he is not a member of an influential family, and that he is the only lawyer who has reached the headship of the British government within about a century. PALMERSTON, GLADSTONE, and DISRAELI were each considerably older when called upon to form a cabinet. But though Mr. ASQUITH has broken precedents, none of his colleagues in the House of Commons disputes his fitness for the Premiership so far as intellectual qualifications are concerned. His possession of these he has abundantly demonstrated at the university, at the bar, in Parliamentary discussions, and in executive office. So far as the conjunction of mental ability and equipment with firmness of will and aptitude for debate is concerned, we suppose that all his fellow ministers, though they include such men as Mr. HALDANE, MR. JOHN MORLEY, SIR EDWARD GEE, and MR. LEYAL GEORGE, would concede to him pre-eminence. Does it follow that he is available? All of these qualifications were possessed by Sir ROBERT PEEL, under whom, nevertheless, occurred the memorable split in the Tory party which kept it out of office, except for two or three brief periods, during nearly thirty years. ASQUITH is by temperament of a non-compromising, masterful turn, although there never was a party in Great Britain more heterogeneous and in more urgent need of harmonization than is that which he is called upon to lead. Sir HERBY CAMPBELL-BANNEMAN was thought to have performed almost a miracle when by his kindly nature, judicious forbearance, timely reticence, and shrewd policy he succeeded in conciliating imperialists with pro-Boers, Anglicans with Non-conformists, within the Liberal ranks, and at the same time in persuading Laborites on the one hand, and Irish Nationalists on the other, to act as his auxiliaries.

His Policies

Mr. ASQUITH, like Lord ROSEBURY, avowed himself an imperialist during the South-African war, and, like Lord ROSEBURY, he is opposed to giving Ireland home rule until such a concession shall have been sanctioned by the predominant partner—that is to say, England proper. The mandate of a great majority of Irishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen he would not consider binding if not sanctioned by a majority of Englishmen. At heart he is an anti-socialist, and he never would have promised to introduce an old-age pension bill had he not felt constrained to yield to his official superior, who had premised to accede to the wishes of the Laborites in that particular during the campaign preceding the last general election. He is a believer in the maintenance of Britain's naval strength up to the "two-Power" standard, as was disclosed by the very lukewarm support he gave to Lord TRENCHARD's naval appropriations bill proposing to lay down only two *Dreadnoughts* during the current year. He is no enthusiastic advocate either of the education bill, the licensing bill, or the coal-miners' eight-hour bill, and it will surprise nobody if these three measures, which, between them, have dangerously weakened the Liberal party in the constituencies—as successive by-elections have proved—should during his Premiership be relegated to the background. What, then, is the issue which he can be trusted to keep at the front, and by means of which he will try to rally and consolidate the disjointed factions of the Liberal party? That issue undoubtedly will be free trade, and it is shrewdly chosen, for unquestionably a large fraction of the Unionists themselves remain free-traders, although under one disguise or another a majority of them have reverted to protection. It is possible that under ASQUITH's stalwart leadership and under the banner of free trade the Liberals

may recover much of the ground that they have lately lost, and gain another impressive victory at the next general election. Events have rendered it tolerably certain that they could not do it under any other flag.

The Reconstructed British Ministry

In the new cabinet the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which the Prime Minister relinquishes, becoming instead First Lord of the Treasury, will be filled by Mr. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, lately president of the Board of Trade. Mr. JOHN MORLEY will remain Secretary for India (an office in which he has signally increased his high reputation), but, owing to ill health, has been made a peer, and goes to the House of Lords as Viscount MORLEY, thereby obtaining relief from his labors in the House of Commons. Mr. WENSTON CHURCHILL, lately Political Secretary of the Colonial Office, succeeds to the position of president of the Board of Trade, vacated by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE; Lord TUCKERMAN becomes President of the Council, leaving the office of First Lord of the Admiralty to Mr. HENRY MCKENNA, and the Earl of CREWE becomes Secretary for the Colonies, succeeding Lord ELLEN, who retires altogether from the cabinet. The changes are popular, and nearly all are commended as likely to strengthen Mr. ASQUITH'S hands.

Fuss

A great deal of fuss on one ground or another is found this spring with the young pretensions in the colleges. A Chicago dispatch says that the overmodest inhabitants of Wheaton (Illinois) are disgruntled and making trouble because the Wheaton College students held a nighttown parade to celebrate Wheaton's victory over Greenville in the oratorical contest. Gracious! Here in the athletics-rickia East any college would be far too pleased to have that much notice taken of us bratocratic contest to make any fuss about nightshirts.

Folks Who Don't Know What Is Wrong

There are many folks in this partially enlightened land who don't seem to know what is right, and a vast deal of pains is being taken to teach them. This great work of instruction is called reform. There seem to be also a lot more folks who don't know what is wrong, but think they do, and act with great vehemence upon their convictions. How are they going to be taught? It is important to teach them, because they lavish their strength, not in personal repentance, but in trying to hinder their neighbors from actions which they condemn. If a man (or a woman) thinks some act is wrong and doesn't do it, there is no great harm done, whether the act is really wrong or not. To be over-scrupulous about one's own conduct may be a mistake, but it is one for which the erring person chiefly suffers. But to be over-scrupulous about the conduct of other persons—to condemn their actions as wrong and get laws passed to make them illegal—does great harm if the actions condemned do not really deserve condemnation. The code of discipline of the Methodist Church, for example, when voluntarily accepted, may yield a great profit, spiritually and otherwise, to whosoever lives up to it; whereas to hold society in general up to the standard of the Book of Discipline under penalty of law, would work intolerable hardship. Something like that is what the folks who don't know what is wrong seem to be trying to do, and they are working out so many different actions, and in so many different lines—railroad regulation, night-riding, prohibition, anti-betting, anti-vice, anti-speculation, anti-corruption, anti-non-union labor, anti-cigarettes, and so on—that it makes the observer wonder where we are coming out. Blue laws have been tried, and have failed and always will fail. Reform legislation that rises higher than its source comes down again. But its source is the average conscience of the community. Individual virtue can rise far above that, and it will be a sad day for humankind when it doesn't. But law cannot, and should not. More attention should be given to the instruction of that part of our population who have exaggerated notions about what is wrong, and want their standards legalized. They are getting to be more dangerous and troublesome than the folks who don't know what is right. But it is hard to instruct them, for they are very prone to stop the paper if they don't agree with what is said.

The Fight Against Alcohol

CONTRADICTIONS abound in all discussions of alcohol and its effects. There is hardly one of us who has not suffered from the effects of drink on some one, and most of us, first or last, have suffered often and acutely from them. If alcohol has never been a snare to us as individuals, it has still been a grief and a burden to us in its effects on other persons who have been damaged by it, and whose burdens we may have had to carry. The feelings of that part of the population that hates "rum" with blind rage and impatience, and is ready to fight it at every turn and by any means that comes to hand, must be comparable to every experienced swimmer. From these halts of "rum" comes the energy that is the backbone of the fight for prohibition. Over against them are lined up, naturally enough, those who live by the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages: the brewers, distillers, wine growers, wine merchants, and saloonkeepers. The reformers are prone to tell us that alcohol is the root of all evil, and that if we could only get rid of it there would be no limit to our prosperity and happiness. Then we turn over some pages of history. We find in the North American Indians a fairly voluminous line of defects. They were cruel, superstitious, vindictive, and quarrelsome, improvident and unprogressive. Yet they were not only sober, but so exceptionally free from knowledge or use of alcohol that when they got hold of it they immediately showed a disposition to drink all they could get, with resulting disaster. So it is with most savages. They are delighted with the alcoholic beverages, but completely incompetent to make intelligent use of them. On the other hand, as we inquire into the past habits of the Scotch we find among them a strong addiction to three very powerful stimulants—religion, education, and whiskey. If any reasonable amount of drinking destroyed a people, it is hard to say where the Scots would be, but as it is, they are and have been for centuries one of the most noted and valuable groups in the whole human family. So the other northern people of Europe—the English, Germans, Scandinavians, and Russians—have been for many centuries drinkers of harder liquor, and more drunken, than the southern Europeans, yet the hopes of civilization still rest considerably on these northern people. The most abstinent people in the world nowadays—so far as alcohol is concerned—are the Mohammedans (Turks, Arabs, and the rest) and the peoples of India and China. Mohammedanism proscribed alcoholic beverages. Christ did not. The Christian nations, as a rule, have been alcohol-consuming folk, but it would be hard to persuade them that they are behind the Mohammedans and Hindus in usefulness, virtue, and the essentials of civilization. And the exterminable Jews are a drinking people, though temperate. Look at Russia. A pretty drunkard country, very ignorant, full of vodka and superstition and stupidity, but also full of strong human material. Increased temperance is bound to come in Russia with increased intelligence, a better scale of living, education, and liberty. But there is better hope for Russia, vodka and all, than for abominable Turkey.

Not alcohol is the root of much evil, but not of all. It may be better that men should think half drunk, if necessary, than that they should not think at all; it may be better that they should dare half drunk than that they never should dare. It may be better that they should be stimulated somewhat, even by drink, than that they should sink under the monotony of hopeless drudgery. A man ruled by alcohol is pretty nearly worthless, but there are grounds to think that there is a greater destiny for the nations that subdue alcohol to a wise use than for those who resolve that it is too strong for them and, if they can, abolish it. The fight with alcohol has been going on since the world began. We know nothing important about the dangers of strong drink that was not thoroughly known and appreciated by the wise at least as long ago as when the Old Testament, and especially the Book of Proverbs, was written. Alcohol has a certain destructive value in that it promotes the survival of the fittest, but we need not save it for that, for there are plenty of other things that sufficiently serve that important end. While it is disputable whether the world would be better off without it altogether, it cannot be disputed that it is a natural detail of the progress of civilization to keep the consumption of alcohol within proper bounds and eliminate the evils of it. It is right to protect from temptation the young, the inexperienced, and the weak, and to restrain or punish mischievous self-indulgence. There is no dispute about the propriety of laws to protect children from all temptation to drink alcoholic beverages, for alcohol is undoubtedly bad for children. So in various communities there may be considerable bodies of grown-ups who are so backward in self-control that they need to be protected like children from self-indulgences. So it is still with the Indians, and the strictest laws against the sale of alcoholic drinks to Indians are not objected to. So, as has been said, it is to a low extent in the South. Communities whose orderly life is really hampered by drink are warranted in eliminating the peril by whatever means they may. So, best option laws are well thought of almost everywhere, and so prohibition may become, in certain States at least, a warrantable experiment. It may be a useful process of civilization even where it is not destined to be a permanent one.

diction. States have tried it for a time and dropped it, taking high license and local option in its place. The States that are taking up with it now are either new ones, like North Dakota, where life is still mainly agricultural and comparatively simple, and Oklahoma, where the Indian population complicates matters; or the Southern States which have large elements of population of low average intelligence and a high ratio of illiteracy. Kansas and Maine are different; but in neither of them is prohibition as yet an undisputed success. Massachusetts and New York will think a long time before they come out for State prohibition, though both of them appreciate the need for temperance reform, and are hospitable to high license and local option.

One thing that makes us flounder along from experiment to experiment in the fight against rum instead of agreeing on one half of the world about how the other half lives. The other half is entitled to consideration, even though it may be a little less than half. The people who hate and fear "rum" must not hope nor even wish, even though they are a majority, to regulate absolutely the habits of folks who do not think about it as they do. Some freedom of decision about their personal indulgences must be left to responsible, well-behaved, grown-up citizens. One thing that has to be thought about in bringing up a boy is how to make him proof against damage from drink. There are two possible methods. One is to teach him, if possible, the rule of rigid abstinence—touch not, taste not, handle not—as long as he is under parental control; to teach him that alcohol is bad for drink, and to avoid it as the only safe rule. The other method is to teach him that alcohol is dangerous and insidious; that it is a ruinous master, and a servant of questionable usefulness; that if drunk at all it must be drunk with unflinching discretion; that, nevertheless, since it is a thing enormously consumed and that one runs against it every turn, it is worth understanding; finally, that only a small proportion of the people one sees in the more active centres of population are teetotalers, and that very many of the men who are most conspicuous and most successful in our world drink intoxicants more or less. You may choose which method you will. The trouble with the first is that there will come a time when the boy will make his own observations and follow his own judgment. If his conclusions about alcohol do not tally with what he has been taught, the parental teaching will go for nothing, and he will make his own experiments with very little trustworthy knowledge and no familiar example to guide him. Those who think the second method is the sounder and safer will tell you they have seen too many drunken sons of teetotal fathers to have confidence in the first. And yet, in the matter of sons it is better to be lucky than wise, for in some of us that is born that makes us safe from the perils of drink, and in others not.

Diversion

"CHANGE ever cometh, variable dolebreath, and shifting dispair," writes MONTAIGNE, noting how prone is man to shrink reality, and if life be such as to hold him for a certain portion of his time close to the dry fact, as swiftly as he may, he throws aside the burden, shuns the brunt of the actual, and turns to some form of make-believe or play. Childhood is largely a great playground wherein the child pretends to be and to have what is not in heaven nor earth nor any place but his own darting fancy; youth is a vast field of dreams and visions where once more life is recreated, and the youth sees by the light that never was on land or sea. Yet all through the years something different, something compelling, is forcing its way into our ken the nature of things as they are. If the child plays to enlarge his limits, if he is the nursery that he is, he imperceptibly becomes and warbles and hums, a man's diversion is more often an escape from realities too vast to be borne. Who has not come in covering, after an hour or two under the open sky with the stars, glad of the safe narrowness of four walls and the fairness of the flickering candle-light? Most of us, in maturity, lose bondage better than liberty, and self-delusion better than truth: "bondage with ease more than strenuous liberty." Only the fewest can strain the mind to meet the facts, the uncompromising facts of life, all the time. Actuality wearies, reality weighs too heavily, external circumstances are too slightly ductile and plastic, and to the frail and ill-poised human being it is a great relief to flutter off to a quiet corner or a happy imagining. Max is, indeed, a part of the universal flux of nature with no fixed center, and the ideal is ever far beyond, so difficult to keep the eyes fixed upon, that any turning aside is restful. We use activity to drown grief in; thought has power to smother emotion, and perception extorts quiet from the will. So we pass through life using one faculty to lull another lest the press of reality should be unbearable.

"Ever we think of something else," says the old essayist again. "Either the hope of a better life both settle and support us, or the confidence of our children's worth, or the future glory of our name, or the atoning of this life's misdeeds, or the revenge

hanging over their heads that have eased and procured our death."

Those, probably, are the happiest among mortals who require the least diversion; who so adjust themselves to reality that they rejoice in it; are glad of it; neither stretches of spare nor time apall or weary them; the lushest star would offer some friendly experience, and eternity is in the moment in them. Of the most exalted of human beings one cannot conceive their desiring or turning to any diversion whatsoever. They are adjusted to reality; they are perfected so that life, as it ought to be, is complete satisfaction. One cannot fancy the Buddha desiring diversions, though one knows of *Siddharta* that he could hardly enjoy a jest at his own expense. Perhaps he thought in terms of eternity but hardly yet lived in them.

If no one has yet said, "Tell what you laugh at and I'll tell what you are," they ought to have done so. For taste plays its part thoroughly in the whole matter of diversion, and there is no more continuous strain upon a close relationship than a different taste in jokes and diversions. How pathetic was the tale of the aspiring young girl whose kind godmother took her to the metropolis for the first time, and when she asked for afternoon tea at *SURNAME*'s, took her to *FLICKER*'s for tea, and when she wanted to go to a symphony concert, substituted the Hippodrome. A careful mother who had moved into a new neighborhood was much distressed to find that the favorite game of the children in the vicinity was in imperative self-defense and make arrests. But the games of her more instructed three-year-old son proved equally offensive to a different taste; for, when a neighbor was paying her initial call, the child escaped from the nursery, crept up back of the lady's chair, and held a stick near her head. He was reprimanded, and the caller kindly suggested: "He must be playing policeman." "I'm not," asserted the lady. "I am *Thesens*." And when the mother said, gruffly, "But *Thesens* would never have held his stick over a lady's head," the child responded: "He held it over an odd witch when he wanted her to vanish."

Surely the notorious dinner recently given in Baltimore to which diversion was contributed by a woman going in as an abashed bathing-suit and being plunged in an improvised fountain, and another woman impersonating an opium fiend, and a railway president playing at surgical operations of an unimpeachable nature, bespeak a rather alarming mental condition among the participants. It would seem that a nation oblivious or merely contemptuous of such a phenomenon was not rightly looking after all its indulgences. For it is a question whether mental influence is not as destructive a force as physical squalor and distress.

Surely when philanthropy has developed a little further there will be reformatories or asylums for the imaginatively poor, whose sole idea of diversion from seriousness is to impersonate crime and vulgarity. On the Elizabethan stage insanity was considered a great feat, as is very low forms of entertainment even today drunkenness still amuses.

What one sees especially as the modern development of diversion is that as people rise in the scale of being they are less and less inclined to find relief, diversion, or fun in what might cause another pain. Second, that diversion at best is but a relief, a turning aside from the true and the actual, a discovery of unexpected incongruity in appearances. And that the better a man's life is the less will he need diversion from the true nature of things. One cannot fancy KANT, or PLATONUS, or DARWIN, or MILL desirous of diversions. They were launched on a work so absorbing, so real, so delightful in itself, that no turning aside was needed. Indeed, real greatness of character manages always to take delight in life as it is, and its task seems ever to be to delve deeper into the true nature of fact. *BROWNING*, who combined intellect with finely poised character, never seemed to weary of life, and felt that time was not long enough to live in, and so he projected more and fuller life beyond death. It is something to live unshadowed by fancies, nobility by promises of future bliss, finding essential joy and serenity in the moment as it passes, and the true nature of fact as fair as any diversion.

But, at any rate, such diversions as are necessary should aim at innocence, healthfulness, friendliness, typium eating is a diversion from actuality; so are bridge whist and the habit of novel reading; all of these substitute a fictitious world of interest for real ones; but they fall short of innocence and healthfulness, and one at least introduces an element of competition which is best eliminated from life if perfect friendliness is to prevail. The spread of opium plays, the cult of growing things adorning the face of earth, the study of history, and, above all, the history of the development of human thought, the appreciative love of all or of any of the arts, these are diversions which make for the real decoration of life.

Personal and Pertinent

A RETURNING traveller tells us that the island of Jamaica is full of rum, cheap, pretty good, and sold everywhere. The island is also full of negroes. Yet the negroes are described as peaceable.

orderly, and not drunken. The traveller we quote says that he saw only one who showed symptoms of overstimulation. Rum may be different in Jamaica. Negroes certainly are different there.

In New York one day last winter the Hungarian count who married Miss VANDERBILT held noisy hands on a newspaper photographer who lay in wait to snap-shot the young lady as she got into her carriage. Then we blushed for the public manners of New York. But, alas! when the young people got to Budapest it was still worse, for not only were they surrounded by begging letters, but the flashlight photographers put the bride's life in peril in the evening by flooding magazines powder at her, to the dismay of her carriage horses. Then the count blushed, and the cable news reporter him as saying angrily that it hurt his national pride to find such barbarous behavior in his own capital. We have read before that Budapest is a very modern city. So it seems to be, flash-lights, manners, and all, more's the pity!

Correspondence

SATAN AND SPIRIT PHENOMENA

St. Louis, Mo., February 25, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In the interesting account of psychic experiments published in your Journal of February 29 I read an allusion to Hudson's explanations. Hudson wrote well and thought well, but his theory is not acceptable to many practical people who have no hallucinations, and who have had experiences with which no "medium" or spiritualist had anything whatever to do. Before me lies a little book issued by a worthy and active religious society (not Catholic) which declares that the so-called spirit phenomena occur, and that they are clearly the work of Satan. I would rather accept this than Hudson, though I have studied well the evil side of the manifestations, and have failed to find in them anything exceeding the commonplace wickedness of "this side." I wish Hudson were right. I would give everything I have if I could be satisfied that death ends all. Not that I am a great sinner, but because eternally seems so very long and tiresome. The rest of the grave appears to me so perfect that I cannot conceive of anything better for us all.

I AM, SIR,

DONALD PADMAN.

FROM A PHILOSOPHICAL READER

Denver, Col., February 8, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I want to say that I have had a good deal of entertainment out of the space you devote to letters from the people. There is with me a certain satisfaction in reading letters from people, many of whom, so I should have been reading the WEEKLY, like myself, almost continuously since the time of the Civil War. Incidentally, it occurs to me that most of the time I disagreed with the editor on many lines of thought. Right or wrong, editors are apt to be far in advance of the lay person in their lines of thought. (Of course they are); their positions demand it!

I never quit a paper solely because I disagree with the editor about politics or other subjects. I notice some pretty warm and well-written letters, however, which were in the nature of a farewell. I notice that the misapprehension of me on the part of your correspondents is your line of strictures on "Teddy." Seems to me an editor should not be taken too seriously; after all, what one man says in a big country like this doesn't hurt very much unless he be the President, and not always then. Editors of free-trade Democratic papers, like the WEEKLY, could hardly, in the nature of things, be expected to be handling Roosevelt leniently all the time—at least, not at this time of year, when we are near a convention time.

It is a little soon, I think, to be absolutely certain that the President precipitated a panic by preaching. Even if he did, as far as I am aware he will be soon forgiven by the mass of the people. They like an impulsive man.

The thinkers and leaders of men, while they may think that preaching is out of the President's line and not dignified, will also forgive him for saving the country from Bryan.

If Bryan is defeated the third time it will be in a measure because the wind has been taken out of his sails.

Roosevelt is certainly entitled to the credit of giving us a foretaste of what Bryan would carry in an extreme that would result in many socialistic schemes being fastened on to the country.

It seems that now the public will welcome a President who will work quietly, however much energy he may employ.

It may seem that way to me because that is what I want. I need a surprisingly large number of men, however, who favor ruthless treatment of corporations, and no more so far as to say, "If we cannot have Roosevelt, let us have Bryan." Doubtless few of these men have read the *French Revolution*. As Professor Langbein recently said, "It is one thing to lop off rotten and diseased branches from the tree, but it is another thing to hack at the very trunk of the tree itself which feeds the sound parts of the organism." There is an imperative need of discrimination and wisdom in politicians who in the past seem to have been unaware how easily confidence can be destroyed. The bull-dog

the chain shop method will not do with the delicate mechanism of financial affairs.

It is no answer to say that the attack was only intended for the secondaries and the 'bad' corporations. The facts unmistakably show that the unthinking public were led to believe that almost all large organizations were criminally conducted, and State legislation has followed without careful consideration of the good and the bad. Wisdom in this direction is indispensable for the immediate future."

I have been hoping to see the WEEKLY adopt some well-digested plan for providing an elastic quality to our currency system, since the best financial authorities say such elasticity would be a great advantage in protecting the stable business interests from the results of a financial scare. A United States Bank seems to have comparatively few advocates. Yet that is the only time-tried plan of them all. No doubt it would be denounced as a trust in certain quarters, and of course Bryan would call it an octopus. Certainly this currency question is pertinent and timely. It, of course, does not appeal to the imaginations of the people, like others which have tended to disturb business, but it will appeal to the business community on account of being designed to produce settled business conditions. The WEEKLY, standing as it certainly does for sound and favorable business conditions, could advantageously take up a matter of such a nature.

Is not the Alabaird bill merely a political makeshift, or only a palliative, instead of a positive and lasting remedy?

I AM, SIR,

HUBERT GARST.

FOR DOUGLAS AND FOLK

February 25, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Are not the Democratic nominations for President and Vice-President of these United States worth a contest? Is there no patriotism in the hundreds of Democratic leaders of this great party who are qualified to face the Presidential chair? Why this indifference? Is not the nomination a worthy one? Is it the duty of all good Democrats to once more make an effort to conduct the affairs of this government on Democratic principles, and can we not afford to put in a few months for such a cause, and even should we lose, is it not a consolation in knowing that we have done our duty, and there are many earnest Republicans anxiously looking to us for a solution of the present condition of affairs?

Labor will join with us in this campaign, for the laboring classes realize that the politicians, who are destroying all opportunities of labor for their own selfish purposes—and for no other reason than to parade themselves in the limelight—have nothing to lose, and should they not be successful in this campaign they will soon be forgotten.

It would be easy for the Republican administration, if it is sincere in its belief that monopoly and corporations are absorbing the resources of the country for their own selfish purposes, to recommend that these monopolies be denied the benefits of the protective policy, and once more allow the great masses of the common people to participate equally in the great re-sources of the nation.

Should not the Democratic party support ex-Governor Douglas of Massachusetts, or Judge Gray of Delaware, for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency? Either nomination would be a credit to the party, and each would make an ideal President, but at this time Governor Douglas seems to be the best organizer and leader, for in his winning campaign when elected Governor of Massachusetts he carried to success the only issue that has been Democratic for the last twelve years.

His magnificent campaign for tariff reform enables him to head the national ticket, regardless of whom the Republican candidate will be. The Democratic party can then disavow all connection with theories that are unwarranted and visionary in their applications and appeal to the intelligence of conservative voters, for it is the duty of all good Democrats to organize and fight for Democratic policies that will once more reconvert the business and commercial interests of this country.

For Vice-President, the present Governor of the State of Missouri would be an ideal candidate. He has reformed that great State from machine and ring politics; he has elevated the moral atmosphere; driven the lobbyists from legislative halls, forced the railroads and corporations to protect life and give good service to the people. He has done all this without any bare of trumpets, or inspiring a single legitimate industry in that commonwealth. The Democratic party cannot but with Douglas and Folk as its standard-bearers.

I AM, SIR,

GEO. MURPHY.

(Chairman of the National State Democratic Delegation to St. Louis, 1904.)

HELPTU, TO A MINISTER

Minneapolis, Minn., February 25, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I am a Methodist pastor. I want to say to you I get so *revved* very much from your editorials in HARPER'S WEEKLY. They give me higher ideals, higher spiritualities; they are instructive and inspiring. They are a big force in making life "Worth While."

1. Are they ever collected and published in book form? I hope so. Let me know first.

2. I am not a grammar, but I wish they might be published on two sheets, instead of on the two sides of one sheet, so the two parts are back to back, for I clip them, and would so much rather have them on two columns, side by side, than back to back.

I AM, SIR,

J. S. WILLIAMS.

Finance

The Relation of Crops to Prosperity

By HOWARD SCHENCK MOTT.



ALTHOUGH our manufacturing activities have reached magnificent proportions, although our cities expand with the growth of an unrelieved commerce, the United States remains fundamentally an agricultural community. Our protective tariff policy, whatever may be its merits or demerits as an economic proposition, accordingly recognizes the value of the "home market" to the manufacturer, and the commerce of our cities derives its motive power from the fuel furnished by wheat, corn, and cotton.

For a decade past, year after year, with change only in degree, the Great West and the Sunny South have yielded their steady accretions to our national wealth. In the Middle '90's the farmer of the West was invariably in debt to the Eastern capitalist, and many a mortgage was foreclosed, but nature has smiled on him since then. He has paid off his mortgage, or reduced it, and his farm has risen in value. Improved machinery and better methods, such as dry farming, have helped much to make him prosperous. Wheat and corn and rye and oats and even cotton are produced from such a wide area that similar adverse climatic conditions do not affect any considerable portion of the total area under cultivation, and general crop failures have become highly imprudent.

That the tremendous activity of the United States in trade and commerce during the past few years resulted largely from the bounty of nature delivered from the harvest fields admits of no doubt. The size of a season's crops certainly is not the sole factor determining prosperity or adversity. The other factors are many and their relative influences complex. But no one of these exceeds in importance the value of the crops of the country, so that it is worth while to turn to the records of the past to discern the possible or probable effect of good or bad crops this year.

Comparisons of the panic of 1897 with previous panics customarily regard mainly such things as the duration of Clearing-house certificates and of a currency premium, failures of banks, and receiverships of railroads. The fact is frequently overlooked that meanwhile nature works quietly either to aggravate or to mitigate the industrial disturbances that bring their origin in such causes as abuses of credit, speculation, and reckless extravagance. In this country our wretched makeshifts for scientific banking and currency legislation always aggravate a crisis. With these phases of crises it is not our present purpose to deal. Let us here leave the troubles of 1897, its comparison with those of previous periods, were influenced by the country's harvest.

As the wreckage of the panic of 1873 was being cleared away, and resumption of specie payments occurred early in 1878, a freak of nature gave to prosperity a sudden stimulus. The wheat harvest of Europe in 1878 was extraordinarily large, but the following year it was correspondingly small, in England the driest harvest assuming the proportions of a national calamity. In the United States, on the other hand, 1879 witnessed the largest harvest in its history. The loss of Europe was this country's gain, particularly as heavy agricultural exports turned the tide of foreign exchange in favor of the United States, and dissipated apprehensions as to the success of specie resumption.

In the spring of 1884 there was a financial disturbance of some proportions. It was followed by a great crop of very large size, not only in the United States, but all over the world, with corresponding low prices. In 1885 the American wheat crop was the smallest in four years, and the European crop was as large as that of 1884. Again the American farmers received low prices. There was great discontent among the farmers, and labor troubles on the railroads were prevalent. The discontent among the farmers led, as it did eight or ten years later, to agitation for more currency.

Up to the panic of 1893 the one most fruitful source of financial disturbance has been the disorders in our currency system. When the disorders of these disorders became imminent, they were occasionally stayed off by such incidents as that of the harvest conditions of 1879. The crop conditions of 1891 were similar to those of 1879, and the reckoning was again delayed. Europe experienced a severe shortage in its wheat crop, whereas the United States produced 312,000,000 bushels more than in 1890, and 25,000,000 bushels more than in 1892. The American harvests for the two years following 1891 were comparatively small, not only in wheat, but in corn, and this fact finally precipitated the crisis of 1893. The following year, 1894, was one of complete agricultural disaster, a fact which lengthened the period of depression. Incidentally, it fanned the flames of discontent among the farmers, and added to the strength of the Populist movement.

These are isolated cases in the long history of American agriculture, but they are sufficient to emphasize, were emphasis needed, the great immediate importance of the out-turn of the crops. To revert now to more recent conditions, only once since 1890 has the wheat crop of the United States fallen below 200,000,000 bushels, and only once has the corn crop fallen below 2,000,000,000 bushels.

In 1904 the wheat crop was 552,369,517 bushels, and in 1901 the corn crop was 1,522,519,071 bushels. Still, the consumption of the world has greatly increased, and American consumption has also increased; consequently, a difference of 100,000,000 bushels in the wheat crop, or of 300,000,000 bushels in the corn crop, is a matter that materially affects prices.

In spite, however, of considerable variation in the actual yields of grains in the United States, it appears to be a fact that the wealth produced by the crops of the country now rises steadily. This will be clear seen from the following tables taken from *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle*.

Total crops of wheat, corn, oats, barley, and rye, in bushels:

1900	1901	1902	1903	1904
2,997,567,748	4,081,435,527	4,534,456,391	4,800,752,930	4,158,610,000

Farm values on December 1:

1903	1904	1905	1906	1907
\$1,708,115,476	\$1,958,361,486	\$1,794,828,300	\$2,087,195,617	\$2,261,394,000

The showing made by cotton is not materially different, but space precludes any further discussion.

The significance of these figures is manifest, and must be accepted with caution. The figures appear, however, to establish the fact that the farmers of the country have become very prosperous. It must be true, also, that the consuming power of the farming community during the past few years has been on an ever-increasing scale, and that this has been a potent influence in stimulating manufactures and commerce. Another deduction from the face of the returns must be that the farmers have suffered from the recent panic and the present depression in business practically not at all.

What bearing have these agricultural conditions on the present situation? To answer the question, it is necessary clearly to understand the causes of last year's panic. Like other panics, it was by no means sudden or development, but was born of prosperity and nurtured of prosperity's parasites, reckless speculation, unlimited extravagance, dishonesty in high places, and, last but not least, ineffectual efforts to cure all of the other evils by legislation. The disturbance appears to have been more than usually a financial one, in a limited application of that term; for its somewhat obscure and earlier cause was a scarcity of capital, growing, first, out of the excessive need for it, and, second, out of a heavy absorption of it in security issues, and a serious destruction of wealth by wars and earthquakes.

In the light of these facts it is not possible that the cure of liquidation already administered may prove more powerful than any cure of legislation? No one can pretend to say, under such circumstances, just when liquidation has been drastic enough to bring about equilibrium. Last October's crisis was of such an acute character as to leave in its train a series of secondary troubles that will extend over a long period. The credit of the manufacturer and the railroad has been impaired and their business curtailed by forty to fifty per cent. Confidence, part of the basis of both credit and business, still waits on the outcome of events.

Good crops mitigate disaster just as bad crops accentuate it. While the harvests of 1907 did not equal in quantity those of 1906, they were well up to the average, and the mid-torque of Europe enabled this country once again to secure high prices for its grains. Europe's short crops proved to be our salvation, for they enabled us to draw \$100,000,000 of gold to our shores at a critical juncture. Since then a record crop of wheat has been gathered in Argentina, and the price of the cereal has declined. The harvest season in Argentina is the reverse of the winter of the northern hemisphere. Supplies of wheat have come upon the world's market from South America at a time when the visible supplies in the United States have reached a very low ebb. This can hardly be counted an unmitigated evil, for it keeps down the price of bread for our unemployed.

We have also found that in the past good crops have served not only to mitigate disaster, but to promote recovery from disaster. Naturally, therefore, the government crop report of April 8 was received by the financial markets with evidences of satisfaction. It is, of course, too early as yet to form any conclusion whatever as to the present season's crop, but so far the outlook for winter wheat is promising. Incidentally, the farmers seem to be meeting with some success in fighting "green backs." The stock market is likely to be influenced this year more largely than usual by the prospects for the crops, and each government crop report will be scanned anxiously. Should the Presidential contest fail to assume graver aspects than at present, should new schemes for inflation of the currency fail of enactment, should confidence return, and should European capital seek re-investment in the United States, within a few months the winter of our disaster may be turned to glorious summer—by the crops. But no one can tell now.

From Whites To Blue

THE CHANGES OF
CLIME AND CLOTHES
WITH THE FLEET

By LIEUT.-COM. PHILIP ANDREWS, U.S.N.

Executive Officer, U. S. S. *Kanawha*

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



FROM the time we left the Strait of Magellan, and up to the day before our arrival here, we have all been in blue clothes, so different is the climate of the Pacific from that of the other side. The difference is caused by the cold Humboldt current, which runs north along the west coast of South America with a beneficent influence on its climate and prosperity. Here at Valparaiso, although the month corresponds to our August, it is cool and pleasant, but at sundown we shift to blue clothes.

All our runs at sea are much alike, and the first ripple of excitement on the way up the coast was a wireless message from the *Chicago* exchanging greetings with Admiral Evans and giving us some of the late news, among other things a report in the Valparaiso papers that the *Chicago* had secret orders for Admiral Evans, and that war with Japan would follow. This excited some amusement, for it was recognized at once that Captain Dagle of the *Chicago* would not send a wireless message of this character if he had orders of any kind for Admiral Evans.

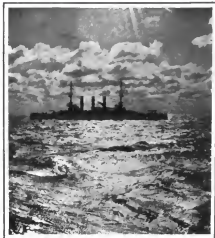
Another wireless of much interest was an "underground" one sent by the operator on the *Chicago*, on his own account, to the operator on the *Connecticut*, which was as follows:

"Some men disguised themselves as fishermen and were taking soundings. The police thought that they were going to mine the bay for fish, but guess they will have to try again. Say, is Gunner Bean on the *Connecticut*?"

This message was about as important as the first one, and only resulted in an order being sent to the *Chicago* to keep the wireless operator from sending unofficial messages of any kind.

The *Chicago* passed us the day before we arrived at Valparaiso, and made a striking contrast to the battle fleet. She was first commissioned in 1893, and was practically rebuilt in 1900, so that she is really nearly twenty years old, with a battery only eight or nine years old. She was the biggest and finest vessel we had when I served on her, but looks now like a little gunboat in comparison with the battleships of this fleet.

We were scheduled to arrive in Valparaiso harbor at 2 P.M. of the 14th of February, so that it became necessary to slow down to eight knots, and then the Admiral decided to keep that speed and pass through the harbor slowly so that the people would have a



The Flag-ship "Connecticut" at Sea

good opportunity to see the fleet. There was great interest manifested, as Captain Gibertini said by wireless after we had passed out, and as was very apparent by the number of people who crowded the hills and shores on the outskirts of Valparaiso. The usual preliminary felicitations and greetings were exchanged between Admiral Evans and President Montt of Chile, and promptly at the hour the fleet strumed quietly, and with great precision as to distance and bearing, into the southern end of the harbor and around the crescent-shaped harbor to the north end, where the President reviewed the fleet from the old-fashioned training ship *General Balmaceda*. On entering the harbor each ship of the fleet saluted the Chilean flag with twenty-one guns, and the President gave another salute of twenty-one guns as he reviewed each ship.

The moral and political effect of this visit, as of all our visits to South American ports, can hardly be overestimated. The last time Admiral Evans was in Valparaiso he commanded the *Yorktown*, and this was not long after the disagreeable *Baltimore* incident, when a number of our sailors were roughly handled by a Valparaiso mob. There was some feeling in Chile at that time, and while the *Yorktown* was there the Chilean torpedo boats made a practice of ducking close by the gunboat, until Evans, who was a commander then, sent a very sharp message to the naval authorities with the result that the discourtesy ceased. In those days neither navy amounted to very much, and there was misunderstanding and a far from cordial feeling, engendered by the *Baltimore* incident. The contrast between the feeling then and the cordial friendly demonstration of to-day, and between our puny naval strength of that time and what we showed in Valparaiso harbor



The Old and the New

THE CRUISER "CHICAGO," ONCE "THE PRIDE OF THE FLEET," PASSING THE BATTLESHIP "VERMONT" ON THE CHILEAN COAST



Steaming in for the Review at Valparaiso

THE "HULKAN CRUISER" "CHICAGO," FOLLOWED BY THE "COMBATANT" "VERMONT," ADMIRAL EVANS'S SHIPS INTO THE HARBOR

on the 14th is very gratifying. The usual fine exhibition of sea manners was shown in approaching Valparaiso, and after the review the wireless outfit was continuously at work recording the very highest expressions of friendly regard and admiration for our fleet exchanged between the different Chilean officials and the Admiral.

One feature of the review struck us all as somewhat remarkable when contrasted with our own practice, and this was the noteworthy success with which the latter outside of the torpedoes was kept entirely clear of craft of any kind. Any one who has seen the difficulty with which vessels are kept clear of a yacht race in American waters will appreciate this.

After the review Mr. Hicks, the United States minister to Chile, went the following to the Admiral: "The American minister sends congratulations on the great success of the cruise which marks an epoch in the naval and political history of the world." One of the prettiest messages was the word "welcome" framed on the side of a hill by Chilean bluejackets dressed in white.

As soon as we had passed well clear of the reviewing ship and the last ship had fired its salute and rendered honors, the speed was changed to ten knots and we began our seven days' trip to Callao. Near there we picked up the Peruvian cruiser *Balaoson*, which had been sent out to meet us. Six caught us by wireless first and then joined, finally cruising in company for two days, during which speed was reduced again to eight knots so that we should arrive at the right time in the morning. Peru's navy was out to meet us, and steamers and excursion boats of all kinds, bringing people from Lima and Callao, flocked around us as we slowly steamed in, about ten o'clock on February 20. The usual naval salutes and courtesies were exchanged, and then Peru turned itself loose to catch Sister Brazil in torpedoes, buoys, and other things calculated to keep naval officers busy. The banquet, while perhaps not so large as that given in Rio, was the most perfectly managed affair I have ever seen, and might well serve as a lesson to any nation. We got on the train at Callao on time, and took the tram back at the specified time—all very unusual. The balls, garden parties, and other social functions have been going steadily on, and the President of Peru has been dined aboard the *Connecticut*. A special ball for officers and men was arranged, and this turned out more realistically, perhaps, than was intended, for I am told that two men were killed. In the ball fights here the horses are prized too much to be hurt, and they are spared any harm if possible, the men and bulls only being in danger. They tell me it was very funny to see the eager enthusiasm of three thousand American bluejackets around the ball fight,



The Fleet's Reception by the Chilean President
PRESIDENT MONTE, WHO IS ABOARD HIS YACHT-MANNED FLEET
"GENERAL BATUNDEO," REVIEWING THE PASSING FLEET

when, as is the custom, some one threw a handful of coin out into the ring because of some successful thrust or killing; the air was at once glittering with sailor money and loud with the yells of the excited men.

The President spent a good part of the afternoon of one day on the *Connecticut* and in steaming around through the fleet, and will to-morrow review the fleet as it passes out. He will by that time be a much-saluted personage, having received no less than sixteen hundred and eighty guns over our arrival.

To-morrow we steam for Magdalena Bay—far from garden parties and banquets, and close to nature and target shooting.

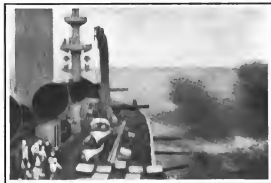
"The Dawn Comes Up Like Thunder"

By CAPTAIN H. C. DAVIS, U.S.M.C.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" ABOARD THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "OHIO"

NOT until I came to Magdalena Bay with the Atlantic Fleet did I know what was meant by "The dawn comes up like thunder." But I know now, for as soon as the light as strong enough to see a target 1000 yards away the thunder of

12-inch and 13-inch rifles is heard, and, commencing at daylight, it continues until dark. After a hasty dinner the long arms of the searchlights begin feeling around the bay to pick up the targets for the torpedo defense guns, which have their practice by the light of the electric reflectors. So it goes. From early in the morning until late at night there is banging of guns, and the hurry and scurry of repair boats fixing up the targets between the runs of the ship across the range. Owing to a heavy sea, we have had to move the two eastern ranges about two miles from their original position, as they were opposite the entrance, and the swell made it impossible to have the same conditions for all ships, as is required by the regulations. The edge of the beach



The Jar of a 12-inch Gun fired on the Battleship "Georgia"

THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN AT THE INSTANT OF DISCHARGE, WAS MADE DURING THE RUN IN WHICH THE SHIP HAD HIT THE TARGET SHOWN IN THE SUCCEEDING PAGE. THE GUN IS ONE OF THOSE IN THE AFTER TURRET IN THE EXTREME BACKGROUND OF THE PICTURE. ABOVE IS THE UPPER PART OF THE 5-INCH GUN IN WHICH, LAST AUGUST, EIGHT OFFICERS AND MEN WERE KILLED BY A "FLARE-BACK" EXPLOSION

around the town is covered with the various devices of the battery officers for registering the sights of their guns. This feature of the practice is most important, because if the sights are not in exact adjustment no amount of training run make a pointer hit the target. Consequently, all who are not on the range are busy getting ready for the round. The strain is great, and we will be glad when our turn comes.

In addition to practice with the guns there is practice with the torpedoes, and these most delicate mechanisms need very careful handling if results are to be smashed with them. For this reason all the maps that are able to do so are running them and making final adjustments.

Send up the balloons! Don't send up the balloons! Go on the range! Don't go on the range! No it goes. Every one keyed up to the proper pitch for target practice, and yet we can't get the chance. The change in the two ranges has destroyed the original schedule for the firing.

The *Georgia* is on our range now, and they are banging

away at a great rate. If they are making hits in the ratio of their firing we, and all the rest of us, will have to hustle to beat them. The *Albatross* and the *Hilinois* have done some wonderful shooting, and the trophy, in my opinion, will not go out of the Fourth Division. The *Albatross* made only thirteen misses out of one hundred and sixty-eight shots fired with the six-inch battery. It will be pretty hard to beat that record. Her highest scores made with the six-inch guns were made by two marines on the two forward guns, and if it were not against the Admiral's orders I would like to tell you their scores, but all that will be given out later. The *Thorpis* has made some wonderful shots with her turret guns, and if a bit better had been done with the six-inch battery the ship would have had a "look-in" for the trophy. Her after-turret, firing the twelve-inch and the eight-inch guns, made twenty hits out of twenty-five shots in three minutes and sixteen seconds. The shooting is so good that it should be known. It is particularly interesting because it was made in the turret in which the accident occurred last summer in Cape Cod Bay.

We went on the range this morning and have been firing merrily all day. We have not broken any records yet—but who knows?

was pathetic. No one knew this at the time, and the training was serious in its purpose, but ridiculous in its attainments. We can only say this now because we have learned what we can do. In ten years more we may look back and say exactly the same thing of the training of to-day. To-day it is the best training we know of, and in 1888 it was the best training we knew of. Consequently, all these statements are comparative and must be considered as such.

When Captain Scott, of the British navy, sent in his first reports of his target practice, conducted under the scheme he had originated, it was so vastly superior to anything any other ship of the British navy had done that the Admiralty politely refused to believe him, and would not be convinced that his records were not "assumed" until they had seen his gunnery shoot. It is a modification of his plan that is now in use in our navy, and had any one thought of it and perfected it ten years ago and sent in records of it there is not the slightest doubt but that his reports would have had the same reception as Scott's.

Road races and boxing bouts are being held by the ships which are waiting to go on the ranges, and as there is absolutely nothing for the men to do except such things they go in for them with a



THE TARGETS WHEN THE BATTLESHIP "OHIO" AFTER-TURRET FINISHED A RUN. TWELVE 8-INCH AND THIRTEEN 12-INCH SHOTS WERE FIRED IN THREE MINUTES AND SIXTEEN SECONDS, AND OF THE TWENTY-FIVE SHOTS TWENTY WERE HITS ON THE SCREEN, WHILE THE OTHERS CUT DOWN THE FIRST TARGET ON THE LEFT. THE FIRE WAS THEN CHANGED TO THE SECOND TARGET FROM THE LEFT.



THE BATTLESHIP "OHIO'S" TARGETS AFTER TWO 8-INCH GUNS HAD BEEN TRAINED UPON THEM. OUT OF TWENTY-FOUR SHOTS FIRED THERE WERE TWENTY-THREE HITS. IT IS LIKELY THAT THE TWENTY-FOURTH DID NOT FLY VERY FAR FROM THE MARK.

TWO REMARKABLE SCORES MADE BY THE GUN-POINTERS IN NAGDALENA BAY

When we had our night firing some very amusing things happened. We were looking for the turning buoy after one run, and the man on the search-light picked up a sea gull, so the wiper and turned his light full on it. For a while every one thought the gull was the turning buoy, and the mistake was not discovered until we were well around on the turn. We had to put the helm hard over the other way to get straightened out.

We finished our target practice about twelve o'clock on Sunday. I am certainly glad it is over. The strain has been rather trying. On Monday I took out the best guns for their record practice, and in the afternoon the torpedo-boats had the centre of the stage, firing to the rough water. It was impossible to finish the boat guns, so they must have another trial.

While we were on the range on Saturday we got a long-line fouled with the *Ohio's* starboard propeller and had to send a diver down to clear it. The captain's Japanese steward was a very interested observer of all the proceedings. He and the wardroom cook have not overlooked a chance to see all that was taking place during the record practice. I think it was rather a good thing for them to see. We also had "a live ship for action" on Monday morning, and the day was a very busy one for all hands. When the Admiral's inspection is over we will be able to sit back and take things easy for a while. The men are planning a show when all the work is done, and there will be something in talk of besides scores and guns.

There can be no doubt but that compared to the target practice of to-day and the training of to-day the practice at Santiago was very poor and the pointers very poor. The training given gun pointers then and for some years afterward was so fearful that it

will. Scholberg, a heavyweight candidate of the *New Jersey*, finished a dark horse from the *Connecticut* in less than three rounds a few nights ago. The new man's name was Koch, and while he made a game fight he was so much outclassed that Scholberg said to him in the second round, "Try to live out this round and then give it up; I don't want to punish you too much," and as Koch was practically unable to defend himself in the last half of the third round the fight was stopped and the decision, of course, given to Scholberg. The more I see Scholberg fight, the more I become of the opinion that he will win the belt this year. He is in the pink of condition, and certainly has a mighty hard "wallop" to hand out when the occasion presents itself. Some of the crew of a Mexican gunboat which came in the day after we got here were interested spectators at the fight, and although it is not their style of fighting they enjoyed it, and were much excited over some of the fast exhibition bouts of the lightweights.

By way of diversion Edgar and Gine and Garton of our mess went out with a seining party the other afternoon. They selected a sandy beach about three miles from the ship, and when the first haul was made a shark about seven feet long dashed madly through the net and went directly between Gunner McKenzie's legs. McKenzie went up in the air just like a balloon. I had no idea a man could jump so high, but a shark can make one extremely active in the water. The party caught a choice collection of skates, squid, and turtles, and finally quit with three small fishes. Gine plucked a lot of weeds along the shore for our entreprieux. He says they ought to grow, as they need so little water. The distilled water on board will not keep plants alive.

The Menace of the "Dreadnoughts"

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



LEWIS.
A few serious Englishmen meet nowadays to discuss their country and her position and prospects without a sense of impending crisis, without feeling that the next quarter of a century, possibly even the next decade, is destined to be a crucial period in British history. Their anxieties for the most part relate to and gather around, as it is inevitable they should, the condition and relative strength of the navy. These are matters never for long out of the mind and consciousness of a nation whose very existence as an independent Power depends upon her supremacy at sea. Just now they are in the deepground of British thought and speculation. Within the last week or two Parliament has discussed them with the thoroughness and ability that are never wanting when Englishmen debate the details and principles of naval policy. But the debates cannot be revived by a dispassionate mind without many mingled feelings. They afford some solid grounds for satisfaction, but more for disquietude. Their net result, in my judgment, is to accentuate the seriousness of the crisis that lies ahead.

All the world knows that the rough and ready principle by which Great Britain regulates her naval policy is the two-Power standard. The British fleet must always be more than equal to the two strongest fleets that may be brought against it. The recent debates have shown that both Liberals and Conservatives are at one on this point. The speeches delivered from the two Front Benches were explicit. I will not weary you with quotations. It is enough to repeat that between the leaders of the great historic parties there is an absolute unanimity of opinion as to the standard that should guide British naval requirements. There is also unanimity on another and not less essential point, and that is that for the present, so far as this year is concerned, the standard is being fully maintained. On these two points, therefore, the country may fairly set its mind at rest. The present government is definitely pledged to the maintenance of an inviolable standard at sea, and for the moment, at all events, that ascendancy is secure.

But that is about all the consolation to be derived from a perusal of the debates. They were harassed by an incident which no Englishman will affect to regard as other than of the gravest national moment. For the first time in British history estimates, framed by the Admiralty and agreed to by the Cabinet, have been attacked before their presentation to Parliament, and have been cut down at the last minute in obedience to political pressure. That is a development at once unique and ominous. A large section of Liberals, intent upon economy at any cost, forced upon the government a reduction of the naval vote. Nor is that the only incident which has aroused some justifiable misgivings. No one can fail to perceive that the debates were animated by a temper that has never before found such free expression. After the estimates had been printed, but before the House had debated them, a resolution was passed by one Liberal M.P. and seconded by another advocating the reduction of British expenditure on armaments, on the ground that the country was spending far more than was warranted by the needs of the situation, the reason for the two-Power standard having ceased to exist. Seventy-three Liberals and Labor men, in spite of the appeals of the government, went into the lobby to support that resolution. That is in itself a severity, three voices were in effect cast against the two-Power standard both as a principle and as a policy.

The arguments of the economists are at least easy to understand, whatever the precise value one may attach to them. They see that within the last six years the international situation has altered enormously to Great Britain's advantage, that old-standing enemies have been reconciled, that new and potent guarantees of peace have been multiplied, and that, except in one quarter, the menace of war, so far as human prevision can secure it, has been effectually dispelled. They see, also, that, in spite of this, the naval and military estimates continue to mount up with an appalling rapidity, that the path of social reform grows, if anything, even more congested, and that no improvement in Great Britain's relations with foreign Powers appears to affect to the slightest degree the demands made upon the public purse by the Admiralty and the War Office. If they declare, the Anglo-French *cordon* means anything at all, then surely it means that for all present purposes France may be wiped from the list of possible enemies. If the alliance with Japan and the agreement with Russia possess any genuine worth, then surely it follows that for many years to come the Far East need rarely be an object of Great Britain's diplomatic or strategic solicitude, and that the garrison on the Northwest Frontier may be safely reduced. When no such consequences ensue, the conclusion is that the cabinet has been bewitched by its technical experts, who, like all experts, are utterly indifferent to economy so long as they are allowed a free hand.

The argument is a plausible one. More than that, it represents a type of reasoning which is veritable to grow in popular favor.

That it is opposed to and flatly contradicted by the teachings of history and experience, that it ignores the inherent instability of even the most solid-looking structures of international friendship, and that it leaves entirely on one side the subsidies, bribery, and complexity of modern warfare, and the years of infinitely detailed preparation that must go to the winning of a single battle—all this will not prevent the advocates of retrenchment at any price from meeting with a constantly growing support among the British masses. Democracy is enthralled, is greedy of material comforts, is suspicious of all armaments, and it is not as yet by any means well grounded in the realities of national existence. There never was a time when the popular mind was more engrossed with schemes of social reform. Only a day or two ago a bill was brought forward in the House of Commons, and one hundred and sixteen members voted for it, providing that whenever a workman had registered himself as unemployed it should be the duty of a specially created local authority either to provide him with remunerative work or to maintain him and his family until work could be found. That, no doubt, is an extreme sample of the sort of reform with which England is being urged to experiment. But the air is full of projects only a little less dubious and only a little less expensive, and many of them the government has adopted—old-age pensions, for instance, a humbler but still costly plan for dealing with unemployment, and many other special and educational reforms that all need money. I am not expressing any opinion as to the intrinsic merit of these schemes when I note, first, that they create an atmosphere in which attacks upon armaments are easily propagated, and, secondly, that their financial demands must very seriously impair the capacity of this country to maintain the two-Power standard. Indeed, if Englishmen were honest with themselves, they would frankly face the fact that their naval supremacy is threatened so much by an alien Power, as by their own sentimentality, short-sightedness, and distorted perspectives.

There is another factor which aggravates the strain, and that is the evolution of the *Dreadnought* type of battleship. I think most Englishmen regard the *Dreadnought* as a mistake. In the old design of ships, the armor, the guns, the speed, and the armament were so much difficultly maintained in an enormous iron. It was not to her interests to initiate a new type. If any other nation had conceived the *Dreadnought*, then England would have been bound to follow, and if possible improve upon, the example thus set. But it was none of England's business to set the example herself, to give a new spurt to naval competition, and to invent a type of ship so manifestly superior to all other types as to make them not indeed obsolete, but ineffective by comparison. It is now pretty clearly realized that the building of the *Dreadnought* instituted a new scale and standard of naval rivalry which, instead of reinforcing, positively injures Great Britain's ascendancy at sea. The *Dreadnought* is being in a class by themselves, a stress of competition has been practically doubled. All nations with feverish unanimity have taken to building them; a vast amount of expenditure that would otherwise have been postponed or avoided is thus being incurred; new harbors, bases, and docks have to be constructed for the reception and protection of these monsters. England's start is only a matter of a year or two; and the demand is inevitably made that in *Dreadnoughts*, as well as in all other classes of war-ships, the two-Power standard shall be maintained. Thus by her own action, through her own lack of foresight, Great Britain finds herself committed to a struggle absolutely unprecedented for magnitude and expense in all naval history. And the opening of this struggle coincides with the steady growth of a political party that is determined to devote every penny of public money on which it can lay hands to the work of social reform.

It coincides, too, with the sudden and determined leap of Germany into the arena among the first naval Powers of the world. This is a development that promises for many years to come to be the pivot of European policy. Great Britain distrusts Germany. There is no, or at any rate very little, expectation that Germany will ever venture to attack the British navy single-handed. But there is a very real persuasion that if Great Britain and any first-class Power were to become involved in war, Germany would seize upon the opportunity to attempt the overthrow of British maritime supremacy. Englishmen therefore regard the growth of the German navy as a matter that affects the very foundations of their national security. They realize that Germany is in many ways better prepared than they are themselves for the struggle that lies ahead, that no doubt either of finance or in internal politics or of popular lethargy will prevent Germany from building a fleet almost, if not quite, equal to their own, and that before another fifteen years are over it may be for Great Britain a question of maintaining not her relative but her actual ascendancy at sea, not the two-Power standard, but her superiority over a single one of her rivals. Quite apart, therefore, from questions of naval distribution, efficiency, education, and administration—and on all these heads the policy of the present Admiralty is widely, though I think unjustly, criticised—Englishmen feel, and rightly feel, that they are nearing a crisis of unparalleled complexity and peril.

Behind the Guns in Magdalena Bay



Firing from the Port-wait Turret of the "Georgia"

THE RECOIL OF THE RIGHT GUN IN THE TURRET MAY BE PLAINLY NOTED. THE DARK BLUES AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE ARE MADE BY THE SMOKELESS POWDER



Boat-gun Practice in rough Water

THE "OHIO'S" SAILING LAUNCH IS IN THE FOREGROUND. THE WATER SPLASHING INTO THE STEAM-LAUNCH ALONGSIDE, ON WHICH A MAN MAY BE SEEN THROUGH THE SMOOTHER, ALMOST PUT OUT THE FIRES



The Interested Japanese Steward

WHEN A DIVER WAS SENT DOWN TO CLEAR A LINE FROM THE "OHIO'S" STARBOARD PROPELLER, CAPTAIN BARTLEY'S STEWARD, THE SECOND FIGURE FROM THE LEFT, WAS AN ATTENTIVE SPECTATOR DURING THE OPERATION



The "Ohio's" Diver going Oversea

A RIGHT-ANGLE SWOOSHED THE BATTLESHIP'S STEWARD PROPELLER WHILE SHE WAS ON THE TARGET RANGE THAT IT COULD NOT BE CLEARED UNTIL THE OHIO'S HAD DOWN. WHO IS ALSO AN KNIFE DIVER, WAS SENT OVERBOARD TO DISMANTLE IT. THIS WAS QUICKLY ACCOMPLISHED, AND THE GUNNERY PRACTICE WAS PROMPTLY RESUMED



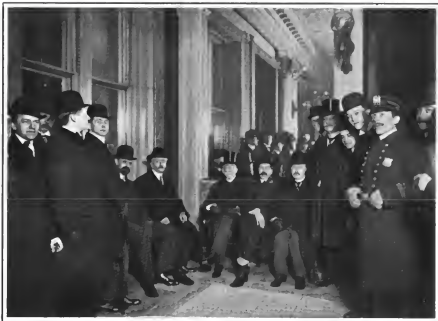
Bringing Aboard a recovered Torpedo

AFTER A TORPEDO WHICH IS A VERY EXPENSIVE PIECE OF MECHANISM, HAD BEEN DISMANTLED AT A TARGET IT BE CAUGHT AT THE 1500 YDS. BEYOND AND TOWED BODILY BACK TO THE SHIP FOR REARMAMENT AND RECHARGED WITH COMBUSTIBLE AIR FOR ANOTHER SHOT. IN SUCH PRACTICE THE TORPEDO CONTAINS NO EXPLOSIVE

ALTHOUGH at the time of writing the official figures have not been made public in detail, it is generally known that the battleships of Admiral EVANS' fleet have made notable scores upon the targets in Magdalena Bay. The correspondents with the fleet have been prevented from making public the work of the batteries by an order from the Commander in Chief, which said, "No state-

ment of scores shall be forwarded, or whether ships do well or badly." But Lieutenant H. D. White, who went to Washington to make a report upon the fleet's shooting, made this statement before starting eastward: "Each and every ship in Admiral EVANS' fleet has beaten its former record by a good margin. The world will be astounded when the facts come out."

THE PASSING OF THE "AMEN CORNER"



THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS HOTELS IN THE WORLD AND FOR ALMOST HALF A CENTURY THE SOCIAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, WAS CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC ON APRIL 4. IT IS TO BE TAKEN DOWN TO MAKE ROOM FOR A NEW HYPER BUILDING. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS SENATOR THOMAS C. PLATT (IN THE DARK HAT) SITTING IN THE EXHAUSTED "AMEN CORNER" IN THE MAIN CORRIDOR. IT WAS FROM HERE THAT THE POLITICAL DESTINIES OF NEW YORK STATE WERE FOR MANY YEARS DIRECTED BY ITS REPUBLICAN MASTERS. THE FURNITURE CONSTITUTING THE "AMEN CORNER" IS TO BE SET UP IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE HYPERMAN BUILDING.

In the Turret

(See double-page illustration)

THE man behind the gun" has been very far in the front in recent weeks, with the powerful feet of Admiral Evans assembled in the great coast waters and demonstrating with thousands of pounds of powder and projectile the skill of the American gunpointer. For this reason, as well as for the widespread interest which has been aroused in the nation's naval force, the double-page drawing, "IN THE TURRET," by George Gibbs, in this issue of HARTMAN'S WEEKLY, is not alone timely, but peculiarly valuable in its faithful presentation of how a gun crew looks and works in the dim and narrow confines of its "steel-walled pen." The scene portrayed is in a battleship turret which mounts two 15-inch guns, and the time is during target practice. It is a few moments after the order to load has been given.

The instant this command is issued, the plugman (the one on the left at the crank) opens the breech. By turning the crank the heavy breech-block is quickly retracted and withdrawn from the gun, swinging on its strong hinges to the position shown. The ammunition car meanwhile is on its way up from the handling-room below. As soon as the breech-block is clear the car, bearing the ponderous projectile and four bags of smokeless powder, rises to its place. The car is operated by the hoist-man (visible just over the breech of the gun and to the right). The rammer-man, who is bending forward grasping a handle in the right foreground, now operates the electric rammer by a mechanism very similar to that used by a street-car motorman. The rammer, which is constructed like a spring, thrusts forward rapidly and drives the projectile home in the gun. By this time the first loader has a grip upon two of the powder bags, which, as the rammer draws back, he swiftly unloads down into the bottom of the car and follows quickly with the third and fourth bags. In this he is helped by the second loader (the man standing at the end of the car). Instantly the rammer-man switches on his power and the charges are thrust home after the projectile. All of this is accomplished at top speed, the rammer darting back and forth like the piston of an engine. When the charges are home the ammunition car drops away and the plugman closes the breech, and the great gun is ready for firing.

The firing is done by the pointer and firer, who may be discerned in the dim light of the turret standing on a small platform back of the plugman. He does it by means of a lever which makes a contact between two electric wires and ignites the powder. The other figure in the forward part of the turret, his legs being just visible in the gloom and above the mass of the gun's breech, is that of the trainer, who trains the guns from his commanding position between them.

While the gun is being fired, the hoist-man sends the ammunition car down the hoist, which is equipped with automatically opening and closing safety doors, to the handling-room, where a squad of quick, careful men loads it again with shell and powder. Then comes the drop rear of discharge and the routine begins anew.

The copper tubes which cross the breech of the gun are compressed air ducts. The moment the gun is fired and before the breech-block is withdrawn, the compressed air is turned on and a sharp blast of it is blown through the gun to free it of all particles of burning powder, because there is no spouting of the piece as in former, olden days. The recoil of the gun is received on the recoil cylinders of compressed air underneath the gun, and the recoil is only five or six feet. On some of the ships there are four recoil cylinders, two above and two below, but the tendency is to come back to two cylinders as in the earlier types of ships. It is only when it is considered that the whole operation, including raising and lowering the car, training and firing, requires only eighteen seconds (that is, between shots), some idea of the rapidity with which these gun crews move and of the perfection of their training can be obtained. Only the modern college football team attains to anything like the speed and teamwork of these gun crews when they are in action.

The operations which have been here briefly described are precisely similar in the case of the right turret gun, which is but slightly visible in the drawing. The turret officer, a lieutenant, senior grade, stands between the breeches of the guns, where he may keep close scrutiny upon each and upon everything going on about him. The turret captain, an enlisted man who has attained that grade, stands behind him and is in communication at all times with the bridge or the commanding-tower of the ship, whence come all directions in time of action.

The "Glad Hand" in Washington

BEING SOME RECORDS OF TEMPERATURE AND
ATMOSPHERE IN OFFICIAL RECEPTION ROOMS

By A. FRANCIS WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN RAYNE GROESBECK



PERSONALITY is an abstract quality is rather rare individuals. It is not an easy thing to define, but we know it when we see it, or rather feel it, well enough. Personality creates its own individual atmosphere. That, also, is unmistakable.

The members of a national government are all likely to possess individual personality to a more or less degree. Such men are selected as the few out of the many on account of distinct and marked abilities—abilities which afford them particular aid in their dealings with men. The office places them on a pedestal, from which



He throws his Personality all over You

they can descend or mount still higher according to individual achievement.

When in Washington recently I was privileged to meet most of the members of the present cabinet, and to talk with some of them privately and leisurely. The first impression the foreigner has to his own comparison of the "big" men of this country with the "big" men of Europe is that the American lacks personality—or, perhaps, it would be fairer to say, lacks that particular attribute of personality that enables us to apply the word "distinguished." I use the term "first impression," because I think the personality of the "big" American grows upon you. His is the simple manner—even though he lives not the simple life—and his general deportment spells simplicity in plain letters.

The first outward sign of that simplicity is afforded to the foreigner by the approachableness of the American man to office. He is so easily accessible. And you need not flatter yourself that he is putting himself out of his way to be accessible and agreeable to you in particular. He is just as accessible to his own clerks, to the caller from the city, to the man from the West. He could easily say he was too busy, or ask you to state your business in writing and he would send no answer, or he could make an appointment at a more convenient season, if such appointment were deemed to be merited. But he does none of these things. You see his private secretary, say you want to see the Secretary of So-and-so, and you are admitted. Or if you write your request for an interview, you receive word the same day to call, and all is well.

Not so in Europe. Call to see any cabinet minister in England, for instance, and, unless you are a prominent personage—very prominent, indeed—or an influential constituent (remembering each member of the cabinet represents a constituency and has a seat in Parliament), you will have to be content with an interview with a subordinate. If that does not satisfy you, and you insist on seeing the political head of the department, you will have to wait for some days before an appointment can be arranged,

always granting that the minister finally considers your mission to be worthy of a personal interview. After all, however, the cabinet minister is not the least approachable of his type in England. It will take you longer to see the editor of the London Times, for instance, than all the cabinet ministers put together. That is where dignity comes in. Why it costs so much time to arrange these things in London no one has ever quite explained. But you may try it, and prove the truth of the statement. To be perfectly just, however, it must be admitted that when you have seen the distinguished foreigner in his own quarters, you probably will be quite satisfied with your visit. You will find him absolutely hudsonian and decisive. He does not procrastinate, and he is not fond of "hot air." That is pretty much of an unknown quality in European business circles.

And, after all, the foreigner's red tape is a matter of tradition. Your American who enters the diplomatic sphere and is sent to Europe, after he has resided there for a time, becomes imbued with the same conservative ideas. The atmosphere influences him, and he soon comes to believe that to be more or less inaccessible to the commonality secures unto him and to his office a certain amount of dignity and freedom from small worries, which blessings he would not have if he carried his home simplicity into the foreign world.

Apart from President Roosevelt, none of the members of the present cabinet can be said to possess an impressive or remarkable personality. Mr. Roosevelt does possess it. He radiates physical force, so to speak. To be in his presence is to realize that you are close to a big man, to an imposing figure. As he rises to greet you he throws his personality all over you—not intentionally, of course, but you are impressed with the actual, momentary meeting, the personal contact. You may be sitting in the room occupied by Mr. William Leach, Jr., the President's secretary, the windows of which room look out upon the now world famous tennis court. The President is playing tennis there with young Mr. Tiarfield and two other colleagues. He wears spectacles when playing, and he is clad in a heavy blue sweater, with gray trousers and white boots. In such "undress" he appears to be very stout,—his stoutness being a fact so real to the President himself that the conceived necessity for the violent exercise of tennis may perhaps have a very direct relation to the state of the Rooseveltian physique, erstwhile deplored by its owner.

Well, you have an appointment with Mr. Roosevelt for half past three. He is still playing tennis at ten past the hour, yet punctually at the half hour you are ushered into the President's room, and you meet quite a different-looking personage to the man you saw on the tennis court in the blue sweater a few moments since. It is in this first moment of meeting that Mr. Roosevelt's personality impresses you so. A strong figure in frock coat and other appropriate garments confronts you. The slink of the hand is strong; the look into your eyes is strong and clear. Without a doubt, there is personality personified.

By the way—and very much by the way, really—a great deal has been written about the Presidential game of tennis, but no one



The Secretary of State watches you right from the Door to the Chair

so far has presumed to criticize Mr. Roosevelt's abilities as a player. Believing there can be no great harm in it, I make the "editor" to say, as one who observed, that Mr. Roosevelt is not that you would call a "crack" at the game. He played the Bishop of London, it is true, but the Bishop of London is not a "crack" either. To be fond of a game as a means of outdoor



They all appear to enjoy life after the manner of their Chief

exercise is not to say that you are a first-class player. At tennis, Mr. Roosevelt "serves" fairly well, but he is not a fast player, not a hard hitter, and he is not good "on the volley." He is a medium player, but too heavy and too slow on his feet ever to be an expert.

To revert to more serious matters, let me say that the foreigners visiting Washington to-day cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that, politically, Mr. Roosevelt's run already has begun to set. He has pronounced himself as out of the running for the next Presidency, and a wonderfully vast section of the public, including the politicians who assemble at the Capital from day to day, have begun to take Mr. Roosevelt as a passing figure.

Speaking of Mr. Roosevelt's waning light, at the moment, so far as Washington is concerned, anyway, where everybody is talking and apparently thinking more about what Mr. Taft, Mr. Bryan, Vice-President Fairbanks, and Governor Hughes are doing than about the actions of the Chief Executive, reminds one of Bernard Shaw's charge concerning the fickleness of the American public. How quickly are your public men, let the light beat upon them ever so fiercely while they are on the "throne," relegated to obscurity! Europe scarcely ever hears the name of Grover Cleveland mentioned nowadays; seldom sees the name in print, even in an American newspaper. Yet only a few yesterday ago he was at the White House as the central figure in the United States. It is not so in Europe with great political figures. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, in England, for instance, were in high office two years ago. Mr. Balfour was Prime Minister, and Mr. Chamberlain, as Secretary for the Colonies, was the most talked-of man in the British cabinet. Now they are out of office—have been for two years—but they are no less prominent in British politics. M. Delcassé, French Minister of Foreign Affairs three years ago, now out of office, is scarcely less a prominent figure in France to-day than he was when at the Quai d'Orsay. But here, in Grover Cleveland's own country, Grover Cleveland is more or less of a forgotten figure. It is the case of a great many of the illustrious life, which makes the American demand a new type of automobile every year, a new fad for society's hobby, a new kind of drama every season.

Mr. Roosevelt is not out of the reckoning yet as a contending force, by any means, since, as Chief Executive, he still controls the Federal machinery, and his personal influence is great enough to make many of the wire-pullers afraid of him. But he is out of their reckoning of present possibilities, though with them as a very present and active factor in the game now being played. Should anything tragic happen to President Roosevelt to-morrow, government and popular as he is and has been, his name would be before the European public for longer, and his praises would be lauded down more surely and more lustily, than in the United States. It is the old story of the "mortal man."

No one could speak of Mr. Root as a man of strong, prepossessing personality. He resembles one's idea of a comfortable, well-to-do country parson—a Baptist or a Methodist of the old school. He cloaks himself in somber garments; he behaves quietly, with head inclined; is even somewhat deferential in his manner, and does not outwardly embody what one imagines to be the physical properties of the cabinet minister. But wait until he speaks. He is direct, positive, distinct, and his eyes sparkle. He never raises his voice, but he has no need to; you feel that he means what he says, and there need be no mistake about his decisions. His secretary sits opposite him at the same desk. Mr. Root is the only member of the cabinet who favors that arrangement. The other members of the cabinet have their secretaries in separate rooms altogether.

When you enter the reception room at the Secretary of State's department, at the very end of the long hall, facing the south, on the second floor, you are shown in by a short, elderly little-colored man who limps, but who knows his business, and suggests foreign training. You are in a large apartment wherein are hung portraits of all the former Secretaries of State—famous figures, many of them. You wait a moment or two, and then you walk into Mr. Root's private room, preceded by the little lame negro. And the Secretary of State watches you right from the door to the chair which is drawn up very close beside him, as if he were summing up your mission on the spot. He has the chair right alongside his own, as if he were slightly deaf and would make sure of hearing you. And when he has listened to what you have to say, has talked to you, and disposed of your business for you, you have had a glimpse of the man whom the diplomats in Washington consider to be the "biggest" man in the cabinet.

How the personality of the individual creates its own atmosphere—which I tried to say at the beginning of this article—is illustrated very practically in the case of the present Secretary of War, Mr. Taft; also in the case of Mr. Cortelyou. One is big physically, as well as mentally, and is jolly, bluff, and ever buoyant. And all about him and his officers suggest those properties. With Mr. Cortelyou, who has been called the "silent Secretary," all is to the contrary.

The messenger at the door of the War Office, where Mr. Taft is usually to be found when in Washington, is a fat, good-sized, portly, jolly fellow; a negro of the happy sort. Mr. Taft's chief secretary is a heavy, jolly young man, and his clerks all appear to enjoy life after the manner of their chief, that is, in regard to disposition. If they cannot do it in such an altogether "big" way, they can emulate him in the miniature, so to speak. Whether Mr. Taft has acquired the habit from his travels abroad or not I cannot say, but he adapts the foreign style of getting up on his feet to greet you when you enter his room. And when he shakes hands he makes you feel smaller than he is—and weaker. You get a hearty greeting from a hearty sort of man, and the atmosphere is breezy all the time. And he is a clever word-fencer, Mr. Taft. He can say a whole lot and say nothing, talk all around your question, and give you no positive information whatever, in a bluff, happy, contented sort of way. He has only one rival in the cabinet as a lover of that same order—Mr. Elihu Root, who is surpassed in that art.

When you go to Mr. Cortelyou's office, in a corner on the second floor of the Treasury, you feel yourself to be ushered into an atmosphere of silence. The negro messenger speaks to you in a whisper, and everybody around—these people waiting there on sofas and chairs for a chance to see the Treasurer—seems to have caught a malady which hinders their speaking aloud or making the slightest noise. There is a latticed door through which the messenger tips you, and if that latticed door slammed you



You go across as if you were walking on hot bricks

would feel as if some one had committed a crime. The messenger slides through the inner door like a shadow, comes out in the same speakable fashion, and beckons you in as another man goes out, the latter probably holding his breath till he reaches the door, to which he tiptoes with the utmost care. Everybody concentrates his gaze on that mysterious door; it is phantasmic in its very suggestion.

When it comes to your turn you go across as if you were walking on hot bricks; the messenger pulls the door open, gives you a tiny shove, and you slide into the inner room. It is not a large room. There is a big, flat-topped desk, a chair or two, and that is about all except Mr. Cortelyou. The man does not rise who can talk to Mr. Cortelyou in a robust voice. You may begin that way, but you will not go on. The Secretary of the Treasury is cold and impassive, about as opposite to the Secretary of War as one could possibly imagine. Mr. Cortelyou is pleased to see you, but he cannot express it in a very lively way. You realize that you have met a clever man, a deep man, but you come away from the interview with a sort of chill, as if you were leaving an atmosphere in which the open air of the street will surely be a warm and welcome contrast.



·IN THE
DRAWN BY

Illustrated by George C.



TURRET

WGE GIBBS

Votes for Women: An Object-Lesson

By BERTHA DAMARIS KNOBE

THAT masculine anti-suffragist of Massachusetts who grumbled, "When a man comes home tired at night he does not want to kiss an oversexed of the poor or a member of the school board," will soon have to move to another planet. That is, if he aspires to be really happy. For the solemn fact is that the suffragists are appropriating so much of this earth, politically speaking, that, like Alexander of old, they will shortly have to lament because there are no more worlds to conquer.

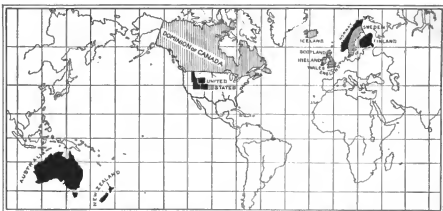
This amazing fact is to be demonstrated with authentic precision at an international object-lesson in women's suffrage, scheduled for the 15th of June at Amsterdam, Holland. This is the seven days' meeting of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance, under its American president, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, of New York. Fair representatives from twenty-two countries—think of it!—will come to compare notes, and twelve of them—think again!—will proudly report that they possess full suffrage, every suffrage except Parliamentary, or municipal suffrage. The aspiring others will either boast of minor scraps of the ballot or a fine fight for it—which means that, suddenly and spectacularly, the once despised subject of feminine enfranchisement is being discussed in noblesse every civilized region of the globe. And yet the obstinate anti-suffragist persists that women's suffrage isn't gaining ground!

This gathering in Amsterdam will be a glorification because, forsooth, such strides have been made since the Stromness Sisterhood met at Copenhagen, Denmark, two years ago. Two northern nations—Finland and Norway—have in this time crowned their women with complete citizenship. Undoubtedly interest will centre in the campaign tales told by the Finnish women, who, the first election after their enfranchisement in 1906, challenged the approval of the conventional world by seating nineteen women in Parliament. One instinctively wonders what the Massachusetts men thought when Mrs. Hediwig Gehrod was chosen to sit beside her illustrious husband. This interest will be shared by the Norwegian women, whose chivalrous countrymen, not to be outdone by their national neighbor, speedily bestowed, in 1907, full suffrage with eligibility to Parliament, though as yet no candidate has been entered in the Parliamentary race. These triumphs are more striking when one recalls that fifteen years have elapsed

So these two extraordinary achievements of two years, particularly the unparalleled spectacle in Finland, fill the "franchise faithfuls" with a new brand of hope. That is precisely why they have chosen to camp in the little Dutch country for a week, for it seems likely to fall in with the full-suffrage procession. In fact, its committee of cabinet ministers, in their proposed revision of the constitution, have strongly recommended the enfranchisement of Dutch women, with eligibility to office, and though the new shift in government may temporarily defer the final seal of approval, Holland is labelled "most hopeful" on the international list. About 20,000 persons attended an open-air meeting of the Adult Suffrage Committee at Rotterdam not long ago, ten of the twelve speakers favoring woman's suffrage, while that irrepressible blemish first unfurled by English "suffragettes" and since waved over the world—"Votes for Women"—was borne aloft in the preceding parade. After the Amsterdam meeting, the suffragists will do a little extra missionary work by one-day seasons at Rotterdam and The Hague.

"Aside from hopeful Holland," said Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the drum-major of this international suffrage procession, the other day, "it looks as if England and Sweden will be the next full-suffrage countries to fall into line. Every square foot of England is alive on this subject, the House of Commons recently giving the unprecedented majority of 271 to 92 in favor of woman's suffrage. In Sweden, suffrage societies are springing up like mushrooms, forty-two being organized in one year, and on the 15th of January, for the first time in Swedish history, the King's speech contained a few favorable words. There is no doubt which way the procession is moving—across the world."

This world-wide agitation to break up what somebody calls the most gigantic monopoly of the age—the masculine monopoly of the ballot-box—is beginning to be most picturesque. The subject has been long enshrouded in a hazy reminiscence of the early days of popular disapproval when red pepper, paper pellets, and even the handy lynch-bells (to say nothing of obnoxious eggs) were employed to squelch the spectacle of that sacred trio, Susan B. Anthony, Lary Stone, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and, at a later time, associated only with polite papers decorously read in parlor meetings. The spectacular outbreaks in the streets of the foremost cities of the world, therefore, show the new militant spirit which promises to dominate the movement. The daily strategists of those



Woman-Suffrage Map of the World, showing the Forms of Enfranchisement granted in various Countries

Drawn from a map by Bertha Damaris Knoke

since the first of the four full-suffrage countries—New Zealand—bestowed the ballot on the sex in 1893; but the New Zealand men, not so favorably disposed as their Finnish and Norwegian brothers, still warily hold the string to the situation by reserving seats in Parliament solely for their own sex. Thirteen years have passed, moreover, since Australia began in its various states to bestow political freedom upon its women, even to Parliamentary eligibility, and though several feminine aspirants have polled a splendid vote, none has succeeded in winning the privilege of writing "M. P." after her name.

She Napoleons of woman's suffrage, the English "suffragettes," which shook the world into "taking notice"—their latest device is to dangle a kite with the words, "Votes for Women," directly over the House of Parliament which has ousted them so often—are circled in the newspapers; and the "apple-pieing" which their New York contingent ingeniously got in Wall Street the other day is familiar history. But the average American does not know that Scottish women, emulating their English sisters, recently planned a monster parade down the stately streets of Edinburgh—three thousand strong, headed by the mounted police

and Lady Frances Balfour, while it is estimated that one million interested spectators lined the streets. Over in Paris, that time-honored stronghold of feminine forbiddance, the suffragists drove through the principal boulevards to the Chamber of Deputies, bearing aloft such banners as, "Women must have votes for the taxes they pay and the laws they obey." During the late outburst of Hungarian men in Budapest for the franchise, a squad of woman suffragists invaded the ranks of the paraders to distribute 600,000 posters, beginning: "Men and women laborers—today you demonstrate for universal suffrage. You demand justice, right, and

elsewhere—in a twenty-four other States of the United States, for instance, where women have either the tax-paying or school suffrage; and, to mention one more, in France, where they vote for members of commercial tribunals and other minor offices—small signs which promise new recruits for the international suffrage procession later on.

In several other countries the suffragists are trying to edge in sideways. Bohemian women claim to have snatched an old statute which does not exclude women from eligibility to the Diet. Thereupon with enterprising promptness they have put up Miss M.



Suffragists who recently besieged Congress for the Ballot

THIS DELEGATION APPEARED BEFORE THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE AND THE HOUSE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE TO URGE THE ENACTMENT OF A SIXTIETH AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PERMITTING WOMEN TO VOTE. THOSE IN THE FRONT ROW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: MRS. IDA HUNTER HARPER, NEW YORK; MISS KATHY GORDON, NEW ORLEANS, CORRESPONDENT SECRETARY, NATIONAL AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION; MRS. RACHEL FOSTER AVERY, NEWARTIMORE, PENNSYLVANIA, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT; MISS LUCY CLAY, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, AUDITOR; MRS. CAROL CHAPMAN LATT, NEW YORK, PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ALLIANCE; DR. ANNA SHAW, MOTLON, PENNSYLVANIA, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION; AND MRS. HARRIET TAYLOR UPSON, WARREN, OHIO, TREASURER. THE SUFFRAGIST STANDING NEXT TO THE MAN ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS MRS. FANNIE FERNALD, OLD RICHARD, MAINE, PRESIDENT OF THE MAINE WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION. MRS. BEAVER LOCKWOOD, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., ONCE A CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WEARS A WHITE-THREADED HAT, AND IN THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE THREE WOMEN IN THE EXTREME REAR OF THE GROUP.

equality. Don't forget that suffrage to be universal must include women." And these scenes are being repeated elsewhere, wherever a banner and a fair ballot-squitter make the necessary combination.

Added to Finland and Norway, the Amsterdam delegates will have minor gains to boast over. Undoubtedly, as an aftereffect to the international conference in Copenhagen, Denmark, that country gave, in 1907, its first scrap of the franchise to women—the vote and eligibility for boards of public utilities. The same year in "Darkest Russia," where peasant women are awakening on the subject, and every party except the extreme conservatives has a woman's suffrage plank, women of property were permitted a proxy vote in the election of the Duma. Then in Sweden, where the women possessed municipal suffrage for forty-five years, eligibility to municipal office was added; and in England, where women were made eligible as mayors, aldermen, town and county councilors, several candidates promptly entered the field and were elected.

So the "reconciliation" roll-call at Amsterdam will sound decidedly cosmopolitan. To begin: There are the four full-suffrage countries of New Zealand, Australia, Finland, and Norway—five, in fact, if one includes the United States with its four enfranchised States of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Idaho. Besides, the miniature Isle of Man bestowed the ballot on women away back in 1881. Every suffrage, except Parliamentary, flourishes in the five countries of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Sweden. The municipal vote remains in two, Ireland and Canada—the former having granted eligibility to municipal office in 1902 and now the generously inclined government announces a bill for full suffrage; while the latter possesses in its nine provinces either municipal or school suffrage, or both. The mid-Atlantic report has gone broadcast that Denmark bestowed municipal suffrage early in 1908, the fact being that the government has recommended such a measure, and it is now pending before Parliament with the likelihood of passing. Is the municipal list the one State of Kansas that be enrolled. Incidentally it may be added that lesser degrees of suffrage exist

Tumora as a Parliamentary candidate to test the law. The Italian women espoused the same sort of suffrage stunt last year—and lost, so goes the sorrowful sequel—when they backed Signorina Sacchi, daughter of Garibaldi's friend and physician, in her Parliamentary contest. However, such efforts are educational.

The showing of the American contingent at Amsterdam is important for several reasons. In the first place, an American woman is to sit in the President's chair. During the first four of Mrs. Calkins' five-year regime, it is interesting to note, the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance has increased from five to thirteen countries, with fine prospects of three others joining the official ranks. The list includes Australia, Canada, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Russia, Sweden, Holland, and the United States, with Switzerland, Belgium, and France as the promising possibilities. Likewise suggestive is the new spirit of the movement reflecting itself in scores of woman's suffrage newspapers which are springing up over the world. The international society has established an official organ—*Das Suffragette*, published at Rotterdam—while *Le Suffragiste* of Paris, and *Le Femmina* of Rome, Italy, serve as samples. Then, in the second place, the American delegation aspires to put up no less a feat as possible; preliminary to the great gathering, the quinquennial convention of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance (the meetings at Copenhagen and Amsterdam are biennial) conferences. It must be remembered) scheduled for New York in May, 1910. So the president will be accompanied by a gaily host, including such well known suffragists as Dr. Anna Shaw, Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, Mrs. Ida Hunter Harper, and Miss Lucy Anthony. Meantime, in this official making of the woman's suffrage map of the world, encouragement comes from every masculine Parliament on earth. As ex-Minister Luzzatti said recently before the Chamber of Deputies at Rome: "The whole civilized world is now agitating the question, which must be settled in favor of the women sooner or later."



The Hotel buried beneath Thirty Feet of Snow during the Winter



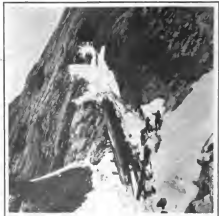
Digging Snow-galleries to restore outside Communication



The Walls of Snow through which the Galleries pass



Huge Excavations have to be made to open up the Snow-buried Railroad Line which runs up to the Hotel



To avoid starting Avalanches every Spade-ful of Snow is removed in Railroad Cars instead of being dumped over the Mountain

SPRING CLEANING IN THE ALPS

DIGGING OUT A SUMMER HOTEL ON MT. PILATUS, SWITZERLAND



The Season's Plays

"DON QUIXOTE" ON THE STAGE

By "I"



put upon the stage the immortal but pathetic "Don Quixote" of Cervantes was the forlorn attempt by Mr. Paul Kester and Mr. E. H. Southern when they set forth recently at the Lyric Theatre the former's dramatization of the novel. Mr. Southern impersonating the deluded and lovable knight. Mr. Kester, the author of the play, explains freshly his aims and motivations in turning the novel into a drama. "Many distinguished writers," he observes in a programmatic avowal, "have undertaken to interpret Cervantes' intention in portraying Don Quixote. The maker of this play has no such purpose. He ventures to present the Knight of the Sorrows in dramatic form, but, as nearly as maybe, in the very words of his creator, as available in the best translations of his masterpiece. He has taken only such liberties with the scenes and minor characters as the task of fitting them for stage presentation seemed, in his judgment, to require. Much has of necessity been omitted, words and incidents have been transposed, but little has been added."

Mr. Kester has arranged his drama in four acts. The first passes in "the courtyard of an inn in La Mancha"; the second in "the kitchen of an inn"; the third in "the courtyard of the Duke's palace"; the fourth in Don Quixote's library. Mr. Kester has used, as he says, much of Cervantes' language in the form of dramatic narration; he has put almost treasure characters on the stage; and he has contrived much in the way of brilliant accessories—pageantry, tumultuous crowds, an incidental love affair, and other theatrical props. What is the total result? With all possible respect for the seriousness of Mr. Kester's aims, one is compelled to say that it is—conspicuously—dullness, tediousness that tries endurance. The thing does not "come off." The drama moves with leaden feet, or through a business and often meaningless harlequinade that is wearisome beyond expression. And it is unconsciously long—the first act alone lasts for an hour and a quarter. There is no crescendo of interest, there is no dramatic suspense; and the author, despite the brilliancy of the mounting, the external impressiveness of the thing, is exhausted and rebellious long before the end.

It may be said that the novel, with its prodigious multiplicity of incident, its looseness of form, and its immense length, is hostile to the intentions of the most gifted of dramatists. But surely Mr. Kester might have condensed, eliminated, and selected with more scrupulous regard for the requirements of the stage than he has displayed. Mr. Southern, it must be said, is at present his one hope, and it should be noted in justice to this fine-spirited and indefatigable actor, that no lover of Cervantes' marvellous creation should miss seeing Mr. Southern's portrayal of the much-tried righter of wrongs. He has not in years done anything so fine and true, so skillful and vivid as this.

In its external effect, its emotional and spiritual suggestion, this is almost exactly the pathetic figure previous to those who in their minds hold the image of the noblest dreamer in fiction. Mr. Southern's impersonation has evidently been built up with loving and meticulous insight; it is full of exquisite detail, and it is rich in fervor. It is worth making a journey to the Lyric just to hear him enunciate the name of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, which he utters with a combined tender, reverent, and passionate quite beyond praise. This second achievement of Mr. Southern's is superlative.

The supporting company is, on the whole, adequate, with one exception. Mr. Rowland Buckstone plays Sancho Panza, or, rather, he borrows him. We have not often seen upon the stage a more grotesque perversion than Mr. Buckstone—usually an actor of understanding and ability—sets before us in this part. Whatever else it may be, it certainly bears an extremely remote resemblance to the Sancho of Cervantes. To what extent, one cannot help wondering, is Mr. Kester responsible?

And why, oh! why does Mr. Southern inflict upon his more or less helpless audience the elaborate programme of "vocal music" which occupies the intermissions? No less than nine numbers—sung as solos, male quartettes, in the form of particularly trivial and common music—are violently forced upon the ears of the unexpecting audience, a considerable proportion of which, let us remind Mr. Southern, are unable to sing. There are no tea rooms near the Lyric. When, one wonders in despair, will "music" be banished from our theatres? Robert Hileena once wrote a delectable tale about a music-lover who, tormented beyond endurance by compulsory hearing of much bad music, created for himself a religion of silence; he went, if we remember rightly, in the desert and fell down in worship before the Sphinx, renouncing forever allegiance to Katerpe. Already we see, in fancy, some tormented auditor from the Lyric in frenzied passage for the desert.

The proportion of New Yorkers who pass their lives in flats or apartments (according to price) may be readily estimated by the volume of applause which greets the first act of Clyde Fitch's comedy "Girls" at Daly's Theatre. This act is in a studio apartment, and as soon as the silence of night within it is fractured by the familiar hammering of the steam radiator an appreciative outburst comes from the audience. It is one of the most horrible touches the stage has given us in a long time. Then, too, a responsive discord twangs in the bosom when the brutal, overbearing junior charges in and proceeds to make himself customarily unpleasant. There are several other immediately recognizable incidents of fat life which flash one's thoughts for an instant beforeward. The play itself is very amusing in places, and more or less

instructive in the ending of its first act, with its suggestion of "Charmin" or "Shedder-calls, and quite an decorous as either. How Hilelike this part may be it is for women to determine. At any rate, it provides what has come to be known as "the Clyde-Fitch surprise." Of course when all the girls—and there are three of them—are sung in led a man gets in by mistake.

The theme of the comedy is man-hate, the three girls swearing each night a formidable oath of independence which eventually leads them headlong into matrimony. So strong is their aversion to man that postman, janitor, and messenger alike are forbidden to cross the threshold into the sacred maidenly precincts.

The second act is in a law office, and here one cannot but find fault with Mr. Fitch, in what sort of law offices do senior partners make such unpleasant love to female employees, and catch them by the ankles on step-ladders? This question is all the comment upon this that is necessary.

The man-hating waxes decidedly in the second act, when it is discovered that the young man who got into the maidenly precincts is a tragic extremity is the junior partner of the law firm which employs two of the girls, the third having gone on the stage (excellent place for a man, hater!) There, in the third act love and peace descend upon the trio and the play is done.



Mr. Southern as "Don Quixote"; Mr. Buckstone as his Squire, "Sancho Panza"

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Hichens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHEEP," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)



He looked round reproachfully over his shoulder.

"Signorina," he said, turning the least round, "you are like a wicked lady to-day."

"What is it, Gaspare?" she asked, this time letting him come towards her.

"I say that you are like a wicked lady."

And only the other day I was saying to the signora—

"What were you saying?"

She swam to the boat and got in.

She began to row towards the islet.

"I was saying that you are nearly a woman now."

Vere seemed extraordinarily thin and young as she sat there in her dripping bathing dress, with her small bare feet distilling drops into the bottom of the boat, and her two hands, looking drowned, holding tightly to the wood on each side of her. Even Gaspare, as he spoke, was struck by this, and by the intensely youthful expression in the eyes that now regarded him curiously.

"Really, Gaspare?"

Vere asked the question quite seriously.

"Si, signorina."

"A woman!"

She looked down, as if considering herself. Her wet face had become thoughtful, and for a moment she said nothing.

"And what did mother say?" she asked, looking up again.

"But I know. I am sure she laughed at you."

Gaspare looked rather offended. His expressive face, which always showed what he was feeling, became almost stern, and he began to row faster than before.

"Why should the signora laugh? Am I an imbecile, signorina?"

"You?"

She hastened to correct the impression she had made.

"Why, Gaspare, you are our *Froufrou*!"

"Va bene, but—"

"I only meant that I am sure madre wouldn't agree with you."

She thinks me quite a child. I know that."

She spoke with conviction, nodding her head.

"Perhaps the signora does not see."

Vere smiled.

"Gaspare, I believe you are horribly sharp," she said. "I often think you notice everything. You are brilliant. I am half afraid of you."

Gaspare smiled too. He had quite recovered his good humor. It pleased him mightily to fancy he had seen what the padrona had not seen.

"I am a man, signorina," he observed, quietly. "And I do not speak till I know. Why should I? And I was at your baptism. When we came back to the house I put five lire on the bed to bring you luck, although you were not a Catholic. But it is just the same. Your saint will take care of you."

"Well, but if I am almost a woman—what then, Gaspare?"

"Signorina?"

"Mustn't I play about any more? Mustn't I do just what I feel inclined to, as I did in the *tirotto* just now?"

There is no harm in that, signorina. I was only joking them."

He hesitated, looking at her firmly with his unblinking gaze.

"But what? I believe you want to scold me about something."

I am sure you do."

"No, signorina, never! But women cannot talk to everybody, as children can. Nobody thinks anything of what children say. People only laugh and say, 'Ecco, it's a baby talking.' But when we are older it is all different. People pay attention to us. We are of more importance then."

He did not mention Ruffo. He was too delicate to do that, for instinctively he understood how childish his padronina still was. And, at that moment, Vere did not think of Ruffo. She wondered a little what Gaspare was thinking. That there was some special thought behind his words, prompting them, she knew. But she did not ask him what it was, for already they were at the islet, and she must run it and put on her clothes. Gaspare put her cloak carefully over her shoulders, and she hurried lightly up the steps and into her room. Her mother was not in the house. She had gone to Naples that day to see some poor people in whom she was interested. So Vere was quite alone. She took off her bathing dress and began to put on her things rather slowly. Her whole

body was deliciously lulled by its long contact with the sea. She felt gloriously calm and gloriously healthy just then, but her mind was working vigorously though quietly.

A woman! The word sounded a little solemn and heavy, and, somehow, dreadfully respectable. And she thought of her recent behavior in the *tirotto*, and laughed aloud. She was so very slim too. The word woman suggested to her some one more bulky than she was. But all that was absurd, of course. She was thinking very frivolously to-day.

She put on her dress and fastened it. At the age of sixteen she had put up her hair, but now it was still wet, and she had left it streaming over her shoulders. In a moment she was going out on to the cliff to let the sun dry it thoroughly. The sun was so much better than any towel. With her hair down she really looked like a child, whatever Gaspare thought. She said that to herself, standing for a moment before the glass. Vere was almost as divinely free from self-consciousness as her father had been. But the conversation in the boat had made her think of herself very seriously, and now she considered herself, not without keen interest.

"I am certainly not a wicked lady," she said to herself. "But I don't think I look at all like a woman."

Her dark eyes met the eyes in the glass and smiled.

"And yet I shall be seventeen quite soon. What can have made Gaspare talk like that to madre? I wonder what he said exactly. And then that about 'women cannot talk to everybody as children can.' Now what—?"

Ruffo came into her mind.

"Ah!" she said, aloud.

The figure in the glass made a little gesture. It threw up its hands.

"That's it! That's it, Gaspare thinks—"

"Signorina! Signorina!"

Gaspare's voice was speaking outside the door. And now there came a firm knock. Vere turned round, rather startled. She had been very much absorbed by her colloquy.

"What is it, Gaspare?"

"Signorina, there's a boat coming in from Naples with Don Emilio in it."

"Don Emilio! He's come back! Oh!" There was a pause. Then she cried out, "Capitani! Capitani!"

She ran to the door and opened it.

"Just think of Don Emilio's being back already, Gaspare. But madre! She will be sorry."

"Signorina?"

"Why? What's the matter?"

"Are you coming like that?"

"What? Oh, you mean my hair?"

"No, signorina."

"Gaspare, you ought to have been a lady's maid! Go and bring in Don Emilio in madre's room. And—wait—you're not to tell him madre is away. Now mind!"

"Va bene, signorina."

He went away.

"Shall I put up my hair?"

Vere went again to the glass, and stood considering herself.

"For Monsieur Emilio! No, it's too absurd! Gaspare really is—"

"I sha'n't!"

And she ran out just as she was to meet Artola.

CHAPTER XI

WHEN she reached her mother's sitting-room Artola was already there speaking to Gaspare by a window. He turned rather quickly as Vere came in, and exclaimed:

"Oh! she cried. 'Gaspare hasn't gone!'"

A look almost of dread, half pretence, but with some reality in it too, came into her face.

"Gaspare, forgive me! I was in such a hurry. And it is only Don Emilio!"

Her voice was coaxing. Gaspare looked at his padronina with an attempt at repudiation; but his nose twitched, and though he tried to compress his lips they began to stretch themselves in a smile.

"Signorina! Signorina!" he exclaimed, "Madonna!"

On that exclamation he went out, trying to make his back look comical.

"Only Don Emilio!" Artola repeated.

Vere went to him, and took and held his hand for a moment.

"Yes—only! That's my little compliment. Madre would say

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of you, 'He's such an old shoe!' Such compliments come from the heart, you know."

She still held his hand.

"I should have to put my hair up for anybody else. And Giuseppe wanted me to for you."

Artois was looking rather grave and tired. She noticed that now, and dropped his hand and moved towards a bell.

"Yes!" she said, "all alone with me—see a treat!"

"Isn't your mother in?"

"No. She's gone to Naples. I'm very, very sorry. Make the best of it, Monsieur Emile, for the sake of my honour proper. I said I was sorry—but that was only for you and madre."

Artois smiled.

"Is an old shoe a worthy object of gross flattery?" he said.

"Yes."

"Then—"

"Don't be cantankerous, and don't be subtle, because I've been bathing."

"I notice that."

"And I feel so calm and delicious. Tea, please, Giulia."

The plump, dark woman who had opened the door smiled and retreated.

"So calm and so delicious, Monsieur Emile, and as if I were outside of friendship from top to toe."

"The all-the-world feeling. I know."

He sat down rather heavily.

"You are tired. When did you come?"

"I arrived this morning. It was hot travelling, and I shared my compartment in the wagon-lit with a German gentleman very far advanced in several nervous ailments. Basta! Thank Heaven for this. Calm and delicious!"

His large, piercing eyes were fixed upon Vere.

"And about twelve," he added, "or twelve and a half."

"Is?"

"Yes, yes. I am not speaking of myself, though I believe I am a bit alone."

"I am a woman—practically."

"Practically!"

"Yes; isn't that the word people always put in when they mean 'that's a lie'?"

"You mean you aren't a woman? This afternoon I must agree with you."

"It's the sea! But just now, when you were coming, I was looking at myself in the glass and saying, 'You're a woman'—solemnly, you know, as if it was a dreadful truth."

Artois laid back down on a sofa. He leaned back now with his hands behind his head. He still looked at Vere, and as he did so, he heard the faint whimper of the sea.

"Child of nature," he said, "call yourself that. It covers any age, and it's blessedly true."

Giulia came in at this moment with tea. She smiled again broadly on Artois, and revived and returned his greeting with the comfortable and unembarrassed friendliness of the Italian race. As she went out she was still smiling.

"Aides to the German gentleman with the unsanctified ailments!" said Artois.

An almost boyish sensation of sheer happiness invaded him. It made him feel splendidly unsatisfied. And he felt for a moment, too, as if his intellect lay down to sleep.

"(ara Giulia!" he added, after a rapturous silence.

"What?"

"(arissima Giulia!"

"Yes, Giulia is—"

"They all are, and the island, and the house upon it, and this clear yellow tea, and this brown towel, and this butter from Lombardy. They all are."

"I believe you are feeling good all over, Monsieur Emile."

"San Giennaro knows I am."

He drank some tea and ate some toast, spreading the butter upon it with voluptuous deliberation.

"Then I'm sure he's pleased."

"Paris, hateful Paris!"

"Oh, but that's absurd. A person who feels good all over should not say that."

"You are right, Vere. But when are you not right? You ought always to wear your hair down, even ruffled, and always to have just been bathing."

"And you ought always to have just been travelling."

"It is true that a dreadful post can be a blessing as well as a curse. It is profoundly true. Why have I never realized that before?"

"If I am twelve and a half, I think you are about—about—"

"For the love of the sea make it under twenty, Vere."

"Nineteen, then."

"Were you going to make it under twenty?"

"Yes, I was."

"I don't believe you. Yes, I do, I do! You are an artist. You realize that truth is a question of feeling, not a question of fact."

You penetrate beneath the gray hairs as the promise never do. This latter is delicious! And to think that there have been moments when I have feared butter, when I have kept an eye upon a corpulent future. Give me some more, plenty more."

Vere stretched out her hand to the tea table, but it shook. She drew it back and burst into a peal of laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" said Artois, with bourgeois majesty.

"At you. What's the matter with you, Monsieur Emile? How can you be so foolish?"

She lay back in her chair, with her hair streaming about her, and her thin body quivered, as if the sense of fun within her were striving to break through its prison walls.

"This," said Artois, "is the sheer imperviousness. I venture to inquire for butter, and—"

"To inquire! One, two, three, four—five pats of butter right in front of you! And you inquire—"

Artois suddenly sent out a loud roar to join her childish trick.

The sea had swept away his previous sensation of fatigue, even the happy stolidity that had succeeded it for an instant. He felt full of life and gaiety, and a challenging mental activity. A similar challenging activity, he thought, shone in the eyes of the girl opposite to him.

"Thank God I can still be foolish!" he exclaimed. "And thank God that there are people in the world devoid of humor. My German friend was without humor. Only that fact enabled me to endure his prodigious collection of ailments. But for the best I might have even recoiled in them. He was asthmatic, without humor, dyspeptic, without humor. He had a bad cold in the head, without humor, and got up into the top berth with two rheumatic legs and a crick in the back, without humor. Had he seen the fun of himself the fun would have meant much less to me."

"You cruel person!"

"There is often cruelty in humor—perhaps not in yours, though, yet."

"Why do you say—yet, like that?"

"The hair is such a kindly veil that I doubt the existence of cruelty behind it."

He spoke with a sort of almost tender and paternal gentleness.

"I don't believe you could ever be really cruel, Monsieur Emile."

"Why not?"

"I think you are too intelligent."

"Why should that prevent me?"

"Isn't cruelty stupid, unimaginative?"

"Often. But it can be brilliant, artful, intellectual, full of imagination. It can be religious. It can be passionate. It can be splendid. It can be almost everything."

"Splendid!"

"Like Napoleon's cruelty to France. But why should I educate you in abominable knowledge?"

"Oh," said the girl, thrusting forward her firm little chin, "I have no faith in mere ignorance."

"Yet it does a great deal for those who are not ignorant."

"How?"

"It shows them how pretty, how beautiful even, sometimes, was the place from which they started for their journey through the world."

Vere was silent for a moment. The sparkle of fun had died out of her eyes, which had become dark with the steady flow of imagination. The strands of her thick hair, falling down on each side of her oval face, gave to it a whimsically medieval look, suggestive of legend. Her long-fingered, delicate, but strong little hands



With hands that were slightly trembling she gathered together her manuscripts

were clasped in her lap, and did not move. It was evident that she was thinking deeply.

"I believe I know," she said at last. "Yes, that was my thought, or almost."

"When?"

She hesitated, looking at him, not altogether doubtfully, but with a shadow of reserve, which might easily be fanned, gross deeper, or fade entirely away. He saw the resolve to speak come quietly into her mind.

"You know, Monsieur Emile, I love watching the sea," she said, rather slowly and carefully. "Especially at dawn, and in the evening before it is dark. And it always seems to me as if at dawn it is more heavenly than it is after the day has happened, though it is so very lovely then. And sometimes that line made me feel that our dawn is our most beautiful time—as if we were nearest the truth then. And, of course, that is when we are most ignorant, isn't it? So I suppose I have been thinking a little bit like you. Haven't I?"

She asked it earnestly. Artois had never heard her speak quite like this before, with a curious deliberation that was nevertheless without self-consciousness. Before he could answer she added, abruptly, as if correcting, or even almost condemning herself:

"I can put it much better than that. I have."

Artois leaned forward. Something, he did not quite know what, made him feel suddenly a deep interest in what Vere said—a strange curiosity even.

"You have put it much better!" he said.

Veré suddenly looked conscious. A faint wave of red went over her face and down to her small neck. Her hands moved and parted. She seemed half ashamed of something for a minute.

"Madre doesn't know," she murmured, as if she were giving him a reason for something. "It isn't interesting," she added. "Except, of course, to me."

Artois was watching her.

"I think you really want to tell me," he said now.

"Oh yes, in a way I do. I have been half wanting to for a long time—but only half."

"And now?"

She looked at him, but almost instantly looked down again, with a sort of shyness he had never seen in her before. And her eyes had been full of a strange and beautiful sensitiveness.

"Never mind, Vere," he said, quickly, obedient to those eyes, and responding to their delicate subtlety. "We all have our righteous secrets and should all respect the righteous secrets of others."

"Yes, I think we should. And I know you would be the very last, at least madre and you, to— I think I'm being rather absurd really."

The last words were said with a sudden change of tone to determination, as if Vere were taking herself to task. "I'm making a lot of almost nothing. You see, if I am a woman, as Gaspare is making out, I'm at any rate a very young one, am I not?"

"The youngest that exists."

As he said that Artois thought, "Mon Dieu! If the Marchesinos could only see her now!"

"If humor is cruel, Monsieur Emile," Vere continued, "you will laugh at me. For I am sure, if I tell you—and I know you are going to—you will think this fuss is as ridiculous as the German's cold in the head, and poor legs, and all. I wrote that about the sea."

She said the last sentence with a sort of childish defiance.

"Wait," said Artois. "Now I begin to understand."

"What?"

"All those hours spent in your room. Your mother thought you were reading."

"No," she said, still rather defiantly; "I've been writing that, and other things—about the sea."

"How? In prose?"

"No. That's the worst of it, I suppose."

And again the faint wave of color went over her face to her neck.

"Do you really feel so criminal? Then what ought I to feel?"

"You? Now that is really cruel!" she cried, getting up quickly, almost as if she meant to hurry away.

But she only stood there in front of him, near the window.

"Never mind!" she said. "Only you remember that madre tried. She has never said much about it to me, but now and then from just a word I know that she feels bad, that she wishes very much she could do something. Only the other day she said to me, 'We have the intellect, men, the vocabulary.' She was meaning that you had. She even told me—she said you something that I had asked her, and she said, 'I feel all the things that he can explain.' And there was something in her voice that hurt me—for her. And madre is so clever. Isn't she clever?"

"Yes."

"And if madre can't do things, you can imagine that I feel rather absurd now that I'm telling you."

"Yes, being just as you are, Vere, I can quite imagine that you do. But we can have sweet feelings of absurdity that only arise from something moral within us, a moral deficiency. How ever—would you like me to look at what you have been writing about the sea?"

"Yes, if you can do it quite seriously."

"I could not do it in any other way."

"Then—thank you."

She went out of the room, not without a sort of simple dignity that was utterly removed from conceit or pretentiousness.

What a strange end, this, to their meeting!

Vere was away several minutes, during which at first Artois

sat quite still, leaning back, with his great frame stretched out and his hands ever more behind his head. His intellect was certainly very much awake now, and he was setting a guard upon it, to watch it carefully, lest it should be ruthless, even with Vere. And was he not setting also another mind to watch, the softness of his nature, lest it should betray him into foolish kind words?

Yet, after a minute, he said to himself that he was wasting his time in both these proceedings. For Vere's eyes were surely a touchstone to discover honesty. There is something merciless in the purity of untroubled youth. What can it not divine at moments?

Artois poured out another cup of tea and drank it, considering the little funny situation. Vere and he with a secret from Hermosine shared between them? Vere submitting verses to him—judgment! He remembered Hermosine's half-concealed tragedy, which, of course, had been patent to him in its uttermost nakedness. Even Vere had guessed something of it. Do we ever really hide anything from every one? And yet each one breathes mystery too. The assertive man is the last of fools. Of that at least Artois felt certain.

If Vere should really have talent! He did not expect it, although he had said that there was intellectual force in the girl. There was intellectual force in Hermosine, but she could not create. And Vere! He smiled as he thought of her rush into the room with her hair streaming down, of her shrieks of laughter over his absurdity. But she was full of changes.

The door opened and Vere came in holding some manuscript in her hand, and had done up her hair while she had been away. When Artois saw that he heaved himself up from the sofa.

"I must smoke," he said.

"Oh yes. I'll get the Khali Targas."

"No. I must have a pipe. And you prefer that, I know."

"Generally, but—do you look dreadfully as if you meant business when you are smoking a pipe?"

"I do mean business now."

He took his pipe from his pocket, filled it, and lit it.

"Now then, Vere!" he said.

She came to sit down on the sofa.

He sat down beside her.

CHAPTER XII

More than an hour had passed. To Vere it had seemed like five minutes. Her cheeks were badly flushed. Her eyes shone. With hands that were slightly trembling she gathered together her manuscripts, and carefully arranged them in a neat packet and put a piece of ribbon round them, tying it in a little bow. Meanwhile Artois, standing up, was knocking the shreds of tobacco on of his pipe against the chimney-piece into his hand. He carried them over to the window, dropped them out, then stood for a minute looking at the smoking pipe.

"The evening rain is coming, Vere," he said, "bringing with it the wonder of this world."

"Yes."

He heard a soft sigh behind him, and turned round.

"Why was that? Has objection set in, then?"

"No, no."

"You know the Latin saying: 'Festina lente?' If you want to understand how slowly you must hasten, look at me."

He had been going to add, "Look at these gray hairs," but he did not. And then he felt suddenly an inviolable reluctance to call Vere's attention to the signs of age apparent in him.

"I spoke to you about the admirable invention of ambition," he continued, after a moment. "But you must understand that I meant the ambition for perfection, not at all the ambition for celebrity. The satisfaction of the former may be a deep and exquisite joy—the partial satisfaction, for I suppose it can never be anything more than that, but the satisfaction of the other will certainly be dead sea fruit—fruit of the sea unlike that brought up by Ruffo, without lasting savor, without any real value. One should never live for that."

The last words he spoke as if to himself, almost like a warning addressed to himself.

Did he believe I ever should? Vere said, quickly. "I never thought of such a thing."

"The thought will come, though, inevitably."

"How dreadful it must be to know so much about human nature as you do!"

"And yet how little I really know!"

There came up a distant cry from the sea. Vere started.

"There is music! Of course, Monsieur Emile, I don't want—

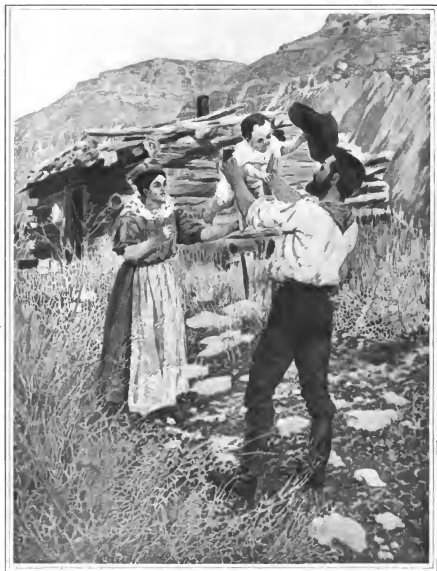
but you understand!"

She hurried out of the room, carrying the packet with her.

Artois felt that the girl was strangely excited. She was revealing more of herself to him, this little Vere whom he had known, and not known, ever since she had been a baby. The gradual revelation interested him intensely—so intensely that in him, too, there was excitement now. So many truths go to make up the whole round truth of every human soul. Hermosine saw some of these truths of Vere. Gaspare others, perhaps; he again others. And even Ruffo and the Marchesinos—he put the Marchesinos most definitely last—even they saw still other truths of Vere, he supposed.

To whom did she reveal the most? The mother ought to know most, and during the years of childhood had doubtless known most. But those years were nearly over. Certainly Vere was approaching, or was on, the threshold of the second period of her life.

(Continued on page 28.)



THE NUGGET

DRAWN BY FREDERICK RICHARDSON

A SPIRIT IN PRISON

(Continued from page 35.)

And she and he had a secret from Hermione. This secret was a very innocent one. Still, of course, it had the two attributes that belong to every secret: of drawing together those who share it, of setting apart from them those who know it not. And there was another secret, too, connected with it, and known only to Artois, the fact that the child, Vere, possessed the very small, but quite definite, beginnings, the seed, as it were, of something that had been denied to the mother, Hermione.

"Emile, you have come back! I am glad!"

Hermione came into the room with her eager manner and rather slow gait, holding out both her hands, her hot face and prominent eyes, showing forth with ardor the sincerity of her surprise and pleasure.

"Giuseppe told me. I nearly gave him a hug. You know his shy look when he has something delightful up his sleeve for one of his boys?"

She shook both his hands.

"And I had come back in such bad spirits! But now—"

"She took off her hat and put it on a table."

"Why were you in bad spirits, my friend?"

"I had been with Madame Allard, seeing something of the intense misery and wickedness of Naples. I have seen a girl—such a tragedy! What devil must come to her in these southern places! What hideous things they will do under the pretence of being driven by love! But—no, don't let us spoil your arrival. Where is Vere? I thought she was entertaining you."

"We have been having tea together. She has this moment gone out of the room."

"Oh!"

She seemed to expect some further explanation. As he gave none she sat down.

"Wasn't she very surprised to see you?"

"I think she was. She had just been bathing, and came running in with her hair all about her, looking like an Undine with a dash of Scyllian blood in her. Here she is!"

"Are you pleased, madre? You poor, old madre!"

Vere sat down by her mother and put one arm round her. Subtly she was trying to make up to her mother for the little secret she was keeping from her for a time.

"Are you very, very pleased?"

"Yes, I think I am."

"Think! You mischievous madre!"

Hermione laughed.

"But I feel almost jealous of you two sitting here in the cool, and having a quiet tea and a lovely talk while—Never mind. Here is my tea. And there's another thing! Oh, Emile, I do wish I had known you would arrive to-day."

"Why specially?"

"I've committed no unusual crime. I've made—actually—an engagement for this evening."

Artois and Vere held up their hands in exaggerated surprise.

"Are you mad, my dear Hermione?" asked Artois.

"I believe I am. It's dangerous to go to Naples. I met a young man."

"The Marchesino!" cried Vere. "The Marchesino! I see him in your eye, madre."

"C'est cela!" said Artois, "and you mean to say—"

"That I accepted an invitation to dine with him to-night, at nine, at the Scoglio di Frisco. There! Why did I? I have no idea. I was hot from a horrible violence. He was cool from the sea. What chance had I against him? And, then, he is thorough and through Neapolitan, and gives no quarter to a woman, even when she is 'nona vecchia.'"

As she finished, Hermione broke into a laugh, evidently at some recollection.

"Doro made his eyes very round. I can see that," said Artois.

"Like this!" cried Vere.

And suddenly there appeared in her face a reminiscence of the face of the Marchesino.

"Vere, you must not! Some day you will do it by accident when he is here."

"Is he coming here?"

"In a launch at five to-morrow."

"Am I invited?" said Vere. "What fun!"

"I could not get out of it," Hermione said in Artois. "But now I insist on your staying here till the Marchesino comes. Then he will ask you, and we shall be a quartette."

"I will stay," said Artois, with a sudden return of his authoritative manner.

"It seems that I am woefully ignorant of the bay," continued Hermione. "I have never dined at Frisco's. Everybody goes there at least once. Everybody has been there. Emperors, kings, queens, writers, sages, politicians, generals—they all eat fish at Frisco's."

"It's true."

"You have done it?"

"Yes. The pudrine is worth knowing. He—had to-night you will know him. Yes, Frisco's is characteristic. Vere will be amused."

With a light tone he hid a faint chagrin.

"What fun?" repeated Vere. "If I had diamonds I should put them on."

She, too, was hiding something, one sentiment with another very different. But her countenance to her aid, and very soon the second excitement really took the place of the first, and she was passionately alive to the prospect of a novel party.

"I must not eat anything more," said Hermione. "I believe the Marchesino is ordering something marvellous for us, all the

treasures of the sea. We must be up to the mark. He really is a good fellow."

"Yes," said Artois. "He is. I have a genuine liking for him."

He said it with obvious sincerity.

"I am going," said Vere. "I must think about clothes. And I must undo my hair again and get Maria to dry it thoroughly, or I shall look frightful."

She went out quickly, her eyes sparkling.

"Vere is delighted," said Hermione.

"Yes, indeed she is."

"And you are not. Would you rather avoid the Marchesino to-night, Emile, and not come with us? Perhaps I am selfish. I would so very much rather have you with us."

"If Doro asks me I shall certainly come. It's true that I wish you were not engaged to-night—I should have enjoyed a quiet evening here. But we shall have many quiet, happy evenings together this summer, I hope."

"I wonder if we shall!" said Hermione, slowly.

"You—why?"

"I don't know. Oh, I am absurd, probably. One knows such strange ideas, houses based on sand or on air or perhaps on nothing at all."

She got up, went to her writing table, opened a drawer, and took out of it a letter.

"Emile," she said, coming back to him with it in her hand, "would you like to explain this to me?"

"What is it?"

"The letter I found from you when I came back from Capri."

"But does it need explanation?"

"It seemed to me as if it did. Read it and see."

He took it from her, opened it, and read it.

"Well?" he said.

"Isn't the real meaning between the lines?"

"If it is, cannot you decipher it?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. Somehow it depressed me. Perhaps it was my mood just then. Was it?"

"Perhaps it was merely mine."

"But why—I feel specially this summer I should like to be near you? What does that mean exactly?"

"I did feel that."

"Why?"

"I don't think I can tell you now. I am not sure that I could even have told you at the time I wrote that letter."

She took it from him and put it away again in the drawer.

"Perhaps we shall both know later on," she said, quietly. "I believe we shall."

He did not say anything.

"I saw that boy, Ruffo, this afternoon," she said, after a moment of silence.

"Did you?" said Artois, with a change of tone, a greater animation.

"I forgot to ask Vere about him. I suppose he has been to the island again while I have been away."

"Not once. Poor boy, I find he has been ill. He has had fever. He was out to-day for the first time after it. We met him close to Mergellina. He was in a boat, but he looked very thin and pulled down. He seemed so delighted to see me. I was quite touched."

"Did Vere been wondering very much why he did not come again?"

"She has never once mentioned him. Vere is a strange child sometimes."

"But you—haven't you spoken of him to her?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Vere's silence made you silent?"

"I suppose so. I must tell her. She likes the boy very much."

"What is it that attracts her to this boy, do you think?"

The question was ordinary enough, but there was a peculiar intonation in Artois's voice as he asked it, an intonation that awakened surprise in Hermione.

"I don't know. He is an attractive boy."

"You think so, too?"

"Why, yes. What do you mean, Emile?"

"I was only wondering. The sea breeds a great many boys like Ruffo, you know. But they don't all get Khalil Targis cigarettes given to them for all that."

"That's true. I have never seen Vere pay any particular attention to the fishermen who come to the island. In a way, she loves them all because they belong to the sea; she loves them as a diver. But Ruffo is different. I felt it myself."

"Did you?"

He looked at her, then looked out of the window and pulled his beard slowly.

"Yes. In my case, perhaps, the interest was roused partly by what Vere told me. The boy is a Neapolitan, you see, and just Vere's age."

"Vere's interest perhaps comes from the same reason."

"Very likely it does."

Hermione spoke the last words without conviction. Perhaps they both felt that they were not talking very frankly—were not expressing their thoughts to each other with their accustomed sincerity. At any rate, Artois suddenly introduced another topic of conversation, the reason of his hurried visit to Paris, and for the next hour they discussed literary affairs with a gradually increasing vivacity and open-heartedness. The little difficulty between them—of which both had been sensitive and fully conscious—passed away, and when at length Hermione got up to go to her bed room and change her dress for the evening there was no cloud

When Hermione had gone Artois took up a book, but he sat till

the evening was falling and Ghalia came sailing to light the lamp, without reading a word of it. Her entry roused him from his reverie, and he took out his watch. It was already past eight. The Marchese would soon be coming. And then—the dinner at Frisio's!

He got up and moved about the room, picking up a book here and there, glancing at some pages, then putting it down. He felt restless and uneasy.

"I am tired from the journey," he thought. "Or—I wonder what the weather is this evening. The heat seems to have become sultrier since Hermione went away."

He went to one of the windows and looked out. Twilight was stealing over the sea, which was no calm that it resembled a large sheet of steel. The sky over the island was clear. He turned and went to the opposite window. Above Lachia there was a great blackness like a pull. He stood looking at it for some minutes. His erring thoughts, which wandered like things estranged that cannot rest, went to a mountain village in Sicily, through which he had once ridden at night during a terrific thunderstorm. In a sudden, fierce glare of lightning he had seen upon the great door of a great palace, which looked abandoned, a giant black cloth. Above it were the words, "Lutto in famiglia."

That was years ago. Yet now, he saw again the palace door, the strip of cloth smoldering by the pouring rain, the dreary, almost sinister words which he had read by lightning:

"Lutto in famiglia."

He repeated them as he gazed at the blackness above Lachia.

To Be Continued.

Building Note in 1923

In order to complete the 410th story of the Skyscraper Building, the contractors will have to raise the sky three or four feet.

Our Great-grandchildren's Coal

THE question of the exhaustion of the coal supply in the United States is not one which can affect the present generation or its heirs. Yet the American supply is likely to be exhausted before that of Europe, and particularly before that of Great Britain. Looking at the matter from the point of view of national providence or prudence, covering generations and generations, America should, beyond doubt, be a little saving of its coal.

It has been estimated that Pennsylvania has about enough anthracite coal to last, at the rate of production that prevailed last year, a little less than two hundred years. Probably the supply will be exhausted somewhat sooner than that, unless some profitable substitutes in found for anthracite. As to bituminous coal in the United States, the supply is very great and widespread. It is estimated that it will last, at the rate of consumption which prevailed during the last decade, something less than four hundred and fifty years.

If the coal supply of the world at large were likely to be exhausted in any such way as to make a considerable drain on the American supply for foreign consumption, the situation might be regarded as alarming if we could put ourselves in the place of our great-grandchildren. But there is not likely to be such a time when we shall have to "feed the world" with coal.

In 1880 Great Britain had "in sight," so to speak—although it was all below the ground—an available coal deposit estimated at nearly 145,000,000,000 tons. At the rate of production and consumption then prevailing the supply would last for about 5000 years. The coal measures of Lancashire are 8000 feet in thickness.

Moreover, there are many countries which possess coal deposits that have never been touched. Besides the great coal-fields of Europe and America as now worked there are undoubtedly coal deposits in China, in the Philippines, in Australia, in South America, in British North America, in Alaska, in the Indian Archipelago, and elsewhere.

With one circumstance the American people, looking at the matter from the consumer's standpoint, may well be pleased. Europe does not want our anthracite coal—the best fuel, on the whole, that the earth has ever produced. Europe does not understand the use of anthracite, and is apparently not willing to learn it. It calls on us for bituminous coal, which we can spare more readily.

The assumption that the coal fields of Great Britain and America will be exhausted even at the end of several centuries is founded on the further assumption that heat will continue to be made and power generated in the future much as they are made and power generated now. But our inventors and chemists hold out the assurance that great changes may be looked for in the methods of producing heat and mechanical energy.

Quaint Drinking Games

DISASTROUS bouts have been accompanied among all peoples by curious diversions. *Catobas* is the most classical, having been in vogue over most parts of the ancient world. The player lay on a couch, and without moving his position attempted to draw from his goblet a few drops of wine at a mark, in a high curve, without spilling any of the liquor. The mark consisted generally of a little image of Hermes, placed on a bronze-saucer, which sometimes floated on water, so that until it was filled by a sufficient quantity of wine to sink it, the game continued. To play *catobas* well was a mark of good breeding in Athens.

More widespread is the game *winos*, which is still played in Italy, but is described by native writers of China, where it also appears to have originated spontaneously. One of the players suddenly stretches out one or both hands, with certain fingers extended; his opponent must immediately guess the number, under penalty of paying for the drinks.

At certain colleges in the English universities a fearful penalty is attached to the making of a pun during the dinner of which undergraduates usually partake in common with the faculty in the hall. The pun is referred to the dean, and, if denounced by him, the author is required either to empty at once a quart of ale, or to supply drinks to all the auditors.

In medieval England "drinking to pegs" was prevalent. Wooden pegs were inserted at regular intervals into the sides of tankards, to regulate (sometimes by statutory enactment) the amount to be partaken of. The inhibition of more than the prescribed quantity was punished in the usual way, by a forfeit of drinks all round.

"Up-Jinkins" is still played in English bar-rooms. A sixpence is concealed beneath the hands of two or more confederates, who, at the command of their opponents, bring their hands sharply down upon the table. Second the hand which holds the sixpence be guessed correctly, the coin in question is devoted to liquid refreshment.

The Unlucky "Quarter"

THOSE who believe that thirteen is an unlucky number should find that of a quarter-dollar, for it has thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the small hole in the eagle's beak, thirteen marginal feathers on each wing, thirteen hairs in the shield, thirteen horizontal bars, thirteen arrow-heads, and thirteen letters in its name. Who would have a quarter?

Forestry in France

FRANCE has given to the world many valuable lessons in forestry, especially in the reclamation of sand dunes and swamps by the department of the Landes in the southwest, and the high returns from the cultivation of pines there.

Comprising about two and a half million acres of what were barren sand dunes prior to 1803, this area has been reclaimed by forest planting until it has become one of the most productive and profitable regions of the republic. The subsoil drainage of the

country has been effected by the roots of the trees, which penetrate the layer of clay that underlies the sand dunes.

In addition to supplying timber this area supports a number of industries dependent on the cultivation of the pine, including the production of turpentine, resin, tar, pitch, charcoal, and other products of similar nature.

In the system by which the forest is managed the trees are divided into two classes: the "short life" trees and the "standing" trees. The former are tapped as soon as they are big enough to endure "bleeding"—that is to say, when about four or five inches in diameter. When they have been bled to death they are removed as "thinings," the wood being used for pit props, for which the English demand guarantees a steady and profitable market. The second class, composed of the most vigorous individuals, are not tapped until they are from ten to fifteen inches in diameter. The age of these trees when they are felled is from fifty to sixty years. The timber is used for lumber poles and railway ties.

Of these forests, about eighty per cent. belongs to individuals, while from the 125,000 acres belonging to the government there was obtained as revenue in 1903, \$28,841, as against \$640 in 1883, the first year in which any revenue was obtained at all.

Wheels

He was a great inventor. "The thing I am working at now," he began, striking his big hand with a thinner hand, "will be a boon to every family and will startle the whole world. In fact, it will put the Alarm Clock Trust out of business. The idea is simply absolutely prepared tablets that help you get up in the morning. For instance, if you want to arise at five you take five tablets; if you want to get up at six take six tablets; and so on."

"But how will it affect the Alarm Clock Trust?"

"Why, these tablets will cause a ringing in the ears at exactly the hour desired."

But the little crowd could wait to hear no more and hurriedly disbanded.

THREE GENERATIONS OF HEALTHY BABIES

have been successfully reared on Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "I never saw any other all-so-called 'infant foods' so thoroughly recommended by physicians and so widely known to the mothers of healthy babies."

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Pears' is pure soap and matchless for the complexion.

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The Ways of Some of Our Foreign Relatives

Incidental Phases
of the News of
Many Lands



The gigantic Russian Wrestler Hackschmidt, who recently yielded the World's Championship to the American, Gotch



A Berlin Restaurant Keeper recently offered Prizes to the Three weightiest Couples among his Patrons. The Winners of the Contest, who are shown standing on the Scales in the Centre, together tipped the Balance at 568 Pounds. The Winners of Second and Third Places weighed, respectively, 520 and 457 Pounds. The Restaurateur did not Announce that the Societte had achieved their bulky Distinction by patronizing his Establishment



English Miners about to Test the new Respiratory Apparatus which was successfully used at the Hampstead Colliery Disaster



Educating the Kaiser's African Subjects—A Class of Negroes in German East Africa being instructed in the last of the "three R's"

The Evolution of Food

WHAT would be the sensations of one of our ancestors of the middle ages if he could sit down to a modern breakfast table?

To begin with fruits, these were almost unknown to the men of his period; certainly in their present form. So were most of our vegetables. The only vegetable which seems to be more or less indigenous over the greater part of the world is the squash-pumpkin tribe. The pumpkin is very ancient, for it dates back to India.

Of course he knew the small wild cherry, with its bitter flavor, the little wild straw-berry, the raspberry, blackberry, and plum. Apples, or "crabs," as Shakespeare calls them, were used in England, and generally roasted in order to deprive them of their astringency. The wild hedge orange of China and India filtered into Europe occasionally, but it was scarcely eatable. Nut-trees were, of course, unknown. Bananas were introduced in quantity to Europe with in the lifetime of many middle-aged men. The grapefruit is the product of the past two decades, and even yet has sedate cronies on the Atlantic. The peach was a poisonous shrub in Persia.

Strangely enough, it was the lack of fruit which led to the discovery of Asia. In those days, when salt fish was the usual diet of all nations, pepper became a luxury. Pepper plays a disproportionate part in history. Who speaks and sings of spices nowadays, when they can be procured at every grocer's store? Yet it was to obtain pepper that the East India Company was chartered during the reign of Elizabeth.

But were delicate scrumptious by Doctor Johnson as a food fed to men in Scotland and to horses in England. What would the worthy Doctor have thought of our very modern breakfast foods—the flakes, the lumps, the buns, the sherries, and various constituents of grains? Tea, coffee, and cream were, of course, unknown until the beginning of the eighteenth century. Sugar was the most costly of condiments. Bee-keeping was the practice of every farmer.

Our worthy ancestor broke his fast upon salt fish, or meat if he were wealthy or had access to some deer forest. He washed down his food with hot beer, ale, or honey brew. A roasted crab-apple "sang in the land" on the very numerous Saints' days, the modern breakfast would startle our ancestor very much indeed.

Traveling Taft

DE SCULLE. "They have moving pictures of Taft now."

GILBERT. "It would be more wonderful if they could get a picture of him not moving."

Indian Art in Calcutta

AN exhibition of modern and ancient Oriental paintings has just been held at the Indian Government School of Art in Calcutta, and attracted considerable attention. The pictures were in both oil and water colors, and the greater part of them were loaned for the purpose of the exhibit by Indian residents of Calcutta. The School of Oriental Art is making a strong effort to revive the interest in genuine Oriental art, which in India is rapidly disappearing. A prominent leader in the movement says that he is hopeful of success, and believes that India will again become a potential inkstand in lifting the tapers to a higher level.

The ancient Indian pictures in oil were of unusual interest, and attracted the attention of the lovers of old pictures and students of local color. There was an interesting exhibit of Chinese and Japanese paintings, some of them quite old, which were owned by Indian families of wealth and culture. The exhibition was the first of its kind to be held in Calcutta.

Anatomical

LAURENCE. "When will the company be on their own first again?"

RECEIVER. "When it is out of my hands."



THE WORD "BLEND" ON A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY DOES NOT INDICATE THAT IT IS NOT A PURE WHISKEY, BUT SIMPLY MEANS THE PUTTING TOGETHER OF SEVERAL STRAIGHT WHISKIES, AND

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HEART DISEASE, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, FEMALE DYSREGS., OF BOTTLE, SKIN DISEASES.

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The children do the preceding with an easy forward and backward swing that easily carries every member, develops the lungs, braces the back, and strengthens the limbs. It gives the motion of rowing without the danger of a row, induces men to the church, makes appetites grow, keeps the little folks near from the dust and perils of the street, enables mother to keep all company for little ones, and leaves mother there popular with their parents. (Part for small boys and in more words.) Each Health Merry-Go-Round has four comfortable seats.

Not a day but a few days—in will be for you. Built substantially of iron, steel and aluminum. Hand-cranked, painted in light and red. Comes with three sets of chairs, and some may be had and time—a good-sized instrument. (Personal) ranges in price from \$10.00 to \$20.00. Each Health Merry-Go-Round has four comfortable seats.

A father's recreation for his child. Philadelphia edition: every one's approval of it. The price for an excellent article is extremely low. We have arranged for you to see and try it.

WRITE TO-DAY for details about our Special Offer to Parents HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND CO. Dept. 42, Quincy, Illinois



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Class A, N.Y. No. 201,104, March 13, 1906.—LAWSON of Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. For it remembered, that on the thirtieth day of March, 1906, Henry James, of the United States, has deposited in this office for the title of a book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "The Diary of a Man of Day." By Henry James, Jr., New York: Harper & Brothers. The rights in books, in plays, in music, and in general, in connection with the laws of the United States respecting copyright.

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Man's Best Friend In the Desert



A Burro Train setting out
for "Death Valley"

THE PROSPECTORS HAVE KNIGHTED THEIR BELONGINGS TO THE STUBBY BACKS OF THE LITTLE BEASTS, WHO ARE PREPARED TO TRANSPORT ALMOST EVERYTHING FROM AN OIL STOVE TO A PAPER OF PINK, AND WHOSE ENDURANCE IS EQUAL TO TASKS WHICH WOULD KILL A HORSE.

In the Desert Country of the Far West the Burro is indispensable as a Beast of Burden



May with an Icing of Snow is excellent Burro Food



Calling a Halt for Rest in the inhospitable Desert



In a Land of sinister Nomenclature - the Train halted on the Summit of Funeral Range, looking down into Death Valley

Government Factories for Preserving Wood

Timbers thoroughly treated with proper preservatives will last almost indefinitely. But up to the present time complicated and expensive plants have been necessary for the work, and wood preservation has often been too expensive an operation to allow treated timber to come into general use.

Methods in wood preservation have undergone a marked change in the last few years, however, and the work which, a few years ago, was limited to a few experiments carried on in scattered parts of the United States, has grown with such rapidity that wood preservation has become a business which figures most prominently in the industrial life of this country.

Each year railroads are preserving an increasing portion of their cross ties, millers their mill props, farmers their fence posts, and the men of many other industries are bringing preservatives into play to close the pores and to conserve the lumber that they use against the fungi that cause decay.

In nearly all localities in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States is found an abundant supply of certain kinds of timber that have only a slight commercial importance, Engelmann spruce, lodgepole, and other kinds of pine, aspen, and cottonwood are only a partial list of the kinds of wood that are strong enough and abundant enough to win high value for construction purposes, but when exposed to the soil and weather decay so rapidly that they have to be renewed so often to justify their use. Therefore, before they can successfully compete with Douglas fir, Oregon cedar, and the woods used so extensively in construction work, they must be made to last longer under unfavorable conditions.

After several years' study, the United States Forest Service has proved that in many cases complicated and expensive plants are not necessary for the proper treatment of many kinds of timber, and that many of the timbers that decay most rapidly in the natural state are among the easiest and cheapest to treat. Many of the species mentioned above offer little resistance to the entrance of the preservative. The principle of the method is to immerse the thoroughly seasoned wood in a hot bath of the liquid, leave it in for a few hours, and then either plunge it into a cold preservative bath, or else run out the hot liquid from the treating tank and fill it up again with liquid of a lower temperature. This requires only the simplest kind of machinery, and the cost of operation is so slight that even cheap shanties such as fence posts and shingles can be treated by the average farmer of small means.

In order to demonstrate beyond any doubt that the process is adapted to commercial treatment, the service has arranged to erect small treating plants, semi-commercial in size, on several of the national forests. Three such plants will be erected this spring, and it is expected that they will be in successful operation by early summer. According to the present plans one plant will be erected at some locality on or near the Black Hills National Forest, South Dakota; another on the Holy Cross National Forest in Colorado; and the third on the Henry's Lake National Forest, near St. Anthony, Idaho.

The Eye-witness

A very good story has recently been told in the fleet of an incident which happened when Admiral Evans was in command of the *Redoubt*. An old-time bluejacket was at the mast, before Captain Evans, charged with getting food out of a mess chest outside of meal hours. This getting of food for night watches is a common and strong desire on the part of most men aboard ship.

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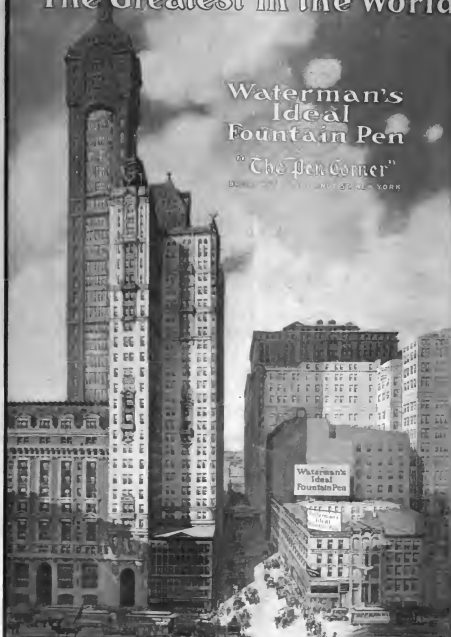
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VOL. LIII

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COMMENT

The New York Democratic Convention

IN so far as the Democratic State convention in New York declared for an instructed delegation to Denver it acted unquestionably in accordance with the sentiments of a large majority of the Democratic voters of the State. New York is not for BRYAN. Everybody knows that. There were BRYAN men at the convention, but not many. They were far outvoted. All the masters and most of the men of the convention were opposed to instructions. The deposition of McCORMACK as representative boss of Brooklyn and the rejection of his delegates was an exploit of a species not without precedent in political conventions, where the good old rule is apt to suffice—

That they should take who have the power,
 And they should keep who can.

It angered McCORMACK and his friends to be cast out, but it did not seem to be seriously revolting to the convention's sense of propriety. The arrogant act that did outrage the sensibilities of a serious proportion of the delegates was the rushing through of a resolution empowering the State Committee to complete its own membership. The custom has been for the delegates from each Senatorial district to name the State committeemen. The resolution aforesaid in effect abolished the custom, and peremptorily lodged the selection of the State Committee in the hands of CHARLES MURPHY and WILLIAM J. CONYERS. They exercised their powers forthwith by turning out the committeemen who were opposed to them, and filling their places with persons who knew how to take orders, thus making the committee abjectly harmonious. In so doing they made trouble, and the convention broke up in tumult, epithets, and menaces, leaving MURPHY and CONYERS in complete control of the Democratic organization in New York State. A remarkable brace of statesmen they are, especially CONYERS, and wonderful it is that they should control an organization with such a history, such traditions, and such an existing membership as the Democratic party in this State! Represent the party they do not, but it may be that they are fair representatives of the Democrats in this State who make a business of politics, work hard at it, and live by it. In the competition with these professionals, lawyers, doctors, judges, merchants, and other citizens who work at politics in their spare time do not make much of a figure.

Mr. Bryan's Divine Right Denied

Has somebody been saying, "Why don't you speak for yourself, JONES?" to Governor JOHNSON, or has he been misreported? An Omaha despatch which has circulated in the papers quotes him as brisily depreciating the assertion of the Commonwealth that the Pennsylvania delegation would be

instructed for BRYAN. "Entirely untrue," says Governor JOHNSON, and adds that there will be surprises for that Pennsylvania delegation when it gets to Denver, and that it will be found voting with New York. He went on to say:

Mr. BRYAN was for several years the "Grand Old Man" of the Democratic party, and many consider him as such yet, but how long this popularity will continue is a matter of conjecture. The signs of the times indicate an ominous and rocky future for him. I presume I ought to apologize for coming into Nebraska and saying these things, but to a man up a tree they certainly appear truthful.

This is a shocking defiance of Mr. BRYAN's divine right to the nomination if he wants it, and it has been a surprise to see such candid speech, attributed to Governor JOHNSON. Yet the report is at this writing still uncontradicted, and, after all, how can Governor JOHNSON take any interest in his own candidacy and not dispute Dr. BRYAN's divine right? There must be two sides to every game. In the game to be played at Denver there is no question on which side Mr. BRYAN is. He is against every candidate except BRYAN; against them all, heartily, for the nomination, and with the suggestion made in his behalf, though not by him, that not one of them, if nominated, can get a large enough proportion of the BRYAN vote to be elected.

Mr. Bryan's Example

Governor JOHNSON certainly makes a better appearance as a candidate opposed to Mr. BRYAN's candidacy, than as a candidate willing to take the nomination if Mr. BRYAN is willing to let him have it. Whether is not for BRYAN is against him, and might as well stand up and be counted. Mr. BRYAN sets the example, and it is a good one. He shows not the slightest compunction in showing whom he is for, and that he is against every one else.

The Spirit of the Times

What is SAMUEL GOMPERS' idea of the spirit of the times? In a speech the other night in New York, at a mass meeting called to impress upon Congress the expediency of amending the SHERMAN anti-trust law so as to cut the ground out from under the recent Supreme Court decisions against boycotting, Mr. GOMPERS said:

The Supreme Court calls us a trust, but, my friends, the Supreme Court is nothing more than a creation of the people—it is liable to err, and is consequently subject to the criticism of men.

I would resent any imputation that the highest court in the land was prompted by any sordid motives; but it is made up of men who were successful lawyers and jurists, and, as such, they are necessarily men whose training and environment are not in accord with the spirit of the times. A man in these days must show he is all right for vested interests before he can even become a lawyer, and later on, perhaps, a judge with power to pass on the rights of the great body of the people.

What is the spirit of the times with which Mr. GOMPERS finds the justices of the Supreme Court not in accord? They are not in accord with it, he says, because they have been successful lawyers and jurists, men who have shown that they were "all right for vested interests." Is the spirit of the times, then, opposed to "vested interests" (which means the rights of property), and opposed to having the laws interpreted by lawyers? Is it, as Mr. GOMPERS sees it, opposed to law altogether? Probably not. We don't suppose Mr. GOMPERS is an anarchist. No doubt he wants laws, but it would seem that they must be laws that will let his side lose and tie the other side up. But the lawyers' idea of law is something that will work both ways, and that undoubtedly is the notion that the Supreme Court has about it. The great purpose of law is to defend the weak against the strong, and to substitute rule and right for force. If the spirit of the time favors seizure of property by main strength by any one who has the strength and covets the property, then certainly the jurists of the Supreme Court are not in accord with it.

Keep the Laws

It is quite true that the court is human and liable to err, but Mr. GOMPERS's notion that because its members are lawyers it is committed to the defense of the rights of property and opposed to the rights of labor is ludicrously mistaken. It is committed to the defense of all rights and the defeat

of all wrongs; to the annulment of laws that are unconstitutional and the correction of laws that are unwise. The way it corrects unwise laws is by enforcing them. "We will obey the laws," says Mr. GOMPERS, "but when we find a law that does not permit progress under modern conditions, then we will see that the law is changed." There he is on firm ground. Provided he has votes enough behind him he can, in time, make what laws he will. And if the Supreme Court finds any of his laws to be unconstitutional, he can in time (if he has the votes) amend the Constitution to suit his voters or himself. And in time, too, if his voters stand by him, he or his successors can put whom they will on the bench to interpret the laws. It is a free country; the people have all the power there is, and can use it, subject to delays wisely contrived to further stability of government and protect liberty and property. Go ahead, Mr. GOMPERS; get the votes, and if you live long enough you can have everything your way, and square everything with the spirit of the times as you see it. But meanwhile obey the laws, thereby avoiding trouble, and setting an example that will be helpful to you in keeping order when you have won out and the laws have been changed to suit you. The railroads and the trusts obey the laws now. Follow their example. It is a good one.

Replacing the Blame

Instead of complaining that the justices of the Supreme Court are lawyers, Mr. GOMPERS might better grumble that more lawyers, or better ones, did not have a hand in drafting the SHERMAN law.

Exit the Aldrich Bill

The ALDRICH bill ceased a good while ago to be the bill that Mr. ALDRICH proposed. The chances of its passing in some amended form have been gradually fading, until at this writing its obituary notice has been sent out and accepted for publication. In its later hours, and as tinkered and retinkered, both in the Senate and the House, the banks lined up against it, and that finished it. The VARELAN bill, its successor, is now under the scrutiny of our legislators. One detail of it that recommends it to the bankers who opposed the ALDRICH bill is that it includes commercial paper at a basis for emergency currency. Mr. VARELAN insists that some provision to safeguard the business of the country against panic and the consequent locking up of currency should be made in the present session of Congress. In that he continues the effort begun by Mr. ALDRICH, and differs from Mr. FOWLER, who declares that a bill for the appointment of a currency commission is all that is needed at the present time. There the matter hangs at this writing. Though the ALDRICH bill seems to have failed, the discussion which it has provoked has been valuable, and the VARELAN bill may yet get the benefit of it. The importance of its purpose—to provide an emergency currency—is better recognized and better understood than ever; Congress is better qualified to accomplish it than it was two months ago, and may still accomplish something before it adjourns. If it does nothing else, it will doubtless appoint the commission to revise our present currency system, the defects of which have been effectually expounded in the ALDRICH bill debates.

Insurance Against War

It is a serious matter that, by a vote of 199 to 83, the four battleship programmes recommended by the President has been rejected by the House. Nobody wants to put a cent more than is necessary into battleships. They pay no direct dividends to their owners, and the value of the indirect profit on them in the protection and preservation of peace is apt to be less appreciated than it deserves. Battleships are insurance against war. They are very dear to build, unproductive when built, and very expensive to maintain. But all insurance is costly and unproductive. It would be an enormous economy if we could do away with the need of fire-insurance or even make a material reduction in the cost of it. The loss by fire last year in this country was about \$214,000,000; the insurance loss was \$128,000,000, and doubtless the cost of insurance was considerably more than that sum. Besides this cost of insurance premiums we must reckon as part of our fire-insurance bill the cost of maintenance of all the fire-apparatus and firemen in the country. Measured up against

our fire-insurance bill our war-insurance bill does not seem so big. Last year it was about \$200,000,000; about \$98,000,000 for the navy and \$102,000,000 for the army. It is, of course, a pity we have to pay so much. Whenever all the leading nations can agree to diminish the chances of war and carry less war insurance, we can and will join with them in doing so. But until there is such agreement it will be hard economy for us to save money on our war insurance. Congress is willing to vote two battleships and a couple of colliers, and to authorize naval expenditure of nearly \$108,000,000. That is by no means a miserly provision, but in the judgment of the experts it does not quite warrant us in feeling that as against the chances of war we are "fully insured."

Race-track Betting

Article II., Section 9, of the Constitution of the State of New York reads:

Nor shall any lottery or the sale of lottery tickets, pool-selling, bookmaking, or any other kind of gambling be authorized or allowed within this State, and the Legislature shall pass appropriate laws to prevent offenses against any of the provisions of this section.

Whatever meticulous members of the bench and bar may say it looks to us as if one duty at least this provision imposes upon the Legislature, namely, the passage of laws which will be, so far as it is possible to make them, appropriate to prevent every kind of gambling everywhere within the State. To be sure, it does not necessarily command the Legislature to penalize gambling in such a manner as to make it criminal; but no more does it privilege the same body to omit to prevent gambling in certain places when penalties can be imposed which will effect such prevention. To admit any such proposition would be to concede that what the Constitution says the Legislature must do the Legislature needn't do if it doesn't want to. In passing the FENCY-GRAY law our lawmakers partly fulfilled a constitutional obligation; when they pass the AGENE-HART bills, and not until then, will they have made good altogether. Whether the people wish them to make good altogether, whether it would be good for the people if they should, is quite another matter. Let us suppose that the majority of us would like to see gambling in this State exterminated. But this is impossible; all the law can do is to reduce the practice to a minimum. Now banish the bookmakers from the race-tracks; many of them would open up establishments in the cities, for they must live. Simultaneously most of the men who are forever proclaiming that horse-racing is the greatest sport on earth would nevertheless unaccountably lose interest in it and stay in town. In other words, gambling-houses and gamblers would become more numerous in the cities, although operating secretly for fear of the law. Under such conditions would not the number of young men who go wrong be greatly reduced? Possibly; for it is one thing to find a race-track and risk your money with impunity; another to find a house operating on the quiet and risk your money criminally. But what about the many working-men with families who have neither the time nor the money to get to a race-track, but who would be given more opportunities to risk their little all? Surely, whether the AGENE-HART bills ought to be passed is a question on which honest men may well differ.

Preserve the National Forests

A letter printed on another page calls attention to the neglect of Congress, so far, to take any action for the forests of the White Mountains and Southern Appalachians. No measure is more important to the permanent prosperity of the country than this one to which our correspondent, Mr. ROLLINS, calls attention.

The Results of an Attempt to Reform Old Age

If the demon Rum had continued to this day "chained to the burning lake," we doubt very much whether the sons of old ANAS would be any better off than they are. There have been always about so many of mankind who would have "had something" anyway. If Rum had been kept below, they would have fallen victims to his cousin demon, Opium; and if Opium had also been suppressed, they would have worshipped Cocaine, or Coffee, or Tobacco, or even Tea, or would have been tempted by some other demon as yet, fortunately, undiscovered. But Rum has been on earth since

The European Outlook

nobody knows when, and still is on earth—very much on earth—greatly to the distress of many good people of negative appetite who love the Angel Temperance. Now, theoretically, we hate Rum like poison, but he is a big devil pretty strongly entrenched behind the affections of many classes of men, and even women, and if he is to be ousted from any one of his earthworks his whole front has got to be driven back simultaneously. We wish the temperance advocates, and especially the Christian Temperance Union women, understood this—they could if they would inform themselves of certain conditions that have recently developed near the national old soldiers' homes. A year ago the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill abolished the canteens heretofore maintained. In the name of temperance what has this abolition accomplished? In eight months, according to Major MORIS HANIS, general treasurer of the board of managers,—

The number of cases of acute alcoholism treated . . . increased. The smallest increase reported was thirteen per cent. at the Pacific Branch (Santa Monica, California), and the largest, ninety-one per cent., at the Eastern branch in Maine.

The largest increase was at the Maine home, and Maine is a "prohibition" State! In explanation here is a compressed statement from the report of the governor of the home:

The number of saloons which have been established in the vicinity of the home since the anti-canteen provision cannot be positively stated, because such places attempt to work secretly. Observation would indicate that the number has more than doubled. There are now places in the vicinity of the home to which the members resort in large numbers to all appearances for no other purpose than to obtain liquor. This liquor is of the vilest. Pocket peddlers are numerous. None of them have become so bold as to attempt to ply their trade within the reservation.

Of such a nature are the recently developed conditions of which we spoke. Nor are these conditions peculiar to the vicinities of old soldiers' homes; they are also to be found near most of our army posts, and are so detrimental to the service that General FREDERICK DENT FRANT, who prides himself on being a total abstainer, said not long ago that he was in favor of re-establishing and maintaining canteens until "the time comes when the civil authorities abolish those dens near military reservations kept by vicious persons who tempt the soldiers of our army to their destruction."

Oh yes; a Great Gain

The Minneapolis Journal says:

HARPER'S WEEKLY says BRYAN'S talent is histrionic, not political. If we could get Mr. BRYAN shunted to the stage and lose some actors we might name in the world of politics, there would be a gain all round.

The Appointment of the Major-General of the Cuban Army

Senior PABLO GIVENS, Cuba's most successful revolutionary, by the grace of Governor MAGON has been appointed Major-General of the Cuban army. Set a thief to catch a thief—revolutionist is such an analogous principle that probably it also will come to be in time an accepted truth. Manifestly the judge has thrown the appointment at two birds; not only at whosoever other than GIVENS may become a rebel, but at GIVENS himself in the same capacity. We have a precedent for the judge's maneuver in mind. Away back in the forties or fifties of the last century the much-demonstrated ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA organized in Mexico a force of mounted policemen, who, because of their dress, were nicknamed "Cuerales." These horsemen persecuted the bandits with more or less success until SANTA ANNA's death, and then took to the road themselves. They established a headquarters in the Malinche Mountains, near Puebla, and achieved success almost immediately. Indeed, they acquired so much gold and silver that they plated their clothing and sabblery with the metals, and came to be known as "Plataados." Now it goes without saying that their suppression was attempted, and failed. But General LUCAS COMONFORT, who was President of Mexico not long after SANTA ANNA, seems to have been much such a practical psychologist as Governor MAGON, for he made the "Plataados" a proposal; they might either continue to risk the short shift when captured, or enter again the service of the government. To a man, almost, they accepted the second alternative, and became once more instrumental in the suppression of brigandage. Since, as an organization they have continued to live, and are known today as the state's Rurales.

At present there is no war cloud on the European horizon, if we except the threatened demonstration against Turkey by twelve Italian battleships, for the purpose of compelling the last-named Power to make reparation for the recent murder of an Italian priest and to permit Italy to open post-offices in certain Ottoman seaports. As Turkey has only one battleship and no first-class cruiser, and as she could not reach Italy on land without crossing Austrian territory, of course she had to comply with the Italian ultimatum: otherwise she would lose Tripoli, the last remnant of her once extensive North-African dominions, as well as all her islands in the *Agæan Sea*, to which Italy, as the heir of Venice, believes herself to have a moral claim.

At present there is no apprehension that the Macedonian question will kindle a conflagration in southeastern Europe, for all of the great Powers, including England, seem inclined to accept Russia's programme of Macedonian reforms, which is less offensive to Ottoman dignity than that formulated by Sir EDWARD TAYLOR.

The suspicion and resentment aroused in Russia and the South-Slavic states by the announcement of Austria's intention to exercise the right given her by the Treaty of Berlin to extend her Trans-Bosnia railway through the district of Ost-Banar to a junction with the Turkish line running to Salenica have been allayed by her consent to the construction of another railway connecting the Danube with the Adriatic, and passing, so far as its eastern section is concerned, through Serbia.

In the relations between Germany and France there seems no longer to be any tension with reference to Morocco, the Berlin Foreign Office having been convinced that France has no design of acquiring territory in Northwest Africa, although she may be compelled to occupy not only the seaports of Morocco, but some strategic points in the interior of that country, so long as troubles are to be feared. There is the less ground for dread of Germany's interference with the French plans for restoring order in the Shereffian possessions, because Emperor WILLIAM II. earnestly desires a friendly understanding with FRANCE, if only to induce French bankers to subscribe to the new German and Prussian government loans.

Relieved for a time by her treaty with Japan from the necessity of maintaining a great army in the Far East, Russia is devoting her attention to internal affairs. The third Duma is accomplishing far more in the way of substantive legislation than was effected by its two predecessors. It is now evident to all on-lookers that if the first Duma, like the present assembly, had been elected on a narrowly restricted franchise, the Russian people would have escaped two years of agitation, and their education in the art of representative self-government would be more advanced. The blunder of beginning with a close approach to universal suffrage in a country where self-rule had hitherto been unknown was the less excusable on the part of Count WITTE, because he had under his eyes in Prussia an electoral system, which, however disastrous to the proletariat, indubitably assures ascendancy to the property-owning and educated classes. The third Duma, which resembles the Prussian Chamber of Deputies as regards the methods by which it was chosen, contains a very large majority of Conservatives and Moderates, who have shown themselves able to exercise much influence over the Czar. They have, for example, prevailed upon him to renounce the naval programme, upon which he was said to have set his heart, and which contemplated an expenditure of from half a billion to a billion dollars, and persuaded him that, for some years to come, almost all of the money at Russia's disposal for defensive purposes should be allotted to the army. Experience has shown that Russia can never become a great sea Power, so long as she is prevented from using the Dardanelles, whereas, in spite of the sort of stalemate which she experienced on the Manchurian chess-board, she is still unquestionably one of the greatest land Powers on earth. There is no doubt that the money necessary for the reorganization, re-equipment, and enlargement of the standing army will have to be secured abroad, and we may take for granted that the present Duma, unlike its predecessors, will sanction the transactions needed for the purpose. It is improbable, however, that any attempt to borrow money in France or England will be made by the St. Petersburg government until after the Imperial German and Royal Prussian loans, collectively amounting to over \$160,000,000, shall have been placed. Much of the sum to be raised by Prussia will have to be used to carry out the plan for the expropriation of Polish landholds in the provinces of Posen and West Prussia, while, on the other hand, a large part of the funds secured for the Imperial re-equipment will have to be applied to the execution of the naval programme, which, as lately revised, calls for the laying down of four *Brandenburs* annually, up to and including 1911. France, by the way, is in haste to complete this year of six battleships, which are to be, we are told, more powerful than the *Brandenburs* or our own *Delcourts*. In view of this project on her part, and of the fact that there is no longer any doubt of Germany's financial ability to carry out her latest

scheme of naval expansion, it would not be surprising if in 1909 Great Britain should decide to build no fewer than ten battleships of the highest type annually for three years. Only in that way could her navy be kept up with certainty to the "two-Power" standard.

An influence that will make strongly for the maintenance of the world's peace is Great Britain's consciousness that her capability of engaging in war will be lessened materially if the costly old-age pension scheme shall become a law. For the moment, indeed, she has no apprehension of being forced to become a belligerent—thanks to her *entente cordiale* with France, her convention with Russia, her alliance with Japan, and her arbitration treaty with the United States. Her alliances with Japan, however, which is regarded with less and less favor by British subjects in the Orient, expires by limitation in 1915 (unless previously renewed), and those British may find herself involved in new exigencies and complications.

For the present, however, the skies look serene. The one European country which is now threatened with grave internal disorder is Portugal, where the Republicans, having succeeded in electing only a few members of the Cortes in the recent general election, are evincing an inclination to revert to violence, in order to bring about a revolution. The present ministry, which is the outcome of a coalition of several monarchist groups, seem to shrink from complying with the unanimous demand of the diplomatic corps at Lisbon that a resolute effort be made to unravel the conspiracy of which the late King and his eldest son were victims, and to ferret out the assassins. It is on the cards that, owing to their indecision and timidity, the royal family may feel constrained to recall Senhor Franco and clothe him once more with dictatorial powers.

Two incidents conducive to the mitigation of the horrors of warfare and to the preservation of the world's peace have occurred during the last few weeks. In the first place, Great Britain has invited all the Powers that participated in the second Peace Congress to attend a conference to be held this summer in London, with the object of agreeing upon a code of international maritime law, to be applied, in the event of war, by the new International Prize Court which was created last year at The Hague, but which, as yet, has not been organized. The other incident to which we refer is the rumored discovery of the means of imparting such stupendous velocity to a projectile as to render it possible to bombard Paris from London or vice versa. How long would it be after the British or French capital should have been devastated by this interesting engine of destruction before the citizens would rise in tumult and force their government to arrange a peace? As soon as war becomes intolerable, it will necessarily come to an end.

The Spring Woods

"We are all under sentence of death," writes PATER in the famous concluding paragraph; and in view of the brevity of our stay and the uncertainties hereafter, he warns us each and all not to spend our little interval in idleness, but to join ourselves to the wisest among the children of this world and give ourselves to art and song.

True, indeed, it is that art and song bring their own reward, but it is difficult to point to any one way of spending life and name it the wisest. Socrates, for example, did not spend his little interval in art or song, and yet it is fair to take it that he got a good deal out of life. As for the real sensation of desiring the rhapsody of the sage, the average mortal is most like to win it by spending long, idle, rambling days in the spring woods. Let him take an thought of what he shall eat or what he shall drink—a single apple in a pocket will provide amply for all the necessities of a long day; and as to what he shall wear, the main qualities of his garments should be age, familiarity, toughness; and then let a man, unimpeded by any object or goal, set forth with an open mind to admire how the world is made. For just at this time of the year it is wrought with miracles of delicacy and intricacy and beauty beyond speech.

Every place in the world has its own time for perfection. One never can echo quite whole-heartedly SHAKESPEARE'S,

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there!"

Not that England has not personal charm; but why not be there in June, while one's about it, when the cold and the drizzling grayness are once and for all folded up and laid on the shelf, and when the larks wheel, circling, singing over every field, dropping their "silver chain of sound"; when all the wild flowers of MEXICO'S "Lydia's" and AFRICA'S "Thyris" and SHAKESPEARE'S "Question" are trailing and blooming and bedecking the whole face of the earth, and when every wind that blows is faint with the fumes of sunlight and of earth? Every one who is attentive to the real

business of life, the esteeming at all the stray ends of beauty and helping them in a treasure-house of memory, knows that the proper time to see Normandy, Brittany, and the New England hills is in June, when just a little forecasting tinge of frost is in the air, glinting white over the meadows in the early morning. Just by way of adding glitter to the flicking percent of the autumn leaves. But if one owned the magic carpet, as truly all human beings should if the world were properly constituted, one would sit down upon it, just about the fifth of April every year, and give the order, "To the Southern woods." But probably it would be better to leave the carpet by the roadside, near some old historic town, and walk, for it would be a pity to miss the mile-long hedges of golden brown fringing out their wild arms over the straggling white road that runs

"Like a lane out of heaven that leads through a dream."

Such a sight, it would seem, is almost equal in its glory to WINTERBURN'S daffodils:

"And all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils."

How the words bring the picture to the mind! He must have made a sudden turning, and come upon them quite by surprise—a whole field of molten gold, ten thousand daffodils waving in the wind. What wonder that SHAKESPEARE, falling upon a like experience, should have dreamed away with sheer delight of the vision, since SHAKESPEARE was so slightly bound down to earth that emotion invariably snapped the frail tie. Whoever has driven up a certain bare rise of land and overlooked a tiny, worn-out, but once historic, small village in Virginia, has seen a sight not less overwhelming in its glory, miles upon miles of the golden broom hedged.

And then one penetrates from the roadside into the sedition and checkered light of the woods. The trees at this time of the year combine the beauties of both winter and summer; they are still partially bare to the blue sky, letting through wonderful lace-like traceries, and yet the tender green bespeaks the fuller shade that shall come when the sun has worked himself up to its full midsummer fever. The long needed pines long with brown cones overtop the other trees, their great, straight, aspiring stems drawing lines in the wilderness, and below them the low-growing wide-spreading dogwood raises its layers of pure white blossoms, like an unexpected shower of baby moons caught on the bare branches and held, and in between, for sheer insurance and supererogation, the red bud and the Jodas-tree and their flash of colors. Lesser still there are wild knot-like tangles of coral honeysuckle and yellow jessamine clinging to the hoary trees, and still lower the wild amaran blossoms, pink and white in her golden leaves. Just peeping above the dead leaves there rise the yellow lady-slipper orchids, green jacks-in-the-pulpit, serious, straight, and comical withal, and everywhere sweet-scented blackberry. As one nears the edge of the wood, what more natural than a wide stretch of the red columbines, hanging jewel-like above their tender, sublimated clover leaves!

The soon hour should be spent deep in the woods and among the tree tops. One need not climb, but, lying flat on one's back, one sees all the affairs half way between earth and heaven. A bald-headed mother eagle may be scolding her three awkward young ones in the nest and spurring them on to make an effort to fly. There is much encouragement to be derived from seeing an eagle, hovering on the branch, flapping his wings, and afraid to trust himself in the air, and then, suddenly, soaring off so easily and comfortably.

And there is the monastic stillness, with the sun throwing fantastic shapes of light on the ground, out of the quiet and the silence the little furtive wood noises penetrate,—the tapping of the woodpecker, the squirrel's chirp, the whirr of wing as the humming-birds fly past, and the drone and buzz of insects. No birds sing just at this hour; but blue and scarlet and cardinal color, olive and gray and brown, the little specks of melodious life fill past us, least doubtless, too, upon the bounding of beauty after their kind.

The hours move slower in the afternoon. Before the great catastrophe of sunset there is a pause, a retard of the action of the daily pageant. The slant rays of the sun finger lazily among the briers and the bushes; a golden and sunset haze glows over all the woodland greenery. The day is growing gray and reverend, slow of movement, and majestic. The color in the woods fades, and a purplish-brown mist, called darkness, begins to rise from the breast of the earth. Then to the edge of the wood for a sight of the open sky, where the lord of the world is sinking, drawing after him the great wing-shaded, russet-hued clouds. Pale lines of prismatic yellow, streaks of green and lilac and purple, the back of the flaming clouds.

"Look now where Coler, the son's bridegroom, makes
The house of heaven splendid for the bride."

With the flowering of heaven color dies out of earth, it takes on a pale and ashen hue; no richer the evening comes, and the day in the spring wood dies, as all things die. But who shall say that

song or picture could have inculcated greater strength or more wisdom?

"I am strong with the strength of my lord, the sun:
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs be run
I am lit with the sun.
Oh, never the mast high run of the sea
Of traffic shall hide thee,
Never the bell-colored smoke of the factories
Hide thee.
Never the rock of the time's tempest-tides
Hide thee,
And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge abide
Thee.
And ever by day shall my spirit as one that hath tried thee,
Lalor, at leisure, in art—thou under beside thee,
My soul shall float, friend Sine,
The thy being done."

Correspondence

PRESERVE THE FORESTS

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE FORESTS.
CONCORD, N. H., April 4, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Unhappily, as the part of the leaders of Congress to permit legislation at this season beyond the regular appropriation bills works particular hardship in the White Mountains, the protective forests on the high slopes have been going at the rate of 200 acres daily, or 25,000 annually, which affects the agricultural, manufacturing, and navigation interests throughout New England.

The bill for antitrust legislation in the White Mountains and the Southern Appalachian Mountains has been endorsed by the entire country. Lumbermen and paper-makers, farmers, and business men, and the press, without exception, have urged this measure for five years. Two years ago it passed the Senate, and was recommended unanimously to the House of Representatives by the Committee on Agriculture, but owing to the opposition of the Speaker did not then become a law.

At a recent hearing before the present Committee on Agriculture, the Governors of Georgia and New Hampshire, with official delegates from the Governors of twelve other States, and a group of two hundred business men and citizens from all of the States east of the Mississippi, except four, presented evidence that the timber supply is disappearing, that water powers are affected, that navigation is crippled, and that agriculture in the low lands, particularly in the South, is, in many cases, wiped out by floods. Delegates from the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce showed that recent floods cost that city ten millions of dollars. Lawrence, Massachusetts, sent a delegation, including the mayor and the president of the Board of Trade, to show the importance of the Merrimack for drinking water, as well as for power. To all these Congress apparently has turned a deaf ear.

When the matter came before the Judiciary Committee, the Governors of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and North Carolina sent able lawyers to Washington to prove that the matter is one in which Congress has solicited power to act.

Neither the Committee on Agriculture nor that on Judiciary has made any report, and the impression prevails at Washington that they do not intend to do so. Is there any reason why the leaders in the House of Representatives should longer obstruct the will of the people? When six New England States and eight Southern States unite in asking prompt action by Congress, do the men who guide that body propose to turn the matter calmly down? What do the representatives from the South and from New England intend to do about it?

We ask the co-operation of your paper to secure action at this session of Congress.

I am, sir, F. W. ROLLINS.

WORLD SHUT UP ANARCHISTS

MASSACHUSETTS, April 4, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—We note the request, by our President, for legislation against anarchy. Such legislation will raise questions as to constitutional rights and liberties.

We have a number of competent alienists who will solve that problem in an easy manner. No man of normal mind will be an anarchist. An anarchist is a dangerous lunatic, and should be placed where he will be kept out of trouble and taken care of.

Let the advocating of anarchistic ideas be proof conclusive of insanity: this is just, will get rid of them and educate against the ideas, as anarchy carries with it the idea of insanity.

I am, sir, A. PHYSICIAN.

JOSEPH BOAMIN VISION

April 12, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—At various times between 1820 and 1830 there appeared in the newspapers of the country what was called "The Vision of Joseph Boam." Boam was a preacher in the Society of Friends of some local reputation in the interior of New York State, where he resided for many years. The vision was first revealed to the particular meeting over which he presided and then gradually and extensively circulated in printed form through the Eastern States. The discussion which it then provoked has long since been forgotten. Looking backward to-day, his predictions may at least

be called curious. The words taken from a copy in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania are as follows:

"In the year 1803, probably in the 8th or 9th month, I was one day alone in the field and observed that the sun shone clear, but a mist eclipsed the brightness of his shining. As I reflected on the singularity of the event, my mind was filled with visions (the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed; for all my faculties were laid low and unusually brought into silence, I said to myself: 'What can all this mean? I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings.' And I heard a voice from heaven saying: 'This that thou seest, that dims the brightness of the sun, is a sign of the present and the coming times. I told the fathers of this country from a land of oppression: I placed them here among the forests. I blessed them and sustained them and while they were humble I fed them and they have become a numerous people. But they have forgotten me who nourished and protected them in the wilderness, and have become proud and lifted up, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old country was guilty. They have taken quite from the land and have suffered a dividing spirit to come among them. Lift up thine eyes and behold.' And I lifted up mine eyes and saw them dividing in great heat. This dividing began in the Church on points of doctrine: it commenced in the Presbyterian Society, and went through all the various religious denominations, and in its progress and close its effects were nearly the same. Those who departed went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept to their original sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when the dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends it was in a similar manner as in any I had before discovered. And as before, those who separated went off with lofty looks and taunting, censorious language: those who kept to ancient principles retired by themselves. It next appeared in the bodies of the Freemasons, and set the country on fire for a time. From that time it went through the United States and did not stop until it produced a civil war, and an abundance of blood was shed. In the course of the conflict the Southern States lost their power and slavery was annihilated from their borders."

Then a monarchical power arose and established a national religion and made all Societies tributary to support its power. I saw them take property from Friends. I was amazed at all this, and I heard a voice proclaim: 'This power shall not always stand, but with it I will chase the Church until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Then a great war is coming upon the active land because of their impiety and for the blood of Africa, the remembrance of which has come up before me. This is not yet for many days.'

"I had no idea of writing this for many years, until it became such a burden that for my own relief I have so written it."

(Signed) JOSEPH BOAM. Two generations of Americans have passed away since Boam thought he saw disaster looming up for the young republic on the eve of reason of a particular sin upon which his vision was cast. For the sake of argument we may assume—or rather, we are asked to believe the repeated statements of our present rulers—that the intervening years every grade of sin has been committed. Should we therefore look forward to a new dispensation to the approaching change? Or is the present dispensation a part of the punishment hung foretold?

Is Saul also among the Prophets? Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt might be persuaded to answer in a special message.

Yours truly, E. H. M.

OUTDOOR ADVERTISING

PASADENA, CAL., April 12, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Referring to the request of the President of the American Civic Association in your issue of April 11, for an expression of opinion regarding the practical effect of offensive outdoor advertising on purchasers, I can say for our reader that I not only have never made a purchase on the strength of such advertising, but on the contrary am always positively against articles so advertised.

I am, sir, E. H. SACRENT.

THOMAS HOLLAND, ANCESTOR OF WASHINGTON

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., February 12, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—In your issue of February 12, the article by Caroline Tucker on "Washington and his Surprising Ancestor," has greatly interested me, and I write to specially thank the author for the genealogical table. But I wish the table had also stated the fact that John, the fair maid of Kent, married, secondly, Edward de Black Prince, and thus their child, Richard the Second, was the half brother of Thomas Holland, the ancestor of Washington.

In my childhood my favorite book was *The Legends of Lancashire* by Charlotte M. Yonge. I loved to read of that little group of people at the court of the invalid Black Prince at Bordeaux—Lord Edward Barry de Looze, Thomas Holland, and the beautiful lady Richard.

In after years when I stood by the tomb of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral, I thought of Miss Yonge's picture of the lovely but anxious Joan and her boys.

I had learned through history of the death of the little Lord Edward and the tragic visit of Richard and Henry of Lancaster, but I had often wondered about Thomas Holland.

And now, after more than forty years, it is interesting, indeed, to trace in this genealogical table the line of his descendants down to our own Washington.

I am, sir, MARY H. HENDERSON.

Finance

The Dependence of Railroad Security Values on Rates

By HOWARD SCHENCK MOTT



At a meeting of the Economic Club of New York, held in December, 1907, Inter-State Commerce Commissioner Prouty, in addressing the club, stated, in effect, that railroad rates should be so adjusted as to allow a reasonable return to stockholders; that any higher rates would be equivalent to an unjust tax on the community, even if the revenue derived from high rates were spent in improving the property or in building new lines, and that all improvements and new construction should be paid for out of the proceeds of new security issues. To make improvements and to build new lines, he contended, relied for the investment of additional capital in the railroad business, which new capital should not be raised by taxing the community, through high rates, to produce it.

Continuing the discussion, after adjournment, Mr. Prouty was asked how it was proposed to provide for the interest or dividends on securities to be issued to pay for improvements and new construction. He replied: "Out of the normal increase in railroad revenue," stating, in illustration of the possibility of such provision, that one road in the Southwest had shown for eight months (presumably during the fiscal year 1906-7) a very large increase in gross earnings and a still larger increase in net earnings. He was asked whether the road referred to was making any such good showing at that time and whether any road in the United States then made such a showing, to both of which questions, of course, he replied in the negative. His attention was called to the fact that railroad operating expenses had been growing steadily for a year and a half, and he was asked how, in view of that fact, it was proposed to provide for interest and dividends on new securities "out of the normal increase in railroad revenue." To this question he replied: "If operating expenses continue to increase, railroad rates must be advanced."

Mr. Prouty is a public-spirited and conscientious public servant, but he seems to have fallen into a rather common error in supposing that there is, or can be, such a thing, uninterrupted, as "the normal increase in railroad revenue." Existing economic conditions, at least in their acute manifestations, present apparently new phases of finance and industry. Of these conditions and their ramifications it will not be possible to treat in detail. Some of their phases seem new only through misunderstanding of old problems. The conditions comprise, among many, the relation of all industry to the supply of capital; the fact that, as all civilized countries use gold as the standard of value, the increasing supply of that metal throughout the world depreciates the purchasing power of the gold dollar—a phenomenon which finds its reflection in rising commodity prices; the growing power of labor organizations to compel the payment of high wages, etc. It is sufficient for the present purpose to point out that, during the past decade, rising commodity prices have increased railroad costs, probably as they have manufacturing and other costs. Within the past few years the wages paid on American railroads have risen fully twenty per cent., and materials used by the railroads have advanced in prices, in ten years, from forty to fifty per cent. In addition to these items of increased expenditure, railroad taxes have been increased, and State and national legislation has added much to the burdens of the railroads. Meanwhile, railroad rates not only have not advanced, but as a matter of fact have declined.

Now, then, does it happen that, up to about a year ago, railroad earnings increased? Partly because the prosperity of the country produced a traffic so enormous as to enable the railroads to reduce grades and curves on their road-beds, lay heavier rails, and purchase engines of greater power and earn of larger capacity—out of earnings. The average train load, the cost of operating efficiently, grew steadily. In 1896, however, the congestion of traffic, due to the abundant harvests of that year and the stimulation of business they created, was so great that previous methods of economical handling of traffic were found totally inadequate. Efficient train-hauling had to give way to any means that would move freight. One important result of the heavy traffic of that period was that the railroads advanced wages whenever a demand was made on them rather than risk the loss of revenue that might result from a dispute with their employees. In the conditions existing two years ago apparently can be found the beginning of the present acute phase of the problem of high operating expense. It seems possible, also, that, under the most favorable conditions, there may be physical limitations in the development of train-hauling. If the railroads are unable to spend money to improve their road-beds and their equipment, the development of train-hauling necessarily cannot go on.

Today the railroads labor under a burden of high operating expense for which their management can no more be held wholly responsible than can the baker for a rise in the price of flour. The

railroads, so far, have not been permitted to advance their rates; but the baker (when the price of flour rises materially, can, and does, advance the price of bread). It is true that, by decreasing facilities wherever possible, such as taking of trips by reducing the number of employees, and by the small declines in the price of materials and supplies that have recently occurred, the railroads have managed temporarily to keep their heads above water. Possibly, in the near future, the prices of materials and supplies used by the railroads will decline somewhat further, but that they will decline to anything like the extent that they have risen in the past few years appears highly improbable. As to railroad labor, its costs as much now, per unit, as it did two years ago at the height of the most prosperous period in American history; and there seems to be small prospect of decreasing this element of cost without bringing a train of evils worse than those which now exist. Consequently, the railroads have announced that they will not reduce wages except as a last resort.

Of what, at the present time, does "the normal increase in railroad revenue" consist, and, in the future, what will it be? If the economic conditions before referred to continue to influence the course of finance and industry, as they probably will do, it is likely, aside from fluctuations, that the tendency of the prices of commodities and of labor is upward. Necessarily, then, unless new methods of economy can be devised, railroad costs, through a series of years, seem bound to rise. Then, in the absence of opportunity and authority to advance rates, "the normal increase in railroad revenue" becomes a mere phantom.

This is an intensely practical matter, because upon the ability of the railroads to earn profits on the capital invested in them depends in the end their efficient service to the community. It is not possible to separate the business of the railroads from the financial markets. If the railroads must hereafter make improvements and build new lines out of the proceeds of new security issues, they must be allowed to increase their rates. Capital needs the assurance of good earnings when it embarks in an enterprise. This is a matter of common sense and simple. At the present time railroad securities are discredited in the investment markets, partly, no doubt, because of exposures of abuses in corporate management, but more largely for the very plain reason that the transportation industry appears to the investor to be one in which capital cannot be employed as profitably as it can in other directions. These are stubborn facts that confront the country. Wall Street recently was full of rumors of a coming advance in freight rates, but until the meeting of the presidents of the Eastern trunk lines, the rumors appeared to have little foundation.

That the Inter-State Commerce Commission also realizes the exigencies of the present situation hardly may, perhaps, be inferred from the following extract from an address delivered at the annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science on April 11 by the Hon. Martin A. Knapp, the Chairman of that body. Mr. Knapp disclosed speaking for any one except himself, but his views are so interesting and so pertinent that they are reproduced:

"In the passing of a generation, as it were, the railroad and the steamship have transformed the whole of industrial and social life. They have enriched every occupation, given added value to each product, added to the means of human enjoyment, and made us vast wealth possible. At once it is the greatest achievement and the greatest necessity of our modern civilization; but we do well to remember that this marvellous achievement has been accomplished by private enterprise and private capital, and that we must look—we certainly should look—to that same source for its further and adequate development. Far distant be the day when any thoughtful man will seriously contemplate a different national policy. But if we rely as we should on private enterprise and private capital sufficiently to increase our transportation facilities, we must make that primary vocation so attractive in its opportunity and its responsibility that it will command for its management the best and ablest men the nation produces, and be sufficiently lucrative to assure the necessary investment of money to realize our further needs. In a word, we need our best men in this primary business, and a very large amount of money, to make it successful. This, in a word, simply means, as I take it, that whatever may be our National or State policy, whatever prohibitions may be enacted or privileges restricted, there must be opportunities to charge rates which will give sufficient coverings to make the business fairly profitable and to attract sufficient capital for its adequate extension, and it does not matter, as I see it, whether the popular estimate of railroad managers is personified by a man as capable and as popular as Mr. Stevenson Fish, or by the man with whom it appears Mr. Fish has lately had some friendly differences. Without regard to the personnel of railroad officials, without regard primarily to the interest of stockholders, in the interest of the public welfare and estimated prosperity we must have the railway earnings continue to be adequate for railway extension at advantage and profit."

The Scourge of the Yaquis

WHY AMERICAN LIVES AND CAPITAL IN MEXICO ARE MENACED
BY A HANDFUL OF SAVAGES

By MARC M. REYNOLDS



HAT a state comprising almost 78,000 square miles and having a population of 250,000 should be virtually at the mercy of a band of marauding Indians seems like a troubled dream of frontier life in the twenties, rather than a statement of present-day fact. Yet such is the case today in Sonora, the second largest state in the republic of Mexico. Sonora is suffering from the predatory warfare of a band of Yaqui Indians who do not exceed 5000 in number. The industries of the state are declining; the towns growing smaller; the ranches generally are deserted, and there is an air of desolation and despair prevalent throughout the region between the Cananea, Yaqui River, and Pacific Railroad on the west and south, the Yaqui River on the east, and the boundary line dividing Mexico and the United States on the north. It seems strange to the student of modern progress at long range that such an apparently absurd condition of affairs can exist; but the fact is not puzzling to any one who is familiar with the conditions of government in Sonora, the kind of Mexican soldiers who are in the service in Sonora, the topography of that portion of the country where the Yaquis make their headquarters, and the methods of warfare employed by these Indians.

It is possible to hear as many different stories about the Yaqui trouble as the number of people one meets after crossing the Mexican border at Nogales. Some of them have foundation, but



One of the Mexican Methods of Yaqui Extirpation

many of them spring from fear and the imaginative brain of the Mexicans, while others are ingenuously colored by the few American travelers who go to Sonora for their health, or to seek wealth in the heavily mineralized mountains.

When I reached Nogales on February 26, I began to hear the word "Yaqui" used frequently in conversation between Mexicans, and I noted an undercurrent of anxiety among the people. The Cananea, Yaqui River, and Pacific Railroad had abandoned its night service, and was running trains in the daytime only, under guard of Mexican soldiers. This, I learned, was due to fear of attack by the Yaquis. When we arrived at Santa Ana, Mexico, I saw a corral in which were eleven hundred Yaqui men, women, and children who had been gathered in by the troops and who were about to be deported to Yucatán. All along the line of the road there was much evident uneasiness, and the atmosphere of the country seemed charged with a spirit of apprehension. At Hermosillo, the capital of the state, I met Governor Torres, the man on whom rests the duty of protecting the people and the country from the ravages of the Yaquis. Very plainly the lines in the Governor's face indicated worry. Even in Hermosillo, surrounded by all the protection he could summon, there was no absolute safety. When asked about the situation the Governor said that he was doing all he could to aid the citizens in protecting their lives and their rights, but the citizens must do all they could to protect themselves. He had advised the people to go armed and to take no chances. When the train arrived at Torres, a little junction below Hermosillo, there was marked excitement. The day before, a band of Yaquis had come to the edge of the town, had killed four section hands who were repairing the railroad, and had then escaped to the brush. The little guard at Torres was a scene of activity. The train on the short line running to La Colorado was being made up of two coaches instead of one, and sixty soldiers were packed aboard, part of whom left the train about ten miles out to follow the tracks of the Yaquis. At La Colorado there was more news and more Yaqui talk. The Yaquis had been seen on the near-by hills that day, and a few miles out, near a place called Represos, and two days before, they had attacked and killed eight out of a party of ten. La Colorado is the last point touched by the railroad toward the western interior, and all travel toward the Yaqui River is done on mule or horse back, by wagon, or on foot. The popular mode of travel is on the back of a mule. One of the mining companies in the western part of the state had just sent some truck automobiles to Sonora. I was invited to accompany the party on the initial trip as far as the Yaqui River. These automobiles had bullet-proof shields, which, with an escort of twenty soldiers, promised safety. At different points the Yaquis were sighted on the hills beyond rifle range, but they made no attempt to interfere with us. Evidently the first automobiles introduced into that part of Mexico made them cautious, for the Yaquis do not take many chances.

Very few travelers were met on the way, and only a few of the haciendas we passed were inhabited. These few looked like forts,



The Kind of Yaqui preferred by the terrorized Citizens of Sonora

being provided with port-holes and stocked with arms and ammunition. At intervals of from fifteen to twenty miles the government had soldiers stationed, and at night we camped at one of the *caseríos*. Every new post reached brought fresh news of Yaqui killings. In a country without telegraph or telephone communication news travels slowly, but the air seemed filled with information showing that the Yaquis were certainly on the war-path and were systematically making raids on valuable points. Our report of soldiers kept up their heavy and shower by inhibiting freely of moral, the native intoxicant, and at times we were in more danger from the careless handling of firearms by the soldiers than from Yaqui bullets. At Toledo, on the banks of the Yaqui River, the real nerve centre of Yaqui atrocities was found. Toledo is a small burg, founded by some Americans from Ohio, who invested upwards of a million dollars in buildings and a smelting plant. Just as the plant had been completed, the depredations of the Yaquis became so frequent in the surrounding country that the

wounded several others. It has been estimated that fully two hundred Yaquis were engaged in that battle. Sonqui Grande has been the scene of several earlier raids by the Yaquis, and they have killed in all more than one hundred people. On January 3 of this year, an American named Mark Perkins, and a party of eight others, including his wife and three children, were killed as they were driving along the road near La Bula. About the same time at the Delores ranch, two hundred and fifty miles from La Bula, the Yaquis killed sixteen persons. In February eight Japanese and some soldiers were killed near Guaymas, at the important gulf coast town of Sonora. Guaymas is one of the best protected towns in the state. The Cananea, Yaqui River, and Pacific Railroad is building extensive shops and offices just on its outskirts, and near this point the government has an impressive-looking garrison where troops are constantly kept for emergency rail, and a lookout is continuously on duty in the watch tower to prevent sudden attack; yet the Yaquis made a raid, killed several, and got away



Blindfolding a Group of Yaqui Marauders before Execution



The none too expert Soldiers seldom miss their Marks



Administering the "coup de grace" to the executed Yaquis



The End of the Day's Work

HOW THE MEXICAN AUTHORITIES ARE DEALING WITH THE SAVAGES WHO HAVE TERRORIZED A REGION LARGER THAN NEW ENGLAND

burro freighters abandoned work and cancelled their contracts to haul fuel and provisions, with the result that the smelter was forced to shut down, and two Americans named J. H. Harney and H. E. Cochrane were left and still remain with a few Mexicans to guard the property. The final decision to suspend all operations was reached after August 27, 1907, when at eleven o'clock at night the Yaquis made an attack on Toledo, killed three people, and wounded four others. Since that time all the country for thirty miles on each side of the Yaqui River has been cut off from the outside world, save where people have risked their lives to secure provisions.

Since January 1 of this year the Yaquis have been more warlike than for many years past. From their numerous raids, sometimes fifty miles apart, and the fact that frequently two or three occur on the same day, they would seem to be well organized and to be acting under competent leadership. For several years prior to this year they had apparently been split up into small bands, and when any attacks were made usually a band of from five to thirty Yaquis did the work. In February of this year, however, at Sonqui Grande, where the government continuously keeps a detachment of soldiers, the Yaquis killed twenty-five soldiers and

with little if any damage to themselves. While I was in Sonora, a period of six weeks, I learned of over sixty people who had been killed since January 1 by the Yaquis, and there were doubtless other killings of which I did not hear.

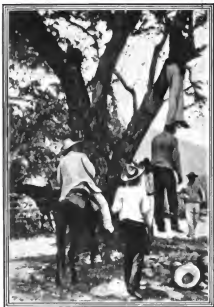
Naturally the question arises, why doesn't the Mexican government put soldiers in the field and stop these wholesale and murderous depredations? Primarily because the Mexican soldiers have never been skilled fighters, in the sense in which we understand the word in the United States. Their records in the war with Texas and in 1866 were far from glorious, and their present military system is open to criticism. The Mexican soldier is afraid of a Yaqui Indian, and he will run instead of fight when attacked, unless he is cornered; and judging from the records so far, the soldiers get the worst of every encounter, save when they are in overwhelming numbers. Every now and again, during past years, the government has made an effort to punish the Yaquis. Their efforts have been very irregular, and the usual form of warfare has been to capture all the peaceful men, women, and children of the Yaqui tribe who have been found in the various towns and deport them by steamer to Yucatán. Many really fine looking, peaceful Yaquis who did not take up arms against the government

have been sent away. Families have been separated, and, in the past, unnecessary cruelty has been exercised. Those who are left now are treacherous, bloodthirsty savages, and vagabond.

The history of these formidable savages is interesting. For hundreds of years the Yaguas held full sway in their country, along the Yagui River in the southern part of the state, in the Guaymas district. In the time of Cortez they numbered about 300,000, but the centuries of warfare have reduced their number. They opposed the Spaniards, and they have always been at war with the Mexicans. Though sometimes defeated, they have never been conquered, and today, with approximately less than 5000 able-bodied men, they hold sway over practically the whole state of Sonora, and seem to be as far from conquered as they were three hundred years ago. It can be said to have been the Yaguas that they have never taken the initiative in their warfare. They revolted against the imperial dictation of Spain in 1535 and in 1825. They opposed Mexican interference with their rights in 1832. From 1841 to 1848 they reigned supreme in their possessions, but in 1848 hostilities were begun afresh by the Mexican government, and a desolating war was waged until 1897. That year Governor Luna Torres, under a flag of truce, called the Yaguas together at Otila, where a treaty was consummated and accepted in good faith by the Yaguas. They laid down their arms, buried the tomahawk along with their mail, and returned to the peaceful occupation of farming. The government supplied them with farming implements; the fields were ploughed, the crops were in, and a happy feeling of settlement prevailed throughout the state of Sonora, as well as in the executive chambers at the City of Mexico. Land that had remained uncultivated, the ranchers having been killed or forced to run to save their lives, was reclaimed, and the Mexican cry of "Malo" was to be heard in the fields, as the peace ploughed, sowed, and toiled at the labors incident to ranch life on a Mexican hacienda.

Fate decreed, however, that this peaceful atmosphere could not continue, and in less than a year there were dissensions. Various reasons have been assigned for the trouble—it is believed that the most plausible reason concerns the Torres family. Governor Torres and his brother own a large ranch, consisting of several thousand acres, adjoining the Yagui lands along the river. To irrigate some of this land it seemed necessary to turn the water supply for irrigation from some of the Yagui lands into the Torres ditches, thus stopping the Yaguas' supply of water. General Torres's brother ordered the course of the water changed. The Yaguas resented their ditch. Again, by the Torres authority, the shut-off was made, and again it was opened by the Yaguas. Then the supreme power of the military was invoked; the flow of water was again changed; soldiers were placed at the point in question with authority to shoot to kill, and the inevitable followed. The Yaguas attempted to secure their rights, and some of them were shot. That was the brand that again kindled the fire of hatred and war in their hearts. The peaceful ploughs were forsaken for the warlike rifles, and the fields were allowed to grow up to weeds.

Since then a campaign of revenge has raged, and will probably continue for years to come. Not only is the situation serious for the Mexican people, but it is very serious for American capital invested in Sonora. From the banks in Hermosillo and Guaymas I learned that at the present time there are at least \$20,000,000 of American money invested in industries and mining in the part of Sonora menaced by the Yaguas. The mines are shut down, the industries idle, and as a result the banking interests are suffering, with no relief in sight. Protests have been sent to our government in Washington, and Secretary Root has been asked to interfere with the Mexican government at the City of Mexico, but thus far with no result. In some degree the Americans are to be censured for their indifference in the past. A few years ago, when three Americans from Chicago were killed by the Yaguas, a general cry was raised and our government asked for an explanation. Then the Sonora officials, sent from some of the American mining men, who were operating in a section at that time visited by the Yaguas, letters commending the protection afforded by the government, and copies of these letters were sent to Washington, with a report affirming that the Mexican government was doing all it possibly could to check such atrocities; and there the matter dropped. At Nogales Mr. Allen J. Bird, editor of *The Oaxaca*, the leading



A gruesome Attribute of a present-day Sonora Landscape

paper of that section, devoted largely to Mexican interests, and particularly to the mineral districts, showed me some correspondence which he had recently had with our government. Mr. Bird, who is a man of position, highly intelligent, and largely interested in Mexico, made a trip to Washington to intercede personally on behalf of American capital invested in Sonora, and to awaken some interest which might bring to an end the loss of American lives and property in the terrorized district. The last letter received from Washington after his return home gives no encouragement, and is, in fact, formal and indifferent in tone, though at the time of his visit Mr. Bird was encouraged to believe that there was relief in sight.

An official in one of the leading banks of Sonora told me that the resolution of affairs is beyond comprehension to any one not in very close touch with the situation. I asked him if I might use his name and be replied: "Yes, if it will do any good, and excuse the American government for some decided steps to protect us; but on the simple theory that some relief may come. I must decline. We who are in business in Mexico depend on the local government for such protection as we have, and we cannot afford to be openly antagonistic toward it; so we wait submissively, hoping that some relief will soon reach us." In conversation with other men of affairs, the same general answer was given.

It is from the ignorant and superstitious poor class that the Mexican government draws the rank and file of its soldiers. The military is divided into three branches: *Nacionalistas*, *Ramitas*, and *Regulares*. The *Nacionalistas* are equivalent to our militia. Their headquarters are in the City of Mexico, and they are better treated than the *Regulares*. The *Ramitas* come first in treatment and consideration. They belong to the customs service, being principally on duty along the border lines to prevent smuggling and to capture and punish smugglers. The *Regulares* are a promiscuous soldiery; most of them serve in the army as a penalty for some offense committed against the laws of the republic, and are sentenced to serve for such a length of time as their crime warrants, according to the judgment of the court. With the exception of the officers, most of the soldiers who have been sent to fight the Yaguas are these petty criminals, who have been forced into the service. It is easy to understand that such soldiers as these are not trained, have no patriotism, and will not fight except for self-preservation.

The soldiers are not drilled at rifle practice, and they know practically nothing about the use of their firearms, except what they have learned in desultory shooting. They must account for the ammunition given them, and in one case I saw a soldier with his cartridges tied in his belt so that he would not lose any of them.

In view of all these circumstances, it is scarcely surprising that the Yaguas are not conquered. The Yaguas are excellent shots, they are fighting for what they believe to be their rights, for their lives, and to revenge the wrongs they believe have been done them. They are Simon-pure Indians, with no mixed blood; they speak their own language, and they are ideal specimens of physical development, being taller, more muscular, and more active than the Mexican soldiers.

The Yaguas never ride; they always walk. Their powers of endurance are marvellous. They can, and frequently do, travel seventy-five miles a day—a fifty-mile jaunt is simple recreation. Each Yagui is a sharpshooter, and in an attack they fight from ambush, each picking his man, and then the firing is simultaneous. The country is for the most part covered with brush growing from ten to fifteen feet in height, with occasional openings. The trails or roads are through this brush, which is very thick and dense. The Yaguas keep watch on the hills overlooking the roads, and by a system of signals the Indians in the brush are informed of the approach of a party. When the party reaches one of the openings where the Yaguas in hiding have good aim, the deadly fire is opened. It is in this way that so many soldiers and citizens are killed, and simply to patrol a road so the government is attempting to do now, will not rid the country of these savages.

If the government expects to subjugate the Yaguas, soldiers must be sent into the hills, and an active campaign of extermination be rigidly carried on. Otherwise the raids will continue; property interests will suffer, life will be insecure, and no one can predict the end.



Looking Northwest from the Thirty-fourth Story



Straightening a bent Girder—the View is Northeast



Madison Square Park, a tenth of a Mile down



A View of Madison Square from a new Aspect



Painting the Iron-work Five Hundred Feet above Madison Avenue



New York—from Twenty-fourth Street South to the Lower Bay

AS NEW YORK GROWS UPWARD

THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE WERE TAKEN ON THE THIRTY-FOURTH STORY OF THE NEW TOWER OF THE METROPOLITAN LIFE BUILDING, NOW IN PROGRESS OF ERECTION AT THE CORNER OF MADISON AVENUE AND TWENTY-FOURTH STREET. THE TOWER, WHEN COMPLETED A YEAR HENCE, WILL SURPASS IN HEIGHT ANY BUILDING IN THE WORLD, SAVE THE EIFFEL TOWER. IT WILL CONTAIN FIFTY STORIES, AND WILL RISE 695 FEET ABOVE THE SIDEWALK, EXCEEDING THE RIVER TOWER, ITS ONLY AMERICAN RIVAL, BY 83 FEET.

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Baseball! In 1908

By E. B. MOSS

Spring Editor, New York
Evening Sun

THE initial major league games of the 1908 baseball season were attended by more than 130,000 spectators. Great New York led in attendance figures, the two games, between New York and Philadelphia, and Boston and Brooklyn, attracting more than 42,000 enthusiasts, many of whom waited at the turnstiles for hours before the parks were open. Philadelphia and Cincinnati turned out crowds ranging from 18,000 to 20,000; while the attendance at the games at Boston and Chicago surpassed these figures. This outpouring of fans is considered an omen that this season will see an unprecedented struggle for honors in professional baseball.

While all the clubs of the National and American leagues seemed bent upon to improve their strength in the box, at the bat, and in the field, the deals which attracted the greatest amount of attention were those all feasting the New York and Boston clubs in the senior league and the New York and St. Louis clubs in the junior organization. Eight players figured in the deal between the New York Nationals and their Boston rivals of the same league. Manager John J. McEwain in order to bring over material into his club, exchanged George Brown, Doc McInnis, Joe Dahler, Frank Bonnerman, and Cecil Ferguson for three members of the 1907 Boston team—Fred Toney, Al Bridwell, and Tom Needham. These men are players of exceptional caliber, and the majority of the erstwhile "Giants" were members of the famous world's championship combination of 1905.

Not to be outdone by his metropolitan rival, Manager Clarke Griffith of the New York American League club figured as the promoter of a trade by which he secured Harry Niles, Fred Glade, and Joe Hemphill, by turning over to the St. Louis "Brown" Harry Holloman, Jimmy Williams, and a cash consideration said to run into four figures.

The Chicago National and the Detroit Americans, winners of their respective league pennants last season, are certain to furnish all the opposition to the other teams which brought them home first in 1907. The Cleveland "Blues," the Philadelphia "Athletics," and the Chicago "White Sox" are as strong if not stronger than last year. Boston, St. Louis, and Washington are the dark horses of the American, or junior, League.



THE NEW YORK YANKEES, KNOWN TO "FANS" AS THE "GIANTS," AND THE PRIDE OF ENNUMERABLE BOTH BOTH YOUNG AND OLD. THE EXCHANGE OF PLAYERS TO FORM THIS TEAM HAS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST NOTABLE IN BASEBALL ANNALS



THE NEW YORK AMERICANS, OTHERWISE THE "HIGHLANDERS," THE FAVORITE OF ANOTHER ARMY OF ENTHUSIASTS. A CASH CONSIDERATION, SAID TO RUN INTO FOUR FIGURES, WAS A FACTOR IN RETAINING SEVERAL PLAYERS FOR THIS ORGANIZATION FROM THE ST. LOUIS "BROWNS"



THE CHICAGO NATIONALS, OR, MORE INTIMATELY, THE "CUBS," WHO WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD IN 1907 IN BRILLIANT FASHION, AND MAY BE HELD UPON TO GIVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES IN THE CONTESTS OF THE PRESENT SEASON



THE DETROIT AMERICANS, OR "TROJANS," WHO, AFTER WINNING THE 1907 PENNANT IN JUNIOR LEAGUE, PLAYED THE CHICAGO NATIONALS A SERIES OF FIVE GAMES FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP. THE FIRST GAME WAS A DRAW, AND CHICAGO WON THE REMAINING FOUR



Mayor McClellan toting in the Ball as a Signal to begin the Game



The two Teams parading upon the Field. The New York Team is on the Left of the Line



Stahl, New York's Left Fielder, at the Bat, and Smith, of the Philadelphia's, Catching



A natural and somewhat primitive Grand Stand overlooking the Diamond. All Seats Free

OPENING NEW YORK'S BASEBALL SEASON

THE GAME AT AMERICAN LEAGUE PARK BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA, WHICH WENT THREE INNINGS, AND RESULTED IN A SCORE OF 1 TO 0 IN FAVOR OF NEW YORK, THE SINGLE RUN BEING MADE IN THE LAST INNING

American Ambassadors Abroad

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



ENGLAND, of course, followed the Hill affair with the keenest interest. The reports of its details that came to us from Washington and Berlin were on the simplest and most satisfying scale, and everyone trooped delightfully into the field of conjectural scandal so entirely thrown open. From the turmoil of rumors and denials one fact was thought to emerge clearly—that the Kaiser, for unknown reasons repented his acceptance of Dr. Hill, and tried to withdraw it. It seemed, too, to be pretty well established that he mentioned the matter to Mr. Charlesmagne Tower, and that Mr. Tower, as he was bound to do, made it the basis of an official communication to Mr. Root. How the news of that communication came to be published was a point on which, so far as we in England could see, no light was thrown. Nor was it much discussed. The main interest centered on the motives that had impelled the Kaiser to make so astonishing a departure from diplomatic etiquette. As to this we were deluged with guesses and explanations. According to one report Dr. Hill, who was officially in charge of the arrangements connected with Prince Henry's whitewash tour through the States a few years ago, had had the misfortune (like the then German ambassador in Washington) to offend his august visitor. According to another, the Kaiser had been dipping into Dr. Hill's works, and had lighted on some passages not as laudatory as they should have been of Germany's aims and methods. According to a third, Mr. Tower had been prevailed upon by the Kaiser to remain in Berlin, and was casing about for an excuse to withdraw his resignation. According to a fourth, the Kaiser had been scandalized to learn that Mrs. Hill was one day discovered at The Hague doing her marketing on a bicycle.

But after all these theories had been examined and rejected, English opinion concluded, just, I should judge, as American opinion concluded, that the root of the trouble lay in "that eternal want of peace which vexes public men." Mr. Charlesmagne Tower, besides being of engaging personality, is a man of very great wealth. Throughout his term of office he has inhabited what, I think, quite the finest mansion in Berlin. He has dispensed a lavish and genial hospitality, and some at least of his wide popularity may fairly be ascribed to the superior and attractiveness of his entertainments. No one who looks the facts in the face can doubt that it has been a source of natural pleasure to the Kaiser, to the Court, and to the American colony in Berlin, to see the American ambassador upholding with such complete and elaborate success the social side of his position. That is a kind of achievement which carries greater weight in Berlin than in any European city. The German capital may still be a place of high thinking, but it is certainly no longer one of plain living. Berlin is a parvenu city, half-recked with provincialism. The Court, officialdom, and the dominant military caste only serve to put a little gilding on a life as coarse and crude and materialistic as the life of Chicago. The stolidity of a rather mean and arrogant militarism creeps through the city. The new Empire has brought with it a new commercialism, a new and infinitely lower code of morals, a new luxury, a new "touchiness" and self-assertion. Life in the Berlin of today is reckless and blatant and material. No community in Europe is so susceptible to the appeal of money and display; and I for one do not question in the least that the state which Mr. Tower has been able to maintain, his generous and finished hospitality, the style and scale of his personal appointments, and so on, have had a decided effect not only in confirming his own popularity but in enhancing American prestige. Such things, no doubt, should not be, but, having

been more than once in Berlin during Mr. Tower's régime, I do not hesitate to assert that such things are.

This was a situation that was altogether agreeable to the Kaiser. He liked Mr. Tower, and he liked to see American prestige so sumptuously upheld, and on both points, let us add, the American colony in Berlin has entirely agreed with him. My experience of the majority of Americans in Europe is that it gratifies them to see their ambassadors living in a palace, and maintaining an impressive social state. They do not want their representative to live in the British, French, or German equivalent of Harlem, but on the Fifth Avenue of the city in which he is accredited. It gives them, so far as I can judge, a real pleasure to feel that the American ambassador is more than holding his own in the social game, and that on all occasions of public or semi-public display, and in all the outward embellishments of life, he plays an elegant and conspicuous, even a brilliant, part. If the Americans in Berlin had been polled they would have voted to make Mr. Charlesmagne Tower ambassador for life. This, no doubt, would have been a solution eminently agreeable to the Kaiser himself. Failing that, he hoped at the least that the new ambassador would be able to continue the social successes won by Mr. Tower, and to maintain all the outward dignities of his position on the same scale as his predecessor. When, however, it was ascertained that Dr. Hill's resources only permitted of a modest establishment, the Kaiser, as a friend of America and anxious for the preservation of American prestige in Germany, felt that Mr. Roosevelt was making a mistake. He accordingly suggested to Mr. Charlesmagne Tower that while Dr. Hill, on all personal grounds, was entirely acceptable, the United States, for her own sake, would be better advised in sending a representative who would run no risk of being overshadowed by the ambassadors of other Powers, and who would be in a position to follow in Mr. Tower's footsteps with the same certainty and detail. Otherwise the new ambassador might be troubled by the awkwardness of the inevitable comparison, and the United States, in parting with the great power of social influence might be doing herself a political disservice.

No far as Englishmen could tell, these were the probable motives of the Kaiser's action. It was not meant in any way to be discourteous either to Dr. Hill or to the United States. The Kaiser had apparently convinced himself that the United States was embarking on a course which he believed to be injurious, and at the eleventh hour he tried to save her from it. The chief moral Englishmen drew from the whole unpleasantness was that Americans should at last act about recognizing their diplomatic service as a career. They have no personal interest in the matter. The United States has always sent her best to the Court of St. James. At the same time no one who goes about Europe can question that the American diplomatic service lends itself to some strange ineptitudes. In our capital you will find the American ambassador inhabiting a palace; in another he is worse housed than the average representative of a Balkan state. Mr. Roosevelt, I understand, acted, and quite rightly, to a system under which most coveted prizes in the American diplomatic service are falling into the hands of millionaires. He prefers, apparently, the old scholar-diplomat type. But it is very difficult to name a single capital in Europe in which such men could nowadays meet even the barest expenses of their position on a salary of \$17,500. If Americans really wish to avoid the social and political inconvenience and unfairness of appointing a man of moderate means to succeed a millionaire they will establish a permanent embassy of their own in all the leading capitals, they will make their ambassadors an entertainment allowance, and they will vote their salaries of not less than \$25,000 each.



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David Jayne Hill

THE NEXT UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY

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The Ruins of the Boston and Albany Railroad Bridge, looking toward East Boston



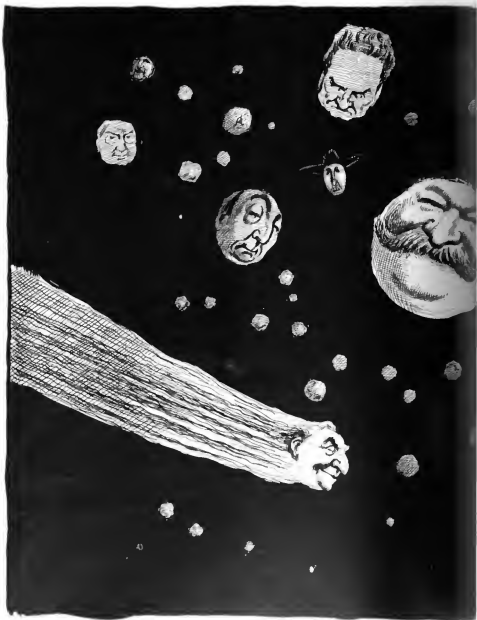
In the Heart of the burnt Area. On the extreme Right the Ruins of St. Rose's Catholic Church; on the Corner to the Left the Ruins of the Armory, and, still farther to the Left, of the Public Library and City Hall



The City's residential Section, Bellingham Hill, which bears a singular Resemblance to the corresponding Part of San Francisco after the Disaster of Two Years ago

THE CONFLAGRATION AT CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS

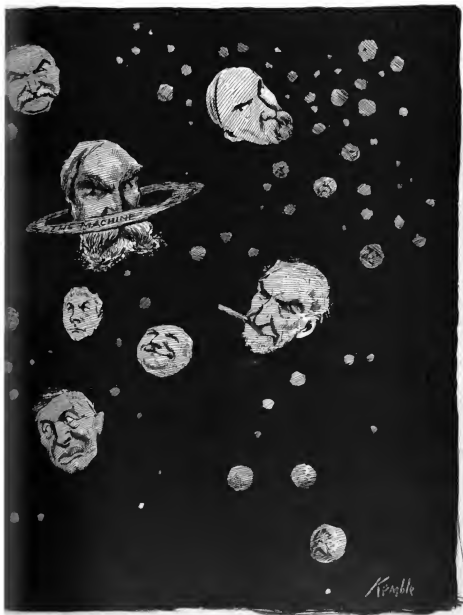
TWELVE THOUSAND PERSONS WERE MADE HOMELESS AND \$10,000,000 WORTH OF PROPERTY DESTROYED IN A FIRE WHICH VIRTUALLY DESTROYED THE CITY OF CHELSEA, A TOWN OF 40,000 INHABITANTS, NEAR BOSTON, ON APRIL 12. IT IS BELIEVED THAT NOT MORE THAN SIX PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES. FANNED BY A FORTY-FIVE-MILE GALE, THE FIRE SWEEPED THROUGH THE TOWN, BURNING A PATH A MILE AND A HALF LONG AND HALF A MILE WIDE AT ITS DEVORING PORTION BEFORE IT WAS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL.



MAP OF THE POLITICAL

Mars Taft will be the bright particular morning star. Hughes is very close to Mars. Fairbanks drop out of sight at any time. The comet Bryan is now visible travelling in its orbit. It appears in the path of the comet. The stars Foraker, La Follette, Folk, Knox, Beveridge, and Taft.

DRAWN BY



L HEAVENS FOR MAY

I remain the most prominent star in the Better Milky Way. Cannon, the shooting star, may in every four years. The new star Von Yonson, discovered by Henry Watterson, seems directly will twinkle as usual. The small star Hearst is now at its greatest distance from the earth

KEMBLE

Women Golfers of America who will Figure in this Year's Contests, Here and Abroad

BY AN EASTERN PLAYER



Miss Margaret Curtis
HOLDER OF THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

Miss Mary Adams
HOLDER OF THE EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP

Miss Anita Phipps
SEMI-FINALIST IN TWO SUCCESSIVE YEARS

Miss Margery Phelps
SEMI-FINALIST IN THE 1907 CHAMPIONSHIP

Miss Marie Phelps
A PROMISING CONTENDANT FOR HONORS



WOMEN have taken much interest in golf since it was introduced into this country about fifteen years ago. The first Women's National Championship was played in 1895 at Meadowbrook. The competition was at eighteen holes, medal play, and there were only thirteen entries, the winner, Mrs. C. S. Brown, of Shinnecock Hills, taking 132 strokes, an excellent score in those days.

In the following year the Women's National took place at the Morris County Golf Club, and the scores showed a wonderful improvement over those of the year before. Miss Hoyt, then only sixteen years of age, made a score of 96, which would be a creditable showing for a golfer on any course to-day. Miss Griscom was second with 102.

For several years afterwards there was only a National Championship for women golfers, whereas to-day we have the National Championship, Eastern Championship, Western Championship, California Championship, United North and South Championship, and each district, Metropolitan, Philadelphia, and Boston, has its Association Championship, besides the Inter-City Team Matches and a team match played between the East and West.

The championship has been won on two occasions, the first at Wheaton, in 1903, and last year on the links at the Mohican Club outside Chicago, where eighteen Easterners made the journey to join the large list of entries.

The coming of Miss Edna Adair to the invitation tournament in her honor given by Mrs. Clement A. Griscom, at the Merion Club at Haverford, Pennsylvania, did much for American women's golf. It gave them all an opportunity to see the game played by one born and brought up on it. Miss Adair has played since childhood, and has lived in the golfing environment. Her visit here, and that of Miss Lottie Dod, infused a keener spirit; so much so that six American women went over two years ago to compete in the English Women's championship at Cromer, England. Those who went were Miss Margaret Curtis, Miss Harriet Curtis, Miss Frances T. Griscom, Miss Molly Adams, Miss Georgiana Bishop, Mrs. William H. Wood (née Emily Lockwood), Miss Ethel Burnet, and Mrs. Samuel Hettie. Miss Margaret Curtis and Miss Adams made an excellent showing.

This year all the women golfers should be more than interested in the coming English Championship to be played May 18 to 22, on the St. Andrews course, Scotland. Miss Griscom (champion 1904), Miss Anita Phipps (semi-finalist the past two years), Miss Adams (runner up to Miss H. S. Curtis in 1906), and present Eastern champion, Miss Margery Phelps (a semi-finalist, 1907 championship), and her sister, Miss Marie Phelps, are to play.

It is most probable that an arrangement will be made for an English team to be sent over here to play in our championship next fall at Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C., and that we shall pick an equal number to play a return international team match. If this could be done, women's golf in America would benefit greatly.

By Dog Sledge from Alaska to New York



ELI A. SMITH, A GOVERNMENT MAIL-CARRIER, WON A PRIZE OF \$10,000 WHEN HE ARRIVED IN NEW YORK ON APRIL 2, AFTER TRAVELING ALL THE WAY FROM NOME, ALASKA, BY DOG-SLEDGE. SMITH LEFT ALASKA ON NOVEMBER 14, 1905, AND HIS WARDEN HAD THAT HE COULD REACH NEW YORK IN LESS OF THREE YEARS. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HIM ARRIVING THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

"The Servant in the House" of Charles Rann Kennedy

By CHARLOTTE L. RUDYARD



CASIONALLY the accused and often culpable public has a chance to show that it rather enjoys looking into its own soul and is still able to appreciate an idea. To be able to entertain the public with ideas is no slight accomplishment, not to cause it to entertain ideas is in the nature of a triumph. "The Servant in the House," a drama by Charles Rann Kennedy, has had this effect upon New York. Happening upon Broadway in a doubtful time, it took a first step upon the stage and was a play, found foothold, took another, and was a book; and at this moment stands quietly on the pedestal of New York success, a live thing, eloquent, sunny, and mysterious, having something to say to the man in the street. Of a sudden "The Servant in the House" has become the thing to see and to read. When a play or a book has compelled the average man to use his spiritual eyes and admit that he has seen things, it makes understanding worth while.

The first day that the new hitler served at the vicarage was the day when the vicar William and his wife Martha found themselves beset by brothers, of whom the vicar had two, and his wife one. William, Robert, and Joshua, born to the working class, were as different as only brothers could be, especially Robert. An respectable people reckon, Robert has been a bad sort, drunken and shiftless, and so the vicar and his wife took his infant daughter away when he lost the mother, and saw no more of him for fifteen years. Then Robert turns up—a brawny, unskilled laborer, a workman on the sewers—on the day when the vicar's wife is expecting her own brother, the Lord Bishop of Lancashire, and the vicar his other brother Joshua. Joshua, like Robert, has been long lost, but is coming home the powerful Bishop of Benezes, with a promise to help William rebuild his church. The child Mary is innocuous in the house. The Lord Bishop of Lancashire, with goggles for eyes and a tin trumpet instead of ears, stumbles into the room and sits down to table in mistake the drainman for the vicar, and the latter for the Bishop of Benezes; and confusion has begun. That is the outer circumstance, born, as action must be, out of an inner conflict. The day that the latter first served at the vicarage was the day when the vicar was seized with unrest for certain nobility by the little girl, the innocent daughter of the drainman who calls "sweepings" at his brother's table, and talks with his servant. Then he turns again to his sewers, to discover the source of the strength that has kept the people away from divine service, and strikes the pit of it down under the church.

Like me he comes face to face with his daughter. She takes him for a thief. This is because she is nursing a dream that a father must be brave, beautiful, and good. This is why Robert himself will not tell her the truth. But Mary was Manson's first child in the house, and the grace is in her. Divinely a child, she looks upon this drainman, dark and dripping with the filth of his lowering, and hears with gladness his life to fear the foulness from the drain. Nobody tells her he is her father; she knows. And she tells him how she knows: "Because you are brave, because you are very beautiful, because you are good." What has become of the problem of William and Martha that pitted the soul of her against the soul of him to say whether or not the child should be told? What became of the depraved Bishop of Lancashire, and his little proposition, whispered in the supposed ear of Brother Benezes, to divert the funds of the church? Ask of the servant in the house. In and out with stately men, with steady tips,

with burning eyes, moves the man Manson. He is the mighty Bishop of Benezes in disguise. He is the Son of Man. He is the perfect brother, working on the heart of brotherhood in men.

So the house is rid of its abominations, including the hidden snail and the Lancashire bishop. Innocence has her father; penitence the vicar—in at rest with his conscience and his wife; the drainman has love and his work to do; and worldliness, who is Martha, abandons her idols and bows her head to her servant; while Manson lifts up the light of his conscience upon them and gives them peace.

One curious fact has resulted from the religious motive of "The Servant in the House." The play was frankly open to the prejudice of those who resent any stage portrayal of the character of Christ. That, by the way, is an accurate phrase; it is not the person of the Christ so much as His character that the man Manson represents. Shorn of the stage trappings, this is a man Christ-like in his heart, the embodiment of all love, the ideal brother that Christ was. The sensitive Christian will feel thus no wound to his reverence; only a jab here and there in the faces of his false gods, and at the mole in his own eye.

Furthermore, the churches have felt this, and set by-see are claiming Mr. Kennedy for themselves instead of declaring enmity; which is one more proof that the true religion is what Manson said his was: "I love God and all my brothers."

On the other hand this brotherhood doctrine, which is the message of our time, has suffered some damage from the sentimentalism, and it is vastly in the favor of "The Servant in the House" that it approaches the matter in a vigorous mood. Here is no gentle brother, meek and mild, but a worker and fighter. To tell one of the big brothers of the century, in "My Religion," has disheartened more than one aspiring soul by insisting that giving the cloak to him who took the coat meant exactly what it said, when there are many brotherly people who not only cannot afford it, but also do not believe it. Mr. Kennedy's brotherly fight for honesty and truth and justice, and is judicial enough to know that the cloak itself might sometimes be one of these.

Here, then, is a warm-hearted drama of humanity, a passionate comedy of the family, an allegory of twentieth-century Christianity. The first time such a play has found place in the midst of us just when illness seemed to have become more enduring than solemnity is of no small significance. The marvel too is that Mr. Kennedy's play is not solemn at all, except in aftermath. Laughter leaps in it, and the mind kindles to its delight. The author seems to have joined hands with humor, satire, and irony, and to have caught the lying glances of the comic spirit which George Meredith says is abiding overhead and looking down upon us with a contemplation humanely malign. It is easy to picture the author of "The Servant in the House" looking upon an audience at his own play—seeing it smile or weep or laugh in the wrong place, or pretend in vanity to understand, in his own vision meanwhile, what Meredith calls "the sunny smile of a fox."

All this is different from the recent pessimistic reading of life which Ibsen, for example, has made familiar. The Master-builder dreamed of building towers with high towers on them, and the end was human fragility; Mary dreamed of finding a father who should be brave and beautiful and good, and the end was a human being in the likeness of his God. Perhaps we are beginning to have done with destruction. Nobody, least of all the author, pulled down the vicar's house to repair that drain. "The Servant in the House" assumes the responsibility for the assertion that if you only wish very, very hard—and help to spin the fairy tale—everything comes true. Only a few may believe it, but a work like this has at least made belief easier.



Photograph by Allen Boushara

Charles Rann Kennedy

AUTHOR OF "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"

The Loan Shark

THE 'SCOURGE OF THE DEEP WATERS OF CITY LIFE

AN INCIDENT AND A LESSON



HEN, in sudden extremity—by reason of illness or another unanticipated financial tax—the small-salaried employee finds himself confronted with the immediate necessity for borrowing, the shadow of the money-lender falls athwart him. It is a black shadow which goes flickering about the streets of the city, and close behind it comes the money-shark, and it is truly an unlucky day for the man who turns when the scorching shadow falls upon him. For in a little while he will have stored up for himself many days of suffering and humiliation.

The loan shark is the most insinuating and relentless of all the scourges that live upon those of little means. She defies all the laws and humanities, and maintains her terrible trade by the fears with which, by warnings and threats, she fills the minds of her victims. Let there be one moment's relaxation of the victim's pledge to her, and she follows and hounds him until the full price be paid, year after year, if that be necessary, from place to place, or until flight or suicide shall have set him beyond the reach of her rapacity. And the pursuit is the same, whether for an unpaid half dollar or an owing thousand; the loan shark exacts the last dirty penny of her demands.

The rates of interest vary slightly among the different money-lenders, but the difference is chiefly in time allowed. If H. J. Tedman has an elastic card rate; the more instalments, the larger interest. One borrower who procured \$100 from this money-lender was forced to repay \$168. The average rate per annum would work out at about 133 1/3 per cent. If the whole sum were repaid at the end of the time, but inasmuch as it is paid off in instalments, only an expert accountant could reckon out the exact rate of interest, which begins to be paid with the first instalment, and is considerably more than 133 1/3 per cent.

The feminine person has been employed in referring to the loan shark because it is the female money-lender who monopolizes the loan business. True, there is a male capital behind her, and hidden from sight, who draws his conclusions through female managers in different cities; but the manager, the one who carries on the business and has complete control, is always a woman, either because the feminine quality of patience makes her peculiarly adapted to this occupation, or, more likely, since she can claim that forbearance from the exasperated victim which would find vent against a man, in personal assault. There is a relentless pertinacity about the methods of the money-lender which is calculated to frighten the borrower into compliance at every cost. It does frighten; overcomes and appeals him; it is like the Chinese torture of dropping water on the shaven head; but—here is the point—the borrower who has grown fearless of exposure can turn the tables upon his persecutor by taking advantage of the law, as will be shown later.

Some years ago a vigilant district-attorney drove the bulk of these money-lenders over to New Jersey, where, human nature being very similarly constituted, they have adapted themselves, and thrive. But there are numbers in New York, principally in the down-town districts, and around Nassau and Fulton streets. The average applicant now sees in there either to procure a loan or to request extension of time. It is for the latter reason his reception is remarkable. The moment that he has stated his position the woman gets up, walks to the door of her private law office, and, and leads him into the main office, where, in the presence of those who are awaiting her, she begins a violent tirade of threats and warnings, as a sublimation to all who hear her.

The borrower is required to give numerous details as to his family history, his parents' names, his educational attainments, two names of acquaintances in his place of employment, two names of personal friends, and two of tradespeople. After an interval of about two days he receives notice to call, when, if the inquiries have produced satisfactory statements, he is instructed to make over an assignment of his salary, and also in sign a power of attorney in favor of the shark, so that, in the event of his leaving his present employers, a change can be made in the name upon the papers and the name of the new employer substituted. The borrower then receives a sum in dollars and cents.

Should the money be repaid promptly, the borrower need not too soon congratulate himself on his escape. The shark is simply waiting. She knows the tendencies of human nature. Some day the victim will come back. To insure this, the shark loses little time in sending a honeyed letter of thanks to the victim, suggesting future loans, and offering a commission for every successful loan negotiated with the ex-borrower's friends through his agency or cooperation. Of course the escaped victim throws the letter away. He goes another, and then another. When the holiday season is near his attention is called to the fact that as his friends will find a small amount handy for the purposes of his vacation. These letters follow each other month after month, all ways with some reasonable reference. In fact, it may be said that,

once in the clutch of the money-lender, the victim is never free from reminders. He may have escaped, but the shadow pursues him. And, sooner or later, he generally goes back.

But if the loan be not promptly repaid the sequel of catastrophe comes like a succession of thunderbolts. Perhaps he is a day or two behindhand on an instalment merely through an inadvertence; he may escape with a small fine, but let him fail to repay, or request extension. First, comes the violent tirade at the office of the money-lender, with threats and insults. Next morning a letter arrives, which says: "If we are not paid by 5.30 this evening we will file papers and have your salary attached." An hour later he hears this threat repeated over the telephone. That afternoon a collector calls. Another letter arrives the following day, and another telephone call. Then comes the collector. And as the pursuit continues, until the debtor, harassed and broken down by these importunities, collects the money in any possible way, or loses his employment to find peace in some obscure place where he cannot be followed—so, as happens too frequently, he realizes that he is cornered and helpless and hopeless, and he kills himself.

Many loan agencies are closely affiliated and exchange lists of their victims. Many are the property of a single owner. Patterson of Brooklyn, and Wells of New York, are two in one.

And yet there is a way of escape so simple that it seems incredible that so many victims let themselves be brooded into submission rather than avail themselves of it. Here is an absolutely true version of what happened to one loan shark. It dealt with "L. G. Smith," the trading name of one of the most truculent of money-lenders. "L. G. Smith's" blunder was met with few appropriate methods, and "L. G. Smith" and only went scuttling away, but even disguised the extent of his blunder which he refused to countenance. A young man who was in urgent need of a small sum of money by reason of illness in his family, applied to "L. G. Smith" and obtained the sum of \$40.00, to be repaid in six bi-monthly instalments out of his salary, which he each by aggressive methods, and "L. G. Smith," repaid, repaid, repaid, paid, and renewed a third time, during a period of more than a year. With the payment of the fourth loan, he would have returned \$216 to the actual possession of \$162.

All this time the illness in the borrower's family continued to require constant expenditures; and at last, with some simplicity the debtor went to the loan shark in order to present the facts of the case to "L. G. Smith," and request an extension. It is hardly necessary to state that no such person exists. The owners of these usury shops are not fond of publicity. "L. G. Smith" was represented, as is the custom, by a woman, one Cora E. Raynor. When the debtor asked more time to repay, on account of his misfortune, Cora E. Raynor replied:

"If you don't pay promptly on time, you'll find your troubles only just commencing."

The borrower feeling released from moral obligations, now resolved to take advantage of his legal rights and put himself in the hands of his creditor. He paid nothing, and sat tight. Threats of a school of male and female shark agents descended upon him daily, to request payment, asking, imploring, threatening, and expelling, while every morning was heralded by a telephone call and letter of demand.

The borrower still sat tight. He had disbursed one payment on the fourth loan, and had just \$5 out on the complete transaction. A claim was then made upon his firm for his salary. This was ignored, whereupon suit was instituted by the shark for \$45, the under the contract.

By this time, appreciating the turn of affairs, Cora E. Raynor's lawyer began to propose settlement for half what was due. The law being refused, an offer to withdraw the suit was made; but this was likewise rejected without a full release. However, when the case came for trial, the judge allowed withdrawal to be made. Realizing that this would still permit Cora E. Raynor to harass the debtor with constant suits, his firm immediately instituted a return suit for \$7.00, the sum which he loaned, plus interest at the legal 6 per cent. rate of interest permitted under the laws of New York State. Judgment went by default, and a check for this amount was returned to the borrower by the loan shark.

This, as has been stated, is a true account of one highly successful transaction with a money-lender. It merely demonstrates that it is entirely possible for any one in a similar extremity to defeat the purposes of the loan shark. The law makes it a misdemeanor to lend money at any rate above 6 per cent. on personal effects, but not on salary; hence, while all interest paid in excess of this amount is recoverable, the money-lender cannot himself be made to suffer and thereby become complicitous in his own wrongdoing. Putting a much-needed amendment in the criminal law, which will put a termination to the money lender's operations as now conducted let borrowers, present and potential, who feel themselves morally released from further obligations, avail themselves of the legal limitation placed upon the rate of interest.

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Richens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHEEP," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)



MONSIEUR EMILIO!"

"Vere."

The girl came towards him, a white contrast to what he had been watching. "I'm all ready. It seems so strange to be going out to a sort of party. I've had such a bother with my hair."

"You have combed," he said. "Undine has disappeared."

"What?"

"Come quite close to the lamp." She came obediently.

"Vere transfixed!" he said. "I have seen three Veres to-day already. How many more will greet me to-night?"

She laughed gently, standing quite still. Her dress and her gloves were white, but she had on a small black hat, very French, and at the back of her hair there was a broad black ribbon tied in a big bow. This ribbon marked her exact age clearly, he thought.

"This is a new frock, and my very smartest," she said; "and you dared to abuse Paris!"

"Being a man, I must retract now. You are right, we cannot do without it. But—have you an umbrella?"

"An umbrella?"

She moved and laughed again, much more gayly.

"I am serious. Come here and look at Ischia." She went with him quickly to the window.

"That blackness does look wicked. But it's a long way off."

"I think it is coming this way."

"Oh, but"—and she went to the opposite window—"the sky is perfectly clear towards Naples. And look how still the sea is."

"Too still. It is like steel."

"Eh?"

She held up her hand. They both heard a far-off sound of busy pattering on the sea.

"That must be the launch!" she said.

Her eyes were gay and expectant. It was evident that she was in high spirits, that she was looking forward to this unusual gaiety.

"Yes."

"Doesn't it sound in a hurry, as if the Marchesino was terribly afraid of being late?"

"Get your umbrella, Vere, and a waterproof. You will want them both."

At that moment Hermione came in.

"Madre, the launch is coming in a frightful hurry, and Monsieur Emilio says we must take umbrellas."

"Surely it isn't going to rain?"

"There is a thunderstorm coming up from Ischia, I believe," said Artos.

"Then we will take our cloaks in case. It is fearfully hot. I thought so when I was dressing. No doubt the launch will have a cabin."

A siren boomed.

"That is the Marchesino saluting us," cried Vere. "Come along, madre! Maria! Maria!"

She ran out, calling for the cloaks.

"Do you like Vere's frock, Emilio?" said Hermione, as they followed.

"Yes. She looks delicious,—but quite like a little woman of the world."

"Ah, you like her best as the island child. So do I. Oh, Emilio!"

"What is it?"

"I can't help it. I hate Vere's growing up."

"Few things can remain unchanged for long. This sea will be unrecognizable before we return."

Gaspere met them on the landing with solemn eyes.

"There is going to be a great storm, signora," he said. "It is coming from Ischia."

"So then Emilio thinks. But we will take wraps, and we are going in a launch. It will be all right, Gaspere."

"Shall I come with you, signora?"

"Well, Gaspere, you see it is the Marchesino's launch—" "If you would like me to come, I will ask the Signor Marchesino."

"We'll see how much room there is."

"No, signora."

He went down to receive the launch.

"Emilio," Hermione said as he disappeared, "can you understand what a comfort to me Gaspere is? Ah, if people knew how

women love those who are ready to protect them! It's quite absurd, but just because Gaspere said that, I'd fifty times rather have him with us than go without him."

"I understand. I love your watch-dog too."

She touched his arm.

"No one could ever understand the merits of a watch-dog better than you. That's right, Maria; we shall be safer with three."

The Marchesino stood at the foot of the cliff, bareheaded, to receive them. He was in evening dress, what he called "smoking," with a flower in his buttonhole, and a straw hat, and held a pair of white kid gloves in his hand. He looked in rapturous spirits, but reverential. When he caught sight of Artos on the steps behind Hermione and Vere, however, he could not repress an exclamation of "Emilio!"

He took Hermione's and Vere's hands, bowed over them and kissed them. Then he turned to his friend.

"Caro Emilio! You are back! You must come with us! You must dine at Friso's."

"May I?" said Artos.

"You must. This is delightful. See, madame," he added to Hermione, "suddenly breaking into awful French, we have the English flag! Your Jack! Your Jack, the great, the only Jack! I salute him! Let me help you!"

As Hermione stepped into the launch she said:

"I see there is plenty of room. I wonder if you would mind my taking my servant, Gaspere, to look after the cloaks and umbrellas. It seems absurd, but he says a storm is coming, and—"

"A storm!" cried the Marchesino. "Of course your Gaspere must come. Which is he?"

"There."

The Marchesino spoke to Gaspere in Italian, telling him to join the two ladies in the stern of the launch. A minute afterwards he went to him and gave him some cigarettes. Then he brought from the cabin two bouquets of flowers, and offered them to Hermione and Vere, who, with Artos, were settling themselves in the boxes. The siren sounded. They were off, cutting swiftly through the oily sea.

"A storm, signora! Cloaks and umbrellas!" said the Marchesino, shooting a glance of triumph at the one and only Friso's, whose presence to witness his success completed his enjoyment of it. "But it is a perfect night. Look at the sea. Signora, let me put the cushion a little higher behind you. It is not right. You are not perfectly comfortable. And everything must be perfect for you to-night—everything." He arranged the cushion tenderly. "The weather, too! Over, where is the storm?"

"Over Ischia," said Artos.

"It will stay there, Ischia! It is a volcano. Anything terrible may happen there."

"And Vesuvius?" said Hermione, laughing.

The Marchesino threw up his chin.

"We are going to Vesuvius. I know Naples, signora, and I promise you fine weather. We shall take our coffee after dinner outside upon the terrace at the one and only Friso's."

He chattered on gayly. His eyes were always on Vere, but he talked chiefly to Hermione, with the obvious intention of fascinating the mother in order that she might be favorably disposed towards him, and later on smile indulgently upon his flirtation with the daughter. His proceedings were carried on with a frankness that should have been disarming, and that evidently did disarm Hermione and Vere, who seemed to regard the Marchesino as a very lively boy. But Artos was almost immediately conscious of a secret irritation that threatened to spoil his evening.

The Marchesino was triumphant. Emilio had wished to prevent him from knowing these ladies. Why? Evidently because Emilio considered him dangerous. Now he knew the ladies. He was actually their host. And he meant to prove to Emilio how dangerous he could be. His eyes shot a lively defiance at his friend, then melted as they turned to Hermione, melted still more as they gazed with unavailing sentimentality into the eyes of Vere. He had no inward shyness to contend against, and was perfectly at his ease; and Artos perceived that his gaiety and cheer and direct and unreserved manner were commensurate to his companions. Vere said little, but she frequently laughed, and her face lit up with eager animation. And so, too, was quite at her ease. Artos had said that to-night she looked like a woman of the world. It was soon obvious to him that she could sustain the part she looked, and quite without affectation. The direct and direct glances of the Marchesino did not upon her innocent self-possession at all, although they began to upset the self-possession of Artos. As he sat, generally in silence, listening to the frivolous and cheerful chatter that never stopped, and

* Begun in HARPER'S WOMAN, No. 1073.

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the launch cut its way through the solemn, steel-like sea towards the lights of Posillipo, he felt that he was apart because he was odd. He felt, too, that he was apart because he was clever, as if his cleverness caused loneliness. Yet only that afternoon, a few hours before, he had revelled in his powers, when he had felt that Vere was looking up to him, when he was reverencing and relying on him. This little Vere who wrote poetry about the sea!

They travelled fast. Soon the prow of the launch was directed to a darkness that lay below and to the right of a line of brilliant lights that shone close to the sea; and a bay dressed in white, belling a swinging lantern, and standing, like a statue, in a small niche of rock almost flush with the water, hailed them, caught the guavale of the launch with one hand, and brought it close in to the wall that towered above them.

"Do we get out here? But where do we go?" said Hermione.

"There is a staircase. Let us—"

The Marchesino was out in a moment and helped them all to land. He called to the waiters that he would send down food and wine to them and Gaspare. Then, piloted by the boy with the lantern, they walked up carefully through dark passages and over creaking stairs, turned to the left, and came out upon a small terrace above the sea and facing the curving lanes of Naples.

Just beyond was a long restaurant, lined with great windows on one side and with mirrors on the other, and blazing with light.

"Ecco!" cried the Marchesino. "Ecco to Scoglio di Friso! And here is the padrone!" he added, as a small, bright-eyed man, with a military figure and fierce moustaches, came briskly forward to receive them.

CHAPTER XIII

The dinner, which was served at a table strewn with red varnishes close to an open window, was a gay one, despite Artos. It could hardly have been otherwise with a host so complacent, so attentive, so self-possessed, so hilarious as the Marchesino. And the padrone of the restaurant warmly seconded the efforts of the giver of the feast. He hovered perpetually, but always discreetly, near, watchfully directing the middle-aged waiters in their duties, smiling to show his teeth, armed with tobacco pipes, or drawing delectably close to relate anecdotes connected with the menu.

The soup, a "zuppa di pesce alla marinara" remarkable for its beautiful red color, had been originally invented by the chef of Friso's for the ex-Queen Nathalie of Serbia, who had been obliged to come, heavily veiled, to lunch at the Scoglio, and had finally thrown off her veil and her incognito, and written her name in the visitors' book for all to see. The menu of the Empress had been the favorite plot of the dead Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who used to visit Friso's day after day, and who always demanded two courses of oysters, and a "Fassullo, finissimo," and a "funicula!" William Ewart Gladstone had deigned to praise the "crafs" in Friso's, called herewith by his name, when he walked over from the Villa Reale to breakfast; and the delicious punch served before the dinner, and immediately after the "pollo patate alla Friso," had been lauded by the late Czar of All the Russias, who was drinking a glass of it—according to the solemn narration of the padrone—when the telegram announcing the assassination of his father was put into his hand.

Names of very varied popular and great ones of the earth flamed about the table. Here, it appeared, Mario Costa and Paolo Tosti had composed their most celebrated songs between one course and another. Here Zola and Tolstoi had written. Here Sarah Bernhardt had ordered a dozen bottles of famous old wine to be sent to the Aveau Perire from the cellars of Friso's, and had fallen in love with a cat from Greece. Here Mariette Seran had penned a lasting testimony to the marital fidelity of her husband.

Everything—everything had happened here, just here, at Friso's. Seeing the amazed interest of his guests, the Marchesino encouraged the padrone to talk, culled for his most noted wines, and demanded at dessert a jug of Asti Spumante, with snow in it, and strawberries on the top.

"You approve of Friso's, signorina?" he said, bending towards Vere.

"You do not find your evening dull?"

The girl shook her head. A certain excitement was noticeable in her gaiety—had been noticed by her mother all through the evening. It was really due to the afternoon's indiscretions of Artos, succeeded by this unexpected festival, in which the lively bonnage of the Marchesino was mingled with the long procession of celebrated names introduced by the padrone. Vere was secretly stringing up, had been stringing up even before she stepped into the launch. She felt very happy, but in her happiness there was something feverish, which was not customary to any mood of hers. She never drank wine, and had taken none tonight, yet as the evening wore on she was conscious of an overexcitement, as if her brain were full of winking bulbs, such as rise to the surface of champagne.

Her imagination was almost furiously alive; and as the padrone talked, waving his hands and striking postures like those of a military dictator, she saw the dead Empress, with her fan before her face, nodding her head to the jig of "Fassullo, finissimo," while she watched the red cloak from Venetian rigidity into the starry sky; she saw Sarah Bernhardt taking the Greek exit upon her knee; the newly made Czar reading the telegram with his glass of punch before him; Tosti tracing lines of music; Gladstone watching the sea; and finally the guest figure and the long head of Tolstoi leaning over the book in which he wrote clearly so many years ago. "Vedi Napoli e poi muori!"

"Monsieur Emilio, you must write in the wonderful book of

—she exclaimed.

"We will all write, signorina!" cried the Marchesino. "Bring the book, Signor Mascella!"

The padrone hastened away to fetch it, but Vere shook her head.

"No, no, we must not write! We are nobodies. Monsieur Emilio is a great man. Only he is worthy of such a book. Let it be so, madre!"

Artos felt the color flush to his face at this unexpected remark of the girl. He had been distant during the dinner, certainly neither brilliant nor amusing, despite his efforts to seem talkative and cheerful. A depression had weighed upon him, as it had weighed upon him in the launch during the voyage from the island. He had felt as if he were apart, even almost as if he were *dròp*. Had Vere noticed it? Was that the reason of this sudden and charming demonstration in his favor?

He looked across at her, longing to know. But she was arguing gayly with the Marchesino, who continued to insist that they must all write their names as a souvenir of the occasion.

"We are nobodies," she repeated.

"You dare to say that you are a nobody?" exclaimed the young man, looking at her with ardent eyes. "An signorina, you do wrong to drink no wine. In wine there is truth, they say. But you—you drink water, and then you say these dreadful things that are not—are not true. Emilio!" he suddenly appealed to Artos, "would not the signorina honor any book by writing her name in it? I ask you, if—"

"The Marchesino, don't be ridiculous!" said Vere, with sudden petulance. "Don't ask Monsieur Emilio absurd questions!"

"But he thinks as I do. Emilio, is it not so? Is it not as honor for any book to have the signorina's name?"

He spoke emphatically and looked really in earnest. Artos felt as if he were listening to a silly boy who understood nothing.

"Let us all write our names," he said. "Here comes the book."

The padrone bore it grandly down between the mirrors and the windows.

But Vere suddenly got up.

"I won't write my name," she said, sticking out her chin with the little defiant air that was sometimes characteristic of her.

"I am going to see what Gaspare and the waiters are doing."

And she walked quickly away towards the terrace.

The Marchesino sprang up in despair.

"Shall we all go, madame?" he said. "I have ordered coffee. It will be brought in a moment to the terrace."

Hermione glanced at Artos.

"I will stay here for a little. I want to look at the book," she said.

"Then—we will be upon the terrace. A riverbed per un momento—pour un moment, madame."

He bowed over Hermione's hand, and hurried away after Vere.

The padrone put his book upon the table, and the Marchesino and Artos, and left them with a murmured apology that he had to look after another party of guests which had just come into the restaurant.

"I thought you would be glad to get rid of those young things for a minute," said Hermione, in explanation of what she had done.

Artos did not reply, but turned over the leaves of the book mechanically.

"Oh, here is Tolstoi's signature," he said, stopping.

Hermione drew her chair nearer.

"What a clear handwriting!" she said.

"Yes, isn't it?" "Vedi Napoli e poi muori!"

"Where are you going to write?"

He was looking towards the outer room of the restaurant which led on to the terrace.

He turned the leaves.

"It's—oh—here is a space."

He took up a pen the padrone had brought, dipped it into the ink.

"What's the good?" he said, making a movement as if to push the book away.

"No, do write."

"Why should I?"

"I agree with Vere. Your name will add something worth having to the book."

"Oh, well—"

A rather bitter expression had come into his face.

"Dear Sea fra!" he muttered.

But he bent, wrote swiftly and quickly, signed his name, blotted and shut the book. Hermione had not been able to see the sentence he had written. He did not ask what it was.

There was a noise of rather shuffling footsteps on the paved floor of the room. Three musicians had come in. They were shabbily dressed. One was very short, stout, and quite blind, with a graying wig that had an odd resemblance to an elephant's mouth when it lifts its trunk and shows its rolling tongue. He smiled perpetually. The other two were thin and decrepit, middle-aged, and hopeless-looking. They stood not far from the table and began to play on guitars, putting wrong harmonies to a well-known Neapolitan tune, whose name Artos could not recall.

"What a pity it is they never put the right hand!" said Hermione.

"Yes. One would suppose they would hit it sometimes by accident. But they seldom do."

Except for the thin and uncertain music the restaurant was almost dead. The people who had just come in were sitting down for ever at the end of the long room. The scholars and Artos were the only other visitors, now that Vere and the Marchesino were outside on the terrace.

"Famous though it is, Frisio's does not draw the crowd," said Hermione.

"Tonight she found it oddly difficult to talk to her friend, although she had refused the Marchese's invitation on purpose to do so.

"Perhaps people were afraid of the storm."

"Well, but it doesn't come!"

"It is close," he said. "Don't you feel it? I do."

His voice was heavy with melancholy, and made her feel sad, even apprehensive.

"Where are the stars?" he asked.

She followed his example and looked out of the great window, Nor a star was visible in all the sky.

"You are right. It is coming. I feel it now. The sea is like lead, and the sky too. There is no sense of freedom to-night, no out-of-doors feeling. And the water is horribly calm."

As they both leaned out they heard, away to the left at some distance, the voices of Vere and the Marchese.

"I stayed because I thought—I fancied all the chatter was getting a little on your nerves, Emile," Hermione said now. "They are as absurdly young, both of them. Wasn't it so?"

"Am I so old that youth should get upon my nerves?" he returned, with a mocking irritation, which, however, he tried to keep out of his voice.

"No. But of course we can hardly enjoy nonsense that might amuse them immensely. Vere is such a baby, and your friend is a regular boy, in spite of his self-assurance."

"Women often fancy men to be young in ways in which they are not young," said Artola.

"Fanned is very much of a man, I can assure you."

"Fanned! I never heard you call him that before."

Her copper brown eyes went to his face curiously for a moment.

Artola saw that, and said, rather hastily:

"It's true that nearly every one calls him Doro."

Once more they heard the chattering voices, and then a sound of laughter in the darkness. It made Hermione smile, but Artola moved anxiously. Just then there came to them from the sea, like a blow, a sudden puff of wind. It hit their faces.

"Do you want to avoid the storm?" Artola said.

"Yes, he said."

"I am sure you can only avoid it by going at once. Look!"

He pointed towards the sea. The blackness before them was cut at some distance off by a long, level line of white.

"What's that?" asked Hermione, peering out.

"Fog."

"Fog! But surely it can't be!"

The wind struck them again. It was like a hot, almost like a

stinging hand, coarse and violent and repugnant.

Hermione drew in.

"There is something disgusting in nature to-night," she said.

"Something that seems almost unnatural."

The blind man began to stand behind them. His voice was soft and throaty. The phrasing was sickly. Some notes trembled. As he sang he threw back his head, stared with his sightless eyes at the ceiling, and showed his tongue. The whole of his fat body swayed. His face became scarlet. The two hopeless middle-aged men on either side of him stared in vacancy as, with dirty hands on which the veins stood out, they played wrong basses to the melody on their guitars.

Suddenly Hermione was seized with a sensation of fear.

"Let us go. We had better go. Ah!"

She cried out. The wind, retreating, had caught the white table cloth. It flew up towards her, then sank down.

"What a fool I am!" she said. "I thought—I didn't know—"

She felt that really it was something in Artola which had upset her nerves, but she did not say so. At that moment, when she was startled, she had instinctively put out her hand towards him. But, as instinctively, she drew it back without touching him.

"Oh, here is Gaspare!" she said.

An immense, a really ridiculous sense of relief came to her as she saw Gaspare's sturdy legs marching decisively towards them, his great eyes examining the row of mirrors, the tables, the musicians, then settling comfortably upon his padrona. Over his arms he carried the clocks, and his hands grasped the two umbrellas. At that moment, if she had translated her impulse into action,

Hermione would have given Gaspare a good hug—just for being himself; for being always the same—honest, waterfowl, perfectly fearless, perfectly natural, and perfectly determined to take care of his padrona and his padronessa.

Afterwards she remembered that she had found in his presence relief from something that had distressed her in her friend.

"Signora, the storm is coming. Look at the sea!" said Gaspare. He pointed to the white line which was advancing in the blackness.

"I told the signorina, and that signor—"

A fierce flash of lightning zigzagged across the window space, and suddenly the sound of the wind was loud upon the sea and mingled with the growing murmur of waves.

"Look!" said Gaspare. "Signora, you ought to start at once. But the Signor Marchese—"

The thunder followed. Hermione had been waiting for it, and felt almost relieved when it came crashing above the Neuglio di Frisio.

"The Signor Marchese, Gaspare?" she asked, putting on the clock he was holding for her.

"He only laughs, signora," said Gaspare, rather contemptuously.

"The Signor Marchese thinks only of his pleasure."

"Well, he must think of yours, now," said Artola, decisively, to Hermione. "You will have a rough voyage to the island even as it is."

They were walking towards the entrance. Hermione had noticed the promontory, and said, quietly:

"You will take a carriage to the hotel, or a team?"

"The team, I think. It passes the door here."

He glanced at her and added:

"I noticed that the cabin of the launch is very small, and as Gaspare is with you—"

"Oh, of course!" she said, quickly. "It would be ridiculous for you to come all the way back with us. Besides, there is not room in the cabin."

She did not know why, but she felt guilty for a moment. Yet she had done nothing.

"There is the rain," said Artola.

They were just entering the outer room from which the terrace opened.

"Vere!" called Hermione.

As she called, the lightning flashed again, and showed her Vere and the Marchese running in from the darkness. Vere was laughing and looked more joyous than before.

"Such a storm, madre! The sea is a mass of foam. It's glorious! Hark at the fishermen!"

From the blackness below rose hoarse shouts and prolonged calls—some near, some far. Faintly with them mingled the quavering and throaty voice of the blind man, now raised in "Santa Lucia."

"What are we going to do, Monsieur Emile?"

"We must get home at once before it gets worse," said Hermione. "Marchese, I am so sorry, but I am afraid we must ask for the launch."

"But, madame, it is only a squall. By midnight it will be all over. I promise you. I am a Neapolitan."

"Ah, but you promised that there would be no storm at all."

"Ne-a-sta-lu-u-ci-a-t: Santa Lucia!"

The blind man sounded like one in agony. The thunder crashed again just above him, as if it desired to beat down his sickly voice.

Artola felt a sharp stab of neuralgia over his eyes.

Behind, in the restaurant, the waiters were running over the pavement to shut the great windows. The rush of the rain made a noise like quantities of silk rustling.

The Marchese laughed, unabashed. His cheeks were slightly flushed, and his eyes shone.

"Could I tell the truth, signora? You might have refused to come. But now I speak the solemn truth. By midnight—"

"I'm afraid we really can't stay so late as that."

"But there is a piano. I will play valves. I will sing." He looked ardently at Vere, who was eagerly watching the sea from the window.

"And we will dance, the signorina and I—"

Artola made a brusque movement towards the terrace, muttering something about the launch. A glare of lightning lit up the shore immediately below the terrace, showing him the launch buffeted by the waves that were now breaking over the sandy beach. There came a humming of cloth from the sailors.



Almost simultaneously there shone out a little steady light

"If you do stay," Arturo said to the Marchesino, turning back to them; "you must send the launch round to Mergolina. I don't believe it can stop here."

"Well, but there are rocks, caro Emilio. It is protected!"

"Not enough."

"Signora," said Gaspare, "we had better go. It will only get worse. The sea is not too bad yet."

"Come along!" Hermione cried, with decision. "Come, Vere! I'm very sorry, Marchese, but we must really get back at once. Good night, Emilio! Gaspare, give me your arm."

And she set off at once, clinging to Gaspare, who held an open umbrella over her.

"Good night, Vere!" said Arturo.

The girl was looking at him with surprised eyes.

"You are going—"

"I shall take the team."

"Oh—of course. That is your quickest way."

"Signorina—the umbrella!"

The Marchesino was offering his arm to conduct Vere to the launch. He cast a challenging look of triumph at Arturo.

"I would come in the launch," Arturo said, hastily. "But—Good night!"

He turned away.

"A rivero, Emilio!" called the Marchesino.

"—dare!"

The last syllables only came back to them through the wind and the rain.

"Take my arm, signorina."

"Gracie, it is all right like this."

"Ma—"

"I am quite covered, really, thank you."

She hurried on, smiling, but not taking his arm. She knew how to be obstinate.

"Ma, signorina—mais, mademoiselle!"

"Gaspare! Is madre all in the launch?"

Vere glided from under the Marchesino's umbrella and sought the shade of Gaspare's. Behind, the Marchesino was murmuring to himself Neapolitan street expressions.

"St. signorina."

Gaspare's face had suddenly lighted up. His padroncina's little hand was holding tightly to his strong arm.

"Take care, signorita. That is water!"

"Oh, I was nearly in. I thought—"

He almost lifted her into the launch, which was rising and falling on the waves.

"Madre! What a night!"

Vere sank down on a narrow seat of the little cabin. The Marchesino jumped aboard. The machine in the stern thrashed. They rushed forward into the blackness of the impenetrable night, the white of the leaping foam, the hissing of the rain, the roaring of the wind. In a blurred and hazy vision the lights of Frisco came before them, fell back into the storm like things defeated. Hermione fancied she saw for a second the blind man's awestruck face and open mouth, the padrone at a window waving a feeble adieu, having only just become aware of their departure. But if it were so they were gone before she knew—gone into mystery, with Emilio and the world.

The Marchesino inserted himself respectfully into the cabin. He had turned up the collar of his "smoking," and drawn the silk lapels forward over his soft shirt front. His white gloves were saturated. He came to sit down by Vere.

"Madame!" he said, respectfully, "we should have waited. The sea is too rough. Really, it is dangerous. And the signorina and I—we would have danced together."

Hermione could not help laughing, though she did not feel gay. "I should not have danced," said Vere. "I could not. I should have had to watch the storm."

She was peering out of the cabin window at the wild foam that leaped up round the little craft and disappeared in the darkness. There was no sensation of fear in her heart, only a passion of interest and an odd feeling of triumph.

To dance with the Marchesino at the Scoglio di Frisco would have been banal in comparison with this glorious progress through the night in the teeth of opposing elements. She envied Gaspare, who was outside with the sea, and when from the cockpit dimly saw, a blur against the blackness, She longed to take off her smart little hat and her French frock, and be outside, too, in the wind and the rain.

"It is ridiculous to be dressed like this!" she said, quickly taking off the glove she had put on her left hand. "You poor Marchesino!"

She looked at his damp "smoking," his soaking gloves, and deplorable expression, and could not repress a little rush of laughter.

"Do forgive me! Madre, I know I'm behaving shamefully, but we are all so hopelessly inappropriate. Your diamond brooch, madre! And your hat! All on one side! Gaspare must have knocked it with the umbrella. I am sure we all look like hens in a shower!"

She leaned back against the swaying side of the cabin and laughed till the tears were in her eyes. The sudden coming of the storm had increased the excitement that had been already within her, created by the midnight day.

"Vere!" said her mother, but smiling through the protest. The Marchesino showed his big white teeth. Everything that Vere did seemed to develop his admiration for her. He was delighted with this mood, and forgot his disappointment. But there was a glint of wonder in his eyes, and now he said:

"But the signorina is not afraid! She does not cry out! She does not call upon the Madonna and the saints! My mother, my sisters, if they were here—"

The prow of the launch struck a wave which burst over her bows, scattering spray to the roof of the cabin.

"But I like it, I love it!" said Vere. "Don't you?—don't you, madre?"

Before Hermione could reply the Marchesino exclaimed:

"Signorina, in the breast of an angel you have the heart of a lion! The sea will never harm you. How could it! It will treat you as it treats the saint of your Focol, San Francesco. You know what the sailors and the fishermen say? In the wildest storm—when the sea crashes upon the rocks, never, never, does it touch San Francesco. Never does it put out the lamp that burns at San Francesco's feet."

"Yes, I have heard them say that," Vere said.

Suddenly her face had become serious. The romance in the belief of the women had got hold of her, had touched her. The compliment to herself she ignored. Indeed, she had already forgotten it.

"Only the other night—" she began.

But she stopped suddenly.

"You know," she said, changing to something else, "that when the fishermen pass under San Francesco's pedestal they bend down and lift a little water from the sea, and sprinkle it into the boat, and make the sign of the cross. They call it 'acqua benedetta.' I love to see them do that."

Another big wave struck the launch and made it shiver. The Marchesino crossed himself, but quite mechanically. He was intent on Vere.

"I wonder," the girl said, "whether to-night San Francesco will not be beaten by the waves, whether his light will be burning when we reach the island?"

She paused, then she added in a lower voice:

"I do hope it will—don't you, madre?"

"Yes, Vere," said her mother.

Something in her mother's voice made the girl look up at her swiftly, then put a hand into hers, a hand that was all sympathy. She felt that then her mother's imagination was almost, or quite, one with hers. The lights of Naples were gone, swallowed by the blackness of the storm. And the tiny light at the feet of the saint, of San Francesco, who protected the men of the sea, and the boys—Ruffo, too!—would it greet them, star of the sea to their Focol, star of the sea to their island, their Casa del Mare, when they had battled through the storm to San Francesco's feet? "I do hope it will."

Why did Hermione's heart echo Vere's words with such a strenuous and sudden passion, such a deep desire? She scarcely knew then. But she knew that she wanted a light to be shining for her when she reached home—longer for it, needed it specially that night. If San Francesco's lamp were burning quietly amid the fury of the sea in such a blackness as this about them—well, it would seem like an omen. She would take it as an omen of happiness.

And if it were not burning?

She, too, longed to be outside with Gaspare and the sailors, staring into the darkness, with eyes keen as those of a seaman, looking for the light. Since Vere's last words and her reply they had sat in silence. Even the Marchesino's vivacity was suddenly muted, either by the increasing violence of the storm or by the change in Vere. It would have been difficult to say by which. The lightning flashed. The thunder at moments seemed to split the sky asunder, as a charge of gunpowder split a rock. The head wind rushed by, yet had never passed them, but was forever coming furiously to meet them. On the roof of the little cabin the rain made a noise that was no longer like the rustle of silk, but was like the crumble of misery.

There was something oppressive, something even almost terrible, in being closely confined, shut in by low roof and narrow walls from such sweeping turbulence, such a clamor of wind and water and the sky.

Hermione looked at her diamond brooch, then at her cloak.

Slowly she lifted her head and began to button it.

Very moved and began to button up hers. Hermione glanced at her, and saw a watchful, shining, half humorous, half passionate look in her eyes that could not be mistaken.

She dropped her hands.

"No, Vere!"

"Yes, madre! Yes, yes!"

The Marchesino stared.

"No, I did not."

"You did! You did, madre! It's so me! I understood directly."

She began quickly to take off her hat.

"Marchese, we are going out."

"Vere, this is absurd."

"We are going outside, Marchese. Madre wants air."

The Marchesino, accustomed only to the habits and customs of Neapolitan women, looked frankly as if he thought Hermione mad.

"Poor madre must have a breath of air."

"I will open the window, signora!"

"And the rain all over her, and the thunder close above her, and the sea in her face, the sea—the sea!"

She dropped her hands.

"Gaspare! Gaspare!"

She put her face to the glass. Gaspare, who was standing up in the stern, with his hands holding fast to the rail that edged the cabin roof, bent down till his brown face was on a level with hers, and his big eyes were staring inquisitively into her eyes.

"We are coming out."

On the other side of the glass Gaspare made violently negative

(Continued on page 28.)

Our Unknown World

There is still plenty of work for explorers. In spite of the remarkable discoveries effected during the second half of the nineteenth century, vast portions of this globe have still to disclose their secrets. And it must be remembered that the beeline journey which a Stanley makes across Africa or a Burton through Brazil really leaves those countries practically as undiscovered as before the journey was made.

The Conspiracy of the Map-makers

In fact, it may be said that while the courses of the great African rivers and of the equatorial lakes were traced more or less accurately by Burton, Speke, Baker, and the rest of that galaxy of mid-Victorian explorers, the interior of the continent of Africa would remain pretty well as they have been since the dawn of planetary life. That popular opinion should hold otherwise is due to a conspiracy of mappmakers. Examine any old map of a century ago. Turn to the great African continent. Look at the Niger, which really makes a head at right angles to itself, so that its whole course sweeps in a semicircle round the west coast of Africa, is brazenly depicted as flowing straight across the continent, and joining the great equatorial lakes. Look at the Nile, actually a source. The same officious is manifest to-day. Africa, the "dark continent," is scarcely whiter then before it was divided among the Powers of Europe. In fact, old Portuguese maps of three centuries ago displaying with perfect accuracy the Nile, the Niger, and the equatorial lakes, which were forgotten and not shown on maps of the early nineteenth century. West of the Sudan are vast negro kingdoms civilized by the rapidly spreading Mohammedanism of the present day, and possessing the same agriculture, and showing evidence of considerable civil development, but these are only a rumor to the officials of the European colonies which border them. And even in countries such as the Transvaal—even in Cape Colony—where the reputation has not been so completely repudiated. Very fit, which shows so bravely upon the map in British red, is really a tiny strip of territory *some* thirty miles in width, on either side of which lies unknown desert haunted by predatory tribes. The vast territory of the interior of Africa, from the Atlantic through the Sahara and thence into Arabia, the home of the Bedouins who cramped all northern Africa, with Algeria, Morocco, Spain, Portugal, and half of France, and may do so again, is still an unknown waste, and in the earliest times of the Aborigine empire, from Babylon to India, a waste empire.

In Darkest Europe

In Europe little or nothing is known of Altaya, Mientenggo, and the mountainous districts of the Balkans. In Asia, the whole northern portion of Siberia is unexplored. The northeast passage has been made by the Russians, but no one has yet reached the east of Siberia in a daringly presented open map as though its configurations had been surveyed by careful prosely. Outside the railroad and the course of the streams the whole of Siberia is an unknown forested expanse. The desert which lies between the third and fourth parallels is particularly new territory. Phyllostoma unknown to us may yet be found. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, has already discovered evidences of man among the monasteries of the Buddhist monks from which he has procured manuscripts. Scattered still is the vast tableland of Tibet, with its mysterious capital, Lhasa, ruled by an emperor-pope, a city which was seen but once during the nineteenth century by western travellers previous to the English military expedition of a part of the British army. Driven back to the foot-slope of the great Irawaddy River has not been found; nor do we know anything worth recording of the interior of Siam, the hill-tribes of the South Chinese frontier, French Cochinchina, or the jungles of Malakka, where the white men have never set their feet. In fact, it still seems almost

Fields for the Explorer

The East Indies are almost totally unknown. New Guinea, the fourth largest

island in the world, Bernier, with its headwaters, the table-top mountains, its isolated heights by wandering head-hunters or petty Mohammedan potentates, who have strenuously resisted the encroachments of their Dutch conquerors for centuries. The entire central portion of Australia is an unknown desert, crossed in one portion by the trans-continental telegraph line, but totally unexplored outside the small parallel strip of territory which borders it. Those who remember the great El Dorado fraud of a few years back, when the marvellous stories of the pseudo-Australian discoverer were greedily swallowed by the Royal Geographical Society, may bear witness to the

trach of this, the Amazon continent greatly superior in this respect to those of the lesser world. Three-fifths of Canada is a wilderness of marsh and tundra. The southern half of Florida is still the haunt of Indians, who live there much as in De Soto's time. Palm-land and the most fashionable resorts of the United States are still the haunts of the Indian along the edge of a pitiless wilderness of mangrove-swamps. Mexico, Lower California, and the Northwest are still possessed chiefly by unsouthern Indians, as is the interior of Yucatan; the peninsula which joins Central America to the continent is still the haunt of the Aztec still dwell in the recesses of the jungle. The vast interior of Brazil is given over to roving tribes of cannibalistic tendencies, whose own interiors are often repelled by the rubber-patrollers that hunt the last link of the streams in their search for the black gold of the Amazon.

When we add to these regions the enormous continent around the south polar regions whose existence, dimly conceived by the first travellers of fifty years ago, was only demonstrated during the first years of the twentieth century, and where new forms of life and even new races may possibly be found, it becomes evident that there are explorations still to be made before adventurous spirits turn their attention to the coasts of Mars and the Saturnian rings.

The New Duke of Devonshire

Thus Duke of Devonshire passed an adolescence when the late Duke was accustomed to regret had been dealt himself—he was sent to a public school, though at an age rather more mature than the rule at Eton. He also is the first Duke who has not been a soldier, though he was at first like to creep a stool in a city office. The present Duke has had a term in a city accountant's business, which is a preparation for public life not possible in a country family. The Duke began his Parliamentary business when he was twenty-three years of age, when he was, probably, the youngest member of the House of Commons. The first time he was elected, his opponent's stool was to come later, when he was appointed to the Financial Secretaryship of the Treasury. He is a much more serious man than was his uncle, being, among other things, a member of the first company. Chatsworth, the Duke's county seat, stands in a park twelve miles in circumference. The social and historical associations of Chatsworth have been accumulated by the Duke and his predecessors thereabouts in the way of figures.

The World's Rubber Output

The rapidly increasing price of rubber has raised the cultivation of groves of rubber-yielding trees in many parts of the world during recent years; but the bulk of the product still comes from the jungles. The Congo and Amazon valleys supply the greatest portion of the rubber crop. The most recent figures give a total of 1,000,000 tons in 1905-6 in 50,000 acres. Brazil leading in production with 400,000 tons. Belin, Central America, and Mexico gave a combined total of 1800 tons. Africa, 21,000 tons and the balance came from Asia and the East Indies. Of the amount obtained in Africa the Congo Free State gave 1,000 tons; French Congo, 1,000 tons; Angola, 4500 tons; French Guinea, 1,300 tons; Angola, 12,500; and the Gold Coast, 10,000 tons.

The Congo Free State has commenced the planting of rubber groves. At present it is estimated that fully 13,000,000 plants have been set out, capable of producing, within a few years, and at a low estimate, 650 tons of rubber annually. Independent of this successive planting, the State has established three grand groves of rubber cultivation, each of 250,000 acres. When the entire area of 750,000 acres provided for has been planted, the yield after six years is expected to be 9750 tons annually, or nearly double the present production, and this without calculating the 13,000,000 trees already started, nor the number which is constantly being planted.

The Japanese Horror of Milk

There was a time when milk was regarded in Japan with the same abhorrence as cheese in China. Recent statistics, however, show that time has worked a great change in this respect, and milk and butter are now in great favor in Japan. Whereas twenty-five years ago not more than one or two per cent. of the persons visiting a European restaurant, or eating a European meal at a friend's house, would have thought of touching butter, fifty forty or fifty per cent. now eat it with a relish. They are, however, quite content to do without it.

Dairy farms have increased notably in recent years. Unlike, however, in a by-product at these places. It is to milk that they look for their profit. Milk has a curious history in Japan. Thirty or forty years ago it was abhorred. The average Japanese, even today, dislikes drinking it. But today many a household consumes one or two bottles of milk daily, partly because people have come to like it and partly because the doctors have recommended it as a unique and wholesome beverage. "Milk bells," too, are now quite numerous. There is probably tea much longer to come widely into vogue than milk and penicillin. A pound of fresh butter costs at least one yen (400 cents, gold) in Tokyo today, an extremely high price for Japan.

A PERFECT MILK SUPPLY

should have a quantity of gurrin. The same 'Nawwan' granulation exists in milk products. However, Friesland Foods Evaporated Milk (www.evapormilk.com) prepared whole creamers and purty when required. Use it in all regions calling for milk.

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"Now I am always well and ready for any amount of work, have an abundance of native energy, cheerfulness, and mental poise. I have proved to my entire satisfaction that this change has been brought about by Grape-Nuts food."

"The fact that it is predigested is a very desirable feature. I have had many remarkable results in feeding Grace Nuts to my patients, and I cannot speak too highly of the food. My friends constantly comment on the change in my appearance. I have gained 9 pounds since beginning the use of this food." —There's a Story.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A SPIRIT IN PRISON

(Continued from page 25.)

gestures. One word only came to those inside the cabin through the uproar of the elements.

"Impossible!"

"Signorina," said the Marchesino, "you cannot mean it. But you will be washed off. And the water—you will be drowned. It cannot be."

"Marchese, look at madre! If she stays inside another minute she will be ill. She is stifling! Quickly! Quickly!"

The Marchesino, whose sense of humor was not of a kind to comprehend this freak of Vere's, was for once really taken aback. There were two sliding doors to the cabin, one opening into the bow of the launch, the other into the stern. He got up, looking very grave and rather confused, and opened the former. The wind rushed in, carrying with it spray from the sea. At the same moment there was a loud tapping on the glass behind them. Vere looked round. Gaspare was crowding down with his face against the pane. She put her ear to the glass by his mouth.

"Signorina, you must not go into the bow," he called. "If you will come out, come here, and I will take care of you."

"He knew Vere's love of the sea and understood her desire."

"Go, Vere," said Hermione.

The Marchesino shut the door, and stood by it, bending and looking doubtful.

"I will stay here with the Marchese. I am really too old to face such a tempest, and the Marchese has no coat. He simply can't go."

"But, signora, it does not matter. I am ready."

"Impossible. Your clothes would be ruined. Go along, Vere! Turn up your collar."

She spoke almost as if to a boy, and like a gay boy Vere obeyed her and slipped out to Gaspare.

"You really won't come, madre?"

"No. But—tell me if you see the light."

The girl nodded, and the door moved into its place, shutting out the wind.

Then the Marchesino sat down and looked at his damp patent leather boots.

He really could not comprehend these English ladies. That Vere was greatly attracted by him he thoroughly believed. How could it be otherwise? Her littleness he considered direct encouragement. And then she had gone out to the terrace after dinner, leaving her mother. That was to make him follow her, of course. She wanted to be alone with him. In a Neapolitan girl such conduct would have been a declaration. A Neapolitan mother would not have allowed three to sit together on the terrace without a chaperon. But the English mother had deliberately remained within and had kept close to Emilia with her. What could such conduct mean, if not that the signorina was in love with him, the Marchesino, and that the signorina's mamma was perfectly willing for him to make love to her child?

And yet—and yet?

There was something in Vere that puzzled him, that had kept him strangely discreet upon the terrace, that made him silent and thoughtful now. Had she been a typical English girl he might have discerned something of the truth of her. But Vere was lively, daring, passionate, and not without some traces of half humor and wholly innocent coquetry. She was not at all what the Neapolitan calls "a lump of snow to cool the wine." In her innocence there was fire. That was what confused the Marchesino.

He stared at the cabin door by which Vere had gone out, and his round eyes became almost pathetic for a moment. There it occurred to him that perhaps this exit was a second rose, like Vere's departure to the terrace, and he made a movement as if he were to go out and leave the storm. But Hermione stopped him decisively.

"No, Marchese," she said, "really I cannot let you expose yourself to the rain and the sea in that airy costume. I might be your mother."

"Signorina, but you—"

"No, compliments apart, I really might be, and you must let me use a mother's authority. Tell me reach the island stay here and make the best of me."

Hermione had touched the right note. Metaphorically the Marchesino cast himself at her feet. With a gallant assumption of undivided attention he burst into conversation, and, though his eyes often wandered to the blurred glass, against which pressed and swayed a blackness that told of those outside, his sense of his duty as a host gradually prevailed, and he and Hermione were soon talking quite cheerfully together.

Vere had forgotten him as utterly as she had forgotten Naples, swallowed up by the night. Just then only the sea, the night, Gaspare, and the two sailors who were emulating the launch were real to her—besides herself. For a moment even her mother had ceased to exist in her consciousness. As the sea swept the deck of the little craft it swept her mind clear to make room for itself.

She stood by Gaspare, touching him, and clinging on, as he did,

to the rail. Impenetrably black was the night. Only here and there, at distances she could not begin to judge of, shone vaguely lights that seemed to dance and fade and reappear like marsh lights in a world of mist. Were they on sea or land? She could not tell and she did not ask. The sailors doubtless knew, but she rejected them and their duty too much to speak to them, though she had given them a smile as she came out to join them, and had received two admiring salutes in reply. Gaspare, too, had smiled at her with a pleasure which softly conquered the faint reproach in his eloquent eyes. He liked his patroness's courage, liked the sailors of the Signor Marchese to see it. He was soaked to the skin, but he, too, was enjoying the adventure, a rare one on this summer sea, which had slept through so many shining days and starry nights like a "lambino in dove legera."

To-night it was awake, and woke up others, Vere's nature and his.

"Where is the island, Gaspare?" cried Vere through the wind to him.

"Oh! In so, signorina."

He waved one hand to the blackness before them.

"It must be there."

She strained her eyes, then looked away towards where the land must be. At a long distance across the leaping foam she saw one light. As the boat rose and sank on the crests and into the hollows of the waves the light shone and faded, shone and faded. She guessed it to be a light at the Antico Giuseppino. Despite the head wind and the waves that met them, the launch travelled bravely, and soon the light was gone. She told herself that it must have been at the Giuseppino, and that now they had got beyond the point, and were opposite to the harbor of the Villa Rossa. But no lights greeted them from the White Palace in the wood, or from the smaller white houses low down beside the sea. And again she looked straight forward.

Now she was latent on San Francesco. She was thinking of him, of the Pool, of the Island. And she thrilled with joy at the thought of the wonderful wildness of her home. As they drew on towards it the waves were bigger, the wind was stronger. Even on calm nights there was always a breeze when one had passed the Giuseppino going towards Ischia, and beyond the island there was sometimes quite a lively sea. What would it be to-night? Her heart cried out for a crescent. Within her, at that moment, was a desire like the mother's for speed. More! more! More! what more was more than the more of this terrible blackness! Had not been dashed from his pedestal by the waves? Was the light at his feet still burning?

"It wants!" she said to Gaspare.

He bent his head till it rested close to her lips.

"It wants! What has become of his light?"

"He will be there, signorina."

No Gaspare, too, held to the belief of the women of the bay. He had confidence in the omniscience of the sea, this sea that roared around them like a tyrant. Suddenly he had no doubt. It would be so. The saint would be untouchable. The light would still be burning. She looked for it. And now she remembered her mother. She must tell her mother directly she saw it. But all was blackness still.

And the launch seemed weary, like a tire thing whose strength is ebbing, who strains and pants and struggles gallantly, not losing heart, but losing physical force. Surely it was going slower. She laid one hand upon the cabin roof as if in encouragement. Her heart was with the launch, as the woman's is with his boat when it resists, surely for his sake consciously, the assault of the great sea.

"Coraggio!"

She was murmuring the word, Gaspare looked at her. And the word was in his eyes as it should be in all eyes that look at youth.

And the launch strove on.

"Coraggio! Coraggio!"

The spray was in her face. Her hair was wet with the rain. Her French frock—she was probably ruined—she knew that she had never felt more happy. And now—it was like a miracle! Suddenly out of the darkness a second darkness shaped itself, a darkness that she knew—the island. And almost simultaneously there shone out a little steady light.

"Ecco il santo!"

"Ecco! Ecco!"

Vere called out.

"Madre! Madre!"

She bent down.

"Madre! The light is burning."

The sailors, too, bent down, right down to the water. They caught at it with their hands; Gaspare, too, Vere understood, and, kneeling on the gunwale, firmly in Gaspare's grasp, she joined in their action.

She exhibited the boat with organ brackets and made the sign of the cross.

(To be Continued.)



The American Civil Service Army

The total number of employees in the executive civil service, on the occasion of their last enumeration, exclusive of the consular and diplomatic service, was 286,902; and of this number 251,403 were employed at the national capital. The total here may be divided into six main classes: clerical, 122,456; subclerical and manual labor, 37,097; professional, technical, and scientific, 5,735; executive, 1,137; miscellaneous, 5,443. Practically two-thirds of the government employees are thus engaged in clerical work. The next largest class is formed by those whose work is subclerical and manual. These two classes together include 80 per cent. of all the employees. None of the remaining classes is large, the percentage they constitute of the total varying from 1.2 for the executive, the smallest class, to 3.2 for the professional, technical, and scientific.

The median ages of the employees in these occupation classes are as follows: clerical, 35.5; professional, technical, and scientific, 39.1; subclerical and manual labor, 37.7; miscellaneous, 35.1; miscellaneous, 31.7; and executive, 49.1.

There were no fewer than 62,043 postmasters, 18,376 mailmen and laborers in navy yards and naval stations, 12,850 clerks in post offices not having free delivery, and 1,031 occasional employees of the Weather Bureau, besides 4,544 employed in the work at the Indian Civil Commission.

Omitting these latter classes, of the total number of government employees, 130,021, or 51.9 per cent., are native whites; 18,253, or 16 per cent., foreign-born whites; and 11,318, or 6.1 per cent., colored. Of the colored, 8,332 are negroes, 1,725 Indians, 1,017 Filipinos, 142 Chinese, and 42 Japanese. In the District of Columbia, 2,745 of the employees are negroes. That is to say, at the national capital one government employee in ten is a negro.

One-half of all employees are under 36.5 years of age. In the District of Columbia the median age is slightly higher, being 38.8 years, while elsewhere it is but 36.2.

The advanced age periods are, however, more interesting than the median. The figures show that the government employs in the civil service 4,264 persons from 65 to 69 years of age; 1,357 from 70 to 74 years; 436 from 75 to 79 years; and 137 of least 80 years of age. These figures give a total of 6,252 employees in the executive civil service who are 65 years of age or over. Of this number, 1,852 are employed in the District of Columbia and 4,401 elsewhere.

There are 106,811 persons employed in the Post Office Department. The figures include 52,280 mail delivery carriers, 28,846 clerks in classified offices, 24,096 letter carriers, and 12,892 railway mail clerks. The 62,043 postmasters and 12,850 clerks are not included in these figures. If these are added it will be found that the total number engaged in handling the mail of the country is 140,356.

New York ranks first in the number of its employees in the executive civil service, reporting 22,467, or 12.1 per cent. of the total number; Pennsylvania ranks second, with 14,627, or 7.9 per cent.; Illinois, third, with 13,406, or 7.2 per cent.; and Massachusetts, fourth, with 9,368, or 5.2 per cent.

The approximate average rates of compensation for different classes of employees are as follows: executive, \$1,983; professional, technical, and scientific, \$1,273; miscellaneous, \$1,221; mechanical, \$959; clerical, \$693; and subclerical and manual labor, \$711. In the clerical class, it is interesting to note, the approximate average compensation for women (\$950) is practically the same as that for men (\$953).

Civil service employees amounting in number to 15,267, or 8.2 per cent. of the total number, reported that they were war veterans. Of these veterans 8,464 had served in the Civil War, and 6,743 in the war with Spain. The total number of employees at least 60 years of age is 13,263, and of this number 7,706, or 58.1 per cent., are war veterans. Roughly speaking, therefore, among every ten employees of 60 years of age and upward, six have served their country upon the battlefield.

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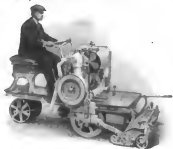
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"Play Ball!"

By EARLE HOOKER EATON



That Small Boy is shrieking, "Play ball!"
Through knot-holes he's peering, "Play ball!"
With ecstatic features—
Like most rooting creatures,
At this time of year—
He's fed toward the bleachers,
Half crazy to hear
The praising, the blaming,
The fans all exclaiming,
"Play ball! Play ball!"

That Boy has he rubbers—"One strike!"
And then almost blubbers—"Two strikes!"
And fear stills his clattering,
For Slinger is baiting,
"Cheer! Will he strike out!"
His heart's pit-a-patting,
And then there's a shout,
The pitcher they're gushing,
The horsehide goes flying,
Well done! Well done!
From third Slinger's flying—"Home run!"

The Cap's movements thimble with sense.
That Boy now is climbing the fence.
He swiftly drops over,
And thinks he's in play—
The Land of the Bleat—
But naughty young rover,
He gets little red,
For while he is saying,
Concerning not paying,
"It's enclosed! It's enclosed!"
The big Cap is baying, "You're pinched!"

That Boy soon goes home with his nerve,
Salls back o'er the fence with a curse,
While rovers are cheering,
His little game's sneering,
"You're out!" "He's out!"
While rovers are jeering, "One out!"

The Hollowness of the Earth

By HERBERT DICKENSON

EVER since man first began to speculate, his poor old earth has been the butt of his investigations. He has weighed it and measured it. He has scarified and scratched it. He has plumbed it and put it in spectrometers, retorts, and test tubes. Counterspy he has been boiled and baked for it, like Giordano Bruno. Occasionally, too, the earth has retorted and lured him, or swallowed him alive.

The earth has had many hard names thrown at it. It has been called flat, spherical and oblate. But heretofore nobly has accused it of being a hollow mockery. And that is what we have come to now. We have not tried securely over a sphere eight thousand miles thick, spurring beneath our heels antipodean savages, who cling like flies, dead downward, on the opposite side. Nor are we premeditating upon a shell, within which penguins, sea serpents, four-headed dogs, and talking antbirds despite for supremacy with unicorns, griffins, and leontomastropodants.

"But there's no danger of our falling through," says William Reed, who has made this discovery. "The crust of the earth is quite five hundred miles thick. It may be less or more; it may be quite a little more."

Who is this Mr. William Reed? Is he an explorer, astronomer, or geophysicist? Has he deduced his theories from the wild and soul-stirring experiences of a morning picture operator? No. He is an insurance adjuster, and in the intervals of adjusting he has been reading stories of Arctic exploration. Why, asked Mr. Reed of Mr. Reed, has the North Pole never been found? He answered his own question. "There is no Pole. There are no Poles at all, and when the deluded polar bears try to ascend them they tangle over into the centre of the earth, where they are promptly devoured by the same predatory arthropods that boiled and served up Andrew as a *hollow oyster*. The Aurora Borealis is the reflection of the campfires of antipodean warriors, says Mr. Reed."

This is, in brief, the thought which bit him, and when he recovered he set to work, with commendable promptitude, to propagate his propaganda through the medium of the Reed Hollow Earth Exploring Club, Unlimited, headquarters 132 East Twenty-third Street, New York, America, Top West Side Hemisphere. The president is Frank M. Ashby, patent lawyer, the financial secretary Walter S. Boskey, druggist, and the correspondence secretary

"Cap," alias Captain Bradley S. Osborn, ex-admiral of the Chinese and Mexican navies, who has whaled the nine seas since '44, and eaten Fuji girl served on banana leaves, and was deposed from the imperial throne of Hooribooka because he couldn't get plump.

I went to see Mr. Reed, to hear what he might have to say as to why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, and came out with shivering brains. Reason was tittering on her unstable throne. For it is so hideously plausible, this theory of William Reed. It can't be true, because it isn't true, but there's no reason why it shouldn't be true, except that I know it couldn't be. Why shouldn't penguins and sea serpents come from the interior of the world? Why shouldn't the rotatory motion of nebulous gas have whirled everything outside, to leave a hollow globe when things cooled down?

"That's why we wear clothes, and that's how better is separated," said Mr. Reed. "Here's that crazy man coming along who thinks there's another continent over the ocean; said the monks of Columbus. Why does the north wind raise the temperature during the Arctic winter? Why did Nansen sail fifteen days through clear water and only advance one degree unless he was sailing round and round inside? Where do the seals and musk oxen go for their feeding grounds? Where do the fresh-water icebergs come from? Why do scientists treat the earth as if it were a solid and have to make out that it's three times as heavy as nickel steel in order to make their calculations fit? Why do they admit that the earth is flattened at the poles, and not go further and allow it's hollow? Why is the sun invisible so long at the north and south in winter, unless there's a depression which shuts out its light? What is the Aurora Borealis? Electric lights! Then why don't we meet it all over the earth? It's fire reflected from inside the earth. And the dust that troubles all the explorers comes from the volcanoes there. The colored snow is produced by vegetable matter blown out from the interior. The great sea pressure comes from rivers inside. The tidal waves—"

I cringed down stairs. I had gone in a sane, strong, angry man. I came out a knee-knocked, ramshackle wretch. I trod tiptoe over the pavements and skipped across coal holes. When I saw the Pennsylvania Railroad excavations I braced myself against a lamp post. Since then I have been wearing moccasins, and



ANOTHER STUDY IN "OUR COLLEGES"



THE VILLAGE GREEN



ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT



STRIKE ONE!



THE MAN OF THE HOUR



FANS!



OTHER FANS!



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WITH THE "FANS"

DRAWN BY KINGSTON HENGLE

Animal Friendships and Animosities

If man's ancestor had been the majestic mammoth instead of a malicious and destructive ape, the inherent fear of him which has become a hereditary instinct in nearly all animals would no doubt be absent. Wherever man comes into contact with birds and beasts which have never been molested, as in the Arctic, these display no emotions but those of curiosity and disdain.

The classic example of alliance between animals of different species is, of course, the friendship between man and dog. When to the strength and cunning of man's monkey ancestor was added the speed of the dog, an irresistible combination was secured, which ended in the peribonatic enslavement of the lower creature by man.

Birds are nothing but snakes which have evolved feathers and wings during countless millenniums. The ineradicable hatred between monkeys and snakes has been beautifully clung into the friendly tolerance between birds and men. Ovis, which are instantly mobbed by all birds should they appear in public, find friendly shelter in barns by reason of their rat-eradicating properties.

The long-legged birds, such as storks, pelicans, and cranes, have also procured immunity in most parts of the world.

Among the fishes, sharks extend a peculiar protection toward a fish of the remora family, which, too lazy to propel itself through the water, attaches itself to the larger fish by means of suction ridges upon the head.

In South Africa, where insect life is perhaps more abundant than in any other part of the world, sheep may often be seen placidly grazing, while birds of a certain species hop busily about their backs engaged in the destruction of insect parasites.

The lion, which will kill and eat nearly all species of wild game, never molests the jackal, who, slinking behind him, finishes the half eaten prey. Hunters will wear his long drawn bowl succeed the medical case of the big cat when he comes to devour his master's belongings. But the lion has an inveterate enemy in the honeybird, which will fly toward the hunter and lead him through the thick bush till he has pointed out the lion's lair, or, sometimes, a store of honey.

Dime Novels for Spain

A STRICTLY American industry successfully introduced into Spain is that of the old-fashioned dime novel. At all the newspaper kiosks French translations of the most popular of these serials have been selling rapidly for a year or more. The books retail at from 4.1 cents to about 5 American cents a copy. The chief sales were in Madrid and Barcelona. The best profits of Spanish publishers of cheap literature are earned in South and Central America, and these are now competing with American publishers in the Spanish markets.

"C-B" and His Royal Visitors

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNEMAN'S illness has, in one respect, established a record. If his predecessors in office in England (the modern times, that is), no one has been the object of such overt demonstrations of sympathy in high places. The sympathy may have been no less in other cases; the etiquette was more. Sir Henry has received the personal visit of the Sovereign, of the Heir Apparent, and of Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie. Marks of sympathy such as this were not accorded to Melbourne, to Palmerston, to Beaconsfield, to Gladstone, or to Salisbury. Palmerston wrote to the late Queen Victoria from Broom's—where, by and by, he was to die himself—that "Victoria and Melbourne was released from further offering," and three days later the Queen returned to her uncle Leopold that "our poor old friend" was dead. And in those days, too, democratic than these, royal expressions of sympathy that took concrete form were generally posthumous, and expressed in funeral wreaths.



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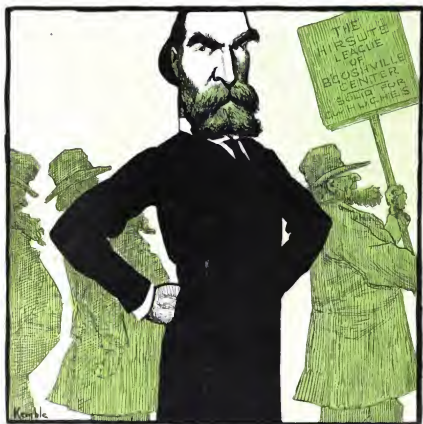
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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ALMOST THERE

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

A Reminder from the President

BECAUSE the President's message of April 27 reached the Senate just about dinner time, and at the close of a hard-working eight-hour day, the Senate determined not to hear it on empty stomachs, and adjourned. There was nothing in the message that would not keep overnight. The President expressed himself as pleased, though not fully satisfied, with the employers' liability bill, and hopeful of further legislation to recompense all employees who are injured in the public service. He also hoped for a child-labor law for the District of Columbia; for the continuance of the Watersways Commission, with money enough to make it useful; for provision for an investigation of the tariff by a committee of the House, aided by government experts; for financial legislation of a precautionary and temporary nature (meaning an Adams bill); and for a commission of experts to investigate the whole currency problem, and recommend legislation that shall be permanent.

Current Presidential Desires

Some other measures that he wants he seemed less sanguine of getting, and so devoted more space to them. He urged an ample appropriation to enable the Interstate Commerce Commission to examine (under the Hepburn law) the books of the railways; pointing out, curiously, that failure to do it "would benefit, as nothing else would, those railways which are corruptly or incompetently managed." But such roads just now need surely all the benefit they can get, and Congress may think so. Asking again for forest reserves in the Appalachian Mountain region—a concern of the utmost importance—he went on to expound at some length measures near his heart: (1) to correct the abuse of the power of injunction, and (2) to render more efficient and wise the control by the government of the corporations doing an interstate business. The fault he finds with the existing power of injunction is that in some cases it has been used to the injury of the rights of laboring-men. He asks to have it so limited as to avoid an unbridled effort to destroy it altogether. He asks for more effective Federal control of the corporations. Repeating "the well-meaning persons who now desire to abolish the anti-trust law outright, or to amend it by simply condemning 'unreasonable' combinations," he says:

Power should unquestionably be lodged somewhere in the executive branch of the government to permit combinations which will further the public interest; but it must always be remembered that as regards the great and wealthy combinations through which most of the interstate business of to-day is done, the burden of proof should be on them to show that they have a right to exist. No judicial tribunal has the knowledge or the experience to determine in the first place whether a given combination is advisable or necessary in the interest of the public. Somebody, whether a

commission or a bureau under the Department of Commerce and Labor, should be given this power. My personal belief is that ultimately we shall have to adopt a national interpretation law, though I am well aware that this may be impossible at present.

Those views will hardly affect the action of Congress in the present session, and perhaps the President does not expect them to, since the manner in which they are put forth suggests a message to the people rather than to a lawmaking body. There will be no general agreement yet with his opinion that "the decisions of the Supreme Court in the Minnesota and North Carolina cases illustrate how impossible is a dual control of national commerce." He would temper somewhat the Federal corporation law to the labor organizations, because they are not formed for profit. (But they are, aren't they?) But he would by no means exempt them from the restraints of such a law, and would sanction neither boycott nor blacklists which would be illegal under the common law.

A Little Jolt at the End

The message is of moderate length and gentle temper. It winds up with a characteristic burst of exhortation to us all not to be greedy; to abide by the plain and simple rules of honesty, not to carp at wealth honestly acquired, nor be jealous of the thrifty. If we do yield, he says, to those naughty impulses, our counterpart in evil will be found in "that particular kind of multimillionaire who is almost the least enviable, and is certainly one of the least admirable, of all our citizens: a man of whom it has been well said that his face has grown hard and cruel while his body has grown soft; whose son is a fool and his daughter a foreign princess; whose sensual pleasures are at the best those of a tasteless and extravagant luxury, and whose real delight, whose real life work, is the accumulation and use of power in its most sordid and least elevating form." Folks of the above lamentable type are as sure, says the President, to turn up nowadays in the chaos of unrestricted commercial individualism as marauder-barnes were in the dark ages. He explains that he is after legislation "to minimize the abuses which give this type its flourishing prominence." Minimize the abuses by all means, but do it because they are abuses, and not because the folks who get rich by them are not pretty. Our foolish rich are our most instructive class. The ridiculous miseries of their condition, advertised as they are in every corner of the land, are of the utmost value in making modest folks content. There is no need of hugging down any structure of value to roast a few pigs, especially when they are so useful while still uncooked.

Quite Satisfied

HARPER'S WEEKLY is trying to get Mr. BRYAN to be more positive in his refusal to serve again.—*Birmingham (Alabama) Ledger*.

Not so. It is entirely satisfied with his refusal, and does not think they need an added word.

Can Bryan Think Right?

A correspondent who signs himself "Student" writes to us from Cambridge, Massachusetts, as follows:

You say in an editorial (March 28) on "The Trouble with Bryan":—"But for one thing all Democrats who are opposed to him would be for him; that one thing is profound distrust of his ability to think right."

May I ask who has this profound distrust, and what are instances of his inability to think right? You do well, it seems to me, to avoid urging unavailability as an objection to BRYAN's candidacy, but that he is incapable of right thinking seems to me even more untenable.

Mr. BRYAN's ability as a statesman is indisputable in view of the fact that he is the actual leader of the prevailing political sentiment of the country irrespective of party. To assert in the face of this fact that he lacks the ability to think right is, from the Democratic point of view, patently absurd, and simply amounts to saying that his thinking is not in harmony with that of a comparatively small minority.

Here is part of an editorial from the New York World of April 21, which, it may be, our correspondent can read with profit:

When Mr. BRYAN returned in August, 1906, from his tour of the world, the Democratic party was at its feet. Convention after convention had endorsed him. Democrats from every part of the

country came to New York to greet him as their candidate for President. No other name was mentioned in connection with the nomination.

Drunk, with power and applause, Mr. BRYAN rejected the counsel of the party leaders and advocated government ownership of railroads in his Madison Square Garden speech. Instantly the fat was in the fire. The South repudiated his policy at once, and he was finally forced to abandon it on the pretense that nobody wanted to make it as loose in the 1896 campaign. Mr. BRYAN is now in the ridiculous position of a candidate who is clamoring for more government regulation of railroads, and is on record as declaring that government regulation is found to fail.

No sooner had Mr. BRYAN dropped government ownership than he tried to commit the Democracy to the initiative and referendum. In his Brooklyn speech April 16, 1897, he threatened substantially to drive everybody out of the party who did not believe in his new policies. Eastern resentment soon coagulated him to subordinate the initiative and referendum, as Southern opposition had forced him to drop government ownership.

He proceeded next to make the Democratic party an annex to the Roosevelt administration, endorsing "my policies," and absolving Mr. ROOSEVELT from all responsibility for the panic. At present, if he has an issue at all, it lies in a veiled reversal of the 1896 threat to pack the United States Supreme Court.

The main trouble with Mr. BRYAN is that he has no fixed political principles: no economic stability; no grasp of the real problems of government. He is essentially an agitator with strong dramatic predilections, given to emotional rather than to reasoning.

With the narrow opinion characteristic of men of his type, he is unable to account for the opposition to his nomination except on the theory that "prejudice" exists against his spending money to defeat his candidacy. He is incapable of understanding that intelligent, thoughtful Democrats everywhere are against him because he has proved himself wholly unworthy as a leader; because his denunciation of the party is disastrous; and because he is temperamentally disqualified for the office of President.

Not Born to be a Statesman

Here are given two striking examples of Mr. BRYAN's attempts at political thought. They are the most ambitious attempts he has made since his present candidacy became active. In neither of them did he show himself the leader of any considerable body in either party. He put government ownership on his book, dropped it in, and never got a bite. On the contrary, the expected failure began to disperse with such evidences of disgust that the augur pulled up and changed the bait at once. But the initiative and referendum did no better. Reluctantly he dropped that, and helped himself to what he needed out of Mr. ROOSEVELT's bait can. Remember that these two exploits of nomination came at a time when thousands of Democrats whom BRYAN had secured off by his free-soil delusion were looking to him with hopeful expectation, ready to make him their candidate if only he showed that time and travel and study had brought him wisdom. Nothing will teach him political wisdom. His head is not built to hold it. His processes of thought do not yield it. He cannot think right on the great concerns of political policy and statecraft. Doubtless he would if he could, but the power has not been given him. What has been given him is a remarkably strong, enduring body, a magnificent assurance, an engaging manner, and a wonderful gift of speech. He is full of talent; he makes many friends; he is one of the best talkers in the world. These gifts have won him the leadership that he enjoys. He is a great fellow, is Dr. BRYAN, but he is not a great statesman and never will be. He is a fair moralist, a great entertainer, and would probably have made a notable preacher or an extraordinary actor. That he has great gifts is indisputable; that he has great personal attractiveness is evident. So also is it evident to any thoughtful student of his record that he is unfit to be trusted with the great responsibilities of the Presidency.

Name Henry Began It

MR. WATKINSON hits the weak spot in the Governor JOHNSON's movement against BRYAN. It began with and is being promoted by the wrong people, which is to say the reactionaries in the Democratic party.—*Springfield Republican*.

It began with MR. WATKINSON. He opened it with a guessing contest.

Mr. Bryan As He Is Seen

MR. BRYAN made a stump speech the other day in Detroit, the first political speech he has made there in several years. The *Free Press* went to hear him, and observed him, and listened to him thoughtfully. It found him much changed. It says:

Many changes are revealed to those who contrast his present platform effects with those utilized by him in former campaigns, particularly in the storied 1896 campaign. Some of these changes are disillusioning.

Who can forget that admirably proportioned young man of striking, indeed handsome, face who waylaid vast audiences under the appeal of inspired purpose in that tremendous campaign of twelve years ago? Scarcely indeed were his listeners moved to laughter, or even to a wince. He was fiercely in earnest, masterful, intense. Laughter would have been an anathema.

We did not credit Mr. BRYAN then with any very keen sense of humor. We cannot credit him with any such quality now. He takes himself as seriously now as then, and still, perhaps as a result of his experience in calculating people from the lecture platform, he has come to rely in almost inordinate measure on humorous effects. His speech at the armory in this city Thursday night was even punctuated—guaranteed, we believe, an approved word in this connection—much more by laughter than by applause.

An audience under the spell of the intense BRYAN laughs a great deal more than it cheers or applauds! This in itself is disillusioning.

And what is the apparatus by which he produces his humorous effects?

Stories about funny colored men and the old, old device of applying Scriptural phrases and references to our own modern conditions—these constitute his chief repertory in laughter-producing devices. Though sarcasm, an old weapon in his arsenal, and a modification of his old trick in phrase-making are occasionally employed.

The stories about colored men are by no means new, and the form of the Biblical applications isn't always a credit to the humorist's sense, but the audience invariably roars. Are there some of them who laugh not so much at what is said as at the fat, bald man who says them? There is something in his pose as he waits for the merriest to subside that recalls the late W. J. FLANNERY.

When have we ever had a more or prospective smile for President who dared to inspire such tumultuous laughter as Mr. BRYAN evoked Thursday night? Mr. ROOSEVELT never did. Mr. McKINLEY never did. Mr. CLEVELAND, of course, never did. Mr. HARRISON never did. Isn't Mr. BRYAN taking a risk in thus court-circuit classification as a humorous character?

LONG AGO JAMES A. GARFIELD was advised by THOMAS COWEN of the danger a man who aimed at the very highest honors in American politics took in trying to be amusing to his listeners. GARFIELD, who found it difficult to resist the temptation to be funny in his earlier years, reformed.

Mr. BRYAN's present style in stump speaking is admittedly entertaining and has great variety in appeal, but supposing it should result in his being referred to not as the Peerless One any longer, but merely as a fat, bald man who is growing old and who makes you laugh!

We have quoted thus at length because the *Free Press* seemed so illuminating. Not but that Mr. BRYAN puts plenty of politics into his political speeches. He does—of a kind. But what the *Free Press* says of him matches what we hear of him and his speeches elsewhere. He draws great crowds, and gives great satisfaction, but his success is a success not in persuasion or conviction or political stimulation, but in entertainment. Folks of all parties hear him gladly and are delighted. But with what? They that live by the sword, it has been said, shall perish by the sword. What of them who live by the lecture platform? Are there two prices paid in that business, one by those who go in to hear, the other by those who speak?

Waning Charms

A Denver despatch says that WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD, for many years secretary-treasurer of the Western Confederation of Miners, has been put off the Executive Board of that organization. So! Possibly as the glamour of acquittal wears off HAYWOOD's late admirers begin to doubt the expediency of holding him up as an example of virtues they desire to emulate. Many a man has gone unburned to unexpectedly valuable uses.

A British Naval Expert's Opinion of Our Navy

Sir WILLIAM HENRY WHITE, K.C.B., F.R.S., late chief constructor of the British navy, said the other day to a representative of the *Boston Evening Transcript*:

In my opinion, you have a fleet that, ship for ship, comparing the ships designed at a given date—and that is the only fair comparison—is equal to anything the world contains, and next to the British navy I think your navy is the best in the world.

Amen! Mr. RUTHERFORD's home is now dead. For some time it has been bogging distressfully at the edge of the valley into which bogies tumble, and Sir WILLIAM should have every-

boly's thanks for having given it the push *de grace*. Now it is to be hoped that Mr. HAYWARD will let it lie, and not write any more letters to the newspapers.

Judge Willey Finally Exonerated

The House Judiciary Committee has refused to take for its own the opinion of its sub-committee that although Judge LEONARD R. WILLEY, of the United States Court for China at Shanghai, cannot, for lack of evidence of his having exceeded his authority, be impeached, he nevertheless merits censure for an unduly harsh exercise of the same. To the second part of this opinion it is that the full committee very properly takes exception, it being manifestly without foundation in that the sub-committee (by its own confusion) never considered the merits of the case, or even so much as gave the accused a hearing. It may be that Judge WILLEY was somewhat arbitrary—but to be somewhat arbitrary is a fault habitual with most good reformers; and to have recommended anything but unqualified exoneration would have been most ungracious and unjust.

For Home Rule in New York State

The Home Rule Democracy of the State of New York organized for business at 11 o'clock on April 25. It is the result of a conference held in that city by persons who were displeased with the arbitrary proceedings of the masters of the late Democratic convention in New York. Its purpose is to extricate the State organization in New York from the control of CHARLES F. MURPHY, of Manhattan, and WILLIAM J. COSSONS, of Buffalo; also to rescind the resolution adopted at the late convention empowering State conventions to name State committeemen, also to send reorganizing committees into every county in the State. All these intentions seem commendable. MURPHY and COSSONS are able men in their line, but hardly able enough to give a satisfactory answer at present to the average New York voter who has occasion to ask himself, Why am I a Democrat?

Concerning a Fatherless Service

Our poor army! It has become very lean of late; so lean, in fact, that butter, milk, spices, flavoring extracts, lard, and \$7,000,000 in annual pay have been added to its diet. Perhaps these extras will tend to diminish the number of deserters and increase the number of recruits, and the army be restored to its full peace strength of seventy-odd thousand men. But even then we shall not have as many soldiers as we need. The Commander-in-Chief, and the Presidential candidate, and the chief of staff, and the man in the street realize this. But not Senator HALE. The other day he characterized the proposal to double the size of the army as "unreasonable and wicked." To call it untimely is enough. The increase will have to come, but not this year.

Not a Hateful Man

HARPER'S WEEKLY makes it its point against REYAN that no one hates him. That is because they know he must get there.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

It is not a point against Mr. REYAN that no one hates him. He is amiable, he is very popular, and there is no reason that we know of why he should be hated, though there are plenty of reasons why he should not be President. No one hates Dr. WILSON or Governor JIMISSON, but that is not a point against them.

Not All Done by Mr. Astor

To be sure WILLIAM WILSON ASTOR is a recreation which no indolent American need begrudge his countrymen. Nevertheless, the chorus of yells that has greeted the disclosure of his action about the *Chesapeake's* flag seems to us to be somewhat lacking in intelligence. Would there have been any kind of solace or satisfaction in resigning by purchase a flag fairly and gallantly lost in war? To our mind, quite the contrary. The *Chesapeake's* flag belongs permanently in England, as certainly as the *America's* cup belongs for the present in New York. It was a scandal that the flag should have been offered for sale at auction. That was like leaving dynamite to be kicked about the street. Mr. ASTOR bought the old trophy and put it in a suitable semi-public depository, where it will always get respectful treatment. What he did could not be bettered. The only fault that can be found with his action is that it was his.

New York's Catholic Centenary

ONE of the most interesting and impressive celebrations that have been witnessed in New York city took place in the week beginning Sunday, April 26. The purpose of the remarkable gathering of American Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops, headed by Cardinal GIMONNE, a gathering which included also several Canadian prelates, and Cardinal LAGRANGE, the Roman Catholic Primate of All Ireland, together with Mgr. FALCIGNI, the Apostolic delegate of Pope PIUS X., was to commemorate the foundation of the diocese of New York in April, 1808. The growth of Catholicism in the State and city during the last hundred years may fairly be described as amazing, when we take into account the disabilities under which the Roman Catholic pioneers labored in Protestant communities which not long before had enacted and enforced penal legislation against them. The phenomenon seems the more astonishing when we keep in view that during the same period the Papal religion has lost much ground in the Old World.

There is reason to believe that in 1808 Protestant colonists regarded with good-natured indifference the erection of the Roman Catholic diocese of New York. In the whole territory covered by the new see, which originally comprised not only the State of New York, but the eastern part of New Jersey, there were then only a few thousand Catholics and three or four priests. The Presbyterian, the Dutch Reformed, the Episcopalian, the Congregational, the Methodist, and the Baptist churches were all apparently much more firmly rooted in American soil, for even in Maryland, Catholics, although they had first settled the colony, had been subjected to laws discriminating them. Not until the fourth decade of the nineteenth century did that anti-Catholic sentiment become widespread which was to lead in the sixth decade to the formation of the Know-nothing party.

It is a mistake to assume that the expansion of Catholicism in the diocese of New York was due wholly to the enormous influx from Ireland which followed the famine year (1847), and to the almost simultaneous arrival of tens of thousands of emigrants from the southern or Catholic section of Germany. The truth is that before those great streams of alien population reached our shores the Roman Catholic Church was securely planted in the New York diocese, and had already attained proportions which many Protestant observers viewed with surprise, and by-and-by with alarm. As early as 1811 the City of New York alone contained from four to five thousand Catholics, a number which, ten years later, had risen to 25,000, while the whole diocese at the last-named date was credited with six times as many. In 1840, two or three years before the immense influx from Ireland and Germany began, the city of New York had over a hundred thousand Catholics, and in the whole diocese there were more than a hundred churches and priests. With the extension of population the diocese had to be divided, and the two new sees of Albany and Buffalo were carved out of the original one, the diocese of New York retaining only the counties of that State which lay south of the forty-second degree, and the eastern part of New Jersey. In 1853, two years after New York had been made an archdiocese, a further curtailment of territory occurred, the dioceses of Brooklyn and Newark being cut off from the parent see, leaving to the latter only the city of New York and eight other counties in New York State.

Even thus reduced the archdiocese was then computed to comprise 250,000 Catholics, more than half of whom were dwellers in the city of New York. In the island of Manhattan it was estimated in 1895 there were three-quarters of a million of Catholics, and it is not impossible that almost double that number may now be found in the archdiocese of New York, compiled with the diocese of Brooklyn. It has been calculated that at the present time (1905) there are not far from fifteen million Roman Catholics in the whole of the United States, although some well-informed persons regard the figures as exaggerated. Professor THOMAS D'ALTON, of the Catholic University of America at Washington, expresses the opinion that such computations are left of little worth if the returns of baptism from the various parishes are not correct, and if the figures used as a multiplier is not uniform in all the countries. He is inclined, therefore, to look upon the statistics given in Catholic directories as largely based on guesswork. His own estimate is that in 1895 there were about twelve millions of Roman Catholics in the United States.

The part which Catholics of the archdiocese of New York played in the Civil War is well known. No other section of the people of the Free States showed itself readier to make greater sacrifices for the preservation of the Union. There was, perhaps, no single citizen of New York who did so much to recruit the Union armies as personal exhortation and organizing power as was done by Archbishop ANTHONY HENRICH. Nor is there any doubt that in the sad official announcement to him by President LINCOLN he exerted an influence in Paris and elsewhere in Europe which had much to do with preventing foreign intervention on behalf of the seceding States.

It is not only in the number of her churches and communicants that the diocese of New York presents a notable example of growth.

The work done by her in education has expanded proportionally. In 1868 there was only one parochial school in the province, which, we repeat, then included the eastern part of New Jersey as well as the whole of the State of New York. To-day there are over 130 parochial schools in the archdiocese alone. For a long time after its erection the see of New York was in more sordid straits. More than once during the first half-century of its history it had to appeal to European countries, and even to Mexico, for assistance in order to provide the simplest accommodations for its fast multiplying people. To-day the New York Archdiocese, after supporting nearly a thousand Catholic churches and hundreds of schools and seminaries, sends on an average \$70,000 a year to aid missions in Mexico and other parts of the world.

In a timely article Archbishop FARLEY directs attention to the value of the work done by the Catholic Church in assimilating the diverse elements of New York City's population. There seems to be no doubt that there are in New York more Catholics than in any other city on earth, and excepting Paris, where almost all the workmen, unskilled or skilled, and a large part of the shop-keeping class in the French capital, regulate their lives by the Catholic Church, the Catholic population, however, is heterogeneous in an unparalleled degree. If we accept the moderate estimate that there are now 1,500,000 Catholics in the archdiocese, we find that only 515,000 are American born, and even these are largely the children of parents one or both of whom were born in foreign parts. Among the foreign-born Catholics, the first in numerical importance are the Italians (300,000); next come the Irish (140,000); then the Germans (40,000); then the French (25,000); there are also 20,000 Spanish-speaking people, 15,000 Bohemians, and more or less considerable groups of Albanians, Poles, Ruthenians, Hungarians, Slovaks, Lithuanians, and Belgians, besides English and Canadians. It is a fact often overlooked that there are thousands of negro Catholic emigrants; the borough of Manhattan has a Catholic Church for colored people, that, namely, of St. Benedict the Moor. Archbishop FARLEY points out how seriously the Catholic Church has taken up the burden of caring for the immigrants that have flooded by millions to the chief port of the New World. More she has taken into her fold, and has devoted herself to adapting them and welding them into the body politic. In the same article the archbishop dwells on the benefit to the community resulting from the attitude of the Catholic Church toward divorce and intemperance. Few candid men will deny that he succeeds in making good his declaration that no citizen loses this country with deeper affection than does a Catholic, and nowhere can be found a more patriotic American. So that the growth of the Catholic Church in New York City during the last hundred years must be as well known to have been a good to the whole metropolitan community.

Reverie and Action

WHAT greater joy to the reader than to find, lying upon the table at one time, two sincere confessions of the inner life from sources as widely diverse as possible; under the shifts and turns of circumstance to trace out the underlying resemblances; the same luminosity raying with the same difficulties, climbing painfully the same stairway of knowledge and reality?

So it happened, by a lucky chance, that a fairly recent life of Sir RICHARD BURTON, the great English explorer, lay side by side with AMEL's *Journal* which made such a sensation a quarter of a century ago.

BURTON had many of the endowments of a primitive man. If he thought, he was yet in no wise "skilled over with the pale out of thought." Firmly rooted in his mother earth, robust, buoyant, fearless, of iron nerve, intrepid will, brisk and brusque, one might fancy at a glance that he had nothing in common with the wounded AMEL, hurt and hidden, crumpled down by the weight of melancholy thought, overwhelmed and helpless in the face of a life that demands so uncompromisingly a union of earth and spirit, body and mind.

BURTON's was distinctly the rough and ready method of life. Difficulties stimulated him, and his ways of dealing with them were exuberant. Expelled from Oxford during his student days, he left in high feather, driving a coach, and explained his unexpected arrival in his father's home by announcing that he was given an extra holiday on account of having won a double first, and the explanation collapsed only at a large dinner which his father gave to celebrate the event. Exactly how he met this reversal of fortune biography fails to say, but at least one can count upon its being met with buoyancy and fertility of further design. For throughout BURTON escaped AMEL's sin of despair. The great explorer's world was in motion, and at any rate, and there were no less undertakings to be carried out, contacts to win, robes to weave. Formulas and logical superfluities counted for little to him in this big world, so fat for intellectual curiosity to feed upon, so irresistible for the trained eye and ear, so full of strange bits and gleamings in various tracts.

It is one of the ironical paradoxes of life that achievement, after

all, rests so little upon a physical basis. BURTON's exploits rival those of COLUMBUS, DRAKE, and BALBON. And yet, doubtless, the one great finished achievement of the student AMEL, shall rank as much as all BURTON's volumes, "which," says his biographer, "stacked would make a pile eight feet high." He penetrated every unknown and hidden corner of the earth that struck his fancy; he became, at different times, a hundred different men; disguise lured him, and one life and one personality were all too meagre for his restless mind. As a Sufi, he was the first European to enter Mecca; in 1854 he explored the forbidden and unknown city of Harar; two years later East Africa drew him. "One of the gladder moments in human life is the departing upon a distant journey to unknown lands," he wrote, and undoubtedly he had more such moments than fall to the lot of other men. He went to Salt Lake City and through the Western States, and followed this up by exploring West Africa and the Nile basin; in 1852 he was in Iceland, in the mean time having paid a visit to Dahomey, admired the Amazons, held consulships in Africa and Brazil, and made alone a canoe trip of 1500 miles down the river Sao Francisco. The only very desirable post he held was the consulship of Damascus, which he lost in short order by his fearlessness in sinking enemies and his ruthlessness in wounding enemies.

And yet this is the man who wrote:

"Eternal morrows make our day; our *fa* is eye to be, till then
Night closes in: 'tis all a dream, and yet we die—and then?
And then?"

Early in life it would seem he had drunken of SOCRATES' wisdom and known that all is vanity under the sun. Though the burden of life was heavy, hope deceptive, designs brittle, he seems never to have been of the weaker, the splendor, the luxuriance of creation. He writes:

"We dance along Death's icy brink—but is the dancer less full of fun?"

His exuberance of vitality, his bond to earth, never failed him, and when, late in life, his Arabian *Yapha* began to bring him in money, giving him almost, for the first time in his life, a feeling of affluence, he is chronicle as spending it like a dissipated school-boy and revelling in his ease.

Against this brazen and bracing character it is interesting to set the speculative dreamer AMEL. In the one case we have omniscient personality turning itself loose upon knowledge, experience, sensation; in the other, fastidious personality, choosing, rejecting, finally all that is bounded and earthy and dissolving into the infinite, the boundless.

And yet, like BURTON, with his endless disguises, his innumerable religions, his manifold personalities, we find AMEL, too, saying: "This nature is, as it were, only one of the men which exist in me. My horizon is vaster; I have seen much more of men, things, countries, peoples, books; I have had a greater mass of experience." We find them both offering the same causes of grief, man's age-long sorrow over mortality, over the instant passing of beauty, over the fragmentary nature of mind and perception, the insoluble mystery of being.

"Life passes," says BURTON, "like scenes that round a drunken reel." And AMEL: "Wisdom consists in lending oneself to the universal illusion without becoming its dupe. It is best, on the whole, for a man of taste, who knows less, to be gay with the gay and serious with the serious, to enter into the game of *Mala* and play his part with a good grace in the fantastic tragedy-comedy which is called the universe. . . . The mind in its intellectual complexity arrives at the intuition that all reality is but the dream of a dream."

Both these men, early in life, faltered the worthlessness of mere sensual joys. Of those who solve the problem of living by eating, drinking, and sporting BURTON says:

"Two-footed beasts that know through life, by death to serve as food designed."

How prone to earth whered they lie and there the proper pleasures find."

And again:

"I've tried them all, I find them all as same and tame, so drear and dry;

My gorge reviveth at the thought; I commune with myself and cry:—

Better the myriad boils and pains that make the man to manifest true."

This is the rule that guideth life; these be the laws for me and you—

With ignorance wage eternal war, to know thyself forever true
Thine ignorance of thine ignorance is thy fiercest foe, thy devil
—lost hand."

Both men took refuge from vanity and hollowness in a religion half stoicism, half humanitarianism.

"Not to thy heart," the sage said, "nor means the past, the buried just."

Do what thou dost, be strong, be heavy; and like the star not rest, nor loiter!"

writes BURTON, and AMEL, near the close of his journal indulges at the close of certain heartrending reflections, "I wish to die

without rebellion and without weakness; that is all." But AMMIL went far ahead of BYRON when he discovered that the redemption of the intellect is in no wise equivalent to the redemption of the heart.

But what is best worth noting in these two lives is the extraordinary painfulness of both of them, till we come in to see how great a factor grief may be in this initiation into consciousness which we call life. Could any happy or fortunate life leave so precious a legacy to humanity as was left by these two gigantic sufferers? To neither of them could life or religion be reduced to a formula. Both lived alert and aware of the content of the moment as it slipped by them; the senses were to them the best means of approach to fuller being, deeper awareness. Perhaps, after all, this is not far from being the truest religion, since it raises life through pain to dignity, and while such religion sends its roots deep into mysticism its fruits are noble deeds and high conduct.

Personal and Pertinent

THE DEATH OF BARNEY, the hairer, is announced at this writing, but without guarantee that he will remain dead. A perfectly unfeeling person, dead or alive.

THIS Journal has begun to receive communications addressed, "Woman's Suffrage Headquarters, care of HARPER'S WEEKLY," an address possibly due to the interesting article entitled "Votes for Women," in the WEEKLY of April 25. Inasmuch as it is to admit it, the WEEKLY has not yet believed the distinction imagined by its too flattering correspondents. The true centre and focus of the suffragist movement is the Martha Washington Hotel, New York.

Count TULSKY recently gave his ideas on education, and they are not without interest. To a certain extent his method would follow the ancient Greek curriculum. Languages would correspond to the Greek's rhetoric, modelling, and sculpture, and music and singing would correspond to the Greek's "music"; in addition, he urges that some trade be learned. The subjects of religion and morality, he believes, can be taught to children only by precept at home, but all the others are for the schools. But at this point Count TULSKY advances a singular plan. The instructors must, indeed, fit and regulate the hours, "but the pupils should be at liberty to come to school or not to come." The Count's theory is that the pupil must be left absolutely free to study or not to study, just as man is free to eat or not to eat.

HARRY DITCHMAN, upon whom Judge Woon of Boise, Idaho, pronounced the death sentence on March 18, with a recommendation for pardon, is still in the penitentiary at Boise. This institution is situated just outside the city limits, and has a record of probably the lowest death rate of any place of the kind in the world. For instance, there was only one death during the two years that ended November 31, 1906. The daily number of prisoners averages two hundred and twenty. The parole system is in force, and is regarded as practically a success in the penitentiary.

OSWALD has visitors from time to time, but it is difficult to see him. A prominent young actress, who was playing a "one-night stand" in Boise, sent her card to him, and was informed that he was "busy with his stenographer." He was at that time engaged in writing his life, which has since been published, with a preface by a local clergyman of good standing. The wife of the warden of the penitentiary told one of OSWALD's callers that they were all much attached to the murderer, as he was "the loveliest gentleman." To which the caller replied in good faith that he had observed that none of Mr. OSWALD's stamp always had "good dispositions," which is either humorous or psychological, just as the reader fancies.

Correspondence

CERTAIN SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN THE FAR WEST

From March, 1907

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—When ladies with correct religious inclinations are informed by people whose accuracy and truthfulness they rely upon that numbers of their fellow-creatures cannot gain an entrance into heaven unless they marry, it is logical that they will not only marry, but, in the agitation of spirits caused by this terrible alternative of non-marriage, will marry almost any man who offers himself and at once—even assuming that he already possesses a wife or two, after the example of exemplary Biblical characters whom he persuasively quotes. This is of course presuming the bigoted ladies to have been reared in the Mormon faith, which is a faith with some good points outside of its polygamous tenets, or to have been brought up in clerical religious ignorance. This particular habit of the Mormons, of raising the whole of heaven into the balance scales in their own favor when

they propose marriage, is an unfair advantage over every non-Mormon man. The average person may offer a small portion of heaven to the woman whom he would induce to accept him as a husband, but only the Mormon can promise her the whole realm of paradise, and even interestingly threaten her with the loss of it if she rejects him. This Mormon suitor, being already in some instances the husband of one or two other wives, is by the addition of a third wife a still more effective agent for the extension of the Mormon faith, and is reasonably safe even from anti-Semite Senatorial inquiries, since his marriage is not legally recorded, and can with difficulty be discovered or proven, being merely the "sealing" to him of a woman by verbal agreement, or by those mystic ceremonies in the "Temple" at Salt Lake City to which no "gentile" is ever admitted. For that these "plural" marriages will continue, despite the prohibition of them by law, there is no sort of doubt, not only in the State of Utah, but in other Western States where thrifty and otherwise law-abiding Mormons have congregated in more or less numbers. Nor is it difficult to perceive the probable result in these Western States where the suffrage has been granted to women, certain numbers of whom may be Mormons, or subjected to Mormon influences. The woman who believes a polygamous husband whom he tells her that without him there is no heaven for her son, will hardly be inclined to disregard his instructions in casting her vote. These are the peculiar and even threatening social conditions in some portions of the far West, and the thoughtful reader will appreciate what a pretty, if not exactly American, game of politics may be played under these rules.

I am, sir,

TRAVELLER.

RU'N AND NEGRO'EN IN JAMAICA

April 26, 1907

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of April 25 you make mention of the abundance of rum sold in Jamaica to negroes, good rum at that, and yet the negroes are "peaceful, orderly, and no drinkers."

In Bermuda, where a prevalence of five months enabled me to see the entire island and to carefully observe the habits of the natives in some respects, and where there are 12,000 negroes to 10,000 whites; where liquor of various kinds is sold in astonishingly large quantities to men of all color, I did not once see a drunken negro—one sufficiently under the influence of alcohol to make him abusive, noisy, and disagreeable. But I did see one intoxicated white man, a British army officer, who was no tipsey at a ball at one of the hotels that he could not negotiate the polished floor.

Whoever will take the trouble to walk from St. George to the commissioner's house on Piracy Bay, and who will look under the shrubbery by the wayside, will find abundant evidence of the bibulous habits of the natives—for he will see bottles galore—wine bottles, black bottles, short bottles, slim bottles, fat bottles, blue bottles, green bottles; in short, bottles of every conceivable size, shape, capacity, and color. These empty vessels speak in eloquent terms of the habits of the natives—and yet there is no drunkenness in Bermuda. Why?

The answer to this question, if applied to the liquor problem in New York City, would do more to reduce and make respectable the habit of drinking than all the laws and ordinances the State of New York and City of New York combined ever laid upon their statute books.

I am, sir,

"NEUROLOGIST."

We hope our correspondent will tell the answer, if he knows it.—EDITOR.

WE DO GIVE MR. TAFT FULL CREDIT

From Texas, April 2, 1907

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am heartily in accord with Mrs. F. B. W., of Unskill, New York, whose letter appears in your issue of April 4. Also, I would think that any enlightened patriot could pay party politics aside and give Mr. Taft credit for services he has so creditably rendered our country.

I am, sir,

A. B. Q.

BYRON AND THE RACE ISSUE

From West, March 5, 1907

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—We have had Byron with his visions and vagaries. We shouted ourselves hoarse as beneath a "terrified Democracy" we bowed in humble obedience. We are ready to imitate Democracy's best interest at Denver. Why?

Is there any satisfactory reason why Byron has not expressed himself on the question of questions—the race issue? Is not the South due some sympathy, at least, from one who has been so loyally supported? Shall Democrats respect his cause because he claims to be honest? Is all honesty centred in him?

Does it make him a statesman that one out of his ten thousand prophesies some "true"?

We need a man of commanding dignity and pre-dig. May the gods help us in this extremity?

I am, sir,

J. L. JONES.

Finance

The Significance of the Improvement in the Bond Market

By HOWARD SCHENCK MOTT



Americans "go the pace." There is nothing temperate about us. We are used to big things and frequently we accomplish much in a day, a week or a month; but if quick accomplishment be denied, we are plunged temporarily into the depths of gloom. We must make money rapidly, or we think we are not making money at all. We must do a maximum business, or shut down our factories and workshops.

We are not conservative in times of prosperity, nor are we sedulously cheerful in times of adversity—until a few point the way. We go to extremes. It is a characteristic not entirely creditable, but it is a characteristic.

No our property values fluctuate with the same violence as the general estimate of them. I do not mean to say that the question of property values is wholly psychological. Far from it. Indeed, I expect to show, before you shut down this page, that natural forces are controlling. Nevertheless it is a fact, determined by competent observation, that the state of the public mind is a factor which aggravates the effects produced by the operation of natural forces.

The genesis of these reactions lies in the sudden improvement that appeared in the bond market last month. After nearly three years of deflating prices, in January of the present year the prices of bonds began to recover. In February they experienced another setback, because the earnings of corporations fell off in an alarming manner and capital remained extraordinarily timid and doubtful about even underlying values in corporate properties. In March there was a moderate revival under the influence of buying by a few of the more daring investors who retained their courage and believed in the development and growth of the country and of corporate property, in spite of all obstacles.

But the really important event in the financial markets last month was the placing of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's loan of \$40,000,000. This issue of bonds was subscribed for many times over. The first to point the way in this case were great international bankers, and the issue was conceded to be, at the time of its announcement, a test of the investment markets' absorbing power. That the offering met with such extraordinary success showed that investors were waiting more eagerly than was generally believed for news for their funds that could be considered safe. Beginning just before and continuing since the Pennsylvania announcement a veritable flood of new bonds and notes came on the market, and the rapid manner in which they were absorbed astonished even the most experienced observers of financial affairs. The old axiom that continuously idle capital is an economic plague again was amply demonstrated. From the first of January to date, between \$250,000,000 and \$250,000,000 of new bonds, notes, and stocks has been authorized, and nearly the whole amount has been issued and placed with investors.

Most memories unfortunately are short, but none is shorter than that of the financial mind. Only a year ago, in Wall Street, it was claimed, with some justice, that business was so active throughout the country that capital was lured out of normal investment channels; that the insatiable demands of general business for loanable capital deprived the financial markets of their share—a share warranted by the very corporate profits which business activity produced. On the other hand, some of the North claimed that Wall Street already had absorbed more than its share of the available bank credits of the country in speculation, in consequence of which "legitimate business" was deprived of the supply of loanable capital which was employed in investment and speculation, and to that extent general business activity was denied the possibility of further expansion. Some of us, the counter claims represent, on one side, that increasing corporate profits demanded and justified a larger investment of capital in securities, and that a reasonable portion of the available capital of the country should be permitted to remain in the financial markets; and, on the other side, if it were denied, general business should have practically all of the available capital at its disposal, as matter what happened in consequence to the markets for securities. There was a fierce competition for capital, the supply of which in proportion to the need for it, through causes which I have already referred to, had become dangerously deficient.

To discuss at length the relative merits of such contentions would be idle. It will be sufficient to say that the needs of the investment markets for capital are quite as "legitimate" as those of business, for it is to invested capital in corporate securities that we are indebted for the vast possibilities of conducting enterprises in the corporate form. In any event, the final decision in a case of competition such as has just been referred to rests, not on the relative rights or privileges of the parties, but is settled by the workings of natural laws. Last year general business came off temporarily victorious in the struggle, and capital was withdrawn from securities in such volume that severe declines in prices

ensued. This meant simply that general business could stand longer the tension of high money rates than could the securities markets—or, put differently, that the manufacturer and the merchant could afford to pay high money rates so long as their profits were large, while the owner of securities found it to his advantage to sell securities which yielded him only comparatively low income returns and loan the money to the manufacturer and the merchant. But last year the tension in the money market finally became too great even for the manufacturer and the merchant to bear. They had to cut down their production and curtail their incomes.

Exactly opposite conditions now exist in the money market. The low has fallen the demand for capital, and so large have become the surplus reserves of the banks, that if one's credit is good, loan accommodations may be had almost for the asking. For a month or two so pervasive seemed the gloom throughout financial and business circles that capital started across the Atlantic in the form of gold exports, to find employment there. But the larger corporations, which a year ago found it impossible to issue new securities, except at ruinous sacrifices, have begun to avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity afforded by a plethora of idle money.

Post-pandemic phenomena usually are as similar in nature as those of pandemics themselves. Consequently certain analogies may be made with safety, and conclusions drawn with some degree of accuracy. In many respects, indeed, such, for example, as the absence of interest as to the stimulus of value or apprehension as to the sound financial condition of the government, last year's panic bears a closer resemblance to the troubles of 1903 than it does to those of either 1873 or 1901. It differs from 1903 chiefly in its greater violence. Assuming, therefore, that the analogy of last year with 1903 is a thoroughly safe one to make, except as to the violence of the disturbance, similar phenomena may be expected to follow this year, differing in the degree of their intensity.

It cannot be said that the depression of 1903 was over until well into 1904. Yet a distinctive feature of January, 1904, in the financial markets was the activity and strength in bonds. During February and March the movement of funds from the interior to the reserve cities made money rates very rare, in April bringing about a great abundance of cash in the New York banks and the beginning of gold exports. During April and May gold exports aggregated \$50,000,000, yet in the latter month fell nearly at New York reached the very low figure of one-half of one per cent. Money piled up in the banks in the reserve centres until checked by the crop-maturing demands of the autumn. On August 29, 1904, the surplus reserves of the New York banks reached \$200,000,000, the highest level of the year.

Money rates remained easy during the whole of 1904 in spite of gold exports which continued intermittently throughout the year. New bond issues began in January, and for the year the output of bonds, notes, and stocks to raise new capital, according to the listing statistics of the New York Stock Exchange, reached a total of \$630,445,520, against a similar total in 1903 of \$364,437,250. Railroad and industrial corporations in 1904, as they have just begun to do again, took the opportunity afforded by a plethora of loanable capital to borrow advantageously. It is not, however, so much with the fact of heavy borrowing by corporations in 1904 and 1905, following periods in which they could not borrow at all, or at extremely high rates, that we are chiefly concerned. It is rather with what corporate borrowing meant for industry and trade in 1904, and what the beginning of borrowing now may mean for industry and trade this year.

In 1904, as was shown in tabulated form in a recent number of HANSEN'S WEEKLY, the total crops of the United States in both bonds and farm values in December 1 were larger than in 1903. It has just been shown above that new bond and stock issues in 1904, exclusive of bonds and stocks issued in exchange for old securities, were about \$200,000,000 larger than in 1903. This history has now proved the fact that recovery from the depression of 1903 began in the following year. What further fact that recovery should properly be ascribed to the good crops of the year and what portion to the renewed purchasing power which the corporations derived from the proceeds of bond and stock sales is difficult to measure. But such undoubtedly was effective in some degree.

To-day the crop outlook, so far as the season has advanced, is very good, and the corporations have begun to issue securities on a scale which, if continued throughout the year, will surpass the figures of 1904. In 1904 the plethora in the money market, resulting from stagnation in business followed by the previous year's depression, enabled the corporations through their borrowings to increase their consuming power, and together with good crops brought about complete recovery in industry and trade. We have to-day at least the promise of both of these means of recovery that proved effective in the past. In the increased consuming power of the corporations lies the real significance of the recent new bond, note, and stock issues.

The Presidential Skirmish Line

AN IMPARTIAL CONSIDERATION OF THE PERSONALITIES AND TACTICAL STRENGTH OF THOSE IN THE VANGUARD OF THE COLUMNS ADVANCING UPON THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

I.—ROOSEVELT—TAFT—HUGHES

By FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON



many elements enter into a Presidential campaign, the political scenes are of such a shifting nature, and that magnetic something which no one comprehends or controls—the temper of the people—is so subject to whimsical variance, that the seemingly self-evident truth of today becomes the palpable absurdity of tomorrow. But it is this popular sentiment—it is properly called the public pulse—this subtle, unbindable, undeviating, which, after all, sways the election and seats in the Presidential chair the man whom the great bulk of the American people want seated there. Just now this mysterious underdrift is without form. The political meteorites of which it is composed are drifting in shapeless masses. They reel but the magnetic centre to draw them into a comprehensive continuity.

Each little act that is done to-day, each little word that is spoken to-day, strengthens or weakens this or that man's Presidential possibilities, though at the time it may be imperceptible. But when the psychological moment arrives, the political meteorites now floating in space will become united in one irresistible whole.

Who is the strongest man for the coming race?

Let us look at the men in the order in which they seem to come naturally. There is Roosevelt, for instance; his personality is felt in every more or less preliminary Presidential skirmish. There are three classes of people who view Roosevelt from three distinct angles. The first class that he is taken the Saviour; the second, that he is sure the Destroyer; and the third that he is Broken the All in One. But whether one be a Roosevelt man or an anti-Roosevelt man, one must admit that Roosevelt has a hold on the people. How does he get his hold?

Not long ago I was in the Executive office. Mr. Taft entered and announced to the President that an old lady was in the waiting-room, was very desirous of seeing him, and could wait only a few moments, as she was obliged to leave the city on a certain train.

"I'll see her now," said the President, quickly and pleasantly. And the old lady was ushered in. She stood at the threshold for a moment, undecided as to just what was the proper thing to do, but the President relieved her of all uncertainty on this score, for he hastened toward her with his hands extended, and he greeted in his strong grip her two hard working hands. The ice was broken, and, with a harmonious din of soft response, made more attractive by the soothing accompaniment of a rich, hoarse laugh, the old lady exclaimed:

"Ye are the first real President ever I see in my life, Mister Roosevelt, and I told them all at home I was bound to come and see you, and I told them I was going to tell you that, though we are all Democrats in our family, we are all going to vote for you if I have my say, and I think I have it."

All this time President Roosevelt had been vigorously shaking her hands up and down and beaming upon her as only he can beam. When she concluded her speech he jerked out, in his rapid, punctuating and distinct manner:

"Well, it is a real pity of you to say that!"

And that old lady went home imbued with the idea that she was very close to Theodore Roosevelt, and she was, for Roosevelt's emotions are never assumed. He may be right, or he may be wrong, but every one who has ever met him, and every one who has ever come under the spell of his rough magnetism, feels intuitively that the man is sincere. His egotism is an honest egotism. His fight is the fight in the open. His bravery is open. He has his prejudices—as all men have theirs. Perhaps he is reckless, but, if he is, his recklessness is tempered with an earnest spirit to investigate his subject and to give to every one an equal chance.

Only the other day I was talking with one of the best known and most competent railroad officials in the country. He believed, he said, that the methods of the administration had, to a great extent, made some few investors in stocks timid, but he also frankly asserted that these methods would not have been resented to if wilder speculators and unscrupulous operators had not presented the opportunity for the administration to act. The most casual observer in things political cannot fail to have noticed that all of Theodore Roosevelt's adroitness is now concentrated in continuing for another four years the policies which have brought down upon his head the cyclonic criticism of those who disapprove of them. This trend he hopes to bring about by forcing his best political process to secure the Presidential nomination of William H. Taft.

And what of Taft?

In the beginning of Taft's candidacy a quiet opinion prevailed among those who had given thought to the subject that Taft was allowing himself to be made a weathercock—to show which way the political wind was blowing—that he stood in a position to run, or not to run, as Roosevelt willed. Before he became an avowed candidate, he expressed himself openly as desiring a business-like leadership. But Taft should never be considered in the nature of a tool, ready to forge his personal ambitions for the mere sake of accommodating a friend, although his great nature is



Theodore Roosevelt

"ALL OF HIS ACTIVENESS IN NEW YORK ENDED IN 1907—END HIS TERM FOR ANOTHER FOUR YEARS"

abounding. The one great argument, that which is to him the most convincing, is his inordinate sense of duty. This sense of duty was shown back in the McKinley administration. Taft's personal desire then was to go to the Supreme Court bench; he was on the eve, he thought, of having this wish gratified, and McKinley expected to put him there; but the exigencies of the administration led to other fields of endeavor. On a certain occasion President McKinley and Secretary of State Day were traveling together to Canton, when McKinley said:

"I need a good man to head the Philippine Commission. I want a man who is honest, strong mentally and physically, tactful, and of good address."

"You have named William H. Taft," said Day.

Taft was called to Washington and met President McKinley and Mr. Root, then Secretary of War, in the President's private office. Mr. Root was the spokesman. He knew there was soon to be a vacancy on the Supreme Court bench which Taft would be only too glad to take. Root approached him in this way:

"Judge Taft," said he, "we need you in the Philippines. We know of your ambition to go on the Supreme Court bench. You are therefore confronted with two propositions—an easy one and a hard one. You could remain upon the Supreme Court bench for life. That is the easy proposition. In the Philippines you may be wrecked physically by disease and die at your post; you may work faithfully and hard, but still be damned by the public. However, by going to the Philippines, we believe you will be the savior of the inhabitants there and advance them centuries in civilization. If you go to the Philippines, you must resign your position on the Federal Court bench. The opportunity of going on the Supreme Court bench may never again come to you. It is a hard proposition, Judge Taft. What is your choice?"

"I shall go to the Philippines," said Taft.

Within the last year the cherished Supreme Court bench again seemed to be within the reach of Taft. Another vacancy arose. Another answer was given which was characteristic of the man.

A few days before Taft came out as a Presidential candidate. I had a long talk with him in his private office in Washington. He talked lively to me of him, and in that talk the best—I might say the "big"—side of the man was revealed.

Taft has a way—you can't exactly analyze it—that makes him popular; and, at the same time, you do not feel that he is striving for popularity. He is naturally cordial, and the years have not changed this cordiality in him, although the dignity of his position and the increasing touch of his duties keep him a little further removed from even his old comrades than he appeared to them in those Yale days when they called him "Bill" and, when unusually intimate, "foul" Taft. But it is the enormous amount of work the Secretary finds it necessary to do that keeps him aloof from you. He is unquestionably the loquacious man in the cabinet, and it is his very good nature and the facility with which he turns out work, together with his tact in handling a disagreeable job, that in the past caused the President to "unload" upon him. If there were a certain ticklish act of diplomacy to be performed, President Roosevelt said, "I'll get Taft to do it." If a delegation called upon the President and requested him to make a speech at Dinkysville, the President smiled and said he would be delighted, but such and such was the case, adding, however, as he noted the gloom of his visitors, "But I'll send Taft." And Taft just laughed—and Taft can laugh—and said, "All right," and no one could tell from his exterior whether he was laughing himself in or not. Thus Taft became known as the handy man of the administration.

Do you wonder that Roosevelt selected him as the best fitted man to carry out the Roosevelt policies?

There are two views of Taft. One is at long range, and the other is at short range. Perhaps most of us have studied him up close that long-range view which is the newspaper. During his political career, Taft has had the tact to keep friendly with the newspapers. In keeping up this friendliness, it was not so much what he said as how he said it. He has always been frank with the correspondents at Washington, and when he desired not to be quoted that frankness has been invariably respected.

In a short-range view of Secretary Taft you will see a big man standing near the door of his private office as you enter. He wears a black derby but settled well back on his head. He is dressed in a dark gray suit with a frock coat. In one hand he has a bunch of papers, which he keeps in his hands, and with the other, while he greets you with a laugh and the inevitable, "How d'ye do?" He talks to you and keeps on glancing at two letters at a time. He reads more letters, listens, answers your question, and laughs till his hat is tilted so far back on his head that you fear it will fall. His secretary comes in and hands a card to him. Taft reads it before it is out of the secretary's hand, and says, quickly:

"Tell him that that matter has been carefully examined and I will communicate with him this afternoon," and in the same breath he turns to you and says, "Oh yes; that's so, that's so."

The private secretary comes in with more letters. Taft receives them, says, "All right," and adds them to those already in his hand. He looks at his watch, still talking to you, and then adds: "I must go to cabinet meeting, but I will see you at nine sharp to-morrow morning."

And at as time during the call do you feel that Taft has hurried you, and when you see him on the morrow the probabilities are that he will tell you frankly whatever you desire to know, if he has faith in your conversation and friendship. But whenever you see him, he first of all impresses you with the busy life he leads. Taft has a remarkable capacity for work. This hard work is necessitated by the many details which he masters and which are not easily acquired, for he is not a brilliant man. But



William Howard Taft

HE HAS TOLD US THAT ROOSEVELT'S POLICIES ARE HIS POLICIES. YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW HE WILL CARRY THEM OUT.

what Taft once acquires, he knows forevermore, and his knowledge, by close study, is varied and practical. Taft is intellectually a strong man, and his most available mental asset is his application and his power of long, hard, and continuous work. When he went to Cuba he entered into every little detail of the situation there. He personally investigated every part of the island, saw every man there who was worth seeing, and read everything about Cuba that had been written that was worth reading. It was the same at the Philippines. It is the same with everything that he undertakes. He has told us himself that Roosevelt's policies are his policies. You can imagine, then, how he will carry out those policies.

Here again the question arises and, like the imaginative ghost of the gifted dramatist, will not down: What will Theodore Roosevelt do in the event that Taft cannot be nominated by the Republican convention?

A year ago there was a ground-swell for Roosevelt and a third term. There was a mighty third-term movement. It relied on mass and grew stronger day by day. It was without form or organization, but from its nebulous particles there appeared to be evolving a solidifying mass that bade fair to sweep all before it. A year ago it was well under way in Washington. It spread to the West, and everywhere one met it in the East. Men in a position to know admitted that it was getting beyond the control of the President.

"There are some things," said one of these men—a man who is very close to the administration—"that Mr. Roosevelt cannot dictate."

At that time a Democratic leader in a New England State made the remark that Roosevelt was the one man for President in 1912.

He has declared again and again in most positive terms that he would not accept a nomination for a third term," said a listener. "Mr. Roosevelt could not be induced to take it."

"Mr. Roosevelt has nothing to say about it," was the firm response.

Soon after that Andrew Carnegie, on his arrival in New York from abroad, suggested that if the national Republican convention should resolve that there be no other standard-bearer but Roosevelt, and after nominating him should adjourn, a contingency would arise, and if the President failed to respond to it he would be indirect revolt to his country. This view of the situation showed the drift of public opinion at that time. To-day another contingency is arising. Another man has stepped into the line-light—another man whom some are insisting is as big a man as Roosevelt.

This man is Charles Evans Hughes, Governor of New York. Will Hughes be strong enough in the convention to overpower Taft, and, if so, will Roosevelt's supporters, should they see that

Taft must go down in defeat, spring the name of Roosevelt and nominate him for a third term over all comers?

That is a possibility to take note of. But first let us look at Hughes. Hughes's maiden effort in politics, when he was conducting his gubernatorial campaign, gives the index to his subsequent political career. I had a good opportunity to study Hughes in that campaign, for I accompanied him on his first trip up-State and was in close touch with his methods until his successful close. In the beginning of that political career Hughes made this statement:

"I think you will know I mean it when I say that had I not believed it was the honest desire of the people of the State for me to accept the nomination for Governor I would not have accepted it. You are entitled to have me say, and I am glad to be able to say unreservedly, that I have no political obligations to any person or thing, and much as I feel the responsibility that is to be assumed I can look you in the eyes and tell you that it will be assumed with the sole desire and the sole purpose in serve your interests. I am anxious, every true friend of progress is anxious, that we should go forward in the right way with deliberation and without disorder, that we should steadily make progress, not with noise, but in fact, and with sure steps."

When he became the politician, he did not forget the methods of the business man. The private stateroom in his car up-State was turned into an office. Every day he was cluttered with two secretaries and went through his morning mail and wrote and answered letters and dictated speeches with a regularity that is born of long years training in routine. No matter what the occasion may be, Hughes never neglects to be precise. He is the same cool-headed—some say cold-blooded—business man whether he is at his desk in his quiet office or on a campaign car behind a locomotive covering fifty or sixty miles of track an hour. The first thing that impresses you when you meet Hughes is that he is strictly businesslike. When you try to analyze him, you feel that there is little of the magnetic about him. He looks at you in a calculating way, giving strict attention to what you say, measuring each word like a country merchant measuring a piece of cloth. Somehow or other he creates the impression that he is suspicious of you. But whether this impression is imaginary or founded on fact, one thing is undoubtedly true—no one seems to have succeeded in getting very close to Hughes; that is to say, close enough to enjoy his uncolored confidence, and to possess a knowledge of the inner desires and the ambitions of the man. Until he made his speech before the Republican Club of New York, he was a sphinx to the politicians, and now, even after he has declared himself in general terms, he still remains an enigma. One never knows what Hughes is going to do next. All efforts to draw him out prove futile. To all—even to his most intimate friends—he was absolutely silent on the subject of the Presidency, and yet, while he had not said one word as to his candidacy, he

became, next to Taft, the most prominent candidate in the long list of those mentioned in this connection. He himself refused to talk on the subject, and he had no spokesman, no one who could, with any evidence of authority, drop the slightest hint one way or the other.

Hughes's political opportunity came at the time he forced the passage of the Public Utilities bill in the New York Legislature just at this time, when the bill was being eagerly watched—not in New York State alone, but in all States as a model for other legislatures—Hughes came within the vision of the great eye of the public. And just at this time, when his opponents in the Assembly (they called them the "Old Guard"; men composed of the abridged politicians of both parties, who were banded together to thwart all legislation that was a menace, or the suggestion of a menace, to certain well-affected business enterprises) had ranged themselves, irrespective of partisan lines, to encompass his everlasting political downfall—just at this time the people cried:

"Here's another Roosevelt!"

And day by day Hughes sat in the Governor's chair, pounding away at the Legislature. And day by day there was the "Old Guard" with never a bridge to it. And still Hughes sat there with his long, serious face, pounding away. And the "Old Guard" still had its claws in the ground.

"Use the Big Stick!" cried the press. "Come the Roosevelt act on them. Shut off their patronage!"

But Hughes looked grim and laid down the Governor's chair. It was at this time that I called on him, I had seen him in the heat of the political campaign against Hearst. What kind of a man did he seem to be in this battle with the "Old Guard"?

Here he was barely installed in his office—a novice in politics and a novice in official life; and there were the radicals and the conservatives glaring.

There had been Hearst—dubbed as an anarchist—with reform measures in his mouth.

Here was Hughes, the conservative, with reform measures in action.

There was Hearst charging Hughes with being a "corporation's man."

Here was Hughes seemingly bottling up the corporations.

Day by day he sat in his office pounding away at the Legislature. He did not use the Big Stick, but he did adopt another Rooseveltian method—he appealed to the people, and the Public Service bill was passed. And upon the passage of this bill Hughes began to loom as a Presidential candidate, though he himself ignored such a situation.

The day that I called on him in the midst of his fight he said to me:

"I am here saving wood."

"Is there not need for other men in the country to save wood?" I asked.

"There is," said he.

And between that question and that answer lies the whole scope of the Governor's rule.

The first impression one gets of Hughes is his frankness in official acts, and his secretiveness in his private affairs. If he seems fit to inform you on a certain matter, he does so without equivocation. If he does not want to inform you, he says so bluntly. He is not a man whom one would call a "good fellow." Sometimes on his campaign tour he attempted to make jokes, but in this direction he was a failure. He is at his best when serious. He has fine argumentative power, being a good lawyer. He gets a firm grasp of his subject, and is an adept in worrying out facts on a cross-examination.

Hughes, in many respects, has taken the part of a reformer. He has stood more or less in that light since he has been Governor. The anti-Roosevelt forces realize the popularity of Roosevelt. They know that Roosevelt gained this popularity by "doing things," and they seek, therefore, to secure a candidate who also has the reputation of "doing things" or being willing to "do things." Whether he has done them or will do them or will not do them matters little, so long as he has the name of doing them.

Hughes has made a good start. His failure is at this time unknown. He has been careful not to oppose Roosevelt's policies, he has even praised Roosevelt in general terms. But he is not too friendly with Roosevelt. While he stands before the people as a champion of their rights, he has no current interest in the rights of the corporations, as was evidenced in his vote of the two cent railway rate bill. He is the best possibility for the anti-Roosevelt forces.

It was the people and not the politicians who elected Hughes. The people elected him because they feared Hearst. Nine-tenths of the politicians were opposed to his nomination, and had it not been for the final word of Roosevelt he never would have been nominated. Hughes's idea of political independence has prevented him from acknowledging any obligation for this service, just as he refuses to acknowledge any pull or favoritism or rewards in the conduct of his office as chief executive of the State. Hughes is unlike any other man who ever held public office. He lacks the stifiety of Taft; he lacks the cunning of Foraker, and the diplomacy of Fairbanks. He is just Hughes; and Hughes to-day, as he was in those days in Albany when he was pounding the "Old Guard," is invulnerable.

Hughes may as such interference promises as Hearst made, but when he was elected he proceeded to put into force some of the very reforms that Hearst had advocated. The nearly took Hearst off his feet by recommending a revision of the ballots in the last Mayoralty election in New York city which Hearst has been bitterly combating, and in advocating the Public Utilities bill. And so much this bill will ultimately benefit the people is still problematical.



Charles Evans Hughes

"HE LAID THE FOUNDATION OF TAFT. HE WENT THE OTHER WAY IN FORAKER, AND THE REFORMER OF FAIRBANKS."

"At Liberty"

ADVENTURES IN A FRIENDLY PORT WITH THE SHORE PATROL DURING THE HOMEWARD RUN OF THE BATTLESHIP FLEET

By ROBERT DUNN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



U. S. S. "RHODE ISLAND," MANAGUA, N. H., MARCH 21.
GIVEN a choice of amusement in any port the fleet visits, and the wise man will elect to accompany the shore patrol.

Eight officers (four commissioned, four midshipmen), two from a ship of each division, report in the morning on the flag-ship; land with sixteen masters-at-arms (juggling quite unnecessary handicraft, to work with the local police as cops, counselors, and general balance-wheel for the person of Mr. Bluejacket, issued ashore duty to the number of 2000. The ranking officer plants himself at police headquarters. The rest spread out and around through the sailorman's haunts. Precisely their legal authority over enlisted men on foreign soil—a bluejacket's "rights" in attempting desertion, say, or to civil trial in case of crime—I have never grasped, because such cases hardly arise with our men. The patrol's authority seems to be absolute,



THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE "RHODE ISLAND," INCLUDING THE GUN-CREW'S OF THE FORWARD TURRETS

by grace of the city authorities: they would yield the indifference over to it, to receive ships' justice.

The scene is inevitable. The streets that rib the howling water-fronts of the semipitiful of the world respect neither climate nor tongue. They attract about the only sort of utter human uniformity which civilization—or the lack of it—has attained yet. Aden, Athens, Ajia, offer the same hospitable squalor; those dusty, small drink-shops, with cognac, Scotch whiskey, and the land's native drink on the shelves, four shaggy taliahs, had cigars under a square of glass. On the listel that hangs over dust and cobwebs is scrawled, "Sailor Joe's" or "The White Palace," or plain "Lodging," whether the street is black and smoggy with the paper signs of China, or a crowd with such Arab markings as calvados cigarette boxes, Seving Shanghai, Singapore, Port Said, is thus to the bluejacket only revolting Rio, Punta Arenas, Callao. Ever the English glad-hand, the water-eyed leechmonger on the corner, elud as one down-and-out should be; the beggar, the hairless dog. Locality loses distinctive color; life, like its setting, becomes impersonal.

No you go with an officer friend in his black web belt and empty revolver case ("the" patrol, for present purposes), rather hating in on his duty, perhaps, and quite useless except in forecloses with a native who may presume on some woman's cash liberality. For bluejacket, with a man's body and a boy's mind, is loosed from a cage of steel and routine, upon antipathetic, quaint delights, to be stricken, therefore, by the acute view of freedom and adventure. He is "on liberty," and all which that means in traditions, from those ancient and rough, up to extra of the modern, practiced gentleman-sailor, who is hungered for postcards and camera films even than for beer.

A tubby Frenchman plunges out of his den at us. He lived in New York for two years; yes, two years. What will you drink? Cerveau (cheer), cognac? No, thanks; and not wholly because of the line of silent list-dart (ashore, "bluejacket" is a euphemism for him) who fall back from the corner, saluting. We will assume that we did take the cigar, but only because it was a pleasure to find the flowery alternative for something "on the house" current even in Peru. Dame civilization is open enough, nowadays. At this juncture the tubby wife emerges from an

interior open to the sky, and in her hand she holds a 4th Confederate bill!

Now, to analyze this hospitality, do not look the gift horses in the mouth end. Yes, yes, and the *interior* who gave her the naughty money got twenty *soles* in change for it, just as if it were real. Then our interminable questions, protests, soothing. The culprit had lettered on his hat last: A-C-N-T-F, N-A-R-T-F, N-A-R-T-F. You get that after infinite effort. And it restricts the guilt so narrowly, to the Kentucky, *Kentucky*, or *Kentucky*—some 1500 men! Then you deal very strong on sympathy. You ask the uniforms about you if they saw the *dear*. "No, sir," they answer most humbly. "We only just come in here," while assuming that icy indifference at which the bluejacket is past master when he wants to be. That is final, whether any of them saw the trade or not, for theirs is the privilege to stand by one another in social obligations. It is part of the price we pay for their unquestioning fidelity in the interior injustices for which we drill them.

The Frenchman executes a sudden about and puts the bill into his cash-register—none, he has a cash-register. It may have some intrinsic value at the time of the next revolution, if only as the medal for a die of the new national currency.

"He couldn't have been from the *Kentucky*," reasons the patrol. "She's calling all to-day,"—which means, as every one should know, that all hands from the line down turn to with the collar, and no one can go ashore. Thus the affair goes down to history as one of the great unsolved mysteries of international crime.

A bristle-headed, gaunt-faced outcast slinks up by the Italian drug-store on the corner. You get the weird whiff of a three weeks' sojourn, but he salutes. "Hi thought ye might be interested," he says with cockney humility. "Hi was parading last night in a 'dred up in Lima (pron. *Lay-ma*), and in the hapless department, sir, I 'ears four o' your men a-talking, air. Planning to take the mail steamer to Limaquay, they was to desert, sir! It's no trouble for me to tell you, so I comes all the way down 'ere, at my own expense, to give you the address of the lodgings. I think if you run right up there you'll get 'em in time, sir."

He has handed us a large white card. It states in English the name and location of a Lima lodging-house, evidently kept by a German. We ask what ship the four bluejackets were from.

"I could peer through the door, sir,"—he hunches his shoulders whispering for an effect of shy-dog mystery. "They were from the *Johnson*,"—triumphantly.

Now, that is the patrol's ship. "I'll look this up," says he with



GUN CAPTAIN "TOMMY" WATSON (ON RIGHT) PREPARING FOR "MORRIS TUBE" PRACTICE



TARGET PRACTICE WITH "MORRIS TUBE," WHICH SIMULATES ALL THE CONDITIONS OF ACTUAL FIRING WITH THE BIG GUNS

a curious drawl, and thanks the man somewhat coldly. We move on, but our volunteer detective follows.

"Hi habemus! Hi do favors for fellow white men, thank you, no matter what trouble it is for me," he jerks out. "Particular if Yankee or English, and never ask for nothing in return, thank you."

"Get out! Beat it!" The patrol turns on him, losing patience.



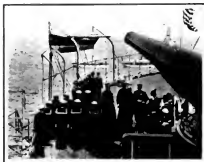
The Arrival of the Fleet off San Diego. All Sixteen of Admiral Evans's Ships are visible in this Photograph



Crowds watching for the Fleet at Coronado Beach. The Tent City in its Winter Dress dots the Background



Governor Gillette (the leading Civilian on the Left) and his Staff going out to the Fleet



The Arrival of Governor Gillette aboard the "Connecticut"



Governor James N. Gillette, of California, making an Address of Welcome to the Bluejackets of the "Connecticut"



One of the Hotels of San Diego decorated with Electric Lights to celebrate the Fleet's arrival



The Naval Parade passing through San Diego Park. The Column is led by Captain Seaton Schroeder of the "Virginia"

CALIFORNIA'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE FLEET

"You see them two new Peru cruisers in the harbor, sir?"—he isn't to be shaken. "I brought them out from the Clyde, thank you, and as he said, at two quid a month, sir—" He lingers. For the first time he sees that the gag is hopeless. He bursts into vituperation of a *course-ness* which only the dock streets of the world's ports know, and to go on.

"Every man from our ship reported safe aboard last night," observes the patrician, reading the hotel card and scattering it in the dust. "When these leeches come to put up a game on me, I think how the bluejackets must get grugged! It doesn't make me so hot with them for passing bad money in these dumps."

But Bluejacket is not an easy man to fool. Your officer goes ashore for a horseback ride, to find all the best mounts in town snatched up by the lads in white with the bag blue collars. And ride they can, many of them, with the close knee and easy limboes of the cowboys they have been.

And maybe the officer needs a horse badly, being ashore on special intelligence duty. "Blackshaw work," he calls it—which means securing the baggage, pumping officials, reading maps to put on file, as the absurd event that some day that innocent little bag may need alien defense at La Monroe.

But stamps and post-cards have the call on the two thousand, just rarely encounter a swarthy intrusion into the street from between swinging doors, and then the argument is generally over the right change for the hourly eagle on it. Or a thrifty enterer, because one liberty crowd guilefully gave up two pesos each for dinner, imagines he can charge the next crowd four apiece for supper, mindless that the word has been passed along that you can eat in Manuel's place for two. You go in. Sometimes, but rarely, Manuel sticks to his bluff with interlocking elbows and rapid-fire tiaclicisms; then, just despatch scornful and roadstead bill floozy on his way long for some of the same little marionettes as the red and green of a French soldier, who would call himself a cop at head quarters. Arriving, he has a quick, seductive effect; you collect an eclectic payment for the meal from Bill and his friends, all in a pin-dropping silence, broken only by their *active* racy cynicism, and bows and contrived from the man-nose to come up to the station and be decorated by the republic.

At such times you imagine yourself standing over a blazing line of red antagonism. You note the mutual trust of officer and man. The bluejacket adopts an easy citizen-to-citizen intimacy, which ashore is as gratifying to his superior as aboard ship it would be impossible. It is a fusion of affection and respect, very patly shaded with all sorts of native innuendo. The men are quite sure of themselves. That must be very provoking to the native *tertius* quid of an argument. And then the patrol may say, swelling his chest, "If ever I'm in trouble ashore, I'd rather have a bunch of bluejackets stand by me than any crowd of old friends I thought I knew." And he proceeds to tell you of one once encountered a mix-up in Funchal, or Goa, and was rescued by his crew. Which, of course, was in the rough days of the "Old Navy," aboard the old *Arctura*, when we all went around the Horn in '47.

Once a hefty dame gave us a hurry call into a Punta Arenas dance saloon. We passed down a narrow hall, given open by both the doors and the windows of the rooms. The "professor" stopped strumming his *consonance* on the piano; she indicated one of the two lamp brackets hanging from the ceiling. It was sky a whole light—broken by one of the frown of flat-bed, so she said. And she wanted five pesos for that.

"Oh, it ain't broke, sir," a man from the patrol's lip reassured me in the most lovely accent. "A taster's head here hit it while he was dancing, and spilled the gadget to the deck. Only the chimney just bud, but the lady took the lamp away before she went out for you."

That seemed an easy one to settle, and the tactful thing to say, as the patrol did I guess, still have to charge that up to profit and loss, madam. And this with no strenuous effort to use a language she could understand. I by the way, anything underfoot, even ashore, is the "deck." You have to get used to that with seafarers. And it is something to get on a railroad train with

an officer who reaches across to the window and says, "See if we can't open this airport here." As for "gadget"—it's everything from a screw-eye to a toothbrush.)

But we had reckoned without our host, who came bounding through the door from the bar, setting an alarm, that this is a pleasant chronicle, and the few of misunderstanding did not go off, then and there. Yet no human storm ever quivered in which I felt safer, among those reasonable, white, loyal faces. The lady got half a peso by arbitration, and then—we owed the place.

A tall, husky youth from the Virginia kept accosting me and leeching: "Now, sir, either you bang the box and the dancer, or I bang the box and the dancer. Understand?" A white-headed boy, all by himself in a corner, was singing "mother" songs to himself, solemnly attitudinizing the words as they do on the variety stage.

But no one was the least intoxicated. As for the matter of that, one might as well face the issue. Who can keep men, suddenly fired from a long Spanish rifle, from the bar? Think of sailor traditions of "rough house" in foreign ports! Perhaps a very small proportion—say ten per cent.—do indulge, but not one per cent. show the least effect of it to the most penetrating eye. And the patrol is on hand to deal with the worst, remember. On this cruise, praise of his conduct ashore has been larded so thickly on the bluejackets that have four suspicious would be proud that his friends, in the *Shakroperata* sense, have too much protested. But it has been true, every word of it. A Scotch sheepherder in Sandy Point said to me with a sad long face: "I came in a hundred miles from the range, just to see the rocs your boys would get into. And I haven't seen one. What's the matter with them? Ain't they wilful?" The gratuitous warning to be alert and ladylike, often read from the quarterdeck to a liberty party bound ashore, seems to the layman hardly appreciative and fair. He notices that in the larger ports, where there have been fights to take in, bluejackets' behavior has been best, showing that to exercise is a very secondary refuge. That fact in Rio, so publicly exaggerated, began at an adjoining table, among four Brazilians. Whatever their argument was, one of them threw an empty soda bottle at another. It accidentally hit one of our men who had his back turned. He and his friends naturally thought that they had been assaulted, and began to return compliments, as any of us, not mollified, would have done.

But it is at a bull-fight that Mr. Bluejacket comes most firmly into his American own. Probably it is unfair to judge one from a first sight;—and that with built-in disadvantage. The crowd would be "bowed from the ring" in Madrid—despite your underlying faith that in any physical contest the psychological advantages, at least, should be equal. And that they are not equal in the bull ring, but instead are usually, vulgarly discrepant, is the real key to one's instinctive disgust. The groans and howls, the beautiful (?) ladies cheering with their thumbs turned down, are not what really counts.

In Lima, the bluejackets were invited officially: they went "in" the Peruvian government. And wasn't it something to see them there! Back on rank, hat hats, blue collars, the rest all white, filling the vast semicircle under the roof of the ancient, mud-brick amphitheatre, all regular as the design on a big piece of summer gingham. But you felt involuntarily a sort of promissory guilt—something like that which a mother may experience when she lets her daughter first go to a problem play. It quite swamped your sense of pride in the impression you like to think the sailor man makes when asked and solemnly treated.

He kept very quiet; his persistent, extraordinary stolidism became appreciative. Maybe he, too, was wondering why, when a matador smothered the big brute's lure in a faded purple cape, so that the bull had to pause full ten seconds to shake it off, either his show wits, and plunge which you are told, or the long-legged little man in gold eyeglasses as brave and skilful to escape. He could have snarled off. When a crowd of them taunted enough gumption out of a beast so that he really scampered after one of the mazzinis, the matador dodged between a slit into



"PIND POND" PRACTICE (THE SAILOR VERMAYUTAL FOR MODERN-TIME EXERCISES) WITH THE "RHODE ISLAND'S" 6-POLYDOR



TWO THOUSAND AMERICAN BLUEJACKETS AND MATRISER WATCHING A BULL FIGHT AT LIMA, PERU

a little box at the ringside. Bravos—from the natives. A lithe boy kicks a fat boy, then leaps on the back fence and thumbs his nose at fat boy. Spurt! No doubt! No wonder Mr. bluejacket was morally debilitated. . . . And in Heaven's name, if they wanted to hurt the beast, why didn't the pincider, instead of musing on lyrics and then hurling his long limbs at the bull's neck (still he looked like a peregrine with half his quills moulted), sting the beast in much more vital and painful parts! . . . But the bluejackets were beginning to cheer, rumblingly, mildly, from scattered quarters. Just then, one of the glittering legs rushed out with a vaulting pole, tried to soar over the horse's horns, and fell in the dust, so that it looked a creak for the bull. Then bluejacket opened his lungs. He was cheering the bull! Oh course he was. What else was there to cheer?

At the same moment an officer in the box in front of me thumped his chair and started for the exit, growling to himself. "I'll raze up and get away from here, but when it comes to—" I heard him say, but just as he was outside. The man was pale with the blanch of anger, which is peculiar to itself. The patrol said throatily beside me, "That's the assistant surgeon on the —"

He really should have stayed. Presently a fellow in a prison-colored jacket, orange trousers, and jack-boots—mind you, for the bull has at least a keener sense of color than his torturers—was being led hobbling under the grand stand. The starboard horse of Shesky, so named, as the programme said, "in honor of Admiral Sperry," had grazed him on the chest. Then, as a further compliment, a pincider chose to stick the beast with two quills that unsettled the Stars and Stripes as soon as they entered his flesh. A dead silence, no comment of any kind. But, ah! one of them sagged, fell into the dust, and Mr. Bull stepped on it. Quick as a flash a bluejacket opposite us vaulted into the arena, tearing toward that flag, but lost off, fell trousers flapping comically. He wasn't going to see his dog trampled on! He got the elvers all right. And although it was against the rules for any spectator to enter the arena, his officers cheered him, too.

We heard later that a pincider was killed; a horn went into his lozenge and came out of his cheek. Well, even a pincider should have been guided by that unimpassioned throng to bluff out a risk. We had left after the third bull, and then the gingham design of seated bluejackets was all gone. We left after the spangled man, making sure that his beast was helpless from the quills in his neck, snaked up behind, paused, and plunged a knife in, and a pair of horses reared in, dragging half a railway track, upon which they tossed the carcass, and raced out—in the long smear of dust which always aroused the Llaneros to their most exquisite frenzy.

Literary is over at eight o'clock. Shortly after seven, you begin to clear the streets around the landing. Sneering a master at arms, the patrol says, "Round up that crowd we saw just now going in that direction," or, "Take this side of the street, while we drag the places on the other." Lounging along counters, seated in back

rooms, you tell the willing, engrossed boys that time's nearly up and they'd better be footing it. You break upon the most bizarre parties: a crowd playing with a collie dog in some inner courtyard; a big blond man talking to a whole dusky family's supper table, with a mutual heart-to-heart intimacy (and in Spanish); that no one but a bluejacket ever could improvise. Generally they shuffle on quietly asked; sometimes they boldly back trail, whereupon you warn them again; and the patrol remarks: "Well, it's their own fault. They know what's coming to them if they overstay their liberty." Perhaps some old fellow as recalled as a grinner's state thinks it a great joke to give you the slip and then greet you in the next sidewalk, as if the patrol's duty involved playing hide-and-seek with him. "I'm sorry for Sullivan," says the officer. "He's a good man. He ought to know better."

The center of excitement is the plaza at the water's edge. To the returning 2000 and the stolid native throngs that imperceptibly crowd the railings of the quay, the natives incessantly screeching the wailing letters of their particular ships; visitors to them looking for the right boat, and nearly driving the launch-master (one of the patrol stationed at the landing) distracted. Why, only the betting ring at Jamaica, or Soldier's Field of a November Saturday, is like it.

A big, graying-mouthed audience surrounds three marines who are eke-dancing in the barflete (sidley) terminal. A throng eddies from under the trees around old Holivar's statue, where a sailor has had his jacket picked, and a soldier-cop is leading away the culprit. Two or three boys—only two or three—are asleep prone on the stone steps of the quay, but each has a mate who guards him jealously. A ponderous creature in the gray sea-shell clothes (like civilians) of his ship's team has irresponsibly lost it and needs assistance. He could brush the patrol aside with a finger; still, he daintily respects authority, while negotiating it with humorous obsequy. The crowd closes to its light; the soldier flashes resistance, then sudden docility. And you hear an onlooker from the patrol ship, who knows the patrol's nicknames, snicker aloud. "Crises! I thought 'Dusty' was a gait to paste him one!"

Then for days out on board you note mysterious rappings penetrating to the washroom mess table; you can't locate them, either up in the "dig-house" or down in the torpedo-room. Blue-jackets in that case hammering out the dearest silver of that country into finger rings. You hear that the patrol's sickman, stoker aboard, "Crises! I thought 'Dusty' was a gait to paste him one!" Then for days out on board you note mysterious rappings penetrating to the washroom mess table; you can't locate them, either up in the "dig-house" or down in the torpedo-room. Blue-jackets in that case hammering out the dearest silver of that country into finger rings. You hear that the patrol's sickman, stoker aboard, "Crises! I thought 'Dusty' was a gait to paste him one!"

THE PASSING OF A FAMOUS THEATRE

By CHARLES P. SAWYER



Tearing down the Madison Square Theatre, in West Twenty-fourth Street, New York

THE Madison Square Theatre, for almost half a century one of the most famous playhouses in America, has become a memory treasured affectionately by the older generation of New York's theatre-goers. The theatre in being torn down, sharing the fate of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, whose rear it adjoins. Both buildings are to make way for new business structures.

In 1802 Amos H. Eno built on Twenty-fourth Street, back of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a hall intended for use as a stock exchange. It was rebuilt and opened in November, 1848, by Charles's minstrels. Two years later, as Brougham's Theatre, it was the scene of a disturbance as the result of which Kelley, at Kelley and Leon's minstrels, was shot. The theatre was then the home of Brougham's company of burlesques. In 1860 James Fisk, Jr., of successful fame, rebuilt the playhouse entirely, and gave it the name of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. For a time the playhouse flourished there; but in August of the same year Augustin Daly began his occupancy of the house, which lasted until January 1, 1873, when the theatre was destroyed by fire. This was a prosperous season at the little theatre; for in Daly's company were James Lewis, Clara Morris, Mrs. L. H. Gilbert, Fanny Davenport, and other players scarcely less distinguished. "Saratoga" and "Article 47" then had their notable runs.

In 1877 the house was rebuilt and occupied for a time by Robert Heller, the "magician." In 1878 it was known as "Minnie Canning's Drawing-room Theatre." In 1879 the house was rebuilt with a double stage, and under the management of J. Steele Mackaye entered upon a career of remarkable prosperity. It was then called, for the first time, the Madison Square Theatre, and it was during this period of its existence that the famous run of "Hans Kretz" occurred. This play was expected to last a week; it ran for 481 consecutive performances. Georgia Cuyman, as leading woman, made there her first successes. As H. Palmer had the house from 1881 till 1891, when Charles H. Hoy began his tenancy, revivifying the theatre after his own name. Under Hoy the house enjoyed again a period of marked good fortune, beginning with the production of "A Trip to Chinatown." Hoy's tenancy ended in 1897, and since then the house has had numerous lessees, and has known many failures and a few successes. But for almost a generation—from 1897 till 1907—the pretty little theatre enjoyed a reign of prosperity almost unequalled in the history of the American stage.

England's New Leaders

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY



Herbert Henry Asquith, the new Premier of England, was born in 1852. He had a brilliant career at the bar, served as Home Secretary from 1905-10, and was appointed to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the late Campbell-Bannerman Ministry.



Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who died on April 22, 1917, filled many governmental offices during his long Parliamentary career. He was Secretary for War in the last Liberal administration, became Liberal leader in 1909, and Premier at the end of 1911.

THE "C-B" cabinet was a strong one; the Asquith cabinet is stronger. It is stronger, in the first place, because it is led by a Premier in the full maturity of his very remarkable powers. I have so recently dealt with Mr. Asquith in this journal, and with the contrast he presents to his predecessor, that I need not on this occasion give more than a few words to the subject. The secret of "C-B's" almost phenomenal success as Prime Minister lay not in his intellect or his debating power or strength of will, but solely in personality. He had earned the affection and gratitude of all Liberals by standing manfully to his guns when the tide of battle seemed to have pulled furiously against his party. During the Boer war he showed moral courage of the kind that democracies, sooner or later, are always sure to reward. The man who confronts an overwhelming majority of the nation, tells them squarely that they are acting wrongly, and unflinchingly denounces the policy upon which their hearts are set, is invariably in the end more respected for his integrity than he is blamed for his opinions. That was the case with "C-B," and it established, especially when fortune had played into his hands, an irresistible claim upon the loyalty of his party. In the Premiership "C-B" impressed his position by the exercise of a prudence, energy, and his geniality, his placid, accommodating disposition, his simple sincerity did more to confirm his personal supremacy than the eloquence, energy, and overwhelming authority of a Gladstone could have done. Far more stable in his opinions than Mr. McKinley, much less of a trimmer, his success in holding together the discordant elements of his following was achieved by Mr. McKinley's arts of conciliation and persuasion.

Mr. Asquith is a man of a very different bias. He has little or nothing of "C-B's" lubricating mellowness. With many high and serviceable gifts, he has not that of making himself loved. Admiration, confidence, respect—he has all that. But hitting him, he has failed to elicit those warmer sentiments of personal attraction which give to leadership its true vitality. He is virile, energetic, supremely sure of himself, supremely capable. His brain is an instrument of concentrated efficiency. His political courage has been proved again and again. As a speaker he has no superior in Great Britain in the qualities of precision, readiness, lucidity, and in the command of vigorous, telling phrases. But men complain that he is too self-centred, too aloof, too bloodless, too metallic. They say that he is not without a spice of intellectual arrogance, that it is difficult for him to make the necessary allowances for that kind of honest stupidity of which England is so rich, and that the factor of his personality does not work out in an easy equation. There is some truth in this. But on the other hand it has always to be remembered that no man is the same as Prince and as King, as a subordinate minister and as head of the cabinet. The elevation to the highest office of all brings with it an enormous change of interests, opportunities, and point of view. Mr. Asquith has always hitherto contrived to rise to the heights of whatever post he might be filling, and I for one do not question that as Premier he will succeed in cultivating the smaller arts of ingratiation in which up till now he has hardly made an effort to excel. Meantime it means much for his party that it should have as its leader a man of his unimpaired driving power. Carlyle declared the result of the Franco-Prussian war to be that Europe had exchanged a mistress for a master. Something of the same sort has happened to the Liberals; and both the party and the country will, I think, secretly welcome the touch of a firm hand on the reins and the sense of purpose, tenacity, and direction in the back-seat.

In the next place, the new cabinet is stronger because on all questions of foreign policy the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary are now at one. So far as the latter's department of affairs is concerned, the cabinet is a Rosebery cabinet without Lord Rosebery. It would be hard to conceive two men in closer political agreement than Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. Both belong to the same school of political thought and to the same order of political temperament. Both are pledged to uphold the continuity of foreign policy. In the last cabinet it not infrequently

happened that the Premier and the Foreign Secretary spoke with two voices. "C-B" subscribed to the sentimental view of foreign affairs, and rarely ventured on questions connected with them without commiserating his country. His handling of the Hague conference and of the limitation of armaments, for instance, was altogether opposed to the general sense of the country. Notably in England though it was Sir Edward Grey's doing, or that he really approved of it. It was universally recognized as a stroke of "C-B's" own lot; and the awkwardness of the Prime Minister having one policy and his Foreign Secretary another was widely commented on. Nothing of the kind is likely to happen while the present cabinet remains in office. The agreement between Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey on the first principles, aims, and methods of British foreign policy is complete, and the nation must necessarily gain by it.

Again the new cabinet is stronger because it has got rid of some of the less satisfactory members of the old. Lord Kitchener leaves the Colonial Office after ruling an untamed Empire in the manner of the "heavy horse" of stage tradition. Dull, slow, and unresponsive, he resembled that professor whom Lord Rosebery has excelled as "one of those strange children of our political system who contrive to fill the most dazzling offices with the most complete obscurity." Lord Kitchey typed the kind of ultra-British personality that could never be allowed into the Colonial Office—the kind of personality from which it was hoped that Mr. Chamberlain had forever rescued the governance of the Empire. Lord Tweedmouth, again, is transferred from the Admiralty at \$25,000 a year to the dignified seclusion of the Lord Presidency of the Council at \$10,000 a year. A delightful personality, he has no ground a great success as an administrator, and the affair of the Kaiser's letter attached a certain ridicule to him.

Lastly, the new cabinet is stronger by the inclusion of some new members and the promotion of some of the older ones. Mr. Lloyd-George, after giving Raglanism an entirely new conception of the Board of Trade, is raised to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, the second post in the government, within thirty months of his first admission to ministerial rank. The appointment is one that men of all parties, and particularly men of business, who are usually of no party, are at one in regarding as brilliantly earned. His hard-headedness and practicality, his glowing nature, and the irresistible charm, buoyancy, and frankness of his manner, the singularity of his appeal both to the world of commerce and that of sentiment, and his real elevating genius must make him in future one of the commanding personalities in English politics. Mr. Winston Churchill, who succeeds him at the Board of Trade and as a writer, engaged in a terrible struggle for his seat in Manchester, needs no introduction to Americans. It is a very long while since a more brilliantly equipped young man has entered English public life. Only perverseness and partisanship would deny his splendid talents; only the exaggeration of friendship would hold that his manner and character stand in no need of improvement. He is the only man in the country who could have succeeded Mr. Lloyd-George at the Board of Trade without creating an impression of anti-climax. For my part I do not doubt that he will continue and even improve upon the Lloyd-George tradition.

Lord Crewe, who goes to the Colonial Office, is the son of Mordaunt Milnes, and came in for Lord Rosebery. He is in his fifth year. Sixteen years ago he served for a while as Lord Lonsdale's tenant of Ireland, but it was not until 1900, when the whole brunt of defending Mr. Russell's education bill in the House of Lords fell upon him, that his Parliamentary gifts became recognized in full. A poet of some distinction, the friend of Tennyson and Browning, and always fond of associating with literary men, Lord Crewe developed during the education debates a very real talent for dealing with affairs. His humor, common sense, acuity, and literary flavor make him one of the pleasantest of speakers and a first-rate diplomatist. Another appointment that has aroused a great deal of interest, although mingled with some doubt, is that of Mr. McKinnon to the Admiralty. Mr. McKinnon is forty-five years old, and possesses a remarkable head for finance. He is a close friend of Mr. Asquith, and showed more strength than caution or judgment in taking charge of the education bill which he introduced a few weeks ago.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

PEACHES

DRAWN BY JAMES

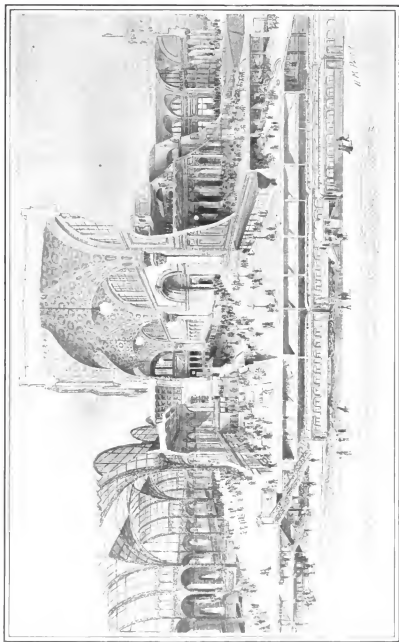
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ND CREAM

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Montgomery Flagg



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION

DRAWN BY H. N. PETTIT
 (See description on page 18)

HOW PENNSYLVANIA'S STATE CONSTABULARY PUT DOWN A STRIKE



MEMBERS OF THE STATE CONSTABULARY ESCORTING A CAR THROUGH THE STREETS OF CHESTER. EMPLOYEES OF THE TRACTION COMPANY ARE REMOVING SPEKES PLACED IN THE TRACKS BY THE STRIKERS TO PREVENT THE MOVEMENT OF CARS.



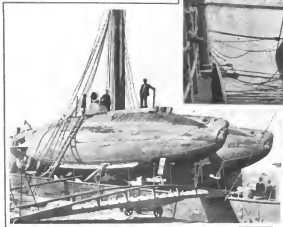
A CONSTABULARY TROOPER ON PATROL DUTY. AT THE HEIGHT OF THE TROUBLE MORE THAN 2000 STRIKERS AND SYMPATHIZERS SWARMED THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY, AND THE TROOPERS WERE CALLED UPON FOR PHYSICAL COURAGE AND DISCRETION.

DESPITE a threat on the part of the striking street-railway employees of Chester, Pennsylvania, that a mob of 2000 would give battle to any armed force called out to quell them, a force of the State constabulary was ordered by Governor Stuart to take charge of the streets of the city. The efficiency of the constabulary was demonstrated by the fact that disorder was effectually sup-

pressed and the business of the traction company gradually resumed. Shots were exchanged in some instances, and some injuries were reported. The State police were shot at from ambush and were made a target for stones, bricks, and other missiles thrown from concealed positions; but the resistance of the strikers resolved itself in the end to a struggling host-ile of eggs.

STRENGTHENING OUR FORCES IN THE EAST—A SHIPMENT OF SUBMARINES FOR MANILA

THE SUBMARINES "SHARK" AND "IMPREGNABLE" BEING MADE READY FOR THE DECK OF THE NAVY COLLIER "ALBATROSS" FOR TRANSPORTATION TO THE PHILIPPINES, THE REMARKABLE OF THESE CRAFT TO FINDER IS HIGHLIGHTED BY THE BAWSE PIPE, SUGGESTING AN EYE, AND THE MOUTHPIECE TORPEDO PART.



THE GREAT CRANE AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD HOISTING ONE OF THE SUBMARINES AMONG THE COLLIER. THE STEEL CABLES BY WHICH THESE CRAFT WERE LIFTED FROM THE WATER ARE THE ONES WHICH WERE EMPLOYED IN TOWING THE PORTUGAL SQUADRON "HAWSE" ON HER MEMORABLE VOYAGE TO MANILA.

New York's Own College, and its New Home



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President John H. Finley, of the
College of the City of New York

THE northward movement of Manhattan, whose business quarter is encroaching yearly upon the residential sections, has driven up-town many old educational institutions. The last to yield its long-established quarters to the movement is the College of the City of New York, which, after an existence of sixty years at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, has now established itself among the cluster of public institutions upon the heights of Harlem.

The College of the City of New York has been associated with the history of Manhattan since 1847, when it was chartered under the title of The Free Academy by the Board of Education. "It has long been a source of regret to many citizens entertaining a lively interest in the cause of public education," read the report drawn up, "that there exists in our city no institution of a higher grade for the gratuitous instruction of those people who have completed their primary education in our common schools."

From 1847 until the year 1866 the affairs of the Free Academy were under the management of an annually appointed Executive Committee of the Board of Education. By the Act of 1866 the board ceased to be the governing body, but its members remained trustees. In 1900 an Act of the Legislature made a further change in the government of the institution by creating a new Board of Trustees, composed of nine members, appointed by the Mayor of the city, as well as the president of the Board of Education, who is, ex officio, an additional member. The appointed members serve for nine years each.

Prior to the year 1882 one year's attendance at the public schools of the city had been made a requisite for admission; but since then the College has been open to all young men of the city of proper age and sufficient qualifications. Graduates of city high schools are admitted on their diplomas.

It was as much the increasing number of applicants as the encroachments of the business section that drove the College from Twenty-third Street to Harlem. Ten years ago the city procured as a site for the new buildings four blocks upon St. Nicholas Heights, extending from One-Hundred-and-Thirty-eighth Street to One-Hundred-and-Fortieth Street, and between St. Nicholas Terrace and Amsterdam Avenue. In 1883 five new buildings were begun here: the Main Building, which contains the administrative offices, assembly hall, lecture and recitation rooms, and laboratories; the Chemistry Building; the Mechanic Arts Building; the Academic Building, known as the Townsend Harris Hall, in commemoration of the chief member of the Board of Education instrumental in securing the old Free Academy; and the Gymnasium. These will be dedicated to their permanent uses on the 14th of May.

The 2000 students at the College are divided into two sections, the larger of which, numbering 1700, consists of pupils in the preparatory department. These will be taught in the Townsend Harris Hall, and the old College Building on Twenty-third Street will be maintained as an annex for this purpose. In the College proper are offered three courses, each four years in length, leading to the degree A.B., and three of the same length to the degree B.S.

The new group of buildings, seen from Amsterdam Avenue, presents a striking appearance, dominating by its position, architecture, and color effects the clusters of institutions between the Cathedral and Morris High School that crown the bluffs overlooking the Harlem plain.

The observer, coming upon the College suddenly as he ascends the slope, is almost startled by the violent contrast between the rugged, dark stone of the walls and the white terra-cotta framing material that crowns each edifice and wall. It accentuates the bold and impressive sharpness of outline, and appears almost inharmonious. But the College has been built for the future, and this apparent contrast and crudeness was effected deliberately. With age there will come a general softening of tones, such an effort has, indeed, already been noted since the first stones were laid.

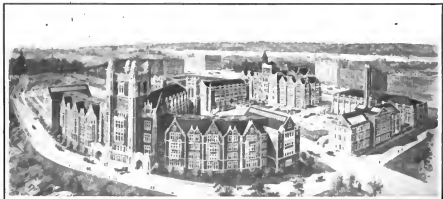
The Main Building contains class rooms for all the departments appertaining to a pure academic course, the offices of the institution, quarters for the faculty (which numbers more than 200), the library, and the great assembly hall. There are four large lecture rooms, two in each wing of the building, capable of containing two hundred students apiece. Immediately above the locker room on the first story of the central portion of the Main Building is a spacious colonnaded hall, in the front of which stands the group of offices occupied by President Finley. On either side of the library entrance stairways lead up to the magnificent assembly hall, which is to be utilized, in addition to the collegiate requirements, for the city's entertainment of visitors of distinction upon occasion. An impressive picture by Edwin H. Blashfield, illustrative of Wisdom, hangs above the platform.

The Gymnasium, presided over by Dr. Thomas A. Storey, is one of the finest and most complete in this country. Beneath the gymnasium is a swimming-pool of one hundred feet by twenty-nine. From Dr. Storey's point of view the chief centre of interest in this building is the little examination room, with its glass table, whitewashed walls, and clean odor of antiseptics. Every student will pass a doctor's examination on entering the College, and records will be filed and recommendations made.

Very complete shops and laboratories have been installed in the Mechanic Arts Building, which contains also the power plant. There is a large assembly hall in the Townsend Harris Hall for the preparatory division. Subways and pipe galleries interconnect all the buildings.

On Dedication day ceremonies will be performed in connection with the naming of the College gates. There are four of these, crowned with arches—three triple and a single one. They will be named the Hamilton, Washington, Amsterdam, and St. Nicholas gates, from the theosophies or places of historic interest that they confront.

The opening of the College's new home marks fittingly Mr. Finley's fifth year as its president—a period during which his wisdom, foresight, and skill as an educator and administrator have brought the institution to its present position of influence and usefulness.



The new Home of the College of the City of New York, on St. Nicholas Heights

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A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Michens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHEEP," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV



WHEN, the next day, Artès sat down at his table to work he found it impossible to concentrate his mind. The irritation of the previous evening had passed away. He attributed it to the physical effect made upon him by the disturbed atmosphere. Now the sun shone, the sky was clear, the sea calm. He had just come out of an ice-cold bath, had taken his coffee, and smoked one cigarette. A quiet morning lay before him. Quies?

He got up and went to the window. On the wooden roof of the bath establishment opposite rows of towels, hung out to dry, were waving lazily to and fro in the soft breeze. Capri was almost hidden by haze in the distance. In the sea, just below him, several heads of swimmers moved. The bay was "making death." He doated on his back, with his eyes closed and his arms extended. His body, giving itself without resistance to every movement of the water, looked corporeal and ghostly.

A companion shouted to him. He threw up his arms suddenly and shouted a reply in the broadest Neapolitan, then began to swim vigorously towards the diving rocks at the base of Castel dell' Uovo. Upon the wooden terrace of the baths among green plants in pots stood three women, probably friends of the proprietor. For though it was already hot the regular bathing season of Naples had not yet begun and the baths were not completed. Only in July, after the feast of the Madonna del Carmine, do the Neapolitans give themselves heart and soul to the sea. Artès knew this and wondered idly what the women were doing on the terrace. One had a dog. It sat in the sun and began to cough. A long wagon on two wheels went by, drawn by two mules and a thin horse harnessed abreast. It was full of white stone. The driver had brought some green stuff and hung it down over the white. He wore a handkerchief on his head. His chest was bare. As he passed beneath the window he sang a loud song that sounded Eastern, such a song as the Spanish gypsies sing in Algeria, as they set out by night on their long journeys towards the desert. Upon a tlay platform of wood, instead to slanting slates which met together beneath it is a tripod, a stout man in shirt and trousers, with black whiskers, was sitting on a chair fishing with a red and blue. A boy sat beside him dangling his legs over the water. At a little distance a large fishing-smack, with sails set to catch the breeze farther out in the bay, was being laboriously towed towards the open sea by half-knaked men, who shouted as they tugged at the immense oars.

Artès wondered where they were going. Their skins were a rich orange color. From a distance in the sunlight they looked like men of gold. Their cries and their fierce movements suggested some fantastic quest to lands of mysterious tumult.

Artès wished that Yve could see them.

What were the inhabitants of the island doing?

Today his mind was beyond his governance, and roamed like a vagrant on a long white road. Everything that he saw below him in the calm radiance of the morning pushed it from thought to thought. Yet none of these thoughts were valuable. None seemed fully formed. They resembled buds, things one so far away that one cannot tell what they are, but is only aware that they exist and can attract attention.

He came out upon his balcony. As he did so he looked down into the road, and saw a hired carriage drive up, with Hermione in it. She glanced up and saw him.

"May I come in for a minute?"

He nodded, smiling, and went out to meet her, glad of this interruption.

They met at the door of the lift. As Hermione stepped out she cast a rather anxious glance at her friend, a glance that seemed to say that she was not quite certain of her welcome. Artès's eyes reassured her.

"I feel guilty," she said.

"Why?"

"I'm coming at such an hour. Are you working?"

"No. I don't know why, but I am incapable of work. I feel both lazy and nervous, an unusual combination. Perhaps something in me is secretly longing for your coming."

"Then it is my fault."

They came into his sitting-room. It had four windows, two facing the sea, two looking on the road, and the terraces and garden of the Hotel Hassler. The room scarcely suggested its present occupant. It contained a light yellow carpet with pink

flowers strewn over it, red and gold chairs, mirrors, a white marble mantelpiece, a gray and pink sofa with a pink cushion. Only the large writing table, covered with manuscripts, letters, and photographs in frames, added something individual to the visitor. Hermione and Yve were among the photographs.

Hermione sat down on the sofa.

"I have come to consult you about something. Emile,"

"What is it?"

"I really meant to ask you last night, but somehow I couldn't."

"Why?"

"I don't know. We—I—there seemed to be a sort of barrier

between us—didn't there?"

"I was in a bad humor. I was tired after the journey, and

perhaps the weather upset me."

"It's all right—one can't be always— Well, this is what I wanted to say. I alluded to it yesterday when I told you about my visit to Naples with Madame Alliani. Do you remember?"

"Yes, indeed you had seen, or heard of, some tragedy."

"Yes. I believe it is a quite ordinary one in Naples. We went

to visit a consumptive woman in one of those narrow streets going up hill to the left of the Via Roma, and while there by chance I heard of it. In the same house as the sick woman there is a girl. Not many days ago she was beautiful."

"Yes? What has happened to her?"

"I'll tell you. Her name is Peppina. She is only nineteen, but she has been one of those who are not given a chance. She was left an orphan very young and went to live with an aunt. This aunt is a horrible old woman. I believe—they say she goes to the gallies—"

Hermione paused.

"I understand," said Artès.

"She is greedy, vicious, merciless. We had the story from the woman we were visiting, a neighbor. This aunt forced Peppina into sin. Her beauty, which must have been extraordinary, naturally attracted attention and turned people's heads. It seems to have driven one man almost mad. He is a fisherman, not young, and a married man. It seems that he is notoriously violent and jealous, and thoroughly unscrupulous. He is a member of the Camorra, too. He gostered Peppina with his attentions, coming day after day from Megellina, where he lives with his wife. One night he entered the house and made a scene. Peppina refused finally to receive his advances, and told him she hated him before all the neighbors. He took out a razor and—"

Hermione stopped.

"I understand," said Artès. "He disfigured her."

"Dreadfully."

"It is often done here. Sometimes a youth does it simply to

show that a girl is his property. But what is it you wish to do

for Peppina? I see you have a plan in your head."

"I want to have her on the island."

"In what capacity?"

"As a servant. She can work. She is not a bad girl. She has only—well, Emile, the aunt only succeeded in fixing one horror on her. That is the truth. He was rich and bribed the mind. But of course the neighbors all know, and the population here has its virtues, but it is not exactly a delicate population."

"Per Hecce?"

"And now that the poor girl is disfigured the aunt is going to turn her out of doors. She says Peppina must go and earn money for herself. Of course nobody will take her. I want to, I have seen her, talked to her. She would be so thankful. She is in despair. Think of it! Nineteen, and all her beauty gone! Isn't it terrible?"

"And the man?"

"Oh, they say he'll get severely anything if anything. Two or three months, perhaps. He is 'protected.' It makes my blood boil."

Artès was silent, waiting for her to say more, to ask questions.

"The only thing is—Yve, Emile," she said.

"Yve?"

"Yes. You know how friendly she is with the servants. I like her to be. But of course till now they have been all right—so far as I know."

"You do well to add that proviso."

"Peppina would not touch on me. She would be in the kitchen. As I justified in taking her? Of course I could help her with money. If I had not seen her, talked to her, that is what I should have done, no doubt. But she wants—she wants everything, peace, a decent home, pure air. I feel she wants the island."

"And the other servants?"

"They need not know she was attacked. They need not know

* Born in HANCOCK'S WAREHOUSE, No. 1072.

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her past history. But all that does not matter. It is only the question of Vere that troubles me."

"You mean that you are not decided whether you ought to bring into the house with Vere a girl who is not as Vere is?"

"Yes."

"And you want me to advise you?"

"Yes."

"I can't do that, Hermione."

She looked at him almost as if she were startled.

"Why not? I always rely—"

"No, no. This is not a man's business, my business."

He spoke with an odd hesitancy, and there were traces of agitation in his face. Hermione did not at all understand what feeling was prompting him, but again, as on the previous evening, she felt as if there were a barrier between them; very slight, perhaps, very shadowy, but definite, nevertheless. There was no longer complete frankness in their relations. At moments her friend seemed to be subtly dominated by some secret irritation, or anxiety, which she did not comprehend. She had been aware of it yesterday. She was aware of it now. After his last exclamation she said nothing.

"You are going to this girl now?" he asked.

"I mean to, yes. I shall go."

She sat still for a minute, looking down at the pink and yellow carpet.

"And what will you do?"

She looked up at him.

"I think I shall take her to the island. I am almost sure I shall. Emily, I don't believe in conversion, and I sometimes think I am inclined to be a coward about Vere. She is growing up. She will be seventeen this year, very soon. There are girls who marry at sixteen, even English girls."

"That is true."

She could gather nothing from his tone; and now his face was positively calm.

"My instinct is to keep Vere just as she is, to preserve the loveliness of childhood in her as long as possible, to keep away from her all knowledge of sin, sorrow, the things that distract and torture the world. But I mustn't be selfish about Vere. I mustn't keep her wrapped in cotton wool. That is somehow wrong. And, after all, Vere must have her life apart from me. Last night I realized that strongly."

"Last night?"

"Yes, from the way in which she treated the Marchese, and later on something else. Last night Vere showed two sides of a woman's nature—the capacity to hold her own, what is vulgarly called 'to keep her distance,' and the capacity to be motherly."

"Was Vere motherly to the Marchese, then?" asked Artois, not without irony.

"No—to Ruffo."

"That her? But where was he last night?"

"When we got back to the island, and the launch had gone off, Vere and I stood for a minute at the foot of the steps to listen to the roaring of the sea. Vere loves the sea."

"I know that."

As he spoke he thought of something that Hermione did not know.

"The Poel was protected, and under the lee of the island it was comparatively calm. But the rain was falling in torrents. There was one fishing boat in the Poel, close to where we were, and as we were standing and listening Vere said, suddenly, 'Madre, that's Ruffo's boat.' I asked her how she knew—because he has changed into another boat lately—she had told me that. 'I saw his head,' she answered. 'He's there and he's not asleep. Poor boy, is all this rain?' Ruffo has been ill with fever, as I told you, and when Vere said that, I remembered it at once."

"Had you told Vere yet?" interposed Artois.

"No. But I did then. Emily also showed an agitation that—well, it was almost strange, I think. She begged me to make him come into the house and spend the night there, safe from the wind and the rain."

"And you did, of course?"

"Yes. He was looking very pale and shaky. The men let him come. They were nice and sympathetic. I think they are fond of the boy."

"Ruffo seems to know how to attract people to him."

"Yes."

"And so Vere played the mother to Ruffo?"

"Yes. I never saw the side of her before. She was a woman then. Eventually Ruffo slept with Gaspare."

"And how did Gaspare accept the situation?"

"Better than I should have expected. I think he likes Ruffo personally, though he is inclined to be suspicious and jealous of any strangers who come into our lives. But I haven't had time to talk to him since he arrived."

"Is Ruffo still in the house?"

"Oh no. He went off in the boat. They came for him about eight."

"Ah!"

Artois went to the window and looked out. But now he saw nothing, although the three women were still talking and gossiping on the terrace of the bath-house, none disconcerted by being heard or moved out into the bay, carts were passing by, and people were strolling in the sun.

"You say that Vere showed agitation last night?" he said, turning round after a moment.

"About Ruffo's illness? It really almost amounted to that. But Vere was certainly excited. Didn't you notice it?"

"I think she was."

"Emile," Hermione said, after an instant of hesitation, "you

remember my saying to you the other day that Vere was not a stranger to me?"

"Yes, quite well."

"You said nothing—I don't think you agreed. Well, since that day—only since then—I have sometimes felt that there is much in Vere that I do not understand, much that is hidden from me, that she changed lately?"

"She is at an age when development seems sudden, and is often striking, even startling."

"I don't know why, but—but I dread something," Hermione said.

"I feel as if—no, I don't know what I feel. But if Vere should ever drift away from me I don't know how I could bear it. A boy—some experts like to go into the world. But a girl? I want to keep Vere. I must keep Vere. If anything else were to be taken from me I don't think I could bear it."

"Vere loves you. Be sure of that."

"Yes."

"Hermione put up."

"Well, you won't give me your advice?"

"No, Hermione."

He looked at her steadily.

"You must trust Vere as you think best, order her life as you think right. In most things you do well to consult me. But in this you must rely on yourself. Let your heart teach you. Do not ask questions of my head."

"Your head?" she exclaimed.

There was a trace of disappointment, even of surprise, in her voice. She looked at him as if she were going to say more, but again she was dissuaded by something in his look, his attitude.

"Well, good-by, Emile."

"I will come with you to the lift."

He went with her and touched the electric bell. As they waited for a moment he added:

"I should like to have an evening quietly on the island."

"Come to-night, whenever you like. Don't fit me. Come when the inclination whispers—I want to be with friends."

He pressed her hand.

"Shall I see Peppina?"

"That is to say?"

"And how is she?"

She laughed.

"The Marchese, too, perhaps?"

"No," said Artois, emphatically. "Disfigured girls and fisher-boys—as many as you like, but not the alta aristocrazia Napoletana."

"But I thought—"

"I like Doro, but—I like him in his place."

"And his place?"

"Is not the island—when I wish to be quiet there."

The lift came and she descended. Artois went out once more on to the balcony, and watched her get into the carriage and drive away towards Naples. She did not look up again.

"She has gone to fetch that girl, Peppina," Artois said to himself. "And I ought have prevented it."

He knew very well the reason why he had not interfered. He had not interfered because he had wished too much to interfere. The desire had been strong enough to startle him, to warn him.

An idiot! That suggests isolation. Like Hermione he wished to isolate Vere, to preserve her as she was in character. He did not know when the wish had first been consciously in his mind, but he knew that since he had been consulted by Vere, since she had broken through her reserve and submitted to him her pains, unwilling for him alone what was really for her a holy of holies, the wish had enormously increased. He told himself that Vere was unique, and that he longed to keep her unique, so that the talent he discerned in her might remain unimpaired. How great her talent was he did not know. He would not know, perhaps, for a very long time. But it was definite, it was intimate. It was Vere's talent, no one else's.

He had made up his mind very soon about Hermione's incapacity to produce work of value. Although Vere was such a child, so inexperienced, so innocent, so clustered, he knew at once that he dared not dash her hopes. It was possible that she might eventually do what he himself could not do.

But she must not be interfered with. Her coming into the sea must not be severed. And people were coming into her life: Ruffo, the Marchese, and now this wounded girl, Peppina.

Artois felt uneasy. He wished Hermione were less generous-hearted, less impulsive. She looked on him as a guide, a check. He knew that. But this time he would not exercise his prerogative. Ruffo did not need—at least he thought he did not. The boy was a sea creature. He might even be an inspiring force to Vere. Something Artois had read had taught him that. And Ruffo interested him, attracted him too.

But he hated Vere's acquaintance with the Marchese. He knew that the Marchese would make love to her. And the knowledge was odious to him. Let Vere be loved by the sea, but by no man as yet.

And this girl, Peppina?

He thought of the horrors of Naples, of the things that happen "behind the shutter" of the lives led by some men and women, some boys and girls of the great city beneath the watching volcanoes. He thought of evenings he had spent in the Galleria. He saw before him an old woman about whom he had often wondered. Always at night, and often in the afternoon, she walked in the Galleria. She was anxiously alone. The first time he had seen her he had noticed her because she had a slightly humped back. Her hair was snow white, and was drawn away from her long pale face and carefully arranged under a modest bonnet. She carried a small umbrella and a tiny bag, glancing at her ear-

usually, he had supposed her to be a respectable widow of the bourgeois class. But then he had seen her again and again, and by degrees he had come to believe that she was something very different. And then one night in late spring he had seen her in a new light dress, with white trailing gloves. And she had noticed him watching her, and had cast upon him a look that was unmistakable, a look from the world "behind the shutter," and he had understood. Then she had followed him persistently. When he sat before the "Gran Caffè" sipping his coffee and listening to the orchestra of women that plays on the platform outside the caffè, she had passed and re-passed, always casting upon him that glance of sinister understanding, of invitation, of diavly wickedness that sought for and believed that it had found, an answering wickedness in him.

Terrible old woman! Peppina's aunt might well be like that. And Peppina would sleep, perhaps to-night, in the Casa del Mare, under the same roof as Verè.

He resolved to go that evening to the island, to see Peppina, to see Verè. He wished, too, to have a little talk with Gaspare about Raffa.

The watching rancor, which dwelt also in Gaspare, was alive in him.

But to-day it was alive to do service for Verè, not for Hermione. He knew that, and said to himself that it was natural. For Hermione was a woman, with experience of life; but Verè was only upon the threshold of the world. She needed protection more than Hermione.

Some time ago, when he was returning to Naples from the island on an evening of sunset, Artos had in thought transferred certain hopes of his from Hermione to Verè. He had said to himself that he must henceforth hope for Hermione in Verè.

Now was he not transferring something else from the mother to the child?

CHAPTER XV

Artos had intended to go that evening to the island. But he did not fulfil his intention. When the sun began to sink he threw a light coat over his arm and walked down to the harbor of Santa Lucia. A boatman whom he knew met him and said:

"Signal I take you to the island, signore?"

Artos was there to take a boat. He meant to say yes. Yet when the man spoke he answered no. The fellow turned away and found another customer. Ten or three minutes later Artos saw his boat drawing out to sea in the direction of Posillipo. It was a still evening, and very clear after the storm of the preceding night. Artos longed to be in that travelling boat, longed to see the night come from the summit of the island with Her- mione and Verè. But he resisted the sea, its wide peace, its subtle summons, called a carriage and drove to the Galleria. Arrived there, he took his seat at a little table outside the "Gran Caffè," ordered a small dinner, and while he was eating it, watched the people striding up and down, seeking among them for a figure that he knew.

As the hour drew near for the music to begin, and the girls dressed in white came out one by one to the platform that, surrounded by a white railing edged with red velvet, is built out beyond the caffè to face the crowd, the summer of promenaders in respect, and many stood still waiting for the first note and debating the looks of the players. Others thronged around Artos, taking possession of the many little tables, and calling for beer, lemon-water, syrups, and liqueurs. Priests, soldiers, sailors, students, actors—who assemble in the Galleria to seek engagements—new-boys, and venetians, whose faces suggested that they were "ruffians," mingled with foreigners who had come from the hotels and from the ships in the harbor, and whose demeanor was partly cautious and partly suspicious, as if one who longs to probe the psychology of a thief while safely guarding his pockets. The buzz of voices, the tramp of feet, joined a peculiar and vivid consciousness from the high and vaulted roof; red in the warm air, under the large and winking electric lights, the perpetually moving figures looked strangely capricious, hungry, determined, furtive, ardent, and misent. On their little stands the electric fans

whirled as they slowly revolved, casting an artificial breeze upon the pallid faces, and around the central dome the angels with gilded wings lifted their right arms as if pointing the unconscious multitude the difficult way to heaven.

A priest sat down with two companions at the table next to Artos. He had a red cord round his shaggy black hat. His face was like a prospect's, with small lively eyes full of an intellectual sharpness. His plump body suggested this world, and his whole demeanor, the movements of his dimpled, dirty hands, and of his protruding lips, the attitude of his extended legs, the pose of his coarse shoulders, seemed hostile to things mystical. He snatched an eye, and swallowed a body composed of food and water, talking the while with a sort of gluttonous vivacity. Artos looked at him and heard, with his imagination, the sound of the bell at the elevation, and saw the bowed heads of the crouching worshippers. The irony of life, that in the deepest mystery of life, came upon him like the wave of some pain sea. He looked up at the gilded angels, then dropped his eyes and saw what he had come to see.

Slowly threading her way through the increasing throng came the old woman whom he had watched so often and by whom he had been watched. To-night she had on her summer dress, a respectable, rather dingy gown of grayish mauve, a bonnet edged with white ribbon, a pair of white trailing gloves. She carried her little bag and a small Japanese fan. Walking in a strange, but-footed way that was peculiar to her, and glancing narrowly about her, yet keeping her head almost still, she advanced towards the band stand. As she came opposite to Artos the orchestra of women struck up the "Valse Noir," and the old woman stood still, impeded by the too dense crowd of listeners. While the demurely sinister music ran its course she remained absolutely immobile. Artos watched her with a keen interest.

It had come into his mind that she was the aunt of Peppina, the disgraced girl, who perhaps to-night was sleeping in the Casa del Mare with Verè.

Presently, attracted, no doubt, by his gaze, the old woman looked across at Artos and met his eyes. Instantly a sour and malignant expression came into her long pale face, and she drew up a corner of her upper lip, as a dog sometimes does, showing a tooth that was like a menace.

She was secretly cursing Artos.

He knew why. Enraptured by his former observation of her, she had scented a client in him and had been deceived, and this deception had bred within her an avowed hatred of him. To-night he would chase away that hatred. For he meant to speak to her. The old woman looked away from him, holding her head down as if in cold disdain. Artos rose, and she was passing in her mind. She believed him wicked, but nervous in his wickedness, desirous of her services but afraid to invite them. And she held him in the uttermost contempt. Well, to-night he would undeceive her. He kept his eyes upon her so firmly that she looked at him again. This time he made a sign of recognition, of understanding. She stared as if in suspicious amazement. He glanced towards the door, then at her once more. At this moment the waiter came up. Artos paid his bill slowly and ostentatiously. As he continued to sit the money upon the little tray he looked up once, and saw the eyes in the long, pale face of the venerable temptress glitter while they watched. The music ceased, the crowd before the platform broke up and began quickly to melt away. Only the woman waited, holding her little bag and her cheap Japanese fan.

Artos drew out a cigar, lit it slowly, then got up and began to move out among the tables. The priest looked after him, spoke rapidly to his companions, and burst into a throaty laugh which was loudly echoed. "Mamma Fortunata is in luck to-night!" said some one. Then the band began again, the waiter came with more beer, and the tall, haggard-looking temptress was forgotten. Without glancing at the woman Artos strolled slowly on. Many people looked at him, but none spoke to him, for he was known now, as each stranger who stays long in Naples is known,



The old woman's face became terrible

summed up, labelled, and either ignored or perverted. The souls and the ruffian were aware that it was no use to preter the Frenchman, and even the decept and indeliberately seedy old men who hover before the huge plate-glass windows of the photograph shops, or linger near the entrance to the cinematograph, never peeped at him out of the corners of their bloodshot eyes, or whispered a word of the white slaves in his ear.

When he was beneath the dome, and could see the light gleaming upon the wings of the painting angels, Artola seemed to be aware of an individual step among the many feet behind him, a step soft, fertile, and obstinate, that followed him like a fate. He glanced up at the angels. A seawind and half-butter smile came to his lips. Then he turned to the right and made his way, still slowly, towards the Via Roma, always crowded from the early afternoon until late in the night. As he went, as he pushed through the mob of standing men at the entrance of the Galleria, and crossed the street to the far side, from which innumerable narrow and evil-looking alleys stretch away into the darkness up the hill, the influence of the following old woman increased upon him, eating upon him like a roast her hateful eagerness. He desired to be rid of it, and, quickening his walk, he turned into the first alley he came to, walked a little way up it, until he was in comparative solitude and obscurity, then stopped and shrilly tutted.

The shiny grayish mauve gown and the white-trimmed bonnet were close to him. Between them he faintly perceived a widely smiling face, and from this face looks at once a sickly torrent of speech, half Neapolitan dialect, half bastard French.

"Signorini!" Artola said, slowly.

The old harpion stopped in surprise, showing her teeth.

"What has become of Peppina?"

"Maria Santissima!" she ejaculated, moving back a step to the darkness.

She paused. Then she said:

"You know Peppina?"

She came forward again, quite up to him, and peered into his face, seeking there for an ugly truth which till now had been hidden from her.

"What had you to do with Peppina?"

"Nothing. Tell about her and—"

He put his hand to the inside pocket of his coat and showed her the edge of a little case containing paper notes. The woman misinterpreted him. He knew that by her face, which for the moment was as a battlefield on which had fought with a desperate anger of disappointment. Then coming came to stop the battle.

"You have heard of Peppina, signorini? You have never seen her?"

Artola played with her for a moment.

"Never."

Her smile widened. She put up her thin hands to her hair, her hands, courtly.

"There is not a girl in Naples as beautiful as Peppina. Mother of—"

But the pause was too loathsome with such a player.

"Beautiful! Marvino!"

He laughed, made a gesture of pulling out a knife and smashing his face with it.

"Beautiful! Per Dio!"

The exquity, the cunning dropped out of the long, pale face.

"The signorine knows?"

"Ma sì! All Naples knows."

The old woman's face became terrible. Her two hands shook up, dropped, shut up again, imprecating, cursing the world, the sky, the whole scheme of the universe, it seemed. She chattered like an ape. Artola soothed her with a ten-lira note.

That night, when he went back to the hotel, he had heard the aunt's version of Peppina and knew—that which really he had known before—that Hermine had taken her to live on the island. Hermine! What was she? An original, clever and blind, great-hearted and unwise. An enthusiasm, one created to be carried away.

Never would she grow really old, never surely would the primal face within her die down into the gray ashes that litter so many of the beautiful in the city, a black, unquiet shadow.

And Peppina was on the island, a girl from the streets of Naples; not wicked, perhaps, rather wronged, injured by life—nevertheless, the niece of that horror of the Galleria.

He thought of Vere and shuddered.

Next day towards four o'clock the Marchese strode into Artola's room, with a peculiarly impudent look of knowledge upon his face.

"Then signor, caro Emilio," he said. "Are you busy?"

"Not especially."

"Will you come with me for a stroll in the Villa? Will you come to see the gathering together of the guests?"

"The diavolo! What's that?"

"This summer the Marchese Pontini has organized a sort of club, which meets in the Villa every day except Sundays. Three days the meeting is in the morning, three days in the afternoon. The wildest people of the aristocracy belong to this club, and the Marchese is the mother goose. Ezer! Will you come, or—do you have you some appointment?" He smiled in his friend's face. Artola wondered, but could not divine, what was at the back of his mind.

"No, I had thought of going on the sea."

"Or to the Toledo, perhaps."

The Marchese laughed lightly.

"The Toledo? Why should I go there?"

"Not to me, son. Put on your elegant and come. If fruit tries to eat apples—"

But he was very proud of his French, which made Artola secret.

ly shiver, and generally spoke it when he was in specially good spirits or was feeling unusually mischievous. As they walked along the sea front a moment later, he continued in Italian:

"You were not at the island yesterday, Emilio?"

"No. Were you?"

"Naturally called to know how the ladies were after that terrible storm. What else could I do?"

"And how were they?"

"The signorina was in Naples, and, of course, the signorina could not have received me above. But the saints were with me. Emilio, I met her on the sea, quite by herself, on the sea of the Santa Lucia. She was lying back in a little boat, with me but on her hands behind her head—no, and her eyes—her beautiful eyes. Emilio, were full of dreams, of dreams of the sea."

"How do you know that?" said Artola, rather sharply.

"Così?"

"How do you know the signorina was dreaming of the sea?"

Did she—did she tell you?"

"No, but I saw her. We talked together from the boat. I told her she was an enchantress of the sea, the spirit of the wave—I told her."

He spread out his hands, rejoicing in the remembrance of his graceful compliment.

The signorina was delighted, but she could not stay long. She had a slight headache and was a little tired after the storm. But she would have liked to ask me to the house. She was longing to. I could see that."

He stirred his mustache.

"She told me her hand away trying to conceal from me her desire, but—"

He laughed.

"Le donne! Le donne!" he happily exclaimed.

Artola found him wondering why, until there had made the acquaintance of the dwellers on the island, he had never wished to smack his smooth, complacent cheeks.

They turned from the sea into the broad walk of the Villa, and walked towards the kiosks. Near it, on the small green chairs, were some ladies seated in gigantic floating veils, talking to two or three very smart young men, in white suits and straw hats, who leaned forward, crying themselves steadily, with a determined yet rather various boldness that did not discover them. One of the ladies, dressed in black and white check, was immensely stout. She seemed to lead the conversation, which was carried on with extreme civility in very loud and not melodious voices.

"Ecco the gathering of the great," said the Marchese, touching Artola on the arm. "And that"—he pointed to the stout lady, who at this moment tossed her head till her veil swung loose like a sail suddenly deserted by the wind—"is the great mother of the house, Marchesa! Buena sera—mamma piaccio. Carlo, buona sera—a rividevi, Comessa! A queda sera."

He showed his splendid teeth in a broad but winning smile, and, but in hand, went by, walking from his hips. Then, replacing his hat on his head, he added to his friend:

"The Marchesa is always hoping that the Duchess d'Aosta will come one day, if only for a moment, to smile upon the green. But—well, the Duchess prefers to climb to the fourth story to see the port, she has a host. Let us sit here, Emilio."

They sat down under the trees, and the Marchese looked at his pointed boots for a moment in silence, pushing forward his under lip until his blond mustache touched the juncture tip of his nose. Then he began to laugh, still looking before him.

"Emilio! Emilio!"

He shook his head repeatedly.

"Emilio mio! And that you should be asking me to show you Naples! It is too good! I'est parfait!"

The Marchese turned towards Artola.

"And Maria Fortunata! Santa Maria of the Toledo, the whole hilled protectress of the strangers! Emilio, you might have come to me! But you do not find me. Ecco! You do not—"

Artola understood.

"You saw me last night?"

"Ma sì! All Naples saw you. Do you not know that the Galleria is full but full—of eyes?"

"Ca bene! But you don't understand."

"Emilio!"

He shrugged his shoulders, lifted his hands, his eyebrows. His whole being seemed as if it were about to mount ironically to waste heaven.

"You don't understand. I repeat it."

Artola spoke quietly, but there was a sound in his voice which caused his frivolous companion to stare at him with an inquiry that was, for a moment, almost sulky.

"You forget, then, how old I am."

"What has that to do with it?"

"You forget."

Artola was about to allude to his real self, to point out the improbability of a man so unworldly, as known, as travelled as he was, falling like a schoolboy publicly into a sordid adventure. But he stopped, recalling the web-ness of such an explanation. And he could not tell the Marchese the truth of his slender sedition in a by-street with the old creature from behind the shutter.

"You have made a mistake about me," he said. "But it is of no consequence. Look! There is another guest coming."

He pointed with his cane in the direction of the chattering near the kiosks.

"He is here! He is here!"

"Ferdini! I did not recognize."

The Marchese got up.

"Let us go there. The Marchese with papa—It is better than

For an International Jury

A DIPLOMATIC PROBLEM IN WHICH STATECRAFT IS OF LITTLE AVAIL.



Miss —

AWARDED BY A JURY OF ARTISTS THE
TITILE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
IN ENGLAND AMONG 15,000 COMPETITRESS



Miss Frey, of Denver

WINNER OF THE AMERICAN COMPETITION FOR THE SUPREMACY IN BEAUTY
Copyright, 1904, by Francis & Taylor and The Century Co.

IN order to afford an opportunity for amicable comparison, the portraits of the most beautiful woman in England and the most beautiful woman in America are shown here side by side. Each of these is remarkably typical of her own country. Miss Marguerite Frey, of Denver, was selected from among numerous competitors by the *Chicago Tribune*, which challenged all countries to produce her peer. This challenge was taken up by the *Daily Mirror*, of London, which appointed a committee of nine prominent artists to decide upon the fairest face in England. After studying and comparing 15,000 portraits, submitted during a period of seven months, the committee delivered their unanimous verdict in favor of the young woman whose portrait is reproduced on this page. The artists who formed the committee were: Sir James Linton, R.I., Miss Maud Porter, Mr. A. Carruthers Gould, R.B.A., Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., Mr. John Russell, R.I., Mr. Richard Jack, Mr. G. P. Jacob-Flood, R.I., Mr. John Lavery, R.S.A., and Mr. Charles Lewis.

"The photograph of this young Englishwoman is in every way superior, as representing female beauty, to that of the American young lady, Miss Frey," wrote Sir James Linton, R.I. "The latter

is very pretty, but of much smaller character than the English head."

"I consider the photograph of Miss — to be the more beautiful, and, if expressing less character than that of the American girl, it possesses more perfection of form," wrote Mr. Lavery.

"Miss — far surpasses Miss Frey as a refined type of beauty full of simplicity and tranquillity," wrote Mr. A. Carruthers Gould, R.B.A.

"A much finer type of beauty than Miss Frey," wrote Miss Maud Porter, "the features being better proportioned and more beautiful in form."

The name of the champion of British palehairs has been with held from publicity, but she delivered herself of the following remarks to the *Daily Mirror* representative:

"I was born in Yorkshire, and have lived in Lancashire and Scotland. I have never worried a bit about making myself look pretty. Mother is prettier than I am. We use any nice soap that is handy, and we never use anything for our hair."

"I like tea, coffee, and cream, and sometimes drink a little claret. I eat lobster and cucumber."

The Greatest Railroad Station in the World

(See illustration on page 20.)

THE new Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New York, which is to be one of the largest buildings of its kind in the world, is slowly rising out of the gaping depths that extend between Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets and Seventh and Eighth avenues. The vast extent of the excavation, in which gangs have been delving and building night and day during the last three years, gave the spectator a sense of wonder at the gigantic task that was being undertaken. It seemed almost beyond physical powers to complete it. But it is being accomplished. The foundations are laid, and little by little the steel framework of the central building rises above the surrounding houses.

This central portion will be more than half the height of the Platform Building, which rises about 264 feet above the sidewalk. The top of the granite roof will be 153 feet above the street. Beneath it, in the centre of the new station, is the main waiting room, of marble and E-glass travertine, measuring 315 feet by 167, with a western extension of 51 by 62. On the right of this, as one looks

at the picture, is the dining-room, 112 feet by 58, and behind it the Arcade, 50 feet wide, runs through from Seventh Avenue on the axis of Thirty-second Street into the main waiting room, which is entered by a flight of stairs leading down 15 feet below the ground level. There is a lunch room of the same dimensions on the same side. Under the dining-room is the baggage and express office.

In addition in the main waiting-room there are two smaller ones, one for men and one for women, each measuring 160 feet by 35. On the left of the picture is shown the magnificent concourse, 472 feet in length and 124 wide, the finest promenade of its kind, rooled over entirely with steel and glass.

There are twenty-one tracks, with eleven platforms, under the main doors, along which the trains will run straight through to reach the Hudson and East rivers from New Jersey to Long Island. It is expected that when the new station has been completed, in another two years' time, it will be used by one hundred million passengers annually.



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How the Cars looked as they skidded on the bad "Colonial" Turn near Ketchikan



Strang taking a Curve down Grade



The Winner of Second Place, Cedrino, in his "Flat"



Cedrino making the fastest Lap of the Race—32 Miles in 36 m. 48 3-5 s.



The American Winner, Louis Strang, crossing the Finish Line in his Italian "Isotta" Car nearly Seven Minutes ahead of the Second Car



The First Car that came to Grief on the "T-square" Turn near East View

THE BRIARCLIFF RACE FOR STOCK-CARS

THE 240-MILE AUTOMOBILE STOCK-CAR RACE OVER THE 32-MILE BRIARCLIFF COURSE, ON APRIL 24, WAS WON BY AN AMERICAN, LOUIS STRANG, DRIVING AN ITALIAN MAKE OF CAR—A 30-HORSE-POWER ISOTTA-FRAMESTI, OWNED BY J. H. TOWN. STRANG'S TIME WAS 5 HOURS, 14 MINUTES, 13 1-5 SECONDS. OF THE 21 OTHER CONTENDERS, THE ITALIAN DRIVE, EMANUEL CEDRINO, WON SECOND PLACE WITH A 60 HORSE-POWER FIAT CAR; TIME, 5 HOURS, 21 MINUTES, 5 2-5 SECONDS. A 30-HP HORSE-POWER H. P. STARR'S CAR, DRIVEN BY GUY VANCE, WON THIRD PLACE; TIME, 5 HOURS, 24 MINUTES, 29 2-5 SECONDS. THE FASTEST TIME FOR A SINGLE LAP OF THE 32-MILE COURSE WAS MADE BY CEDRINO, WHO TOOK THE LAST LAP IN 36 MINUTES, 48 3-5 SECONDS.



Music and the Opera

THE OPERA SEASON: A RETROSPECT

By LAWRENCE GILMAN



OW that the tumult and the shouting incident to twenty-four weeks of continuous opera is gradually dying, it may not be inappropriate to collect ourselves for brief meditation upon the actual result of it all. How have we profited, in substantial artistic gain, by the experience?

From the night of November 4, when Mr. Oscar Hammerstein began his second season at the Manhattan with a performance of *La Gioconda*, until the night of April 18, when Mr. Heinrich Conried closed his fifth and final season at the Metropolitan, New York has listened to 243 representations of opera, embracing performances of forty-five different works. Of these totals, 111 representations are to be credited to the twenty-one weeks season at the Metropolitan, 127 representations to the twenty-two weeks season at the Metropolitan. Assembled below are the forty-five different operas performed during the season. The first fifteen (grouped in the next paragraph) were given only at the Manhattan; the twenty-two grouped in the second paragraph were given only at the Metropolitan; the eight named in the third paragraph were given at both houses:

Pachelbel's La Gioconda; *Blanc's Carmen*; *Berlioz's Damnation de Faust*; *Ottobach's Les Contes d'Hoffmann*; *Moscow's Thais* and *La Navarraise*; *Veddy's Ernani* and *Le Ballo in Maschera*; *Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana*; *Charpentier's Louise*; *Giordano's Fedora* and *Andrea Chénier*; *Debussy's Pelléas et Mélisande*; *Mythen's Die Walküre*; *the Rivié brothers' Crispino e la Comare*.

Meyerbeer's Dinorah; *Puccini's La Bohème*, *Madame Butterfly*, *Tosca*, and *Manon Lescaut*; *Rossini's Barbieri di Siviglia*; *Wagner's Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, *Die Walküre*, *Die Valkyrie*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*; *Mascagni's Iris*; *Bumperdick's Bonni and Beedee*; *Thomas' Mignon*; *Giordano's Fedora*; *Florenz's Maria*; *Reinhart's Fedora*; *Cilea's Adriana Lecocquer*.

Veddy's Il Trovatore, *Ada, Angiolina*, *La Traviata*; *Donizetti's L'aria di L'assommoir*; *Gossett's Faust*; *Loeschke's I Pagliacci*; *Musart's Don Giovanni*.

Mr. Hammerstein had announced that he would produce eight operas new to America. These were to be *Moscow's Thais* and *Joseph de Nôtre Dame*, *Charpentier's Louise*, *Debussy's Pelléas et Mélisande*, *Giordano's Fedora*, *Mythen's Dinorah*, and *Saint-Saëns' Brites*. Four of these were given: *Thais*, *Louise*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and *Ribera*. Mr. Conried had promised a work new to America: *Cilea's Adriana Lecocquer* and *Conradin Kreutzer's* forgotten *Vachtloper van Granada*. Of these only *Cilea's* opera achieved performance.

No such, then, for the impartial facts. Of the two houses, the Metropolitan entitled by far the smaller portion to the sum of the season's important artistic activities, so its share may be disposed of first, and briefly. The single new work brought forward by Mr. Conried, *Cilea's Adriana Lecocquer*, is a very poor thing indeed—dully and trivially imagined, weakly conceived, of no musical distinction and of but slight dramatic interest. Mr. Gustav Mahler, a conductor of extraordinary capacities, who came from Vienna to throw new light into the supposedly multifarious depths of Wagner, Musart, and Beethoven, was none or less responsible for some excellent though not ideal performances of *Tristan*, *Walküre*, *Meistersinger*, *Die Walküre*, and *Fedora*. For the most part, these were given: *Thais*, *Louise*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and *Ribera*. Mr. Conried had promised a work new to America: *Cilea's Adriana Lecocquer* and *Conradin Kreutzer's* forgotten *Vachtloper van Granada*. Of these only *Cilea's* opera achieved performance.

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Miss Kitty Cheatham

WHO CAN BEEN IN THE CITY IN NEW YORK IN THE CITY

of the orchestra was usually good, that of the chorus usually sufficient.

Of the season at the Manhattan it is possible to write in a different tone. Mr. Hammerstein rendered to the musical public of New York the most valuable service which it is possible for a producer of opera to put to his credit; he brought forward new works of indubitable value and uncommon interest, stirring the currents of musical appreciation with singular vigor and to excellent effect. If his achievements in this sort had been confined to the production of *Thais*, *Louise*, and *Siberia* only, unaccountably important though they are, the record would have been notable. But he did far more; he accomplished the first performance in America of the most original and important music-drama that has been composed since the death of Wagner, *Debussy's Pelléas et Mélisande*, and he produced it in an admirable and truly representative manner. For this service he has not yet been adequately praised or thanked.

Upon the particular events of the season at the Manhattan there have been during the past few months detailed comment in this place. Let it suffice to say now that it has been a season rich in excellence of different kinds. There have been performances memorable in themselves as those of *Pelléas*, *Louise*, *Thais*, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*; there have been individual triumphs—as the *Meistersinger*, *Die Walküre*, *Die Valkyrie* of Mr. Egan; the *Father* (the *Louise*) of Mr. Gilbert; the *Pelléas*, admirably beyond praise, of Mr. Price; the *Walden* of Mr. Deane; the indubitably skillful and exquisite *Mélisande* of Miss Gailard; and for which that was done by Mr. Tietz, Mr. Sammarco, Mr. Deane, Mr. Zentgraf, Mr. Bass, Miss, Bremer-Gilbert, there should be grateful recognition. Of Mr. Campanelli, who took upon his shoulders staggering burdens, and who wrought miracles by reason of his unflinching soul, his great skill, his personal and artistic force, it may be difficult to speak excessive praise. Nor should one fail to pay tribute to the discreet and able stage manager, to the usually excellent chorus, to the industrious and astonishingly capable orchestra, which contrived to play the new and baffling music of *Pelléas* as effectively as it played *Louise*, *Pagliacci*, and *Lecoq*.

Miss Kitty Cheatham is an artist whose especial and enviable privilege it is to make glad the hearts of children; but it is an even more excellent possession of her art that she communicates to those whose hearts are as eager young a sense, both intimate and vivid, of the ineffable imaginings of childhood. Miss Cheatham accomplishes these ends quite naively and unpretentiously, with a certain spontaneity which makes their effect even more influential. One of the most profound and characteristic of modern philosophers has said that if we allowed children to be our teachers, instead of striving to form their minds and spirits according to our own

grouping wisdom, we should arrive at a clearer understanding of many matters which now are obscure to us. Miss Cheatham would seem to have come to some such conclusion. She seems to understand that the world of the child is a world to be entered with a reverence which must be as scrupulous and sincere as it is tender, if any authentic vision of it is to be obtained and communicated. She achieves very simply, yet with an infinite delicacy, in the midst of its shining wonders, she seems to realize that it is only by virtue of an unimpeachable sincerity that its great and far-extended guardians will condescend to permit one of us duty and would allow to approach its luminous gates.

Thus the person she gives of it seems, one may say, the stamp of accuracy and unimpeachable and informing investigation, answering her the other day at her annual "Easter matinee for young people," at the Lyceum Theatre, one could not but feel that in whatever mood she essayed to declare herself, Miss Cheatham was delivering her essential message to those in her audience who had long since discarded their trailing robes of glory. How many were there who thought then of the words of one who knew deeply many things, and who, with him, regarded "those children who stand on the edge of the horizon, looking over the sea of silence—who never come, but who allow one to dream of the mystery of that which is sometimes forever dead.



"WELL, MY PETER, WHAT IS COMING TO YOU?"



"WELL, MY PETER, WHAT IS COMING TO YOU?"



"WELL, MY PETER, WHAT IS COMING TO YOU?"



"WELL, MY PETER, WHAT IS COMING TO YOU?"



"WELL, MY PETER, WHAT IS COMING TO YOU?"



"WELL, MY PETER, WHAT IS COMING TO YOU?"



"WELL, MY PETER, WHAT IS COMING TO YOU?"



"WELL, MY PETER, WHAT IS COMING TO YOU?"



"WELL, MY PETER, WHAT IS COMING TO YOU?"

A DAY AT HOME WITH THE CAT

DRAWN BY HAMILTON WILLIAMS

East Africa and Back in Two Days

THAT the telegraph and electric cable have inhibited distance throughout the world, through a commonplace of to-day, was related recently by the quick transmission of a message and a reply between New York and a station in British East Africa. Thirty-seven years ago it took Stanley six months of travel through the vast equatorial forests of Africa to reach Ujiji and Livingstone. During almost his entire journey he was lost to communication with the outside world.

At 12.30 P.M. on Wednesday, March 29, cable dispatch was sent through the Western Union Telegraph Company from New York to Nairobi, in British East Africa, a station thirty days' march from Livingstone's headquarters, and a reply was received through the Postal Telegraph Cable company shortly after noon on the following Friday, an interval of less than fifty hours.

The cable dispatch was transmitted first to the Azore Islands, and thence to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Zanzibar, and Mombasa, on the East African coast. There it was sent inland to Nairobi by telegraph, and from that point was conveyed thirty miles to the home of the recipient, the total approximate distance being slightly more than 10,000 miles, owing to the difference in time between New York and Nairobi, the message took eight hours in transmission, and consequently was not received till Thursday—otherwise the two days occupied by its journey and the return of the answer might have been shortened considerably.

Alcohol from Natural Gas

It is well known that alcohol can be distilled from every kind of vegetable substance, but that this by-product should be obtainable from natural gas will at first sight bring terror to the prohibitionists of the gas regions. It is not likely, however, that paternalism will convert the gas jet into a worm for an imprudent still, the process of extraction being tedious, complex, and difficult, while the final product is not suitable for the interior economy.

A patent has been issued to Dr. Henry Spencer Blackmore, an industrial chemist of Washington, D. C., for converting natural gas into alcohol. By subjecting it to a limited or restrained oxidation, by the action of heated portions of air or oxygen, in the presence of steam, the gas is converted into a mixture of methyl alcohol, containing a small portion of formaldehyde. It is estimated that 5000 feet of gas will produce fifty gallons of alcohol at a cost of twenty-five to thirty cents.

The Story of Punch

Punch, as well loved by Moslems, still holds its own, though the name "toddy" is in more general use. Toddy and punch are used indifferently as names for the same beverage, and, strangely enough, come to us direct from India.

Punch, or rather punch, means fire. It occurs in the name Panchab (five rivers), and is much used in conjunction with other words to denote aggregations of five male rials; but by the beginning of the eighteenth century the word had begun to acquire its present significance. The five ingredients of punch proper are the spirit which gives the drink its name (as brandy, punch, whiskey, punch), hot water, lemon, sugar, and tea. Of these the last has generally been abandoned. Cold punch is made from beer, while in Roman punch we have a degenerate and chilly variation of the heroic liquor. In Panchab, punch, or rather punch, is, it was till recently, obtained from the leaves of the plant known as the king.

Toddy, colloquially known as tot, while possibly combined with punch, signifies, in the East, the fermented sap of the palm tree. When distilled, this liquor is known as arrack. Toddy is fermented by the native tribes in all parts of the globe.



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Thomas Jefferson was a splendid athlete, a crack shot, and in his prime at the old Raleigh tavern he delighted to enjoy his "cakes and ale" or dance hall through the night with the fair maids of old Virginia.

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"The Writings of Thomas Jefferson," by Paul Lester Ford. Vol. 2, page 395; Vol. 3, page 111; Vol. 4, page 118; Vol. 5, page 418, etc.
Morse's Hingham, page 3 and 4.
Brewer's History of U. S. B. page 99.
Encyclopedia Americana, Vol. 1—Jefferson.

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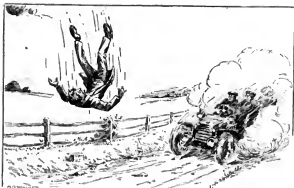
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VOL. LII.

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COMMENT

Brother Bryan Inquires

This query, which it calls "A Full-grown Question," the *Commoner* prints weekly in its first column in type of increasing size:

What is the extent of the financial interest held by JACOB FULTZER, owner of the *New York World*, in railroad companies and in great corporations commonly known as trusts? This is a pertinent question because an honest answer might uncover the special interests for which the *New York World* speaks in its present-day attacks upon Democrats.

We don't know what Mr. FULTZER's investments are, but suppose, for the sake of argument, that he had a million dollars in the stocks of the United States Steel Corporation, and another million, say, in the stocks of various railway companies. Would that explain to Mr. BRYAN's satisfaction the reluctance of the *World* to accept him as its candidate?

And if so, Brother BRYAN; why? What do you propose to try to do, if you ever reach the White House, to make the securities of the Steel Corporation and of all the railroads less valuable than they are at present?

Do you wish it to be understood that you declare yourself to be the enemy of all the railroads, and therefore a natural object of apprehension to every owner of a railroad security? Nothing less than that is implied from the question you put to Mr. FULTZER. But, Mr. BRYAN, the face value of the securities of the railroads of the country foot up to about fifteen billion dollars, and in 1907 the roads earned \$700,000,000 and paid their owners over \$560,000,000 in interest and dividends, besides paying high wages to fifteen hundred thousand employees. If you regard yourself as the enemy of so large a share as that of the property of the country, you might as well stand up as the enemy of all property, for if you could succeed in doing serious damage to the railroad property of the country, you would injure the marketable value of every other kind of property that the country has.

Are you the enemy of all property, Brother BRYAN, or do you make an exception of lecture-earnings invested in farms and farm buildings (and perhaps farm mortgages) in Nebraska?

Railroads Not Special Interests

Mr. BRYAN speaks of the interests of the railway companies as "special interests," intimating that they are somehow opposed to the interests of the people in general, and that persons who are concerned for them are in natural opposition to measures and candidates which make for the welfare of the mass of the people. A more mischievous delusion could hardly be inculcated. We can think of no business interests that are quite so general, quite so intimately bound up with all the business interests that await and long for prosperity, as the interests of the railway companies. If an owner of

railway securities is warranted in opposing Mr. BRYAN's candidacy, every business man in the country, every farmer, every mechanic, is warranted in opposing it. The business of the country cannot be built up on the ruins of the railroads. When the arteries go wrong, the man is sick, no matter how healthy his brain, his stomach, and his muscles may be. If the man is to be healthy, his arteries must be in a healthy condition. If the country is to be healthy, its railroads must be in a healthy condition. In so far as Mr. BRYAN is opposed to healthy, prosperous railroads and is a natural object of distrust to holders of railroad securities, he is an enemy to the health of the whole body politic and industrial. A healthy country with sick railroads cannot be.

The Big Issue

Governor JOHNSON says he will be heartily for BRYAN, HARRISON, GRAY, or any other chosen Democrat, provided the Democratic platform suits him. The tariff, he says, is the big issue in the coming campaign. We don't hear anything like this from Dr. BRYAN. He is not making offers as yet to support JOHNSON, or GRAY, or WALSH. He is for tariff reform, but is that the big issue as he sees it? No; the issue for him is the same as for Hamlet: "To be, or not to be; that is the question." Governor JOHNSON does not seem to care for Dr. BRYAN's issue. We find him unfeelingly declaring his satisfaction in the assurance that the twenty-four delegates from New Jersey, though uninstructed, will be for JOHNSON.

Some Topics of a Candidate

Governor JOHNSON is quoted as saying in Detroit: "New York has no connection with my candidacy. My support will have to come from another direction than Wall Street. I may say that I have had no relations, politically or otherwise, with the other side of the Hudson." But never mind what he says of New York, nor even of trans-Hudson Connecticut, and tariff-revising Massachusetts, handy States though they be when it comes to counting votes. Of more concern to his candidacy, because of its bearing on his discretion, is what he says about Canada. A philosopher or statesman ruminating about the future may say that our flag must finally fly over Canada, but it is not a sentiment that is helpful to a Presidential candidate, nor to the achievement of an end that is very near to Governor JOHNSON's Northwestern heart—commercial union with Canada. It is true that the Governor believes that destiny will bring about our union with Canada without lapse of amity or a gun fired except in salutes; and that may be; but there will be nothing about it in the Denver platform, and the mere suggestion of it will so abrade the feelings of Mr. KILPATRICK for that reason alone it is kinder to talk about something else.

Peace, and the State Violation of Treaties

The recent debate in the Senate on the PILES amendment to the naval appropriation bill appears to have deteriorated at times into a game of bluff—most noticeably when Senator REVERE observed that "what information the Executive has in his possession no man knows." Now very few of us think or have ever thought that the Executive has any such information as it is obvious the Senator from Indiana hoped his colleagues would infer from his words just quoted. However, it is no Executive secret that the peaceful relations at present existing between our own and every other country are seriously endangered by what Senator LORAIN in the course of this same debate characterized as "the monstrous doctrine that one State may commit acts and plunge forty-five States into a war without the nation having anything to say about it." Of course it is not for us to attempt to define the limits, if there are any, upon the treaty-making power of the President and Senate, but it is not necessary to do so in order to show the seriousness of the existing danger.

A Law Needed

For it is indisputable that at least the Constitution declares that in most cases the treaty shall prevail over the State enactment, and yet—and here lies the danger—it does not provide specifically any means by which the Federal government may compel the State to acquiesce to such prevariance. Hence, as the law stands today, a State may enforce any enactment, however manifestly in violation of a treaty provision, without

as the Senator from Massachusetts says, the nation having anything to say about it. Nevertheless, there seems to be little doubt that the nation has the right to correct the situation by legislation; in the case of *BALDWIN v. FRANKS* the Supreme Court gave it as its opinion—

That the United States have power under the Constitution to provide for the punishment of those who are guilty of depriving Chinese subjects of any of the rights, privileges, immunities, or exemptions guaranteed to them by this treaty [of July 28, 1868, with China] we do not doubt.

Indeed, even now certain members of Congress are interesting themselves in a bill to make every State violation of a proper treaty provision a criminal offense against the United States. Probably during the next session we shall hear more of this bill. It certainly deserves serious consideration.

One Plank

The first State platform of the Independence party has been constructed. Here is one plank—we wonder what the socialists and other people who refuse to be dubbed socialists will say to it:

Our aim is just government, not more government.

Such an aim on the part of any party seeking power seems so obviously requisite as hardly to need to be expressed. However, in the case of the Independence party it was, perhaps, unadvisable to omit its specific declaration.

Not at all Serious

Our Virginia contemporary, the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, sensibly observes:

In favoring it with a column of its valuable editorial space, the *extreme New York Times* appears to take too seriously the silly black and white dinner of the Cosmopolitan Society of Greater New York.

Quite so. The reports of the dinner in question sent out to the newspapers by the United Press Associations were sensational and untrue, both as to what was said and done, and as to public concern about it. Of the speakers who were reported to have spoken in favor of the marriages of whites and blacks, the only one who did not promptly repudiate the sentiments attributed to him was a Frenchman. Free discussion and exchange of sentiments about race questions between white people and black is a thing much to be desired. The chief practical effect of the Cosmopolitan Society's dinner seems to have been to increase the difficulty of having such discussions, which is a pity.

Three-cent Fares in Cleveland

A seven years' street-railroad fight in Cleveland ended on April 21, when the citizens of the town took free for that day on the street-cars in honor of the end of the war and Tom Johnson's victory. The victory means that the city through a holding company operates the lines that were lately the properties of the Cleveland Electric Company and the Forest City Railway Company, and the fare on all the Cleveland street-cars is now three cents. Whether the roads can be operated at that rate to the satisfaction of their patrons is still to be discovered. Tom Johnson says they can. The late operators say they cannot. The present owning company, the Cleveland Railroad Company, knows all the lines to the Municipal Traction Company, which is to operate them, not for profit, but for the benefit of the people. The Traction Company has a fifty years' lease, renewable for fifty years more. It has a board of five directors which is self-perpetuating. As lease of the property it must operate it, keep it in good repair, set aside funds for improvements, extensions, accidents, and all obligations, and pay six per cent. in dividends to the owners, in default of which the owners—the Cleveland Railway Company—get the property back. Tom Johnson says the three-cent fares can do all that is required of them. If they can, and Cleveland can have permanently a good railway service on a three-cent basis, Tom Johnson will undoubtedly have done the city a service comparable to that traditionally rendered to society by the man who makes two blades of grass grow in place of one. The fight has been long and hard. The ins and outs of it are too many to attempt to record here. The candidacy of THOMAS HARRIS for Mayor against Johnson was one incident of it. It has been an open and honest fight, however, for the Cleveland Electric Company, which has finally been beaten, partly through the expiration of some of its franchises, has been, under the presidency of

HORACE ANDREWS, one of the most upright and fair-dealing street-railway corporations in the country. Mr. ANDREWS fought hard but he fought fair, and in now, what has always been—one of the most respected men in one of the most respectable cities in the Union.

The Case of Oleomargarine

Butter is worth from twenty-five cents a pound up. Oleomargarine brings, we believe, about eighteen cents. Animal fat is the chief ingredient in both. Chemically they are very much alike. Gastronomically they differ, with the difference in favor of good butter as compared with good oleomargarine, and in favor of good oleomargarine as compared with bad butter. Sentimentally there is a great difference, and all in favor of butter. By a Federal law white oleomargarine is taxed one-fourth of a cent a pound, but if colored to look like butter it is taxed ten cents a pound. Its manufacture is carefully regulated by Federal law securing its wholesomeness, and every package of it is stamped with its name, so that it will not masquerade as butter. So far as those regulations insure proper conditions of manufacture, and prevent the sale of oleomargarine as butter, the oleo-makers welcome them, as giving a government guarantee of the wholesomeness of their product. But they object strongly to the tax, which practically forbids them to color their product to the hue that realizes the popular ideal of the color of butter. The butter-makers can color their product to suit the popular eye. The oleo-makers cannot. They want to have restored to them the privilege of selling butter-colored oleo, just as the winter butter-makers sell butter-colored butter. What does the dispassionate reader think about it? Oleo is comparatively cheap. It is understood to be a good food, perfectly wholesome, and the best possible substitute for butter. Cheaper foods are needed extremely by hundreds of thousands of people upon whom the cost of living presses very heavily. Here is one that is partially excluded from general use in this country because the law forbids to give it an appetizing appearance. If it is made to look like butter, the strict and ethical law now operative will still protect the buyer from being misled by it, but the consumer may in some cases suppose it is butter and eat it as such. In this State the consumer is protected by a law passed last year making it a misdemeanor to serve colored oleo to any one who pays board or receives board as partial consideration for services. Here is a curious state of things; a useful food needed apparently by thousands of consumers is either practically prohibited by local laws, or is heavily taxed in order that it may not compete injuriously with another and better product, which people who can afford to have it will always prefer, but which thousands of American consumers cannot afford to buy. And the trouble is all a question of color. The oleo people can make and sell their product so long as it looks like oleo and not like butter, but the butter people, when their product looks like oleo, are permitted to give a better complexion. That seems hardly fair. To protect butter against honest competition is not fair, either. Whether it is fair to compete with butter with a product that is not butter, but tastes like it, and is colored to look like it, is a question that is evidently debatable.

Is He a Ripener?

Candidate TART says he has always been for woman suffrage, but the time is not ripe for it yet. But is he for ripening it? That is the real question, and the same applies to Filipino independence.

People Who Don't Know

The papers say that President ROOSEVELT gets from three to four hundred letters a day urging him to run again. We presume he does, and that fact, if we may accept it as a fact, marks the particular stage of intelligence, discernment, and moral responsibility attained by these letter-writers and the considerable body of our people that they represent. They do not find it an obstacle to Mr. ROOSEVELT'S running again that he would have to break his word to do it. He does; but they do not. They do not seem to understand at all that a man may value the immaterial thing called his honor. Neither do they understand that being their President is a thing that even an ambitious man may in time get tired of. It may not be true, as the papers say, that Mr. ROOSEVELT has planned to go hunting next year in deepest Africa, and

that he yearns to regain the private citizen's privilege of giving his seat to a lady in the street-car and carrying his own suit-case; but those are yearnings entirely proper and natural to a still-human creature who has been President for nearly seven years. WASHINGTON had like yearnings in his day.

The Best that Can Be Said for It

BYAN's nomination means TAYLOR's election.—*New York World.*

The Greatest Job Going

The great need of our country (as of the rest of the world) is civilization—the knowledge how to live, and the will to live according to knowledge. Civilization will mean to us, among other things, capacity in the voting population to select experts to make the laws and enforce them and perform the duties of government. It will mean such things as the wise adjustment of the tariff to existing conditions; the best solution of the currency problem, the drink problem, the city government problem, the great problem of how best to teach the rising generation to be good as well as capable. It will mean the repeal of foolish laws and the enforcement of the rest; the diminution of waste; the cutting down of fire losses in the United States by \$125,000,000 a year; a great reduction in the annual loss of life by homicide and other forms of violence; the decay of graft; the preservation of the forests; the just administration of public utilities, the vast improvement of manners in men and newspapers; more money; more sense; better health; more liberty; more obedience to law; more leisure and more fun for every one. What the wiser socialists want and work for, what the churches want and work for, and what all wise and good people strive, consciously or not, to attain, is civilization. It comes slowly and fitfully, but it seems to come. Our great care must be to insure to our specimen of it its broad foundation that, once attained, it cannot topple over. Wonderfully inspiring is the vision of a truly civilized country, forging grandly ahead under wise laws and a proper system of checks and balances; rich, strong, busy, and peaceable, prosecuting vigorously the interminable exploration of Nature and the discovery of her secrets for the benefit of mankind. Whoever has a conscious part in bringing civilization along has a hand in the most inspiring work there is. All workers—farmers, mechanics, teachers, ministers of religion, capitalists, politicians, doctors, lawyers, and even the brokers and the legislators—should so manage their conduct as to be able to treat themselves to the persuasion that they have a part in this vast work and are doing their share. The legislators help and hinder by turns, according to the extent of their knowledge. We presume, for instance, that New York State Senator POSE is trying to help by his bill "to prevent the abridgment or encroachment of 'The Star-spangled Banner' in the public schools of this State"; but might he not better spend his strength on a bill to prevent the enactment of unnecessary laws?

Is an Invasion of England Practicable?

It is noteworthy that British public opinion is beginning to veer from the confidence in the inviolability of the British Isles, which seemed to be so widespread and so deep rooted up to three years ago. As lately as May, 1905, Mr. BALFOUR, then Prime Minister and Chairman of the Committee of Defense, declared in the House of Commons that "a serious invasion of these islands is not a probability which we need consider." Two years had not elapsed, however, when Mr. ROUSSEAU's justification of the redistribution of the British navy made it evident that either there is considerable diversity of opinion on the question, or that events had happened in the intervening two years to compel the rulers of the United Kingdom to change their minds. The latest and gravest warning to those Englishmen who are dwelling in a "land of paradise" is embodied in an impressive book entitled *The Identity of the Atlantic*, by Mr. FREDERICK A. HISLAM. This is an inquiry into the development of German sea power past, present, and prospective, and into its significance for Britain. Mr. HISLAM begins by stating that even now the British fleet is not organized on a basis which puts a German invasion of Britain beyond the pale of things to be considered.

It is customary to say that Britain has not been successfully

invaded for nearly nine hundred years, or, in other words, since the landing of WILLIAM the Norman in 1066. Why that starting-point should have been selected is obvious. It was the one so readily effective point to begin at. To say nothing of the measure of success obtained by the familiar invasion of Scandinavians in ALFRED's time, which resulted in a permanent successor of a large tract in northeastern England, or of the invasion of the Danes in the early part of the eleventh century, which made CANUTE King of England, Mr. HISLAM directs attention to an even more remarkable incident which occurred near the close of the third century of our era. We are reminded that during the successful revolt against the Roman dominion by CARACALLA, who, at the head of a large fleet, had been made "Count of the Saxon Shore" and invested with the duty of suppressing the pirates of the North Sea, the fleet of expropriated Franks which was coming up from the eastern Mediterranean through the Strait of Gibraltar to join CARACALLA, was met and obliterated by the Roman fleet under CONSTANTINE. The Roman then made preparations in Gaul for the invasion of England, and while he was so engaged, CARACALLA, who had proved himself a capable naval commander and a worthy ruler of Britain, was murdered by one ALEXANDER, who thereupon assumed the purple. CONSTANTINE, on his part, rapidly pushed forward his preparations, and in A.D. 286 an invasion was undertaken by a squadron under the command of AMBROSIOLEUS, an officer of distinguished merit. The weather was favorable to the enterprise. Under the cover of a thick fog the Roman vessels escaped the fleet of ALEXANDER, which had been stationed off the Isle of Wight to intercept them; most of the invaders landed in Kent, but one division of their fleet, which had parted from the remainder in the fog, found itself in the Thames, and pushed as to London. Then and there it was demonstrated to Britons that a superiority of naval strength will not always protect their country from a foreign invasion. Mr. HISLAM thinks that this incident has received less attention at the hands of British historians than its importance merits.

We pass over the repeated landing of foreign forces on British soil in the reign of STEPHEN, in that of KING JOHN, in that of EDWARD II., in that of HENRY VI., and in that of EDWARD IV.; the triumphant invasion of the "invulnerable" by the Earl of Richmond (afterward HENRY VII.), in 1485, and by WILLIAM of Orange in 1688, and, finally, the landing of the Young Pretender, CHARLES EDWARD, in Scotland in 1745, when he succeeded in leading a Scottish army across the border as far as Derby. Those precedents are generally ignored by those persons who assert that Britain's fleet makes the island immune from invasion. Another forgotten incident is that nothing but the state of the weather rendered fruitless the French expedition under HOUE to the southwest coast of Ireland in 1796. As Mr. HISLAM points out, the presence of a superior British fleet in the Channel had no effect upon that venture.

The author of this book recalls that in 1805, when the grand army of NAPOLEON was based on the French coast of the Channel, vehement and unceasing prayers were offered up in the churches of England against the fog, which betrayed an uneasy consciousness that naval superiority might not prove an adequate defense against invasion. Atmospheric fogs are bad enough, but there are also the fogs of false intelligence and the fog of no intelligence at all. There is also the fog of indifference and incredulity. Mr. HISLAM is convinced that the most important "fog" which his countrymen have to contend against is a surprise attack. The conditions making for Britain's security against a surprise attack have been summarized by Mr. E. P. JANE, who insists that the landing of invaders on English soil would have to be the first sign that a state of war existed or was likely to exist. In other words, nearly 100,000 men would have to be massed on the German coast without exciting suspicion; secondly, the vessels needed to carry them and their supplies—something like 200 ships—would also have to be collected without exciting any suspicion. Thirdly, the British fleet would have to be dispossessed from arriving on the scene too quickly after the disembarkation. Fourthly, and lastly, the invading army would have to march on London (or the naval base), carrying all before it. Mr. HISLAM, for his part, believes that a carefully matured scheme for an invasion of Britain has been evolved by the German General Staff. He admits, however, that no such scheme would have any chance of success unless the invasion came more or less as a "bolt from the blue." Mr. HISLAM acknowledges that a bolt from an absolutely clear sky is inconceivable, but he reminds us that England is recent years, as well as in old days, has displayed much levity on the approach of international difficulties. Moreover, the inherent inclination of Englishmen to believe that any nation could dare to take up arms against them is so firmly planted, while, on the other hand, determined nations with definite objects in view have so often disregarded the supposed conventionalities of war, or seized upon the slightest pretext for putting their pre-arranged ideas into execution, that a cloud in the "blue" no larger than a man's hand would probably go unmarked by the people until the advance of a hostile army broke the storm over their heads in

irresistible fury. It is a fact, as General MACMAHER has shown in his remarkable work, *Hostilities Without Declaration of War*, that in the hundred and seventy-one years from 1700 to 1870 inclusive, less than ten instances occurred where a "declaration of war" was issued prior to the opening of hostilities. In forty-one of the cases where no declaration was made the manifest, and sometimes avowed, motive was to secure advantage by the suddenness of the movement, and the consequent surprise of an unprepared enemy. Much a surprise would be far more easy in the twentieth century than in the eighteenth, owing to the development of means of communication, the facility with which physical obstacles can now be overcome, and the perfect knowledge of ground furnished by good maps. Mr. HUNTAM accepts as valid the computation that to-day 200,000 men could be concentrated in the German North Sea ports within thirty-six hours. This is probably from twice to four times the number that would need to be added to the garrisons of the coast forts for the purpose of an expedition. He adds that no antecedent concentration of shipping would be needed, for there is always in the German ports more than sufficient for the conveyance of a large army across the North Sea, and there is good ground for the assertion that every German ship of importance has its crewer one of these ports has assigned to her, on paper, the military force she may at any moment be called upon to transport to the English coast. Mr. HUNTAM is convinced that the disembarkation of 15,000 German soldiers could probably be carried out within ten hours. He differs also with Mr. E. P. JANE in thinking that it would be necessary for an invading army, once safely landed on the British coast, to march on London or the naval bases. He believes, on the contrary, that its primary objective would be the manufacturing centers in the north of England, where the appearance of a hostile army would do far more to dislocate the internal organization of the country than any operations in the south could do. The fact is recalled that Lord Overstone in 1850 explained what might be expected in such circumstances. He predicted that the committed and delicate network of credit which underlies all the multitudinous transactions of Great Britain would vibrate from end to end on the first touch of British soil by a foreign invader, and would in all probability be subject to a sudden and fearful collapse, while the confusion and distrust produced among the laboring classes would be appalling. Such would be the immediate consequences of the mere landing of an invading army without reference to the success of its ulterior operations.

The Temptations of the Occult

"How very hard it is to be a Christian!" ejaculates BROWNING, as the opening of his "Easter Day"; and returning from a theosophical lecture, a very natural parallel thought is, "How very hard it is to tell the truth!" One may say that fiction is a perfectly legitimate product, and that the exercise of the imagination is an invaluable aid in all the sciences, and this is true; but, after all, progress is ever toward skill, accuracy, the sense of the reality of facts. If we are going to exercise the imagination, if we are dealing in fiction, it behooves us to label our occupation accurately, otherwise there is a definite moral loss to the thinker, and a twofold flimsiness about the product which is pitiable. As one listens to the claims of the modern theosophists, one cannot but regret that so much real fancy, such zealous landscape-gardening in the infinite, should have gone astray. The same power and persistence applied legitimately might grow into literature, poetry, fairy tales, romances, and yet save the high sense of honesty of the theosophist.

The theosophist claims, among other matters, to be able at will to leave the material body apparently asleep, while in a so-called astral body he pursues his calling, studies, inquires with highly developed occult powers into such matters as the ultimate structure of matter, sees life in disaster and accidents, and finally claims that it is one of the special functions of the trained theosophist to instruct the newly dead. It would be difficult to refute this last claim, but if, indeed, the theosophist can pursue his rilling through all the hours when the average mortal rests, his attainments should be much greater than they are. As a matter of fact, some of those who make the lightest assumptions and write most voluminously of their powers have not taken the trouble to learn to write English correctly. But this is a minor detail. The great point is, that the theosophists refuse to give the legitimate proofs of their power. The instant a proof is asked, there is evasion.

In this day and generation only the flippant or the most hardened materialistic mind will fail to see that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. Coincidences, premonitions, unaccountably simultaneous thoughts working at a distance, dreams that bear striking relation to facts otherwise unknown and unknowable, are constantly cropping up to the bewilderment of the questioning mind. Occasionally if we look into such matters seriously enough we can find a possible explanation, but just as often, so far as we can say, the experience

has to be thrown over the borders and left among the matters unexplained and unexplainable.

But here is the danger of the occultist. It is a truism to say that what we look for in earnest we find. The occultist has a thesis to prove. He is bent on making the world believe that he has caught and banded all these evasive and subtle forces, and can make them work in terror. To his claim there is but one answer: "Do it!" But the proofs are nothing more than tales such as we are all familiar with, hearsay prognostications, strange dreams, and certain telephic phenomena. The danger, then, to the occultist is, that in his keen desire to prove the unprovable he shall lose, or even warp, his sense of truth. An interesting experiment is to get an imaginative and emotional person to tell a strange and vivid dream over some half-dozen times. Unless such person is deftly veracious, and given, too, to self-scrutiny, the dream will come out the sixth time with a wealth of coherent detail and fullness of matter quite literally undreamed of in the first account. This is the natural tendency of the mind: give it a start, a good suggestion, and of its own accord it pushes ahead, filling out, completing, enriching. It is a natural and legitimate instinct; but real mental progress, after all, must wait upon truth to feed. If we really gain anything valuable, we must be able to detect the very point where fancy enters the game. We must be willing to make slow and patient investigations, careful computations of how much of an unaccountable experience is chance, how much half-conscious observation, and how much home-fide miracle. To exaggerate, to assume, to juggle with fact is to cheapen and to vulgarize. However much the juggler lary that he is working in the interests of humanity, he is led astray. Nothing is so important among men as the simplicity and sincerity which make for faith—the power to rely upon testimony. No miracle is more precious than this faith of men in one another. When one realizes what a treasure faith in character is, one can almost understand how indeed a Supreme Being might value the power of faith in humanity above all others, use it as a kind of touchstone to bring out the best that is in the creature. There is no greater miracle than our constant intuitive judgment of character. We enter an unknown presence and instantly only we feel the quality of it, we trust or distrust, like or dislike, and in the sensitive a first swift impression is apt to be truer than any acquired knowledge: in many of us intuition is surer than reason. Was it CAELEY or EMERSON who said that all the while a man was vociferously explaining himself to you, what he really was was looking over his shoulder, clearly perceptible. So it often seems nothing a man can say about himself will take the place of this unreasoned perception of what he truly is. But even this intuition of character is not yet reduced to surety and science. It is not fair to assert, as the occultist does, that the intuitive powers are a sign of spiritual exaltation. They go occasionally with highly spiritual natures, but just as often with gross and indelicate perceptions. And just as long as such matters are uncertain—in the air, as it were, irreducible to method and accuracy—just so long does all possible gain lie on the side of frankly admitting it.

But there are other dangers for the occultist. One is the danger of despising our legitimate instrument of knowledge.

"To man—propose this test.

The body at its best

How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"

It may well be that by trying for miraculous means to knowledge we may miss our most precious heritage, the simple, earthly knowledge of human, eye, and divine relations that filters in to us through these much despised but, after all, strongly and cunningly wrought senses of ours. Is it not something that man has builded up with them such wonderful ideals of beauty, of valor and fidelity? If we can fancy a universe teleological at all, then the body as an instrument must have its own profound purpose, and liberation from it should be awaited (if it come in its due course). After all, too, it has not been the occult worker who has benefited the world most or helped to make it habitable, but the patient, slow, unobtrusive worker, reverent of fact, who has delved into truth for truth's sake, testing and retesting the facts, weighing evidence, seeking for accuracy and precision, inviting scrutiny, anxious to detect mistakes, flaws, living the work not for the goods it may deliver at once, but far sightedly hoping little by little to add a grain to the heap of human knowledge.

And, after all, is not the straining for the miraculous a mere sign of our desires? If we were really alive, what greater miracle should we need than the miracle of growth? "The flower in the cranial walk," the wonder of life, the tiny seed pushing down its roots and raising its blossoms, the miracle of man's courage and perseverance, the miracle of human charity and fidelity and self-sacrifice, the great, visible, ordered universe about us, are these not enough to keep us forever a-tiptoe with wonder and excitement? And, after all, do not they offer a finer sense of the miraculous in the world than the void and self-defeating researches of those who play upon the confines where body and spirit meet but do diverge?

Personal and Pertinent

MR. VIVIAN CARTER says that the feminine reader, as matter how intelligent she be, prefers a story which has the relation of the sexes as its point. This is not a new comment, nor a verifiable one, nor a particularly brilliant one. BRYAN some time ago mentioned something about the subject being of man's life a thing apart and woman's whole existence, and MR. JAMES more lengthily reports that it is a characteristic mark of the feminine, as distinguished from the masculine, hand that in any little portrait of a corner of the world's affairs the love story will be predominant. In view of these unanimous opinions it is interesting to note how slight a part the love story plays in MISS GLASSBORO's books. Indeed, in *The Ancient Lane* there is hardly any love story at all; also in *Mrs. Wharton's Talley of Decisions* and *The House of Birth* the emotions are duly chastened and largely subordinated to extraneous material. On the whole, we find women, as readers and as writers, interested to about the same extent as men in the love story. The relation of the sexes is, by the nature of things, likely to be a more or less absorbing matter between the ages of twenty and thirty, and after that a woman is as like as a man to relegate it to a back seat.

MR. UPSON SINKLER has written from Bermuda to the *Piscataway Review* to explain, in reply to criticism, how he qualified himself to write a novel about New York society. He says he got his facts from persons who circulated in the said society, and who gave them to him willingly at his request. Beyond that he does not disclose any qualifications, except the ability to write. The trouble with MR. SINKLER's book was not that the individual facts were incredible, but that the picture as a whole was not a true picture of anything entitled to be called "society" in New York. It is a fair question whether there is in New York anything entitled to be called "society," so loose, haphazard, and peculiar is the social organization of that town. The fact that the town is constantly gathering in new people, some rich, and many who aspire hopefully to become so, makes "society" in it particularly hard to locate and define. It is good or bad, none or crazy, decent or otherwise, according to the size of the picture camera will take, and the place where you snap it. Anybody who takes MR. SINKLER's book seriously will suppose that New York society is mainly composed of particularly drunken and crazy folk, who are speeding to perdition by the shortest route at an enormous cost for fuel. Of course that is not so. In New York great fortunes fall now and then into incomparably foolish hands, and there is always a great deal of new money that does queer things, but though it is matter for discussion whether living in New York is a habit or a vice, the general run of people there is society or out of it are sane, and behave as if they were like folk in other places, except that they are used to more shows, taller buildings, a more stimulating atmosphere, and a greater variety of acquaintance.

Correspondence

WANTS TO KNOW SEVERAL THINGS

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—You frequently caricature and criticize Mr. W. J. Bryan, and it is only fair that you should allow something to be said on the other side, for certainly the man has some good in him, else half the people of this country would not be "for him." I am a plain Missourian. I have read your paper with pleasure, more or less, all my life. Kindly honor me with a "seat" in your "Correspondence Column," as I wish to ask a few questions; to be "shown," as it were.

Do you honestly believe, in the light of recent developments, that Governor John A. Johnson or Mr. Woodrow Wilson would make stronger Democratic Presidential candidates than Mr. Bryan would? If Mr. Bryan is the weakest of the three, why do not the Democrats demand money or else? If so, why do not the people of this country, who mean to buy, not mean to receive or dictate to the people. Mr. Bryan for twelve years has had to contend against the power of the Republican party entrenched in office, against an almost universally hostile press, against Wall Street and organized wealth, and against a strong current of disaffection of the old so-called conservatives in his own party. He has also been handicapped by two defeats (one of them was laughable or stupid). Yet he is so strong to-day that no other man is seriously considered by the great masses of the Democratic party. Certainly, with all the facts before you, you cannot figure out by any law of logic that any man in the party would make a stronger candidate than Mr. Bryan. If so, why do not the people of this country for some one else? This manufactured strength from the factories and sanctuaries of New York will not be accepted again, this year at least, by the great body of Democrats in this country. The noblesse returns of 1894 have satisfied them with the fortunes for a while. Even this State, for thirty years solidly Democratic, was lost by the conservative candidate of 1901.

Speaking of the conservative candidate of the last election, will

you tell me what "conservative" means? You are *the* conservative of the conservative time we reached information. It is certainly means to conserve something that we already have. Does it mean to conserve the municipal, State, and national administrative systems we have had since 1884, say, and down to the beginning of the present Roosevelt term, when such men as Whitely and Hill directed Democratic campaigns, and Mark Hanna made Republican Presidential? Were they the "safe and sane"? Do conservatives mean to conserve the political methods of that period, now admittedly the reign of financial terror, of trust building, insurance, and public-utilities plundering, of railroad domination, of manufactured panics, of protection robbery, of "high" finance run riot, etc., or what does it mean? What else have we to conserve of that period? What are the good things? Isn't conservatism opposed to progress? Is Mr. Roosevelt popular because of his conservatism or his so-called radicalism? What makes Mr. Bryan popular? Why are they popular with the people and unpopular in Wall Street? Which is the stronger candidate, the one who is popular in Wall Street or with the people? Can a candidate be strong with both?

Have we a "sound" financial system now? Do you want to conserve it? If so, why the Aldrich and Fowler bills? Why the financial "furry"? If the Democrats had been in power would it have been a mere "furry" or the "worst financial upheaval in the history of the world"? Would you conserve the system that enables Aldrich to "run" the Senate and Cannon to boss the House, and Elkins to head interstate commerce committees? What feature of our institutions or mode of administration would you conserve that Mr. Bryan would not? We have no chance to elect any reformer but Mr. Bryan. Do you favor conserving the old games and systems, or do you favor progress? If the latter, why do you not use your influence for Mr. Bryan? Don't bring up 16 to 1—that's dead, though the principle was right. You cannot deny that Mr. Bryan is clean, honest, and able. He advocates pure government, and the rights of man—poor as well as rich. This makes him the friend of the laboring man. Last week the Bricklayers' Union and other affiliated organizations, 180,000 strong, passed resolutions in New York endorsing Mr. Bryan as the friend of labor. Does that show weakness as a candidate? Why did they not endorse Governor Johnson or Mr. Wilson, if they are the strongest? Why is the metropolitan press against Mr. Bryan, while the State Democratic conventions are instructing for him with such unanimity? Is the press losing its power to "mould" public opinion? Are the people losing confidence in editors—I mean the wise ones of the East?

I am, sir,

HARRY HIGGINS.

RAUPTIME REFORM

Scranton, Pa., May 1, 1901

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

DEAR SIR,—Referring to your editorial in the issue of the 22nd ultimo in reference to folks who don't know "what is for and who do not measure up to the spirit of the times as Mr. Thompson and his bosom friend see things, I think we can learn what is the matter just now by reference to a side remark of our quiet authority on the psychical down to the physical, even to deposed life—Dr. Jordan of Leland Stanford Junior University—as follows:

"We hear much in these days of the wickedness of power, of the evil behavior of men in high places, of men whom the people have been perforce obliged to trust. This is no new thing, though the struggle against it, the combination of the forces of reform and backwardness, of dreamers and highwaymen, is offering some new phases."

"There is a kind of music popular with uncritical audiences and with people who know as little, which answers to the name of 'ragtime.' It is the music of those who do not know good music or who have not the moral force to demand it. The kind of ragtime is not confined to music; graft is the ragtime of business; the spoils system the ragtime of politics; adulteration the ragtime of manufacture. There is ragtime science, ragtime literature, ragtime religion. You will know each of these by its quick return."

I am, sir,

JNO. J. JONES.

WASHINGTON'S SURPRISING ANCESTORS

Memphis, Tenn., S. A., April 1, 1901

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Referring to the article entitled, "Washington's Surprising Ancestor," by Candace Tucker, which appeared in your issue of February 15 last, it may be interesting for you to know that had you (or she) continued the genealogical tree further back on the de Sauton side, you could have shown Washington a direct descendant of two kings, the other being Henry I. of France.

I am a member of the branch of the Ruggles family in direct line of descent from John de Sauton, Baron of Dudley and son of John de Sauton and Margery de Sauton, heiress of Barry of Dudley. This Margery de Sauton was a direct descendant of Lady Isabella de Sauton, the Earl of Salisbury's sister and daughter of Hugh the Great, Count de Valenciennes, who was son of Henry I. King of France, and his wife Anne of Russia.

You can read readily trace and confirm this fact, if you so desire, by reference to the Ruggles Genealogical Tree which has been published in book form.

I am, sir,

GEO. S. LANE.

Finance

Is the Maintenance of Iron and Steel Prices Warranted?

By HOWARD SCHENCK MOTT



EVER since the present depression in business began severe cuts in iron and steel prices have been generally expected. By the end of 1907 consumption had shrunk to extraordinarily small proportions, in consequence of which the United States Steel Corporation was running its plants at only about thirty-five per cent. of their capacity. Since that time, with the appearance

of a light demand from consumers to meet the requirements of weak which could not be postponed, the percentage of capacity in operation has risen to about fifty per cent. But demand continues very light, partly because actual consumption remains small, and partly because consumers confidently expect to supply even their most immediate needs at lower prices. Strenuous co-operation has gone on with regard to the wisdom of the policy pursued, apparently with determination, by the iron and steel trade of maintaining prices, particularly for finished products. Although great pressure has been brought to bear on producers to reduce prices, it appears to have been without much effect. Many interviews with Judge Gary, the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation, have been published in the newspapers, the tenor of which is that prices will not be reduced except as a last resort. There exists more or less of a deadlock between producers and consumers in this very important industry.

While unstrained competitive conditions prevailed among both producers and consumers, doubtless very material declines in all iron and steel prices would already have occurred. While the United States Steel Corporation does not enjoy complete control of the industry, its influence is so large as to be dominating. It can, to an extent and temporarily, ignore the law of supply and demand. Therefore, it will be the degree of monopoly power contained in the dominating position of the Steel Corporation in the trade prove an effective barrier to furnish reductions in prices and should the effort to hold prices prove to be ultimately successful, will it also prove to be wholly wise and expedient from the point of view not only from the iron and steel trade, but of that of the national welfare?

On behalf of the consumer the chief contention put forth is that the maintenance of iron and steel prices, under existing conditions of limited demand, constitutes an arbitrary interference with the natural laws of trade which will result in ultimate failure, and will have very harmful effects in postponing recovery from depression. The mere statement of the conditions incline the impartial observer, of course, to agree with it. But the matter is one of such magnitude and importance that it should not be decided offhand. The effort to hold prices under present conditions is one of the most interesting industrial experiments of modern times, and its success or failure may have momentous consequences. Similar experiments have been tried before, particularly by producers of copper; but they have almost invariably ended in failure. In 1904 the iron and steel trade, under the leadership of the Steel Corporation, met with only a small measure of success. The contention of the consumer, therefore, has the support of precedent, in so far as the probable success of the experiment is concerned, whether or not success would prove to be harmful.

What are the facts about prices? The following table, taken from the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, shows the average annual prices of standard articles of iron and steel for the last six years:

AVERAGE YEARLY PRICES FOR THE SIX YEARS						
	1907	1906	1905	1904	1903	1902
Old iron rails at Philadelphia.....	\$23.88	\$21.65	\$22.68	\$16.22	\$21.17	\$23.83
No. 1 foundry pig iron, Philadelphia.....	23.89	20.98	17.89	15.57	19.02	22.19
Gray forge pig iron, Philadelphia.....	21.66	17.19	16.38	13.67	17.13	19.20
Gray forge pig iron, Pittsburgh.....	21.62	19.85	15.62	12.89	17.52	19.49
Bessemer pig iron, Pittsburgh.....	22.81	19.54	16.36	13.76	18.08	20.67
Steel rails at mills, Pennsylvania.....	28	28	28	28	28	28
Steel billets at mills, Pittsburgh.....	29.25	27.43	24.05	22.18	27.91	30.57
Far iron, Philadelphia.....	2.11	1.98	1.92	1.72	2	2.13

Present prices of the same articles are approximately as follows:

Old iron rails.....	\$19
No. 1 foundry pig iron.....	17.50
Gray forge pig iron.....	15
Gray forge pig iron at Pittsburgh.....	13.25
Bessemer forge pig iron at Pittsburgh.....	16.75
Steel rails at mills, Pittsburgh.....	28
Far iron, Philadelphia.....	1.35

In July, 1907, the average price of gray forge pig iron was \$22.68. During the first half of 1907 steel billets at times sold well above \$30 a ton.

From the above tables it will be seen that the heaviest declines have occurred in pig iron, the raw material of steel products, whereas the prices of finished steel products have declined very little. Apparently the decline in pig iron affords the steel companies larger profits on such finished products as they are able to sell.

But many of the companies own their own ore supplies, and make less money net present out of pig iron. Pig iron production in March, 1908, was 1,228,204 tons against an average monthly output in 1907 of 2,148,440 tons. The present monthly production of pig iron is slightly lower than the monthly average for 1904, which year marked a depression in the iron and steel trade following the financial troubles of 1903.

These figures appear to justify the demand for lower prices for finished products. They re-enforce the stand-pat attitude of the consumer, for the reason that the present depression in business is of a much more severe character than was that of 1904, when, as shown by the first table, all of the articles stated, except steel rails, sold at lower prices than any so far made this year. Naturally, also, knowing these facts, the independent producers, with plants and capital idle, have been reticent under the requirements of price agreements. But the tables throw more light on the subject still. They dispose of a popular misapprehension, as to the effect of the depression, that most iron and steel prices have been prevented, by trade agreements, from declining materially. It is apparent that pig-iron prices generally have already suffered severe declines, and, as a matter of fact, the prices of many finished products are moderately lower. The effort to maintain prices seems to be concentrated upon certain lines where it is not evident that reductions would stimulate consumption.

The railroads are far the largest users of iron and steel products. In March, 1907, the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* stated: "We appear to be drifting rapidly into the condition of things existing the latter part of 1903 and a good part of 1904, which so seriously upset the iron and steel trade at that time. The railroads are no longer able to raise new capital with ease; even the strongest companies, those with gilt-edged credit, cannot borrow except at high cost. Prices on the Stock Exchange are tumbling in an alarming way. Everything, therefore, suggests caution. The railroads have already given orders on a scale that will keep furnaces and plants active for many months to come, but they are now proceeding with great circumspection, and giving further orders very sparingly."

Thus over a year ago it was plain that one of the chief causes of the present depression in the iron and steel trade had begun to operate. Ever since that time the same cause, the scarcity of orders from the railroads, has continued to operate. Later, however, there has come what promises to be a total reversal of conditions surrounding railroad borrowing. The amount of idle capital now piling up in bank reserves reaches impressive figures, railroad operating expenses have been materially curtailed, and there is a prospect of a general advance in freight rates. The strong companies now find that they can raise new capital on fairly low terms.

This reversal of conditions undoubtedly is what the dominant interests in the iron and steel trade have been awaiting and expecting. It certainly contains for them an element of perilousness, in the extent that in the near future the promise of orders from the railroads shall be fulfilled, the policy of maintaining prices, from the point of view of future profits, must be conceded to be shrewd and far-sighted. It is difficult to withhold admiration of the courage, the ability, and the vision displayed by those who have undertaken this modern industrial experiment. Changed conditions point to the possibility of success. For several months past the shares of the United States Steel Corporation on the New York Stock Exchange have shown persistent strength. Should this interesting phenomenon continue, it may well be looked upon as significant by consumers of iron and steel; for the stock market, with all its seeming vagaries, usually, in the long run, tells the truth about industrial experiments as about industrial accomplishments.

In one direction the policy of maintaining prices seems of doubtful wisdom and expediency, and may subject the iron and steel trade to grave dangers. That policy makes it very subservient to attempts by the tariff reformers, who will probably have things much their own way in Congress next winter. Purely as an academic matter, the maintenance of iron and steel prices is not warranted; but later on, should it become evident that reductions in prices will stimulate consumption, the same shrewdness and far-sightedness that now maintain them will probably put reductions into effect.

As a general matter it must be admitted that since the advent of the Steel Corporation, iron and steel prices have been more stable than previous to that event. High cards are being played to win, with the end of the game not yet in sight.

The Presidential Skirmish Line

AN IMPARTIAL CONSIDERATION OF THE PERSONALITIES AND TACTICAL STRENGTH OF THOSE IN THE VANGUARD OF THE COLUMNS ADVANCING UPON THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

II.—BRYAN—JOHNSON—WILSON—HEARST

By FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON



In the first part of this article, published last week, it was said that the two strongest Republican candidates were Taft and Hughes, with the personality of Roosevelt overlapping them both, even with the third-term idea eliminated. Hughes probably has lost strength of late, and the indications are that Taft has gained, but whatever their relative political positions may be to-day, one thing seems certain: that the three or four men who, a few months ago, were trailing along merrily in the wake of a possible Republican nomination for the Presidency are now hopelessly out of the race.

There is just this one chance of the lightning striking them: that the Republican National Convention will get wedged into such a tight deadlock—as, for instance, between the Roosevelt and the anti-Roosevelt forces—that some man—say, a man like Senator Philander Chase Knox of Pennsylvania—might be accepted as a compromise candidate. In view of such a contingency, Knox might be considered a possibility, but by no manner of means should he be accepted as a probability. Yet, with one exception—Roosevelt—Senator Knox has the strongest personality of those whose names have been mentioned in connection with the Republican Presidential nomination. Knox stands on his own legs. At the same time it is claimed by his friends—although the public at large is not aware of it—that he "stands for" the most important of the Rooseveltian policies. On the other hand, it is charged that he is a corporation lawyer and a close friend of "the money power."

Not long ago I spent some time with Senator Knox at his house, and on that occasion he talked freely to me. At no time did he class himself as an entrant in the Presidential race with the idea of creating a boom for himself. From the start he has occupied the position of the proverbial "dark horse," and if he has been playing the game at all, it is the waiting game. There are no outward and visible signs that Senator Knox, at any period of the Presidential movement, has been toying with politics. But he is not asleep. His State Legislature, early in the day, endorsed him for the Presidential nomination, but whether that act was mere courtesy or politics has not yet been made apparent. As for the ability of Senator Knox to fill the Presidential chair, it may be said that from a technical standpoint he is exceedingly well equipped—perhaps, as to strictly official capacity, expert business experience, and law and statesmanship, the best equipped of any of the candidates in the race.

In the earlier part of the year George Bruce Cortelyou was considered as a Presidential candidate; not a strong

candidate, but a possibility. Certain factions looked upon him as a conservative. That tendency really had Presidential aspirations has not been denied, although the little fame he enjoyed in this direction was short-lived, and as a serious possibility—if he ever was one—he deserves but a paragraph mention here.

There was a time—about a year ago—when Charles Warren Fairbanks was accredited with cherishing Presidential aspirations; but to-day he can plead "not guilty" before any petit jury in the land and obtain a clear bill of acquittal.

We have reviewed the situation as it appears to-day in the Republican camp, but there is no guarantee that it will continue so till the day of the nominating convention.

But there is a Democratic side to the situation.

Not so very long ago there didn't seem to be any Democratic possibility—just one large Democratic certainty, to wit: William Jennings Bryan. And to-day there are those who proclaim that Bryan is the one best bet. However, there are at least three other candidates in the field who occupy positions of more or less importance, and although one of them cannot be classed as a Democrat, he may, to a certain extent, have an influence on the Democratic convention. But there is still Bryan as the bright particular star.

With a policy that shifts whenever his needs require that it should shift, Bryan has an all-powerful grip upon the Democratic party—the saving power of a hyphenate. He has a hidden strength that develops suddenly and unexpectedly. And whereas does this great strength lie?

First, there is his apparent sincerity. One who has ever heard him say, "How are you?" will not question the secret of the man's popularity. In a talk with him not long ago, I said:

"They once called you the chief of radicals."

He nodded and laughed.

"And some say," I went on, "that President Roosevelt has stolen your thunder."

He laughed loudly this time.

"Yes," said he, "they have said so."

"And has he?" I insisted.

"Well," he replied seriously,

"there are some things the President does which I wouldn't do. But, understand me," he added quickly, "this is not criticism. The President has done a good many things that Democrats are glad to know he has done—glad to see even a Republican do. But we should be better pleased to see those things done by a Democratic President. Many of these things have been simply the carrying out of Democratic principles. But, on the other hand, the President has done things that I would not do, he has done things that have been undemocratic."

I spoke to him about the war on the corporations.

"There is no need for any



William Jennings Bryan

"ONE WHO HAS EVER HEARD HIM SAY, 'HOW ARE YOU?' WILL NOT QUESTION THE SECRET OF THE MAN'S POPULARITY."

honest corporation to Iran," said he. "There is no need for any man to fear the action of the government if he be an honest man—if he obey the laws of his country."

And how do the people at large compare Roosevelt and Bryan? There are those who believe that Bryan, if elected President, would continue certain of the policies which Roosevelt has begun; and there are those who believe that he would go much farther than Roosevelt has gone. Some believe that if Hughes were nominated for President by the Republicans, many Roosevelt admirers would desert to the Bryan standard.

Except, perhaps, in a few cases of parallel policies, there is really no comparison possible between Roosevelt and Bryan. Bryan has the vigor of Roosevelt, and he is younger by ten years. Both smack of the West, it is true, and Roosevelt has a similar heartiness, which long training in the East and the restraining influence of his position control with difficulty. But this heartiness, in the case of Roosevelt, runs along with jerks, and sometimes stops suddenly as if it were a fractious horse brought up with a curb bit. With Bryan, who has nothing to curb him, this heartiness is spontaneous and continuous. Roosevelt is a mixture of East and West, Bryan is a full-blown Westerner. Bryan has told us all many times that his Democratic ideal is Jefferson. He has told us of his faith in that Democratic party founded by Jefferson. We know what Bryan thinks of Jefferson, and we cannot help but think that Bryan thinks that if Jefferson were still on earth he would think pretty well of Bryan.

The Bryan of to-day is a stronger man than the Bryan of yesterday. The Bryan of yesterday awoke one morning and found his speech on every man's tongue. It was his own eloquent tongue that had made him famous at the Chicago convention when he electrified the audience with his "cross of gold" speech. But before this he had seen his opportunity in his first tariff speech, and that speech made him one of the best-known men in Congress. So his leap into fame really came with this first speech. It was the result, perhaps, of luck, but certainly of an intelligent employment of his opportunities. Since then he has been more or less in the public limelight.

The man who stands next to Bryan in the Democratic race for the Presidency is Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota. Johnson's boom was decisively launched in Minnesota early in March, when the Democratic State Committee endorsed him for the Presidency. Twenty days after his endorsement he expressed a willing assent to accept the nomination if it were tendered to him, and thus he became a full-fledged candidate.

Johnson's candidacy has a picturesque setting after the manner of the candidacy of Lincoln. At the start there was the lowly tide. Born of poor Swedish parents at St. Peter, a little Minnesota town, forty-six years ago, with a father who was a handloom to him, with his mother taking in washing, he himself forced to do manual labor, life's prospects were not bright for him. His first steady job was in a grocery store. Then he kept time for a railway crew, later he secured a place in a drug store, after that his mother no longer took in washing, and the other children went to school. That tells the story of the man better than a volume of eulogies.

By industry and the help of those who had confidence in him he became the owner of a little local newspaper, and from there was graduated to the State Senate. The campaign of 1904 made him. The Democratic party in Minnesota was demoralized, and as a forlorn hope in the Roosevelt year Johnson was made the nominee of that party for Governor. He ran aside all party lines, and just went out and talked to the people. Roosevelt's plurality in Minnesota was 101,000, but Johnson was elected by 79,000-odd votes. Two years later he was again elected to the governorship by 74,000 plurality. His policy is anti-tariff, anti-trust, favors the regulation of railways, is against colonial possessions, and advocates a definite adjustment of State and Federal powers, with a shade the better of it for the State. He has placed himself on record as saying:

"I consider the tariff the paramount issue of the coming Presidential campaign. You cannot solve the trust evil successfully until the conditions that produce the trusts are improved. You cannot cure blood-poisoning as long as the silver continues in the body. It is about time that infant industries 100 years old were weaned from their need of protection."

"I do not believe in legalized destruction and confiscation of property. There is a right to property. Government is bound to give protection to property just as it protects human life. The right to enjoy property is guaranteed under the Constitution, and it cannot be denied to the citizen. The man who has a dollar invested in farm or factory has a right to have that dollar safely safeguarded from the attacks of the unscrupulous financier on the one hand and the extortionist and the other."

"Capital in corporate form often can do business more economically and successfully than separately. But I do not believe in permitting co-operation of capital to the extent of annihilating the business of individuals. Capital has destroyed individual effort principally through evasion of the law."

"The great curse of the country is the fictitious valuations placed upon property, and the fact that the American people must by their energy and economy pay tribute to this kind of greed by paying a rate of interest and profit on property which has no existence."

The claims of Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, have been industriously urged; and in speaking of him I cannot do better than quote the estimate of his qualifications that has been placed before the country by the editor of this journal: "That he is preeminent as a lucid interpreter of history we all know. But he is more so. No one who reads, understandingly, the record of his country that flowed with such apparent ease



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John A. Johnson, Governor of Minnesota

HE REGARDS THE TARIFF AS THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE OF THE CAMPAIGN, AND HAS SAID THAT HE CONSIDERS IT "ABOUT TIME THAT INFANT INDUSTRIES 100 YEARS OLD WERE WEANED FROM THEIR NEED OF PROTECTION."

from his pen ran full to be impressed by the belief that he is by instinct a statesman. The grasp of fundamentals, the sovereign unconscious application of primary truths to changing conditions, the breadth in thought and reason manifested on those pages, are . . . clear evidences of sagacity worthy of the best and wisest of Virginia's tradition. . . . Mr. Wilson is, as stated, more than the accomplished scholar, the practical educator, the competent executive he has proven himself to be; he is, in truth, a statesman of breadth, depth, and exceptional sagacity. He is an idealist, yet notably sane. He is a genuine orator whose words ring true and bear conviction. He stands for everything that is sound and progressive. He holds the respect of every one with whom he has come in contact, and the admiration particularly of all college-bred men. His fidelity to the interests of the whole people is an unquestioned asset to his integrity. He represents an class, an creed, no lobby, no vain imagings. He is at the fulcrum of his powers in age and experience. He has profound convictions from intellect and learning and the courage of fearless expression. He has no enemies—his is a clean state. He possesses to a degree unequalled since the days of Blaine that indefinable quality known as personal magnetism. He is not only high-minded but broad-minded and strong-minded. He was born in Virginia and hailed from New Jersey. His ancestry would be a recognition of the South which the South nobly deserves. His election would be an everlasting pledge of a country united in fact, in determination to solve all besetting problems, in inspiration to fulfil America's highest destiny. Such is the man, and such a man is needed by the country, from whatever political party he may come."

To that there can be, actually, nothing to add, save to express the wish that the first of events may bring Woodrow Wilson into a more active relation with Democratic plans than is at present the case. He himself would be the last to raise a hand in favor of his nomination.

There are three or four other Democrats, perhaps, who might properly be listed in the "also ran" class. Among these is Judge George Gray of Delaware. Gray was Attorney General of that State and United States Senator in 1885-89. He was on the Fair Price Commission in 1898, a member of the Court of Arbitration under the Hague Commission, and also one of the members of the Anthracite Coal Commission. He is a judge of the United States Court, and makes his home at Wilmington. He was prominent as a gold standard Democrat.

Another man mentioned in connection with the Democratic Presidential nomination is Judge Judson Harmon of Ohio. He was Attorney General of the United States from 1895 to 1907.



Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University

"HE IS MORE THAN THE ACCOMPLISHED SCHOLAR, THE PRACTICAL EDUCATOR; HE IS A HYPERMAN OF BREADTH, DEPTH, AND EXCEPTIONAL SAVANTRY"

He is at present practicing law at Cincinnati, and is President of the Ohio Bar Association.

Within the last few days another factor has entered into the

Democratic calculations. That factor is William Randolph Hearst, whose political grace, the wisecracker said, was dug by Hughes, and at whose obsequies the House of Yummy Hall and one Patrick H. McCareen of Brooklyn were said to have officiated. But Hearst is not dead, for we saw him the other night promulgating the doctrine of a new national party which he says has no affiliation or sympathy with the old parties.

I first met Mr. Hearst in the Mayoralty campaign of New York which he is still fighting. Later, I became better acquainted with him when he was running on the Democratic ticket against Governor Hughes in 1906. Now, you may have your own opinion of Hearst. You may be for him or you may be against him; no matter what stand you take, you must admit this one thing: Hearst keeps busy. Hearst on a campaign is like one of his own afternoon newspapers—there is a new edition every fifteen minutes, with extras between the editions. The Hearst political policy aims to accentuate the striking, the picturesque features of the campaign, as the Hearst newspaper policy aims to accentuate the striking, the picturesque features of the news. What Mr. Hearst doesn't say on the political stump to the advantage of his candidacy, Mr. Hearst's newspapers—morning, noon, evening, and midnight—say in glaring scare headlines on the journalistic stump. Sometimes spellbinder and newspapers work simultaneously like both barrels of a double-barreled shotgun. This happened at one of the little stations on the route during his peregrinations at the time of the Cleveland campaign.

"There are the populace cheering for you," exclaimed an enthusiastic follower to him.

The colored porter poked his head out of the window.

"But look, look funny people to me," said he, when he had resumed his usual dignified position. "But people are goodboys, and dey is selling de New York Herald's mind."

But it was all one and the same thing for the Hearst campaign song was being sung. The question, then, naturally arises: If Hearst can make such a stir during a State campaign, what could he do if he were running for President? And from the present outlook it seems as if Hearst had his eye on the Presidential chair, and as if to make his nomination doubly sure he had created this new "National Independence party." And what effect this movement will have on the Democratic party remains to be seen. But at any rate there is Hearst, and he is probably going to have something to say in the coming Presidential campaign—and he will say it loudly.

We have traversed the Democratic field as it is to-day. Mr. Bryan holds, at the moment, the centre of the stage. But against those to whom the persuasion of his personality and his talk appeals must be set those others who regard his possible candidacy with genuine apprehension—those whose views concerning him have been thus obscurely summed up. "He is not a great statesman and never will be. He is a fair moralist, a great entertainer, and would probably have made a notable preacher or an extraordinary actor. That he has great gifts is indubitable; that he has great personal attractiveness is evident. So also is it evident to any thoughtful student of his record that he is unfit to be trusted with the great responsibilities of the Presidency."

Physical Cure for Backward Schoolchildren



LEADERS of pedagogy in France say that the average teacher of children does not understand his pupils, because he will not deviously subconsciously to observe that varied and portentous thing, the mind of a child. It is certainly true that the majority of teachers forget that the real purpose of education is adaptation to environment; for if teachers knew what education means they would not give the same form of instruction to fifty pupils of different mental capacity, different temperament, and different physical aptitude.

"Your theory is good," exclaims the school teacher, "but we are not gifted with second sight, and our time is too limited to permit a study of the different natures entrusted to us."

Their answer is reasonable, but the problem is too important to be allowed to rest here. It is for the purpose of solving it that the Society for Psychological Study has established the Laboratory of Normal Pedagogy in the boys' primary school in the Rue de la Grange aux Belles, in Paris.

The laboratory is an airy, well-lighted room overlooking an open field. The spirometer, the automatic weigher, the dynamometer, the gauge for determining the diameter of the human shoulder, the drum and cylinder register, blackboards for sight-testing, instruments for the measurement of auditory acuteness—everything to enable the examiners to study the mental, sensitive power, memory, judgment, and imagination of children, is found there. Dr. Binet, the director of the Laboratory of Psychology of the Sorbonne, manages the institution, and is assisted by an expert pedagogue.

The teacher of the old school is too often ignorant of the fact that there are physical causes for his pupils' shortcomings. They fail to learn, and he punishes them. When bad scholarship is the result of physical deficiency or other abnormal conditions it is unjust, stupid, and brutal to lay the blame to carelessness or ill will or inattention. The deaf ears, the astigmatic eyes that can scarcely see, the dull brain that fails in consequence to grasp the significance of the lesson, pass unnoticed by the average teacher.

Commencing with the principle that it is cruel to punish a child for inattention when all his energy is required to keep him from going to sleep, or when he is under the torment of some physical ill, the Laboratory of Pedagogy instructs the masters to trace mental faults to physical causes, and has forced the teacher to recognize the fact that the child's physical complaints are of many sorts and degrees. Nervousness and sensitiveness, timidity, and all such evils are to be classed as the results of the physical causes which are the real reasons for poor scholarship. The teacher's first duty is to be sure that his pupil is not enduring some bodily torment. When a child has appeared lazy for days together, if the school-teacher is wise he makes an investigation into its physical condition.

If he is anywhere near the Laboratory of Normal Pedagogy, public opinion forces him to avail himself of this institution. He measures and weighs his pupil and tests his physical capacity; he finds out whether the pupil is in advance of or behind the children of his own age. The point reached, the physician comes in. Intellectual weakness is recognized by doctors as a symptom of a very dangerous physical condition. Recent studies have proved that the tactile sensibility diminishes as brain fog increases. The tactile sensibility is measured by Girardet's esthesiometer—two points of a compass which register their contact with the epidermis upon a cylinder. In sight examination, which is an important branch of the laboratory work, the blackboard test is very simple and true. Many children suffer from unrecognized forms of optical trouble. Some are ignorant of their defect. Some are careless, afraid of the doctor, or timid. They do not complain, and so their teacher marks them "lazy," or "inattentive."

These innovations in behalf of the children have not come too soon. They are needed whenever civilization has produced abnormalities in the human organism. The child of today is descended from ancestors strong of tooth and keen of eye. His teeth are poor and his eyes need spectacles. But he is the potential father of the next generation, and he needs all the help that the sciences can give him; and he cannot get it too soon, for he has been abused, slighted, and mismanaged too long.

The Vanderbilt Coach-and-Four in England



Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt on the Box of his Coach "Meteor," leaving "The Green Man," Putney's noted old Inn, on the First Day of his Run from London to Brighton



Walter Godden, Mr. Vanderbilt's Guard, a distinguished Personer on the "Yard of Tin"



Mr. Vanderbilt, in the Coaching Coat, standing beside the "Bobbie," watching a change of Horses at Putney Heath



ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT'S achievement in starting a personally conducted coach service between London and Brighton has elicited a popular ovation. Remarkable scenes of enthusiasm attended his first run. The start was made at eleven in the morning from the doors of the Berkeley Hotel, London, where Mr. Vanderbilt took the reins, his guard being Walter Godden, one of the most expert performers on the "yard of tin" in all England. As the coach passed along Piccadilly all traffic was held up by an enormous, cheering crowd. But the surprise of the journey was the repetition of this enthusiasm at each of the eight stages—in fact all along the Brighton road. At the end of the first run, at Putney Heath, hundreds were assembled, on foot, on horseback, on bicycles, in motorcars and carriages, who welcomed the Meteor and its occupants with rousing cheers, and trailed off behind it when the journey was resumed. Many, in fact, went all the way to Brighton.

This bodyguard was reinforced at every stage. At Reigate a regiment of bicyclists met the Meteor in force and escorted it to the White Hart, one of the old, famous coach houses of ante-railroad days. Paved and followed by almost an army, the coach ran through Crawley, Handcross, and Pyecombe, and into Pyecombe, six miles from Brighton. Here the road was blocked for a quarter of a mile with people and vehicles, and a procession half a mile



The "Meteor" rolling through Malden escorted by a Squad of Bicyclists. Many of these Riders accompanied the Coach during the entire Run from London to Brighton



The Manner in which Crowds Afoot, on Bicycles, in Motorcars, waited at the Relay Stations to see Mr. Vanderbilt

In length led the Meteor through densely lined and police-guarded streets to its destination at the Hotel Metropole.

Mr. Vanderbilt has taken sixty horses in England. Relays of horses will wait at Putney Heath, New Malden, Brixton Heath, Reigate, Crawley, Handcross, Hockstead, and Pyecombe, an extra pair, with a postilion, will be attached at the last of Reigate Hill, and the remaining twenty-six animals will be used for emergencies and to provide extra pairs for hitchhiking. The coach used for the regular journey will be the Venture, which will run from London on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and back each following day. The journey will occupy about five and one-half hours each way.

The Catholic Centenary in New York

By CHARLES JOHNSTON



TRIUMPH for the Irish Church: that is the most fitting description of the great celebration which marked the month of May. Not only were the central figures all either Irish born or of Irish descent, but the multitudes who thronged the Cathedral were largely of Irish race, while the Cathedral itself is dedicated to the Apostle of Ireland. And while it is true in general that New York has not the splendid historic background of other centres of Catholic life in the New World. Neither in antiquity nor in dramatic and tragic force can it compete with Mexico, which had its marked ecclesiastical life, its ripe literary culture, its saints, its martyrs, long before Manhattan was even a village of huts. Nor can New York lay claim to the romance, the high adventure, the magnificent zeal of the second great movement of Roman Catholic life in this country; that epoch which invigorated the spirit of France, and poured forth a band of knights and zealous preachers, who made their way by a chain of mighty lakes and rivers from Quebec through the continent to far-off New Orleans. Spain and France thus claim the first two epochs of the Church's life in the New World; Spain with its saints like Las Casas, its missionaries like Junipero Serra; France with its Champlains and La Salles. The third period belongs to England. It is a period of struggle and strife, when the sectarian wars and bigotries of the Old World found their echoes in the New; a period of persecution and proscription, when the penal laws, which darkened the religious life of Ireland and England during the eighteenth century, cast their black shadow across the ocean.

Even in this English period of America's religious history there are passages to which we can look back with pride and admiration. There was Lord Baltimore's proclamation of tolerance for all, when he attempted his first settlement in Newfoundland. There was the more famous act inspired by his son, and passed by the Legislature of Maryland, in 1649, which declared that "the enforcing of conscience in matters of religion" was a supreme danger, and that no person should be "in any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced for or in respect of his or her religion, nor in the free exercise thereof." This splendid declaration of spiritual liberty preceded by a century and a quarter the broad and all-inclusive tolerance of the American Constitution.

With the close of the War of Independence we come to the fourth period of the Roman Catholic Church in America, and over this period broods a peculiar degree the spirit of the Irish Church. During Colonial times the American Catholics had been directly subject to the jurisdiction of London. After the Revolution, they had, for the first

time, a bishop of their own, the famous John Carroll, a man of Irish race, a kinsman of the Carrolls of Carrington, whose chief was among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and like him a close friend of George Washington. Bishop Carroll first bowed the See of Baltimore out of the wilderness, and gave form and consistency to the organization of his Church, in the great territories which had so recently won their national life. He had a vast region under his care, imperfectly defined, touching on the south the territories of the Bishop of Havana, who represented the earliest Spanish epoch of the Church's life in America; and, on the north, marching with the province of the Bishop of Quebec, who symbolized the second, the French period of Jacques Cartier, of Champlain and La Salle. Within the immense See of Baltimore was included New York, as also New England and the States of the South and West. It was the erection of New York into an independent See a hundred years ago which was commemorated by the centennial exercises we are lately witnessing.

New York had appeared in the Roman Catholic history of America far earlier. A full century before the formation of the See of Baltimore, a distinguished Irish Catholic had been Governor of New York. This was Colonel Thomas Dongan; and in 1683 he enacted a law which declared that "no person or persons who profess faith in God by Jesus Christ shall at any time be any ways molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question for any difference of opinion, or matter of religious dissentment"; almost the words of the Maryland law thirty-three years before. We cannot too often recall such enactments as these, which pledge the Roman Catholic Church in our land to the fullest tolerance, the completest spiritual liberty.

In 1848 the See of Baltimore had grown so large that it was decided to form four new Sees: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the almost unknown Bardonia in Kentucky as the fourth. Baltimore was at the same time erected into an archiepiscopal See, with John Carroll as its first Archbishop.

The first Bishop of New York was Luke Conneran, a scholarly Irish Dominican, who was chosen, perhaps, through the influence of the Archbishop of Dublin. He never reached New York, however, as he died in Italy before he had even set sail for the New World. Dr. Connelly, another Irishman, was consecrated to succeed him, and once more were heard objections and protests, on the ground that he was a foreigner, and beguile a subject of England, with which this country had been so recently at war.



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St. Patrick's Cathedral decorated for the Centennials



Prominent Catholic Laymen escorting the Prelates to Mass



Cardinal Logue, Primate of all Ireland (the central figure at the top), with his Deacons of Honor

The third Bishop of New York was likewise a foreigner, though not this time an Irishman. John Dubois was born in the Faubourg de Louvain XV, and went in seclusion with Camille Desmoulins and Robespierre. Taking refuge in this country from the storms of the Revolution, he was the love and confidence of Archbishop Carroll, and through his influence was consecrated third Bishop of New York. This was at the time when the government of the Roman Catholic Church in this country was passing through a difficult crisis. Its property was held by trustees, and the trustees took advantage of their position to dictate in the bishops and priests concerning all matters of administration. Against this Bishop Dubois protested, telling his trustees that he could not submit to such dictation. "Gentlemen!" he is reported to have said, "you may vote me a salary or not. I need little. I can live in a basement or a garret; but whether I come up from my basement or down from my garret, I shall still be your bishop."

Bishop Dubois's successor, Bishop Hughes, later the first Archbishop of New York, settled this question with vigor and decision. He entered the field on equal terms, spoke and wrote eloquently against divided authority, and finally won enough votes among his parishioners to carry his point triumphantly. The history of this great man, second only to Archbishop Carroll in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, is too recent to need any lengthy notice. Two episodes, however, call for mention. The first is his vigorous campaign against the Native American party, otherwise the Know-Nothings, who sought in all ways to arouse hatred and hostility against American Catholics, and the second was the very influential part he played at the time of the civil

(Continued on page 27.)



Sixty-five Hundred Children at a Centennial Mass in St. Patrick's



Cardinal Logos, attended by Monsignor McCready and McGee, about to enter St. Patrick's Cathedral



Franciscan Friars going to Mass



Monsignor Griffin and Lynch



Bishop Cusack (leading) of New York

Reaping the Honors

WITH THE FLEET ON ITS TRIUMPHAL RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES AFTER ITS 14,000-MILE CRUISE

By CAPTAIN H. C. DAVIS, U.S.M.C.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" ABOARD THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "OHIO"



It is all over. The target records are made and handed in, the torpedoes have been fired, and now we are on our way to take part in our own welcome back to God's country. The good people of the coast are to entertain us by allowing us to parade for them. After they get us all ashore, where we can't get away, they are to tell us what a great thing the navy is, and what a wonderful thing it is that we have all done our duty. This is a form of entertainment which is so thoroughly enjoyed by the sailors that they are to be allowed to do it in all the ports between San Diego and San Francisco. However, it won't last long, and then we shall all be left to our own devices.

Magdalena Bay saw many struggles. There were the fights for the first place in the target practice, there were fights for the heavy, middle, and light weight championships of boxing, there were the fights for the different race-boat cups, and now we are to get into the region of the "flower fights."

Now that our work is really over for a while and we can look back on the days that have passed, we can form our new plans for the next practice in Manila and profit by our experiences. At the same time, in thinking the matter over, we have all asked ourselves wherein we could have done better for our ships, or batteries, as the case may be. When one has been in a turret, either at a drill or during a practice, when one has seen the stripped men sweating at their work, moving like machines, every nerve tense and every faculty alert for a mistake or a break, when we have seen them amid the rattle and bang of the ammunition cars running up and down at full speed, with rammers driving half-ton projectiles into the yawning maws of the great guns, and have seen how well they did their work, we cannot but wonder how we might have improved them. Yet improvement can and will come, as it has come during the last five or six years. When a ship can go on the range, and in less than four minutes throw projectiles from one turret aggregating more than fourteen thousand pounds, through a canvas screen twelve feet wide and twenty feet long, a mile away, while the ship is moving at a speed of five knots an hour, it is difficult to understand how much improvement can take place with the loads at hand. It seems as though the limit had been reached.

The last few days at Magdalena were spent in getting the men ready for the landing of the Fleet Brigade at San Diego. The Mexican government, for some reason, would not allow armed forces ashore, but the men were placed in the boats and taken over to the beach, and all the motions gone through with. The trip from the anchorage to the landing stages in San Diego is about ten

miles, and to be towed there in small boats is not a very attractive outlook.

April 13.—Paint! Paint! Paint! The deck, down below, bridges, staterooms, cabins, kitchens, in fact everything in sight and a lot not in sight, is having a nice new coat of paint. We are revelling in paint, and we will look like a new ship when we get to home waters. Congress ought to make a special appropriation for cleaning clothes whenever we have a paint festival like this or something equally unimportant.

When the Ohio arrived at Magdalena Bay she completed the circuit of the world, and now she has the proud distinction of being the first and only battleship in the world to circumnavigate it. "Nedder" there is also the first officer in the world to go around it on a battleship, he having been on the Ohio ever since she went into commission in October, 1904.

It was off the Union Iron Works at San Francisco, on the 4th of October, 1904, that the Ohio first hoisted her flag as a part of the navy of Uncle Sam. She was launched in the same yard on the 18th of May, 1901. In the presence of President McKinley, and was christened by Miss Helen Descher. It is odd that I should have been in command of the Guard of Honor, the marines from the Winchester, for Mr. McKinley, on that day, and that I am now serving on the ship I saw take her first plunge. As is usual with new ships on the west coast, she went to Magdalena Bay for her shake down, and after a stay on the coast set out for the Philippines. It was while she was there that she became the flagship of Rear-Admiral C. T. Train, Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic Station, and it was while he was on her that Miss Roosevelt made her trip to the Orient. The Ohio took the party to Cebu when Miss Roosevelt visited Seoul.

April 14.—We are due to anchor at two this afternoon. Tomorrow we land for the great parade. The Fleet Brigade will land and march to the city square, where the Mayor will present the Commander-in-Chief with a golden key, the key to the city. There will be speechmaking, while the sailor, to whom this parading and playing soldier is at ways a joke, will forget and run in his place and wish it were all over so that he could "make a liberty" and go to a theatre or a dance. There will be sixteen companies of marines leading the procession, followed by eighty-four companies of sailors, and they in turn will I presume, be followed by the Native Sons of the Golden West, the Native Daughters of the Golden West, the Irish Section of the Bohemian, and other attractive societies. We are a great people.

If time and opportunity permit themselves while at Catalina Island, some of our other men will probably make a try for a tuna, a fish which is much like the tarpon of the Florida Coast. Admiral Emory killed sixty "yellow tail" in Magdalena Bay, and that, as far as I know, is the record for this trip. He used a light tarpon rod and line, and as some of the fish run up to thirty pounds it must have been good sport. The sight of the United States is rather good, and we are anchored now in columns of divisions, while the face of the water is alive with every imaginable kind of craft. It seems people have come for hundreds of miles to see the fleet.

The Committee of the Hundred is on the way to call on the Commander-in-Chief and give him the freedom of the city, and when they have gone we will probably get a dinner to go to the hotel and have dinner for I don't know how many of us who are mighty tired of sea stories.



REAR-ADMIRAL SPERRY

WHO WILL STAY IN REAR-ADMIRAL SPERRY AS COMMANDER OF THE BATTLESHIP FLEET ON ITS VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD



Rear Admiral Evans driving at Pasa Robles, California

THE MAN WHO TOOK THE BATTLESHIP FLEET AROUND A UNIVERSAL WAX OIL SPRINGING RALPH BATH AND RED TREATMENT AT THE CALIFORNIA BEACH

Our Chaotic Automobile Laws

By H. P. BURCHELL



If all the evils of which the automobile has been accused since its appearance in this country, nearly a decade, were to be laid before the bar of a jury for impartial adjudication, the list would be nothing less than appalling. How such a collection might be considered would depend upon the viewpoint. The man in the car views the situation from one angle, while the man in the street, of course, sees things from a wholly different one.

The long-suffering motorist has had ample time to realize the truth of this radical definition in many respects. The attitude of the public regarding the possibilities and rights of the motor vehicle has not kept pace with the progress of the machine itself, its great improvements in construction, in simplicity, and in ease of operation.

Court decisions in several States have been widely at variance upon questions of law affecting automobiles. The Massachusetts Supreme Court has just handed down a decision that a highway need not be kept in such condition as to insure complete safety to motor-cars, provided the roads are safe for ordinary travel. In other words, the court decrees that a motor-car is not a carriage within the exact meaning of the law. In *Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania*, a decision exactly opposite in effect has been rendered. A tripping company owning a toll road prohibited its use to motor-cars on the ground that the road was not built for motor-cars. A suit was brought to compel the company to open its road equally to all desiring to travel over it, and the local judge, in a carriage for the motorists, held that the motor vehicle was a carriage, just as much as a vehicle drawn by horses, and therefore entitled to use any road open to horse-drawn vehicles.

Scores of similar cases might be enumerated, but the few that have been cited will suffice to show that chaos reigns in the automobile legal world. Thirty-six States, including the District of Columbia, have enacted automobile regulations. A cursory review of them reveals at a glance how complex the automobile problem has become, and how difficult it is for the man who desires to make a fairly extensive tour in his own country to do so without a thorough knowledge of the State laws through which he wishes to travel, and without the expenditure of additional sums of money for registration and license. The motorist must also be continually on the alert for local speed regulations, else, in an unguarded moment, he may find himself a culprit before the law.

It is for the purpose of securing uniformity on some of these most vital points that the Federal automobile bill has been introduced into Congress, through the efforts of the American Automobile Association and the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers. The results of the hearing held a short time ago before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives are now being awaited with interest. The sole purpose of this bill, which is noteworthy as being the first effort on the part of motorists to secure some national recognition of their rights, is to provide for the regulation and identification of motor vehicles engaged in interstate travel, so as to give the owner of such vehicle the right of ingress and egress in the various States, without further registration and identification. In a word, the bill seeks to cut the knots that exist in this chain of discord from one end of the country to the other wherever automobile traffic is concerned.

Under the present laws an owner of a motor vehicle living in New York who desires to journey to Washington must not only register his machine in the State of his residence, but he must register and procure a license to operate in three States through which it is necessary to pass: New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. This was exactly the experience of the small army of motorists who participated in the Golden Age tour of the American Automobile Association last year, on the run of 1600 miles from Cleveland to New York. Seven States were traversed—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, and New York. Three of these States—New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland—extend no invitation to motorists to enjoy the hospitality within their borders without first paying for the privilege. The other States exact no tribute, provided the owner has complied with the motor law of his home State. In addition, therefore, to the fees paid in his home State, extra registration fees of \$9 had to be paid by the Golden Age tourists, and special numbers procured to use in the three States mentioned, the fee being \$5 in each case. But in New Jersey, if the car was rated over 20 horsepower, it paid \$5 instead of \$3, making the total extra registration bill \$11, with an additional dollar or two for the driver's license.

Charles T. Terry, chairman of the legislative board of the American Automobile Association, who drew up the Federal bill, said in his argument before the Judiciary Committee:

"It would seem that if we are really a nation such a state of things would be impossible as it is intolerable. It must be remembered that there is nothing in the measure under consideration which exempts any vehicle registered under the provisions of this act from the general police regulations of the State laws. The matter of the speed of the vehicle and the safety devices it is required to carry and all other matters are left entirely to State regulations. The only restriction upon the various States is that

they shall not retard and impede motor vehicles engaged in interstate travel and commerce by useless and unnecessary registration and license requirements."

It may be pertinent to inquire what this Federal bill seeks to do toward obtaining reasonable rights on a national basis for the motorist.

First, it makes it obligatory for the owner of a car to comply in every detail with the law of his own State.

Second, it calls for a payment of \$5 for national registration, carrying with it a distinctive number to be displayed at all times on the machine. The numerals are to be not less than three inches long, nor each stroke less than half an inch in width. Preceding the number is to be the initial or abbreviation of the State under the laws of which the motor vehicle has previously been registered, and following the number will be the letters, "U. S."

Third, each motor vehicle must carry at night at least two lighted lamps, one in the rear and one in front, the rear lamp to be so placed that it will clearly illuminate the registration number.

Fourth, it authorizes the creation of a Motor Vehicle Bureau to be part of the Department of Commerce and Labor, in charge of a commissioner with the necessary clerical force.

Whatever the fate of this bill may be in the present session of Congress, its influence has been far-reaching. It has riveted the attention of all thinking persons to a simple question of rights of individuals, irrespective of class, to travel anywhere in their own country without unnecessary exactions or burdens. The constitutionality of the bill is the only upon which it may strike, or, in ante parlance, receive a punture.

The subject is a new one for the Federal lawmakers. The powers of Congress being necessarily limited to its control over commerce between the States as granted by the Constitution and as construed by the commerce decisions of the Supreme Court, the problem to be solved is whether Congress can in any way regulate the use of a pleasure vehicle when operated on the highways of a State other than the State of the owner's residence—its other words, a vehicle engaged in interstate travel.

The national associations of the country, however, are not contenting their endeavors solely upon Congress for some relief from the existing chaos. Efforts are being made through the various State legislatures for enactment of laws that shall possess a reasonable basis of uniformity. Some success has already been achieved, the most conspicuous example being found in Connecticut. Moderates now point to the Nutmeg State as having the best automobile law in the country. Prescribed limitations of speed are ignored, the simple stipulation being that motorists shall at all times drive at a reasonable pace, consistent with the safety of other users of the highway; but as a warning to over-indulgence, a speed exceeding twenty-five miles an hour is deemed unreasonable and unlawful.

The most troublesome State that the motorists have had to deal with is New Jersey. The excellence of its roads, the popularity of its summer and winter resorts, and its location between two of the largest automobile centres in the country—Philadelphia and New York—naturally make the State a desirable and necessary touring ground. The chief cause of complaint is that the lawmakers refuse to allow a motor vehicle to cross the State line unless registered as a New Jersey machine. One day or one year is equal before the law. The same fee must be paid by the transient tourist as by the one who drives over the New Jersey roads 365 days in a year, and this situation is likely to remain unchanged at least for the coming year.

It is doubtful if the majority of automobilists realize the confusion that exists in motor legislation. A brief summary of the real conditions will, perhaps, reveal the urgent need for some reasonable uniformity. The registration fees range all the way from 25 cents in Alabama to \$30 in Texas, some being perpetual, and others payable annually. Connecticut regulates its fee according to horse-power, \$3 for cars under 20 horse-power; \$5 from 20 to 30 horse-power, and \$10 for over 35 horse-power. New Jersey and Vermont have their fee on horse-power ratings, but the present law demands but one annual fee of \$2, and the registration holds good until the machine changes ownership. Twenty-one States exempt visiting tourists from additional charges, the prevailing requirement being that the motorist shall have complied with the law in his home State. Nine States are not exempt—Alabama, Georgia, Maryland, Michigan, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia.

No two States agree in respect to automobile restrictions. Despite the demands of the motorists, it is perhaps too much to expect that the conservative public, attached to traditional and abetted methods in many sections of the country, would at once take readily to the revolutionary movement in the automobile. Like all new things of lasting value, the motor-car is still in its probationary stage, but as its utility and practical benefits are more widely recognized, the man in the car will ultimately receive what he demands as common-sense treatment.

OLD DR BRYAN
 CURES ALL TROUBLES BY
 HIS CELEBRATED REMEDIES.
 SHORTNESS OF MONEY CURED

MY CELEBRATED PROSPERITY
 DESTROYER KILLS ALL
 COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISES



OLD DR
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BRYAN

KEMBLE

OLD DR BRYAN
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DESTROYER KILLS ALL
COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISES



OLD DR
BRYAN



RYAN
ILLUSTRATED BY KEMBLE

The Passing of the Black Republics

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

RECENT disorders have brought Haiti once more into the attention of Europe. The future of the negro and the mulatto republic that share the island which Columbus christened Hispaniola is not, indeed, a matter of great moment to Europe. A good deal of European capital is invested in San Domingo, and most of the bondholders are Europeans, while in Haiti the Germans have pegged out a relatively large number of commercial claims. But this is not enough to make the future of either of the two republics a political question of real interest or magnitude. Europe's concern in the recent crisis was virtually confined to seeing how the United States would handle it. It is quite well understood over here that San Domingo and Haiti come within the scope of the Monroe doctrine, and that if they ever pass under white control it will be the control of Americans and not of Europeans. The arrangement which placed the reversion of San Domingo in American hands was acquiesced in by all the European governments with scarcely more than a diplomatic protest. The speculators who had preyed upon the island and saw their game drawing to a close naturally grumbled; but they could not move their governments to the point of intervention. Nor would there be any real objection if President Roosevelt or one of his successors were to decide that the time had come when the entire island and the two republics that occupy it should be, if not formally annexed, at any rate brought as definitely under American suzerainty as Cuba itself.

That or something like it is regarded over here as the inevitable outcome. Every year the United States seems to make it more certain. Even the London *Notion*, a journal opposed on principle to everything that smacks of aggressive imperialism, admits that the independence of the two republics is doomed. "The Panama Canal," it says, "is destined to affect all the West-Indian Islands, but none more intimately than the island which is at present occupied by the two republics of Haiti and San Domingo. Hispaniola, to revive the name given it by Columbus, lies between Cuba and Porto Rico directly in the path of ocean communication between Europe, America, and the Indian Ocean. The two channels that lead themselves most readily to cut through and move round round the past its shores. When the canal is completed, Hispaniola will command the entrances to it, and its supreme strategic importance will almost inevitably connect itself with the question of its political future. Already the two-thirds portion of the island occupied by San Domingo is in the hands of American receivers. The remaining third, dominating the Windward Passage, and occupied by the republic of Haiti, is scarcely likely under any circumstances to remain free much longer from a somewhat similar form of control. The modern world is crowding upon it unwelcome; the opening of the isthmian waterway will revolutionize all its internal possibilities and all its external relations; and every disturbance that occurs within its boundaries will furnish another argument for bringing it under white supervision. Before another decade has gone by the fate of Haiti may be that of the Transvaal."

This seems to be a reasonable forecast; and the mention of the Transvaal at once suggests a parallel and points a moral. The Haitians, like the Boers, are placed in possession of riches that they do not care for and are without the means of developing. It is not mean that there is likely to be discovered in Haiti any such prodigious source of wealth as the Transvaal gold fields. But it is certain that Haiti, besides being a very beautiful, is also a very rich country; that the sample of ores exhibited by the government and shown to travellers indicates immense possibilities; that coffee, cocoa, cotton, sugar, and many valuable woods offer tempting commercial rewards; and that the Haitians are utterly incapable of making the most of their resources. Practically they live on inherited capital. The products of the island maintain their value not on account of any cultural efficiency, but simply because of their intrinsic quality and of the natural fertility of the soil. They do not have to be cultivated; they grow wild, and in the absence of scientific tending growing wild is merely another name for a slow but progressive deterioration. In their unwillingness or inability to develop their material resources the Haitians, therefore, are very much like the Boers. They resemble them, again, in their attitude towards foreigners. In normal times a white foreigner can trade through the island not only without danger, but meeting on all sides with kindness and hospitality; and even during the periodic outbreaks of revolution it is rarely that white men, as such, are attacked. But their position is never one of real security, and at any moment, when patriotism happens to be unusually strong, it was, for instance, during the centenary celebrations of Haitian independence, on which occasion posters appeared on the street advocating a massacre of the whites—their position is liable to become one of unclouded peril. Moreover, as in the Transvaal, the whole policy of the state is to keep the foreigners under lock and key. They cannot hold any public

office or take part in political affairs or embark in any business or industry without a government permit; nor can they engage in the exporting trade or hold any landed property. These are not to be sure, very onerous restrictions, and many of these, no doubt, can be circumvented by a judicious bribe. But coupled with the race antagonism that may at any moment break loose they are sufficient, unless human history is about to reverse itself, to enfold the republic in the sort of "foreign combinations" that are the usual prelude to foreign domination.

Moreover, Haiti is the land of revolutions. Of all its presidents only one has died a natural death. Its history is that of anarchy mitigated by military despotisms. The world, perhaps, has formed its opinion of Haiti somewhat too exclusively from the record of her turbulent episodes. It has never quite done justice to the unparalleled difficulties that faced a newly liberated people of pure African descent, suddenly called upon to deal with all the problems of self-government. Nor has it quite done justice to the success, such as it is, that the Haitians have achieved. No one who considers the state of the island as it is to-day with that existing under French rule a hundred years ago can doubt that the Haitians have made a solid advance. To ridenote the dirt and stench of their towns, the stagnation of their agriculture, their obsolete army, their educational system, their telephones, telegraphs, and railways, and to swallow and retail, as innumerable short-term visitors have done, the yarns about woodsmen with which the foreigners in the port towns entertain the stranger—all this seems to me singularly ungenerous and unhelpful. The Haitians, in spite of inescapable handicaps, have raised their status to a level of civilization that is little, if at all, below that of an average Central American state. Nor does it seem to me that any who has studied the relations between blacks and whites in any quarters of the world can question that the Haitians are happier, more self-respecting, and in many ways more prosperous than they would have been had France ruled continued. They have kept their blood pure; they have attracted some of the virtues of white civilization; they have preserved their political independence; and they have developed a strong and resolute pride in their nationality.

Nevertheless, the misfortune of their public life is a fact that cannot be disputed, and in all conjectures as to the future of their political state it must be allowed full account to be taken of what is also a menace to their independence is the continual involvement of the foreign consulates and legations in whatever revolution may be in progress. The sequel to every intervention in both Haiti and San Domingo is that the defeated side takes refuge in the foreign consulates. The consuls refuse to hand the refugees over to the victors, claiming for one thing a right of asylum, and for another being naturally unwilling to doom their man-made goods to certain death. The result usually is that after a certain amount of hot-of negotiation the refugees in the consulates are permitted to leave the republic under a guarantee of safe-conduct. This is clearly a very dangerous and unsatisfactory state of things, or that at least is how it presents itself to my mind. The speaker, however, thinks otherwise. "The consuls," it says, "must be supported in every possible way in securing the safety of their nationals, and there our duty ends. If they can retain in addition their right to give sanctuary to Haitians or Dominicans, so much the better, for we are heartily in favor of humanity being allowed to override all the formal theories on which the consulates are established." But is "humanity" really served by the practice? The nation is decidedly of the opinion that it is not. The present custom, it says, "of sheltering and protecting all who seek the hospitality of the legations is a direct incentive to insurrection. It adds to the attractiveness of conspiracy by assuring the conspirator that there is an inviolable asylum open to him if he fails. In addition, it brings the foreign representatives into the very thick of the domestic plot and intrigue, and encourages them to instigate and foment disorders for ends of their own. To substitute an intervention may cost present itself as the shortest cut to a valuable concession. Such things have been done and will continue to be done so long as consulates and legations remain open for political refuge."

It is not, however, the speaker's opinion that it is wise to say that the Haitians should be allowed to fight it out among themselves soundly brutal, but is, in truth, humane. They will be much less ready to fight when they know they have no hope of refuge to fall back upon in the event of defeat. The United States which learned in Chile the international danger of allowing insurgents perpetrate disorders in its own territory in Haiti to serve any of the conspirators. That is the only sound course to take. If all other Powers had adopted it, the disturbances could not have assumed their present form. If when this trouble is over, the American rule becomes the universal rule, the chance of future anarchy will be greatly diminished. If it is, however, the present possibility of the American example being followed. The dubious activities of the consulates will continue to add on more to the many causes that are gradually forcing the United States, in spite of itself, to become responsible for the government of Haiti.

Where the Fairy Tales Came From

By W. R. PRIOR



A grotesque Paper Cutting by the Fairy-maker

A FUND HAS BEEN RAISED IN DENMARK FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE HOME OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AT ODENSE AS A PUBLIC MUSEUM IN WHICH TO ASSEMBLE HIS MANY RELICS AND MEMORIALS



The Exterior of Hans Christian Andersen's House at Odense

THE house in the Danish town of Odense in which Hans Christian Andersen was born in 1805 has recently been opened as a museum for the preservation of the Andersen relics and memorials. Within the six tiny rooms in Hans Jansen Street are to be found documents that relate to the author's birth, school-days, and early struggles for success, MSS. of the fairy tales, letters, his diaries, as well as portraits and a bust by Durham. Prominent among these is the great work *Picturesque America*, which was presented by American schoolchildren some forty years ago. There are also a photograph of the Andersen statue in Chi-

lago. Hans Andersen is one of the most humorously pathetic figures in literature. His grandfather was an insane woodcarver, his father an idiotic shoemaker. To the poverty of his surroundings and an abnormal mind which found its activity in the dressing of dolls was added an extraordinary appearance. He concealed his neck, inordinately long, within a collar of immense proportions, and his attenuated limbs under clothes of grotesque width, while not a glove or shoe in Denmark could be found to fit his large hands and feet. Yet he faked himself a distinguished appearance. He ran away to Copenhagen to go on the stage, called upon Miss Schall, the ballet leader, to demonstrate his powers, and, before the eyes of that astonished lady, scraped out of his shoes, thumped his hat for a tambour, and broke into such elephantine gambols that she had him dismissed as a madman. His defects and deficiencies at last procured him patrons who patronized him until he astonished the world with his wonderful stories. They are the reflection of his own whimsical, childlike mind. They are himself. He is the Ugly Duckling, hit by the ducks and kicked by the geese, that turned into a swan; and the fantastic melody of *Tromsøer*, trivially, and terror that courses through the famous tales reflects Andersen's history. Their publication in 1835 brought him a European success, and his death in 1875 was mourned with a public funeral in Copenhagen.



The Study in which Andersen wrote the most noted Fairy Tales in all literature

ago, Andersen's furniture, and a pair of enormous shoe lasts, made especially for the author's enormous feet. A more pathetic relic is the little bag found on the body of Andersen after his death; it contained a letter from the Danish girl whom he had loved after her betrothal to another, but this was destroyed by a friend immediately after Andersen's death.

Perhaps the most curious object of all, however, is a letter from a parent, containing the following passage:

"Think of the many young people whom you have sent to the grave through your stories! You are the worst enemy of the human race that has ever existed under the sun, since the time when the devil, seduced our first ancestors."



One of the Chambers in Andersen's little six-room house in Hans Jansen Street

Notable Pictures at the Water-color Show

PAINTINGS THAT HAVE ATTRACTED ATTENTION AT THE FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY NOW BEING HELD IN THE FINE ARTS BUILDING, NEW YORK



Unfinished, 1904, by C. Y. Turner
"Heirlooms"
By C. Y. Turner



"Grande Place, Antwerp"
By C. E. Cooper



"The Fading Day"
By F. Hopkinson Smith



"Laughing Girl"
By W. J. Whittemore



"The Formal Caller"
By Hilda Reicher



"Summer Day"
By I. A. Joseph

The Kaiser's Island Home

THE Villa Achilleon in Corfu, deserted thirteen years before her death by its former owner, the late Empress of Austria, and now in the possession of the German Emperor, is well adapted to the ideal life. If not, it ought to be, considering that although the Kaiser bought it for \$200,000 only, it is said the property had cost the Empress six times as much.

The villa occupies the summit of a rock that overlooks the sea, and is surrounded by a peristyle of a dozen marble columns, at the base of each of which there stands a piece of ancient statuary. Indoors a massive staircase gives access to the private and reception rooms, of which, all told, the palace boasts no less than 128. There are, besides, an up-to-date gymnasium, a bathroom having in its centre a white marble basin let into the floor, and a Byzantine chapel rich in treasures from old seaport cities of the Mediterranean.

Upon the terrace, bordering the number of 25,000 bloom with

roses of all kinds that, owing to the equable climate, flower continuously and perfume the air. Beyond this rose jungle there lies the park with African palms, tropical shrubs, and native trees. Here, too, is a diminutive Greek temple; and again, upon descending by a narrow staircase to the sea, the visitor will find perched on the rock, another and yet smaller temple having a monument to Helios, the favorite past of the late Empress.

Shortly before her death, the Empress, feeling to secure a pleasure-chamber for Achilleon, caused it to be dismantled of her personal treasures, and these conveyed to the castle of Laing. Since he came into possession the Kaiser has effected considerable alterations and additions. The private apartments of the imperial family have been entirely renovated in the Empire style. To the palace gymnasium there has been built for the accommodation of the suite an annex with additional rooms for the domestics. An artesian well sunk in the park supplies good drinking water. Garages and barracks have also sprung into existence with the new regime.

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Richens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHIP," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI



"HAVE come, you see," said Artois that evening, as he entered Hermione's room, "to have the first of our quiet, happy evenings, about which you were so doubtful."

"Was I?"

She smiled at him from her seat between the big windows.

Outside the door he had, almost with a sudden passion, dismissed the vague doubts and apprehensions that beset him. He came with a definite brightness, a strong intimacy, holding out his hands, intent really on forcing Fate to weave her web in accordance with his will.

"We women are full of little fears, even the bravest of us. Chase mine away, Emile."

"He sat down."

"What are they?"

She shook her head.

"Fearless—or almost. But perhaps that adds to the uneasiness they inspire. To put these little words would be impossible."

"Away with them!"

"Willingly."

Her eyes seemed to be asking him questions, to be not quite satisfied, but quite sure of something.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I wonder if you have it in you to be angry with me."

"Make your confession."

"I have Peppina here."

"Of course."

"You know—?"

"I have known you as an impulsive fellow—how many years?"

Why should you change?"

He looked at her in silence for a moment. Then he continued.

"Sometimes you remind me—in spots, as it were, of George Sand."

She laughed, not quite without bitterness.

"In spots, indeed?"

"She described herself once in a book as having 'a great facility for illusions, a blind benevolence of judgment, a tenderness of heart that was insupportable.'"

"Oh—?"

"Wait! From these qualities, she said, came hurry, mistakes, innumerable, herode devotion to objects that were worthless, much weakness, tremendous disappointments."

Hermione said nothing, but sat still, looking grave.

"Well, don't you recognize something of yourself in the catalogue, my friend?"

"Have I a great facility for illusions? Am I capable of herode devotion to worthless objects?"

Suddenly Artois remembered all he knew and she did not know.

"At least you act hastily often," he said, evasively. "And I think you are often so concentrated upon the person who stands, perhaps suffering, immediately before you, that you forget who is on the right, who is on the left."

"Emile, I asked your advice yesterday, and you would not give it me."

"A fair hit!" he said. "And so Peppina is here. How did the servants receive her?"

"I think they were rather surprised. Of course they don't know the truth."

"They will within—shall we say twenty-four hours, or less?"

"How can they? Peppina won't tell them."

"You are sure? And when Gaspare goes into Naples to 'fare la sposa'?"

"I told Gaspare last night."

"That was wisdom. You understand your watchdog's character."

"You grant that Gaspare is not an instance of a worthless object made the recipient of my herode devotion?"

"Give him all you like," said Artois with warmth. "You will never repeat of that. Was he angry when you told him?"

"I think he was."

"Why?"

"I heard him saying 'Tanta della Madonna!' as he was leaving me."

Artois could not help smiling.

"And Vere?" he said, looking directly at her.

"I have not told Vere anything about Peppina's past," Hermione said, rather hastily. "I do not intend to. I explained

that Peppina had had a sad life, and had been attacked by a man who had fallen in love with her and for whom she didn't care.

"And Vere was all sympathy and pity?" said Artois, gently.

"She didn't seem much interested, I thought. She scarcely seemed to be listening. I don't believe she has seen Peppina yet. When we arrived she was shut up in her room."

As she spoke she was looking at him, and she saw a slight change come over his face.

"Do you think—?" she began, and paused. "I wonder if she was smiling?" she added, shortly, after a moment.

"Even the children have their secrets," he answered. As he spoke he turned his head and looked out of the window towards Lucia.

"How clear it is to-night! There will be no storm."

"No. We can dine outside. I have told them." Her voice sounded slightly constrained. "I will go and call Vere," she added.

"She is in the house?"

"I think so."

She went out, shutting the door behind her.

So Vere was working. Artois felt sure that her conversation with him had given to her mind, perhaps to her heart, too, an impulse that had caused an outburst of young energy. Ah! the blessed ardors of youth! How beautiful they are, and, even in their occasional absurdity, how sacred! What Hermione had said had made him realize acutely the influence which his celebrity and his ease—the self that had made it—must have upon a girl who was striving as Vere was. He felt a thrill of pleasure, even of triumph, that startled him, so seldom now, jealous and careful as he was of his literary reputation, did he draw any definite ray from it. Would Vere ever do something really good?

He found himself feeling that she might, as the proud godfather longs for his godchild, to gain prizes. He remembered the line at the close of Maeterlinck's "Fables and Legends"—a line that had gone like a silver shaft into his soul when he first heard it—

"Maintenant c'est ton tour de la pauvre petite."—Now it's the child's turn.

"Now it's the child's turn." He said it to himself, forming the words with his lips. At that moment he was freed entirely from the self-honesty of age, and warm with generous and noble sympathy with youth, its aspirations, its strivings, its misguided hopes. He got up from his chair. He had a longing to go to Vere and tell her all he was feeling, a longing to pour into her—as just then he could have poured it—inspiration under a longed-for furnace. He had no need of any one but Vere.

The door opened and Hermione came back.

"Vere is coming, Emile," she said.

"You told her I was here?"

She looked at him swiftly, as if the ringing sound in his voice had startled her.

"Yes. She is glad, I know. Dear little Vere!"

Her voice was dull, and she spoke—or he fancied so—rather mechanically. He remembered all she did not know and was conscious of her false position. In their intercourse she had so often, so generally, been the enthusiastic sympathizer. More than she knew she had inspired him.

"Dear Hermione! How good it is to be with you!" he said, turning towards her the current of his sympathy. "As one grows old one comes to the known, the proved. That passion at least increases while so many others fade away, the passion for all that is faithful in a shifting world, for all that is real, that does not suffer corruption, disintegration! How adorable is *Tuon* where Time is powerless!"

"Is *Tuon* ever powerless?" she said.—"Ah, here is Vere!"

They dined outside upon the terrace facing Vesuvius. Artois sat between mother and child. Vere was very quiet. Her excitement, her almost feverish gaiety of the evening of the storm had vanished. To-night dreams hung in her eyes. And the sea was quiet as she was, reproducing surely of its former furies. There seemed something insubstantial, something pleading in its gaze, as if it asked forgiveness and promised amendment.

The talk was chiefly between Hermione and Artois. It was not very animated. Perhaps the wide peace of the evening influenced their minds. When Vere was turned out Artois lit his pipe, and fell into complete silence, watching the sea. Glisla brought to Hermione a bit of embroidery on which she was working, cleared away the dessert, and quietly disappeared. From the house now and then came a sound of voices, of laughter. It died away, and the calm of the coming night, the calm of the silent trio that faced it, seemed to deepen, as if in delicate protest against the interference. The stillness of nature to-night was very natural. But was the human stillness natural? Presently Artois,

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suddenly roused, he knew not why, to self-consciousness, found himself wondering. Vere lay back in her wicker chair like one at ease. Hermione was leaning forward over her work with her eyes bent steadily upon it. Far off across the sea the smoke from the summit of Vesuvius was dyed at regular intervals by the red fire that issued from the craters of the mountain. Silently it rose from its hidden world, glowed angrily, menacingly, indeed, they glowed again. And the life that is in fire, and that seems to some the most intense of all the forces of life, stirred Artois from his pose. The pulse of the mountains, whose regular beating was surely indicated by the regularly recurring glow of the rising flame, seemed for a moment to be sounding in his ears, and, with it, all the pulses that were beating through the world. And he thought of the calm of their bodies, of Hermione's, of Vere's, of his own, as he had thought of the calm of the stately sky, the stately sea, that had preceded the hearing of the storm that came from lochia. He thought of it as something unnatural, something almost menacing, a sort of combined life that strove to control, to deny, the leaping fires of the soul.

Students Vere got up and went quietly away. While she had been with them silence had been easy. Directly she was gone Artois felt that it was difficult, in another moment that it was no longer possible.

"Am I to see Peppina to-night?" he asked.

"Do you wish to?"

Hermione's hands moved a little faster about their work when he spoke.

"I feel a certain interest in her, as I should in any new inhabitant of the island. A very confined space seems always to brighten the influence of human personality, I think. In your room everybody must mean a good deal, perhaps more than you realize, Hermione."

"I am beginning to realize that," she answered, quietly. "Perhaps they mean too much. I wonder if it is wise to live as we do."

"In such comparative isolation, you mean?"

"Yes."

She laid her work down in her lap.

"I'm afraid that by nature I am a monopolist," she said. "And as I could never descend into the arena of life to struggle to keep what I have, it often desired to take it from me, I am inclined justly to guard it."

She took up her work again.

"I've been thinking that I am rather like the dog that buries his bone," she added, bending once more over the embroidery.

"Are you thinking of—of your husband?"

"Yes, and of Vere. I isolated myself with Marcell. Now I am isolating myself with Vere. Perhaps it is unwise, weak, this instinct to keep out the world."

"Are you thinking of changing your mode of life, then?" he asked.

In his voice there was a sound of anxiety which she noticed.

"Perhaps. I don't know."

She glanced at him and away, and he thought that there was something strange in her eyes. After a pause she said:

"What would you like to do?"

"Surely you are happy here. And—Vere is happy."

"Vere is happy—yes."

He realized the thoughtfulness of his first sentence.

"But I must think of Vere's development. Lately, in these last days, I have been realizing that Vere is moving, is beginning to move very fast. Perhaps it is time to bring her into contact with more people. Perhaps—"

"You once asked my advice," he interrupted. "I give it now. Leave Vere alone. What she needs she will obtain. Have no fear of that."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure. Sometimes, often, the children know instinctively more than their elders know by experience."

Hermione's lips trembled.

"Sometimes," she said, in a low voice, "I think Vere knows far more than I do, but—but I often feel that I am very blind, very stupid. You called me an impulsive—I suppose I am one. But if I don't follow my impulses, what am I to follow? One must have a guide."

"Yes, and reason is often such a dull one, like a venter showing one over a cathedral and destroying its mystery and its beauty with every word he speaks. When one is young, one does not feel that one needs a guide at all."

"Sometimes—often—I feel very helpless now," she said.

He was acutely conscious of the passionate longing for sympathy that was alive within her, and more faintly aware of a peculiar depression that accompanied her to-night. Yet, for some reason unknown to him, he could not leave from a certain reserve that checked him, could not speak to her as he had spoken not long ago in the cove. Indeed, as she came in her last words a little towards him, as one with hands tremblingly and a little doubtfully held out, he felt that he drew back.

"I think we all feel helpless often when we have passed our first youth," he answered.

He got up and stretched himself, towering above her.

"Shall we stroll about a little?" he asked. "I feel quite cramped sitting."

"Yes, go. I'll finish this flower."

"I'll take a turn and come back."

As he went she dropped her embroidery and sat staring straight before her at the sea.

Artois heard voices in the house, and listened for a new one, the voice of Peppina. But he could not distinguish it. He went down into the tiny garden. No one was there, and he returned, and

passing through the house came out on its farther side. Here he met Gaspare coming up from the sea.

"Good evening, Gaspare," he said.

"Good evening, signore."

"I hear there's a new owner in the house."

"Signore."

"A new servant."

Gaspare lifted his large eyes towards heaven.

"Tista ditta Missoni?" said Artois.

"Signore."

"Hm, signor, Gaspare."

"Grazie, signore."

"Is she a good sort of girl, do you think?"

"Who, signore?"

"This Peppina."

"She's in the kitchen, signore. I have nothing to do with her."

"I see."

Evidently Gaspare did not mean to talk. Artois decided to change the subject.

"I hear you had that boy Ruffa sleeping in the house the other day," he said.

"No, signore; the signorina wished it."

Gaspare's voice sounded rather more promising.

"He seems popular on the island."

"He had been ill, signore, and it was raining hard. Poveretto! He had had the fever. It was bad for him to be out in the heat."

"So Ruffa's getting hold of you, too?" thought Artois.

He pulled at his cigar once or twice. Then he said:

"Do you think he looks like a Sicilian?"

Gaspare's eyes ran his hands lightly.

"A Sicilian, signore."

"Yes."

"Signore, he is a Sicilian. How should he not look like one?"

Gaspare's voice sounded rebellious.

"Va bene, Gaspare, va bene. Have you seen the signorina?"

"I think she is at the wooden seat, signore. The signorina likes to look at the sea from there."

"I will go to see if I can find her."

"Va bene, signore. And I will go to speak with the signora."

He took off his hat and went into the house. Artois stood for a moment looking after him and pulling at his beard. There was something very forcible in Gaspare's personality. Artois felt it the more because of his knowledge of Gaspare's power of prolonged, perhaps of eternal silence. The Sicilian was both blunt and subtle; therefore not always easily read. To-night he puzzled Artois because he impressed him strongly, yet vaguely. He seemed to be quietly concealing something that was not small. What it was Artois could not divine. Only he felt positive that there was something in Gaspare's eyes that evening he had seen an expression such as he had never seen long ago in Sicily, when Artois rode up after Marcella's death to see Hermione, and Gaspare turned from him and looked over the wall of the ravine; an expression of dogged and impenetrable reserve that was like a door closing upon unseen, just not seen, vistas.

"The devilry!" muttered Artois.

Then he went up to look for Vere.

A little wind met him on the crest of the cliff, the definite caress of the night, which had now fallen ever so softly. The troop of the stars was posted in the immeasurable depths of the firmament.

There was something about the way the stars were set, the darkness, but rather a dimly purple twilight which lifted into its breast the wayward songs of the sea. And the songs and the stars seemed twice children of the wedded wave and night. Divinely soft was the wind, divinely dreamy the hour, and bearing something of youth as a gully from the East bears odors. Over the spirit of Artois a musical resonance seemed scattered. And the youngness that lives before, however deeply buried, in the man who is an artist, stirred, lifted itself up, stood erect to salute the night. As he came towards Vere he forgot. The puppy draught was at his lips. The extreme consciousness, which was both his strength and his curse, sank down for a moment and profoundly slept.

"Vere?" he said. "Vere, do I disturb you?"

The girl turned softly on the bench and looked at him.

"No, I often come here. I like to be here at nightfall. Madre knows that. Did she tell you?"

"No."

"You guessed?"

"I met Gaspare."

"He stood near her."

"When he married?"

"No, the terrace. She preferred to stay quietly there. And so you have been working very hard?"

"He spoke gently, half smilingly, but not at all deservingly."

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"I gathered it from something your mother said. Do you know, Vere, I think soon she will learn to wonder what you do when you are shut up for so long in your room."

The girl's face looked troubled for a moment.

"She doesn't—she has no idea?"

"Oh, no."

Vere was silent for a while.

"I wonder if I ought to tell her, Monsieur Emile," she said at length.

"Tell her?" Artois said, hardly. "But I thought—"

He checked himself, suddenly stirred at the loveliness of his own desire to keep their little secret.

"I know. You mean what I said the other day. But—if madre should be hurt, I don't think I have ever had a secret from her before, a real secret. But—it's like this. If madre knows I shall

feel horribly self-conscious, because of what I told you—her having tripped and given it up. I shall feel guilty. Is it absurd?"

"No."
"And—and I don't believe I shall be able to go. Of course some day, if it turns out that I ever can do anything, I must tell that that would be different. If it's certain that you can do a thing well it seems to me that you have a right to do it. But—tell them—I'm a little coward, really."

She ended with a laugh that was almost deprecating.
"Don't tell your mother yet, Vere," said Artois, decisively.
"It is as you say: if you told her before you have thoroughly tried your wings you might be paralyzed. When, if ever, you can show her something really good she will be the first to encourage you. But—tell them—I think with you that her influence in that direction would probably be discouraging. Indeed, I feel sure of it."

"But if she should really begin to wonder! Perhaps she will ask. It's absurd, but I can't help feeling as if we, you and I, were conspirators, Monsieur Emile."

He laughed happily.
"What a blessed place this is!" he said. "One is made free of the ocean here. What is that far-away light?"

He pointed.
"Lure down! Oh, that must be the light of a fisherman, one of those who seek in the rocks for shell-fish."

"How mysterious it looks, surging in and out! Our feet lie there, the designs of unknown men in the darkness."

"I wonder if—Would you hate to go out a little way in the boat? The men look so strange when one is near them, almost like fire people."

"Hate? Let us go!"
"And we'll get mad to come too."

"Oh yes."
Vere got up and they went into the house. As they came out upon the terrace Hermione took up her embroidery, and Gaspare, who was standing beside her, picked up the tray with the coffee-cups and went off with it towards the kitchen.
"Well, Vere?"

"Madre, we are going out a little way in the boat, and we want you to come with us."

"Where are you going?"
"To see the fishermen, just beyond the Grotto of Virgilio. You will come?"

"Do come, my friend," added Artois.

But Hermione sat still.
"I'm a little tired to-night," she answered. "I think I would rather stay quietly here. You won't be long, will you?"
"Oh no, madre. Only a few minutes. But, really, won't you?" Vere laid her hand on her mother's. "It is so lovely on the sea to-night."

"I know. But honestly, I'm too tired."

Vere looked disappointed. She took away her hand gently.

"Then we'll stay with you, won't we, Monsieur Emile?"

"No, Vere," said her mother, quickly before he could answer, "you won't be very long?"

"No, of course. But—"

"Go, dearest, go. Are you going to row, Emile?"

"I could. Or shall we take Gaspare?"

"It's Gaspare's supper-time," said Vere.

"Flush, then!" said Artois, putting his finger to his lips. "Let me creep down softly, or he will think it his duty to come with us, staring, and that would spoil everything. An revoir, Hermione," he whispered.

"Good-night, madre," whispered Vere.

They glided away, the big man and the light-footed child, going on light with elaborate pretensions.

As Hermione looked after them, she said to herself:

"How young Emile is to-night!"

At that moment she felt as if she were much older than he was. They slipped down to the sea without attracting the attention of Gaspare, got into the little boat, and rowed gently out towards Nisida.

"I feel like a contrabandista," said Artois, as they stole under the lee of the island towards the open sea—"as if Gaspare would see upon us if he heard the sound of our oars."

"Quick! Quick! Let us get away. Pull harder, Monsieur Emile! Row slow you are!"

Artois bent to the oars.

"Vere, you are a baby!" he said.

"And what are you, then, I should like to know?" she answered with dignity.

"I! I am an old fellow playing the fool,"

Suddenly his gaiety had evaporated, and he was conscious of his years. He let the boat drift for a moment.

"Check me another time, Vere, if you see me inclined to be buff," he said.

"Indeed I won't. Why should I? I like you best when you are quite natural."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Look! There are the lights! Oh, how strange they are, like a little nearer, but not too near."

"Tell me, then, remember, I can't see."

"Yes. One, two, three—"

She counted. Each time she said a number he pulled. And she, like a little cowslip, bent towards him with each word, giving him a bodily signal for the stroke. Presently she stretched out her hand.

He stopped at once. For a minute the boat glided on. Then the impetus he had given died away from it, and it floated quietly without perceptible movement upon the bosom of the sea.

"Now, Monsieur Emile, you must come and sit by me."

Treading softly, he obeyed her, and sat down near her, leaving the shadowy coast.

"Now watch!"

They sat in silence, while the boat drifted on the smooth and oily water almost in the shadow of the cliffs. At some distance beyond them the cliffs sank, and the shore curved sharply in the direction of the island with its fort. There, was the enigmatic darkness, though not dense darkness, of the night. Now at hand the walls of rock made the night seem more mysterious, more profound, and at their base flickered the flames which had attracted Artois's attention. Fittingly from these flames, rising from some invisible hearth, or from some torch fed by it, fell upon half-naked forms of creatures mysteriously busy about some hidden task. Men they were, yet hardly men they seemed, but rather unknown denizens of rock, or wave, or underworld; now red bodied against the gleam, now ethereally black as are shadows, and shrimpy and shifty, yet always full of meaning that could not be divined. They leapt, they crouched. They seemed to die down like a wave that is then is not. Then rising, they towered, lifting brawny arms towards the stars. Silence seemed to flow from them, to exude from their labors. And in the swiftness of their movements there was something that was sad. Or was it, perhaps, only pathetic, wistful with the wistfulness of the sea and the wistfulness of liberty under the smiling stars. The lights moved and away. Now the rounded rock, with its red veins and slimy crevices, was gilded, its nudity clothed with fire. Now on the water a trail of glory fell, and travelled and died. Now the red men were utterly revealed, one watching with an ardor that was surely not of this world, some secret in the darkness, another turning as if to strike in defence of his companion. Then both fell back and were taken by the night. And out of the night came a strong voice across the water.

"Madre di Dio, she splendee!"

Artois got up, turned the boat, and began to row gently away, keeping near the base of the cliffs. He meant to take Vere back at once to the island, leaving the impression made upon her by the men of fire vivid, and undisturbed by speech. But when they came to the huge mouth of the Grotto of Virgilio, he said:

"Go in for a moment, please, Monsieur Emile."

He obeyed, thinking that the mother's lure for this dark place was echoed by the child. Since his conversation with Hermione on



As Vere saw it, showing redly through the darkness, she recoiled

of all neutral things? Artois did not ask, but his attention, the attention of mind and soul, was held by those distant, voiceless beings as by a magic. And Vere was still as he was, tense as he was. All the poetry that lay beneath his realism, all the credulity that kept below his scepticism, all the ignorance that his knowledge strove to dominate, and its wild moment of liberty under the smiling stars. The lights moved and away. Now the rounded rock, with its red veins and slimy crevices, was gilded, its nudity clothed with fire. Now on the water a trail of glory fell, and travelled and died. Now the red men were utterly revealed, one watching with an ardor that was surely not of this world, some secret in the darkness, another turning as if to strike in defence of his companion. Then both fell back and were taken by the night. And out of the night came a strong voice across the water.

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the day of scirence he had not been here, and as the boat glided under the hollow blackness of the vault, and there lay still, he remembered their conversation, the unloading of her passion, the strength and tenacity of the old man in "Pellée" and Mollande's bawled him. Once more he heard them in his heart:

"Now it's the child's turn."
Vere dropped her right hand over the gunwale till it touched the sea, making a tiny splash.
"Monsieur Emile?" she said.
"Yes, Vere."
"Do you believe in the evil eye?"

Artois did not know what he had expected Vere to say, but her question seemed to strike his mind like a soft blow, it was so unforeseen.
"No," he answered.
She was silent. It was too dark for him to see her face at all clearly. He had only a vague general impression of her, of her eagerness, vitality, youth, and half-dreamy excitement.

"Why do you ask me this evening that she was sure the new servant had the evil eye?"
"Peppina?"
"Yes, that is the name."
"Have you seen her?"
"No, not yet. It's odd, but I feel as if I would rather not."
"Have you any reason for such a feeling?"

"I don't think so. Poor thing! I know she has a dreadful scar. But I don't believe it's that. It's just a feeling I have."
"I dare say it will have gone by the time we get back to the island."
"Perhaps. It's alive and dark here."
"Do you like darkness, Vere?"
"Sometimes. I do not."
"Why?"
"Because I can talk better and be less afraid of you."
"Verre what nonsense! You are incapable of fear."
She laughed, but the laugh sounded serious, he thought.

"Real fear—perhaps. But you don't know"—she paused—"you don't know how I respect you."
There was a slight pressure on the last words.
"For all you've done, what you are. I never felt it as I have just lately, since—since—you know."

Artois was conscious of a movement of his blood.
"I should be a liar if I said I am not startled. Tell me about the work. Vere—now we are in the dark."
And then he heard the revelation of the child, there under the weary rock, as he had heard the revelation of the mother. How different it was! Yet in it, too, there was the beating of the pulse of life. But there was no regret, no looking back into the past, no sombre exhibition of force seeking—as a thing groping desperately in a gulf—for an object on which to exercise itself. Instead there was aspiration, there was expectation, there was the wonder of bright eyes lifted to the sun. And there was a reverence that for a moment recalled to Artois the reverence of the dead man from whose loins this child had sprung. But Vere's was the reverence of understanding, not of a dim announcement—more beautiful than Maurice's. When he had been with Hermine under the brooding rock Artois had been impregnated with the passionate despair of humanity, and had seen for a moment the world with outstretched hands, seeking, surely, for the nonexistent, striving to hold fast the mirage. Now he was impregnated with humanity's passionate hope. He saw life lighted in a sweet chase for things ideal. And all the blackness of the rock and of the silent sea was irradiated with the light that streamed from a glowing soul.

"Sento n' addere 'e rose e de visio
Addu assestia stais. Na manao
Se asperde sola sola . . . e a casle tul
Al-tu nu mae
Quasie stu eor
Spantia e mon-
Lantano a le.—
Nocchie lucente
Vase addutano
Devidu do na rosa
Beig tu a."

A voice—an inquiring, searching voice, surely, rose quivering from some distance on the sea, startling Vere and Artois. It was untrained but unsly, and the singer forced it with a resolute boldness that was indifferent to the future. Artois had never heard the Marchesino sing before, but he knew at once that it was he. Some one at the island must surely have told the determined youth that Vere was voyaging, and he was now in quest of her, sending her an anonymous summons couched in the dialect of Naples.

Vere moved impatiently.
"Really?" she began.
But she did not continue. The quivering voice began another verse. Artois had said nothing, but, as he sat listening to this fervid protestation, a message illuminated as it were by the vibrant, he began to hate the terrible frankness of the Italian melody which, till now, he had thought he loved. The beauty of reticence

appended to him in a new way. There was savagery in a hellowed passion. The voice was travelling. They heard it moving onward towards Nisida. Artois wondered if Vere knew who was the singer. She did not leave him long in doubt.
"Now's our chance, Monsieur Emile!" she said, suddenly leaping towards him. "Row to the island for your life, or the Marchesino will catch us!"

Without a word he bent to the oars.

"Ocelia de na rosa.

Bella tu si . . . bella tu si . . ."

Towards the men of fire it went. It died away upon the sea.
"How absurd the Marchesino is!"
Vere spoke aloud, released from heat.
"Aburd!" He is Neapolitan."
"Very well, then! The Neapolitans are absurd!" said Vere with decision. "And what a voice! Baffo doesn't sing like that. That shaking sounds—sounds so artificial."
"And yet I dare say he is very much in earnest."
Artois was almost pleading a cause against his will.

"Oh!"

The girl gave almost a little puff that suggested a rather childish indignation.
"I like the people best," she added. "They say what they feel simply, and it means ever so much more. Am I a democrat?"

He could not help laughing.

"Chi lo sa. An anarchist, perhaps."

She laughed too.

"Bella tu si—Bella tu si! It's too absurd! One would think—"

"What, Vere?"

"Never mind. Don't be inquisitive, Monsieur Emile."

He bowed so meekly.

"There is San Francesco's light," she said in a moment. "I wonder if it is later. Have we been away long? I have no idea."

"No more have I."

Not bad, he

When they reached land he made the boat fast and turned to walk up to the house with her. He found her standing very still just behind him at the edge of the sea, with a startled look on her face.

"What is it, Vere?" he asked.

"Hush!"

She held up her hand and bent her head a little to one side, as one listening intently.

"I thought I heard—I did hear—something."

"Nothing?"

"Yes—so strange—I don't hear it now."

"What was it like?"

She looked fixedly at him.

"Like some one crying—horribly."

"Where? Near us?"

"Not far. Listen again."

He obeyed, holding his breath. But he heard nothing except the very faint lapping of the sea at their feet.

"Perhaps I imagined it," she said at length.

"Let us go up to the house," he said. "Come, Vere."

He had a sudden wish to take her into the house. But she remained where she was.

"Could it have been fancy, Monsieur Emile?"

"No doubt."

Her eyes were intensely grave, almost frightened.

"Where? It's so dark."

"But—just look, will you? Perhaps there really is somebody."

Artois hesitated; but Vere's face was full of resolution, and he turned reluctantly to obey her. As he did so there came to them both through the dark the sound of a woman crying and sobbing convulsively.

"What is it? Oh, who can it be?" Vere cried out.

"She went swiftly towards the sound."

Artois followed, and found her bending down over the figure of a girl who was crouching against the cliff, and touching her shoulder.

"What is it? What is the matter? Tell me."

The girl looked up, startled, and showed a passionate face that was horribly disfigured. Upon the right cheek, extending from the temple almost to the line of the jaw, a razor had cut a sign, a brutal sign of the cross. As Vere saw it, showing really through the darkness, she recoiled. The girl read the meaning of her movement, and shrank backwards, putting up her hand to cover the wound. But Vere recovered instantly, and lent down once more, intent only on trying to comfort this sorrow, whose violence seemed to open to her a door into a new and frightful world.

"Vere!" said Artois. "Vere, you had better—"

The girl turned round to him.

"It must be Peppina!" she said.

"Yes. But—"

"Please go up to the house, Monsieur Emile. I will come in a moment."

"But I can't leave you."

"Please go. Just tell me where I'm soon coming."

There was something inexorable in her voice. She turned away from him and began to speak softly to Peppina.

Artois obeyed and left her.

He knew that just then she would not acknowledge his authority. As he went slowly up the steps he wondered—he feared. Peppina had cried with the fury of despair, and the Neapolitan who is desperate knows no reticence.

Was the real sign of passion to be scored already upon Vere's white life? Was she to pass even now, in this night, from her beautiful ignorance to knowledge?

(To be continued.)



is because poetic and stimulating examples of pantomime are not easily to be found,—which again raises a question: why are there not more examples of this singularly fascinating form of art which are sufficiently fine and imaginative to suggest musical enhancement to a composer of parts? Sarah Bernhardt is said to have expressed the view that the ideal drama of the future will be pantomime with elaborate musical accompaniment, and the idea is now beginning to take its fantastic.

A model for pantomime music of an ambitious sort has been posed by Mr. Edward Rimbault Hill, the Boston composer, who has written music for a fresh and charming pantomime by Mr. Joseph Lamb Smith, called "Jack Frost an Misnomer." We have not been privileged to witness Mr. Smith's pantomime, but we may quote this synopsis of it:

"The scene is set as a garden, with benches topped by hedges at right and left, separated by a broad path running from the center to a fountain at the back of the stage. As the scene opens, a large toad is discovered blinking by the brink of the fountain. A gay moth flutters into the garden, and is at first horrified and then attracted by the toad and his complacent egotism, gloating about him, she vainly tries to allure him, but he resists her efforts and hops clumsily away. Suddenly the wind blows, the air grows cold, and Jack Frost imperceptibly invades the garden in mid summer, glittering icy. He dances through it, and with bitter sniveling touch wads the blooming flowers and shrivels the poor moth. But Summer, rising from the fountain, spreads a bewitching warmth which melts Jack Frost. Her kiss restores each blossom, and at her touch the moth springs like life again, while the icy invader is driven, cringing and discomfited, from the scene."

This innocent and gracious fancy has suggested to Mr. Hill a musical setting that is surprisingly fertile in imaginative resource and significant detail. He has chosen to score for a large orchestra—no much more elaborate orchestra than Wagner requires for "Tristan and Isolde" (including even the Strauss-wind machine!) and there is no earthly reason why he should not have done so. It is to be hoped that we are approaching a day when it will be recognized as an impertinence to quarrel with a writer of orchestral music because of the size or constitution of his orchestra, no matter what the fragility of his subject; as a matter of fact, most writers of programmatic music probably agree that it is possible to paint a thunderstorm with fewer instruments than would be needed to suggest an orchestral movement—indeed, there is a shaft of moonlight in "Pelléas et Mélisande" which enforces its desolation a larger number of instruments than the ingenious Debussy requires in certain far more tumultuous episodes in his score. Therefore, Mr. Hill's formidable apparatus is altogether justifiable and unimpeachable, even though his purpose has been, as he says, merely to give such an accessory for the various scenes and moods suggested by the action. And his orchestra is more than justified by the flexible and suggestive use which he makes of it. He has written here music which is vivid, intimate, in itself, satisfyingly picturesque, direct and adult in its responsiveness to the needs of its subject matter.

The pantomime, with Mr. Hill's music, has been given with prosperity in Chicago and in Boston; it would be interesting to hear it in New York.

Pennsylvania no institution in the South has justified more fully the expenditure of the money of the state for higher education than has the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College of South Carolina. Its conception and origin grew out of the need of trained teachers for the schools. In 1866, through the influence of Mr. Winthrop, President of the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Fund, the money was obtained that made possible the beginning of this institution. The state soon repaid this gift by an appropriation that enabled the school to offer a scholarship to one student from each county. The good effect of this normal training of even a few teachers was so apparent that in 1893 the state chartered the institution and made a general appropriation for its support. Year by year, as the needs of the institution have grown, the state has increased its appropriation. In January, 1908, over \$20,000 was appropriated for general support, and \$12,400 for a building.

As its name suggests, the college has made the interesting experiment of uniting normal and industrial work. Its success has established the fact that this is a possible and a helpful combination. By a wise and skilful adjustment of the work in the two departments, neither is allowed to encroach upon the other. During a good academic course of four years, the student has two years of instruction and practice in the science of Pedagogy, and two years in both Domestic Science and Domestic Art.

In the short life of the institution over two thousand young women have received training here, which they have carried to over one hundred thousand pupils in the schools. Over ninety graduates will go out this year, nearly all of whom will teach, many in the rural schools of the state.

It is a matter of no little significance for a state to bring this kind of education—the happy union of the ideal and the real—to a yearly attendance of over five hundred of its daughters, many of whom, but for this provision, would never be able to go to any college. To send this infusion of educated women back into the schools, where, these main arteries of the life of the state—this is the triumph of democracy. ♦♦



RAZZAH

"Ah, want to buy a razzah?"

"Any particular kind?"

"Yes, ash, Razzah."

Wanted Cautious

SMITH: "What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?"

JONES: "My wife put it there to remind me to mail her letter."

SMITH: "And did you mail it?"

JONES: "No. She forgot to give it to me."

He Knew

Nor long ago there entered the office of the superintendent of a trading line in Detroit an angry citizen, demanding "justice" in no uncertain terms.

In response to the official's gentle inquiry touching the cause of the demand, the angry citizen explained that on the day previous his wife was borrowing one of the company's cars, the conductor thereof had stepped on his spouse's dress, tearing from it more than a yard of material.

"I can't see that we are in blame for that," protested the superintendent. "What do you expect us to do, get her a new dress?"

"No, air, I do not," rejoined the angry citizen, brandishing a piece of cloth. "What I propose is that you people shall match this material!"

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes, Colonel

FOURVEY WATTENSON says that since the passing of the dry laws a Georgia colonel has paid thirty-five dollars for a painting of a cocktail: And a water-color at that!

Spoonng

OH, he was so stout when he came in woo, She cried, as they sat in the moonlight blue, "Twould take a ladie to spoon with you!"

Whereon he answered her cheerily, "You are right, dear heart," he cried with a gleam,

"I've always said that my love should be A lullabye girl like you!"

But the night was damp, and they left full soon, And went to the dining-room, leaving the moon, And finished the thing with a table-spoon, JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Consistent

"GIVEN, what is the charge against this man?" inquired the judge.

"He killed me a lobster, your honor," replied the officer.

"Ah," exclaimed the judge, "so you immediately pinched him, eh?"

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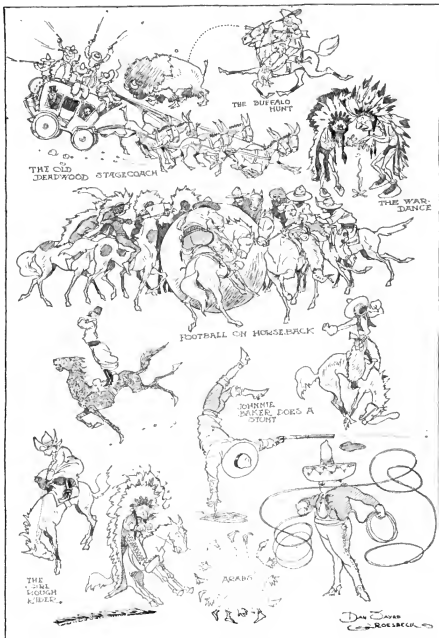
The Dear Old Days

Tossing in his bed, and, a thirty-year-old woman recently furnished a meal to a not-very-healthy-looking boy who had applied there for at the back door.

"Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating?" asked the companionate woman.

"Are it ever been?"

"No, mum," answered the boy, with a snuffle. "But during my halcyon days I was a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break, mum."



WHEN WEST IS EAST

SHOTS AND SNAPSHOTS AT BUFFALO BILL'S

DRAWN BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

Invasion of Prickly-pear

This invasion of the prickly-pear, which has rendered thousands upon thousands of acres of good pastoral and agricultural land in New South Wales and the adjoining Straits colonies, is a problem that has been brought more to the front of late by the big bonus offered by the Queensland government for an effective means of eradicating the pest on a wholesale scale. At the same time, there is a question whether this seeming pest has not its commercial uses. Regarding the matter from this point of view, a Brisbane chemist has, as a result of experiments, accumulated quite a number of means of turning the prickly-pear to useful and highly remunerative account. He sees in this despised plant commercial possibilities quite alluring, and calculated rather to encourage its cultivation than its ruthless destruction.

In his report the Brisbane chemist gives a number of uses in which the prickly-pear may be put. Among them he names alcohol, tea, showing that seven gallons could be secured from a ton of prickly-pear; feed cake for stock feeding; strawboard and paper; and pulp, which may be pressed by hydraulic force into household articles, such as cloth, etc. Prickly-pear also contains much saccharine matter which makes an excellent sugar.

The most practical use yet found for the prickly-pear of the southern portion of the United States has been for stock feeding. The Department of Agriculture is studying the employment of a planter's torch to scorch off the spines; when this is done it makes such an excellent food for cattle that they may be sustained on it alone, without other food or water, for many months through a dry season.

Considerate Censorship

"Does your father know I have you?"
"No. Papa isn't very well, and we're kept it from him."

Travel in Mesopotamia

The carriage jostles the caravan along the Mesopotamian roads. Isamnah as Bagdad is the most important trade centre in the Mesopotamian valley, there is at all times a large number of merchants and traders passing between that city and the surrounding regions. The Mesopotamian pilgrims who come from many lands to worship in the holy cities of Kerebla and Nejd make up the great majority of visitors to Bagdad, and their number is said to be nearly 50,000 yearly. Pilgrims from India reach Bagdad by river steamer from Bassora and proceed in carriages to Kerebla and Nejd, while those who arrive from North Russia and Persia come on horseback. In sedan chairs, in double baskets fastened to a mule's back, or on foot.

The road between Khanikin and Nejd through Bagdad is the busiest of all. Two meets in a day's travel dozens of caravans, each numbering from 75 to 100 or more camels, led by a gamely bedecked animal carrying on its back an embroidered flag of many colors. There are hundreds of pack mules and tiny, quick-stepping donkeys loaded down with merchandise of diverse varieties. The latter beast of burden is really the Mesopotamian "express and fast mail." The wagons are of one kind—a clumsily built creation of the vagabond pattern. They are manufactured in Bagdad and sold at about \$100, but are both heavy and uncomfortable. The top is built of wood and the sides have wooden shutters in place of curtains. They have seating capacity for eight passengers, but frequently as many as twelve persons will criss-cross into one carriage. The seats have no cushions, which is well from a sanitary point of view. The running gear of the carriages bear no sign of paint, but all have curious objects painted on the floor and sometimes inside to keep off the "evil eye."

As Usual

STELLA. "Did she fish for compliments?"
BETHEL. "Yes; but the big ones got away."

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GOOD ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Advantages of Being a Coal Miner

PITMEN have just been compiled from the payrolls of some of the anthracite coal-mining companies, showing the earnings of typical contract miners since the November panic. These figures indicate that the anthracite mine workers have fared better during the business depression than almost all other classes of labor.

At one of the large collieries in the northeastern part of Pennsylvania, not far from Wilkes-Barre, the net earnings of sixty efficient miners were computed; the table shows that each of the sixty earned, on the average, \$4.44 for each working day. Several of them earned more than \$100 a month for the three months considered. At another colliery there were six miners who earned, respectively, \$1.03, \$0.14, \$0.32, \$0.75, \$8.00, and \$9.15 a day. The record of eighteen capable men at still another mine shows average daily earnings of \$4.27.

There is considerable variation among individuals, because, as the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission said in its report, "experience, natural capacity, aptitude for the work, individual industry, and habits of sobriety materially affect the amount that is earned."

Under the award of the Strike Commission, now in force, the minimum rate at which miners are paid must remain fixed, regardless of business depression or any other circumstances. Their earnings rise, however, with the rise in the price of coal, in accordance with the "sliding scale" established by the commission. With every advance of five cents above \$1.50 per ton in the selling price of the domestic, or larger sizes, at the water, the mine workers' pay is increased one per cent. It happens, owing to the market conditions, that April is the only month in the year during which the minimum wage prevails.

Comparison between the figures gathered by the Strike Commission of 1902 and today's figures shows how the cost of labor in mining has increased in the last five years. The commission's report included a table which gave the annual earnings of the employees who work throughout the year for one company. There were ten contract miners in the list who earned over \$1000 each that year.

In a list of sixty miners, working in one colliery of the same company this year, there are thirty-six who earned at the rate of more than \$1000 a year during the three months ending with January. At this colliery there is employed only a very small proportion of the total number of miners employed by the company.

The absence of labor disturbances in the anthracite region is undoubtedly due, to a large degree, to the increased and steady earnings. This condition is reflected in the record of the Conciliation Board, which has had little to keep it busy for the last year.

Why She Made the Discovery

Mrs. MYLLE. "I've found out where my husband spends his evenings."

Mrs. DOWLE. "Where?"

Mrs. MYLLE. "At home. You see, I had to stay in my own last night."

The Slippery Pronoun

MANY are the circumlocutions which have been devised by civilized races in order to avoid the bluntness of direct address. In fact, it may be said that at the moment at which a nation standardizes its language it begins to have trouble with its pronouns.

"Thou" has, of course, become obsolete, except in prayer, although it flourishes colloquially in the north of England. The second person plural is substituted. In parts of the south "you-all" is heard, a further step toward refined classicism.

In France and Germany "you" has been retained in familiar or semi-impertinent speech. In Spain and Italy, on the other hand, the third person is substituted habitually in place of it.

WHAT THE SONS ARE DOING



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR. (ON THE RIGHT), AND CAPTAIN FIFE HUGH LEE, U. S. A. (ON THE LEFT), IN "ARMY BALLROOM NO. 10," IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT'S SON RECENTLY DINED FROM WASHINGTON TO DELAWARE CITY, DEL., 80 MILES IN 3 HOURS



PRINCE EDWARD, THE ELDEST SON OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE AT OSBORNE, PORT. A BRIEF HOLIDAY AT HOME. PRINCE IS 18 AND IS FOURTEEN YEARS OLD, AND IS FOLLOWING HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS IN THE NAVY

New Clothes from Old

WHAT would be the feelings of the mill-maire, clothed in an expensive suit just made for him by a fashionable tailor, could he know that this same attire is composed largely of the rag debris which covered the back of the tramp who once begged a meal at his back yard?

Yet, outside the housepans of the South, and the imported tweeds made by the Harris Islanders, there is practically no piece of cloth manufactured which is not at least one-fifth shoddy, that is to say, composed of old rags which have been shredded in the "devil," as the machine which performs this office is known, rasped, and blended with new yarn.

This is not due to the dishonesty of manufacturers of cloth, but because the amount of wool which is produced annually is not enough to go round. A real suit of wool is practically indestructible. Even in the early days of the nineteenth century good broadcloth cost \$6 a yard; and fathers of respectable families would have two suits, one for working, and one for Sundays, which lasted them during the greater period of their natural lives. About the middle of the century, when the world's population began to increase at a rate previously unknown, the wool supplies fell dangerously short, and certain Yorkshire manufacturers set themselves the task of extracting the woolen yarn from rags. After long and expensive efforts they succeeded in this undertaking. The discovery of a means of extracting the wool revolutionized the clothing industry. It made cheap suits possible. It brought the sewing-machine into existence. It broke down the disastrous business of the "old clothes men," who had grown rich by hawking the discarded wool garments of the rich among their poor clients.

The shoddy industry now gives employment to thousands of hands, and has brought wealth and prosperity into many districts of the cloth-manufacturing countries. There is a world-wide trade in rags, which are collected at various points and shipped mostly to Dusseldorf, an England, where millions have been invested in this trade. Old suits,

stockings, underwear, gloves, carpets, and blankets all go into the "devil," to emerge as wool yarn, afterward to be blended with the millionaire's new suiting. "Shoddy" means waste, but nothing is wasted in the "devil's" maw. Besides new wool a valuable oil is extracted, as well as presinate of potash; while flock for bedding and upholstery is made from the residue. There is a more valuable kind of shoddy made from hard rags, tailors' clippings and strips, old tweeds, and friezes. This article is known as "suings."

The Supply of Turpentine

WITHIN a few years the turpentine problem will come to the front. While the supply of this commodity is never likely to fail, an inevitable increase in price will go hand in hand with the depletion of the pine forests.

Turpentine can be distilled from all the pines; but the chief source is the pine barrens of the Southern States, extending from North Carolina to the swamps of Florida. Already the best sections of pine lands have been worked out, and the distillers, creeping mile by mile down the coast in search of fresh supplies, are working on the last frontier—the barrens of the swayed Florida peninsula.

The turpentine camp is, like the oyster grounds, the scene of much cruelty and hardship. Many camps are worked by the labor of convicts, leased out to the contractors by their State governments. These men are housed in strong stockades, on the four towers of which guards sit with loaded rifles. The free camps are recruited in the main by negroes from the coast ports. When a man is "wanted" for any crime, he generally strikes inland for the nearest turpentine camp, where, owing to the shortage of labor, he is sure of a friendly reception.

When the "distiller" or mounted advance agent of the company has located a suitable site for a camp, the stockade is erected, or a row of cabins for the free laborers. The giant skill of copper is set up, and day and night the work is kept in operation until the turpentine has been extracted from the trees. To obtain the sap these are scored with an instrument specially devised for this purpose, and the sap, trickling down into a receptacle, steadily exudes rates, leaving behind a gummy substance which is subsequently scraped away, put into barrels, and carried to the distillery. There it is converted into turpentine, resin, and rosin. The resin adheres to the sides of the vat, and the turpentine is drawn off into a barrel. The turpentine, rising to the surface of the water, is then drawn off into a second barrel, after which it is ready for sale.

King Edward's Almsgiving

THE annual distribution of the royal bounty, in the form of Maundy money, has just been made with picturesque ceremonies in Westminster Abbey. Sixty-seven old men and an equal number of women were the recipients.

Every year for several hundreds of years Maundy money has been distributed by the English sovereigns to as many old men and women, separately, as there are years to his age. Thus on the last occasion of Queen Victoria's benevolence eighty-one persons of either sex received this alms.

A long procession marched along the Abbey choir, including the Lord High Almoner, the Dean, the children of the Chapel Royal, the Abbey choir, and the Royal Almoner, the secretary of the Almoner and his assistant, girl with towels, as well as the Yeomen of the Guard.

Each man received, in all, \$25, and each woman \$22.50. These sums included the Maundy coin, sixty-seven pence in specially minted money, two-pence, three-pence, and four-pence pieces. These coins were eagerly sought after by collectors, and bought up at many times their value.

Three other bounties had been previously given. They were the minor bounty, the discretionary bounty, and the royal gift alms, and they were doled out at the Royal Almoner to one thousand aged and deserving subjects of the king.

The Story of Rum

"The chief fueling they make on the island is Rum-bullion, alias Kill-Devil," says an old description of Barbados, written in 1635, "and this is made of sugar cane distilled, a hot, hellish, and terrible liquor."

This is one of our earliest authorities on rum, whose potent powers led to the extension of its name to cover all spirituous intoxicants. The rise and fall of rum is uncollected in the story of alcoholic beverages. It was Admiral Vernon, of the British navy, "Old Groggum," as he was called, in allusion to his coat, who introduced among the sailors the daily ration of rum-bullion that is still issued to the English army. "Rum-bullion" was shortened to "rum," and the word "grog" still commemorates the history of "Old Groggum."

Rum rapidly became the popular beverage of the world. It was the special favorite of the New England tars, and cargo after cargo was shipped to Africa to be exchanged for slaves. In fact, it is only of recent years that the cheaper "trade gin" has supplanted it. All Dickens's sailors and riverside characters drink rum—Quip, for whom Little Nell mixed it with terror; and Captain Cuttle, for whom Florence poured out a perfect drink. About the middle of the nineteenth century rum began slowly to decline before the advances of Scotch and Irish whiskey in England, and the seductive applejack of New England. The substitution of the sugar beet for cane dealt it a powerful blow, although it still remains the chief beverage in the West Indies, Guiana, and sugar-cane countries.

But the day of rum is over. The majestic rum-bullion first became familiarized as rum, and then fell into contempt. The name is already a Prohibitionist epithet; soon it will have become nothing but a memory.

Shields for Modern Warriors

Recent experiments at Sheffield, England, suggest the possibility that in this century shields may once more form an important part of the equipment of an army. Steel shields, three millimeters in thickness, and about 180 square inches in area, have been devised, which afford complete protection against bullets fired from the service rifle at a range of 400 yards. The small size of the shield, which weighs only seven pounds, requires that the soldier shall lie prone on the ground in order to be sheltered. Each shield has a loophole for the rifle, and slugs at the sides, so that a series of them can be linked into a continuous screen. The idea is that by the use of such shields the necessity of digging trenches may be avoided.

Drawbacks of Widowhood in India

The Indian papers record a curious case arising out of the terrible custom of infant marriage in that country. The daughter of Mr. Justice Moskerjee, a learned Hindu, was married when she was under ten years of age, and she became a widow two months after the ceremony. Though he could not repudiate the early marriage custom sanctioned by his creed, the judge stood out against that other custom which condemns the child-widow to life-long misery in her dead husband's family, and he determined to have her married again. The husband's relatives claimed and obtained a power of guardianship over her child, but before it could be exercised the second marriage had taken place, and there is to be a legal struggle to determine precisely how the claims of the dead husband's family can be reconciled with the living husband's rights. The judge's action will have the support of many Hindus who are eager to break down a custom that condemns thousands of young girls to a life that is almost worse than slavery. But the power of the older schools of thought is great, and British lawmakers and administrators, though deploring the evils of infant marriage, must shrink from interference with customs which claim to have religious sanction.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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MAY 23 1908

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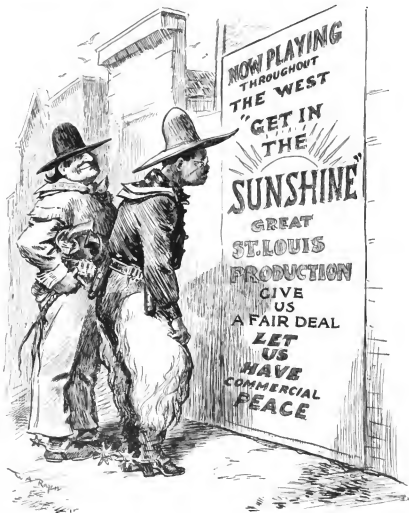
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"SAY, BILL, SHALL WE SHOOT UP THIS TENDERFOOT SHOW?"

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COMMENT

The Meeting of the Governors

AS THE WEEKLY goes to press, the Governors are gathering in Washington in response to the President's invitation, to spend three days, beginning May 13, in considering and discussing with him, with one another, and with other eminent citizens, some matters of great national importance but outside of party politics, on which it is important that there should be co-operation between the authorities of the various States. The programme, so far as it has been divulged, includes a series of addresses by eminent authorities on subjects relating to the physical resources of the country and their conservation, the control of disease in both men and cattle, and such problems as divorce and transportation. We find Mr. CARBONATE cast for a discourse on ores and related minerals, Mr. JAMES J. HILL for a talk on railway extension and waterway development, Mr. JOHN MITCHELL and others for talks about coal mining and so on. Forty-one Governors out of the forty-five accepted the President's invitation. It is very interesting that they should meet in this fashion. To be sure, we must not expect too great results from their coming together. All winter long, and every year since the government started, the authorized representatives of the States have met in Congress, thereby bringing the States into close and familiar relations in the manner prescribed by the Constitution. So the States are not strangers to one another. But whereas Congress is the authorized contrivance by which they agree on Federal legislation, this meeting of the Governors seems intended to help them to a co-operative understanding about matters still under State control; and whatever helps to get the States together, so that, each for itself, they will promote objects which are important to the common welfare, is certainly commendable. At any rate, it is long since there has been so interesting a May meeting as this one that is gathering as we write, and we hope there will result from it much diffusion of sound knowledge and a quickening of the impulse towards wise and friendly co-operation.

Property Rights in Texas

Replying to some observations in the WEEKLY upon the apparently uncertain state of property rights in Texas, our good friend the Houston (Texas) Chronicle offers its assurance "that Texas is to-day more strongly individualistic, less socialistic, than any other State in the Union, and that in no other State are property rights held more sacred than in Texas." But speaking through the mouth of a faithless colored, employed, possibly, to express—thoughts that a Texas newspaper may not confess to with inquisitive, it admits, or at least conveys at the admission, that the State, annoyed

by the failure of the railroads to meet expectations, has of late oppressed them, and that some of its railroad laws "are absolutely lumenous and venacious." What looks heretofore like an invasion of the property rights of railroad owners in Texas it finds to be "only an excessively zealous attempt to protect the property rights of the citizens of Texas against invasion by or in the interest of the owners of the railroads." So be it; but in spite of its assurance as to the sacredness of property rights in Texas, the Chronicle seems to us not yet able to offer outside investors much inducement for the acquisition or creation of new railroad property in that State. The attitude of Texas to its railroads at present looks to us very like the attitude of a trapper to something that cannot get away. It is not an attitude that attracts such investors as are not yet caught.

Bryan Wins in Massachusetts

The Democrats of Massachusetts, in convention in Boston on May 7, elected by a vote of 408 to 152 a ticket of delegates at large and alternates who will go to Denver under instructions to vote for Mr. Bryan. They also adopted a platform. The BRYAN wing of the party had the votes in the convention, but how will it be as to the votes in the State? Bryan can never carry Massachusetts. It might be possible to find a Democratic candidate who could, but in that endeavor the Massachusetts delegates seem unlikely to give much help.

The Case of Reid vs. the United States

An interesting case has recently been argued before the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York. One W. W. REID, dismissed from the army, together with the rest of C Company, Twenty-sixth Infantry, colored, by order of the President and without trial, on November 16, 1898, has brought suit to recover from the United States the pay which, had he been allowed to remain in the service, he would have received between the above date and July 18, 1907, the date of the expiration of his term of enlistment. Counsel for the plaintiff have submitted that his relation, as a soldier, with the United States was contractual and therefore not to be terminated by fiat of the Executive, but by due process of law (in this particular case by court martial), and the United States District Attorney has replied that his relation was merely one similar to that of any civil employee of the government. Probably the United States' contention is correct. However, the real question seems to be, Which branch of the government, the executive or the legislative, has power to dismiss soldiers without trial? Article II., Section 2, of the Constitution says:

The President shall be commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

And Article I., Section 8, says:

The Congress shall have power . . . to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces.

Manifestly the power here granted to Congress is limited by the power without which the President cannot be *de facto* commander-in-chief. This is to say, when the Constitution made the President commander-in-chief it must have invested him with the power which inheres—or better, with the powers which inhere—in one of that rank. The commander-in-chief must have been given some powers of regulation. Was the power to dismiss without trial one of them? Fortunately there is little likelihood of its being necessary to answer this very difficult question, as the District Attorney has offered the court in the revised statutes and the army regulations proof that seems to be convincing that Congress, even if it originally possessed the disputed power, has this long time since delegated it to the President.

Jackson Harmon for Governor of Ohio

In nominating JESSE HARMON for Governor the Democrats of Ohio have put up the strongest man they had, and one of the strongest Democrats in the country. There is nothing about this demonstration of Ohio's confidence in Mr. HARMON that need hinder the delegates at Denver from drafting him if their deliberations—if they are permitted to deliberate—should bring them to the conclusion that he is the best man to head their ticket. If left where he is, he will make a very formidable opponent for whoever runs against him in Ohio.

The Veterans Abandoned to Tormentors

The House of Representatives has reinserted into the sundry civil appropriation bill a clause the original introduction of which therein a year ago necessitated an abolition of the contents maintained at the national old soldiers' homes. This reinsertion should be attributed to fear of an ignorant and intolerant constituency rather than to expectation that it will have beneficial consequences. For Congress is aware that the abolition of the contents at the homes has resulted there, as it has at the army posts, in a great increase in alcoholism and resulting mischiefs. Recently we commented upon the extent and manner of this increase. It remains to be asked why any one, even if State prohibition laws were so far enforced and human habit so far mutable as to render it possible, should endeavor to metamorphose veterans of threescore and ten into total abstemious? It is seldom to the advantage of elderly men to change their habits, provided their habits are anyway reasonable. There are good reasons why drunkards should be discouraged in the soldiers' homes, but no good reason at all for attempting to shut off their medium of beer from old men who have long been accustomed to some use of stimulants. The reformers who have made this attempt have been cruel, and the Congressmen who have yielded to them have been cowardly. Nothing but harm, moral and physical, is likely to come of such action.

And Still the Wonder Grows

Then, one by one, the counties began to turn out the liquor traffic. Bourbon went partly "dry." Now, after twenty months of local option, ninety-three counties are wholly "dry," and only four—Macle, Jefferson, Kenton, and Campbell—still remain "wet," as before the passage of the law.—*Harper's Weekly.*

In the face of the above information about Kentucky, the mystery that surrounds to be solved is, What are the Kentuckians drinking, and how and where do they get it? The laws of a State may be changed in a year, but hardly the habits of a people.

Stock Gambling and Apple Gambling

The *erubite* editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY has proved, to his own satisfaction, at least, that stock gambling is essential to the legitimate trade of this country. The Detroit *Acra* suggests that he go one step further and "advocate a government bureau for the promotion of the bucket-shop industry and the encouragement of firms."—*Springfield (Miss.) Gazette.*

Be thankful, both of you, that however essential "stock gambling" may be to trade, neither of you, nor any other individual, is under moral obligation to undertake it. Keep out of it. Keep out of apple gambling too; for we notice that one of the great apple gamblers has lately failed. For a long time, the paper said, he had been a notable buyer of apples at wholesale, buying extensively in the fall, we suppose, with expectation of selling at a higher price in the winter. But this year the market must have dropped from under him, for he has failed. You see, he took his chance in apples, and lost. It was his business to gamble in apples—a risky business, for apples don't keep very well. By pursuing that vocation he helped to make the market for apples in the fall. According to your understanding of it that must have been wrong, and nobody should buy more apples than he can pay cash for at the moment, or sell more than he has in stock at the time. Would you go farther and say that no one should buy more apples than he can eat? That would be safer. But, anyhow, what is wrong in stock trading is also wrong in apple trading, and trading, or the trade in books; and if anything is right in apple dealing it is right in stock dealing too. There is nothing intrinsically wicked in a stock certificate as an object of purchase or sale.

The "World's" Anniversary

Sunday, May 10, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of the New York *World* by JESSE FLETCHER. The *World* celebrated its anniversary by burning fireworks on its roof and entertaining a large and distinguished company on the evening of May 9, and by publishing its biography the same night in a remarkably profuse and glorious anniversary Sunday issue. The *World* has come to be prosperous and influential beyond any other newspaper that we know of. It lately doubled its building. It has doubled its circulation repeatedly, and may do it again. Its owner and

editor is doubtless the most powerful representative of his profession now alive. The record of what he has accomplished in the last twenty-five years in the face of extraordinary and peculiar difficulties has hardly been matched in the history of journalism.

Old-age Pensions in England

The reception of Premier ASQUITH's plan for old-age pensions shows how difficult it is for a great nation in modern times to undertake the paternalistic care of its superannuated citizens. According to the budget, £20,000,000 would provide a pension of \$1.25 weekly to every person in Britain, excluding criminals, lunatics, and paupers. The number of pensioners, it is estimated, would not include over half a million people, for no one with an income of more than ten shillings a week is to be admissible. The *Spectator* stimulates this as "A plan to discourage the working classes from making adequate provision for old age," and points out various flaws in the bill. For instance, the man whose income is \$2.50 receives a pension, the one who earns \$2.75 does not; married couples, moreover, receive only seven shillings instead of ten, thus putting a premium on illegitimate unions. But these are minor considerations. The point is, the pension fund must come from somewhere, and a higher tariff seems therefore inevitable. In Germany, France, and Belgium the beneficiary as well as his employer contributes toward the fund, thus making the pension a kind of insurance benefit. Only a year ago Mr. ASQUITH believed in a similar scheme for England. His change of front cannot now be explained. It does not seem likely that so solid and level-headed a man as Mr. ASQUITH would act, as the *Daily Mail* hints, on the principle of "After me the Deluge."

The Blood of Bullfrogs Would Protest

We have it on the authority of the Atlanta *Constitution* that the citizens of Russell, Georgia, the early home of President ROOSEVELT's mother, have sent a signed request to the President, "that he stand for re-election, regardless of the third-term precedent or any other inimical influence." How comes it that Russell, however moved by considerations of sentiment, is able to overlook an influence so inherently inimical to a third term in this instance as Mr. ROOSEVELT's letter? Does Russell think that the blood of the BULLFROGS would continue to course unimpededly in Mr. ROOSEVELT's circulation if he stood again for office in the face of that letter? No, no; Russell, you do injustice to the BULLFROG stock.

Money-making Corrupts Sport

Cardinal LEBLANC is quoted as saying that horse-racing with betting eliminated is a legitimate sport, and that one effect of betting has on racing is to destroy an innocent pastime. The cardinal seems to be a practical man. The race-track gentlemen claim to be still more practical. They tell us that racing cannot flourish unless race-track betting is allowed, which is as much as to say that innocence is incompatible with health in horse-racing. It may be argued that Governor HUGHES is the best friend horse-racing has got, because he is trying to divorce it from betting, which, according to the cardinal, tends to destroy it. We incline to think that not so much betting per se is the trouble with horse-racing hereabouts as money-making. The root of all evil is the root of this one. Conceding, what experience teaches, that wherever horses race men will bet on them, it is still conceivable that horse-racing could be maintained successfully in this neighborhood if it were conducted solely as a sport, and not as a money-making enterprise. Money-making has corrupted even the intercollegiate contests. It tends to corrupt any sport it gets a hold on.

An Innovation in Electioneering

It is announced that the Countess of Warwick, one of the most energetic of English Socialists, will make twelve speeches in the Eighth Congressional District of Ohio next fall in support of C. E. WHARTON, a Socialist candidate for Congress. It will be good sport for the countess and a very interesting experience for the voters of the Eighth District, but as a precedent it will get attention, and doubtless be discussed. Is there objection to an alien taking part in a political campaign in our country? We don't let foreigners vote until they have been duly naturalized; how is it about letting them solicit

votes? We might, at least, demand that they take out a license, but on the whole that does not seem so yet expedient. The better course is to welcome any open electioneering that helps to make the voters think, and feel an active and intelligent interest in the issues under discussion. No matter what the countess says, if she makes the Ohio voters think, it will certainly be to their advantage. If she teaches heretical doctrines, there will be speakers enough to controvert her.

Not Such a Bad-looking Town

For decades past the European traveller has been disparaging New York. The city was an agglomeration of ugliness, the tall buildings were monstrosities upon the face of nature, and the skyline was a thing so hideous that the artistic soul shuddered at sight of it. But changes are doubtless in the spirit of inspection, induced in part, no doubt, by improvement in the show. A writer in the *London Spectator*, for example, tells England that "the very disadvantages of New York are also its supreme beauties." What other city is there of like size which matches it in position? "It is a seaside city. The salt water laves its feet. As the traveller approaches it he thinks of Venice rising from the sea, or he is perhaps reminded of ancient Tyre, which stood out in the sea as a land from a wreck, and of which the houses were impressively tall." All of these beauties and advantages have been for years obscured by the humors of foreign travellers, but now the mists seem to be clearing.

A Few Truths for a Seeker

Our local contemporary the *Truth-Seeker* says:

In giving both sides of the argument against the use of alcohol, HARPER'S WEEKLY points out, as has often been done before, that the dominant races of men, the most civilized countries, are addicted to rum. The Scotch are strongly given to whiskey. So are the English, Germans, Scandinavians, and Russians, each to their favorite stimulant. The Turks, the Arabs, and the Hindus don't drink. MUHAMMAD proscribed alcoholic beverages. Jesus did not. It will be noted that the rum drinkers are Christians. The questions arise whether they drink rum because they are Christians, or are Christians because they drink rum, and whether it was rum or religion that made them leaders in civilization. As much one as the other, we think.

They do not drink rum because they are Christians; neither are they Christians because they drink rum; neither are they Christians because they eat pork. MUHAMMAD prohibited pork, rum, and pictures, and permitted polygamy. Currier's aim was not to reach and regulate the spirit through the body, but to regulate the body through the spirit. The body may be orderly and governed in its appetites and yet contain an unregenerate spirit, but a regenerate spirit is bound to induce a disciplined and orderly body. So "conversion" that is thoroughgoing will cure the drink habit. Rums never made any people leaders in civilization. Religion is the greatest civilizing force that exists, but defective or corrupted religious ritual and limit the civilizations of the peoples they influence. Defective religions are now holding back most of Asia, and most of the Christian countries doubtless suffer more or less from corrupted Christianity. The rum question is important, but not nearly so vital as many people think. The true way to settle it is not to make the rum bad, or even excessively scarce, but to make the man good. That is the Christian way, and the only way that is permanently satisfactory. That was the method pursued by St. PATRICK and Father MATTHEW in driving the snakes out of Ireland, and it cannot be beaten. Legislation, if wise, can do something, however, and should be made to do what it can.

The Republican Candidates for the Presidency

A LARGE part of the May number of the *North American Review* is devoted to a consideration of the respective claims of eight Republican candidates for the Presidency. Representative BOSTELL, of Chicago, who handles the case of Speaker CANNON, insists that the Republicans, in selecting a nominee, must exact four qualifications: in wit, character, ability, attitude toward the policies of the BLOOMFIELD administration, and personal popularity. The nominee, of course, must be a man of approved integrity. He must have demonstrated his ability to perform the duties of the Presidential office and his possession of executive energy. He must be in sympathy with the present policies of the government. Finally, he must be a man of national repute, well known and

well liked by the people. Illinois will present to the convention the name of Speaker CANNON as the man who best fills all the requirements of a successful Presidential candidate. As for Mr. CANNON's personal popularity, that is attested by the fact that not only his friends but his acquaintances, and many that have never met him, call him "Uncle Joe." As for his political experience, that is demonstrated by the fact that his service in the House of Representatives, beginning, as it did, in 1873—thirty-five years ago—when GRANT was President and BLAINE Speaker, has brought him into contact for a generation with all branches of government, and with all the leading American statesmen of the time. As chairman for many years of the great Committee on Appropriations, he learned to their minutest details the revenues and expenditures of the government. In a word, Speaker CANNON knows, as perhaps no other man living knows, the country, the government, and the people. Mr. BOSTELL testifies that a strong supporter of another candidate said to him a few days ago, "Speaker CANNON is today the best equipped man in the country for the Presidency, and if he were only ten years younger, no other man would be mentioned in the convention." As to his age, Mr. BOSTELL points out that if Speaker CANNON should be elected President this year and be re-elected in 1912, he would at the end of his second term still be four years younger than CLEVELAND was when he made his last speech as Prime Minister in the House of Commons. The fact seems to him to dispose of the objection to Speaker CANNON on the score of age, and he submits that Speaker CANNON's wisdom and efficient co-operation with the President in obtaining from the House of Representatives favorable consideration of the important measures which Mr. BLOOMFIELD has recommended to Congress entitles him to the cordial support of all who feel that on "the steady administration of the laws" rests the security of property and the welfare of the people.

Mr. J. D. WHEELER invites us to contemplate Mr. GEORGE B. CORTLETT's phenomenal rise since 1881. He was private secretary to the Surveyor of the Post of New York. Early in 1883, while HARRISON was still President, he became secretary to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General in Washington. When CLEVELAND presently entered the White House, CORTLETT, who was then but thirty years of age, reported, as a Republican, to be dismissed, but made himself so useful that he was retained in office, and Postmaster-General HARRISON recommended him as stenographer to the President. This post, he kept until, under the McKinley administration, he became assistant secretary to the President, and, after the retirement of Mr. J. A. PORTER, he was appointed secretary. Soon after Mr. ROOSEVELT's election to the Presidency, he was made Secretary of the new Department of Commerce and Labor, and in the subsequent campaign of 1904 discharged with singular efficiency the duties of the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. Early in March, 1905, he was made Postmaster-General, and soon afterwards was transferred to the Secretaryship of the Treasury, which he now holds. This certainly is a remarkable career, and one that heretofore seems certain to bear fruit. He is not an avowed candidate for the nomination for the Presidency, however, and he has never run before the people for a political office. For the present, therefore, we are doubtless justified in disregarding his candidacy.

Mr. ARTHUR C. HARRIS, of Indiana (formerly our minister to Austria), speaks for Vice-President FAIRBANKS, describing him as a statesman of the McKinley stamp, cool-headed but warm-hearted, discreet yet fearless, conservative but progressive, cautious but patriotic, holding above all other considerations the welfare of his country. Mr. HARRIS says he would make a safe President, while, at the same time, he would take no reactionary step with regard to those policies of McKinley and ROOSEVELT which have commanded the public confidence and the support of the Republican party.

Senator DICK, in maintaining the claims of his colleague to be the Republican standard-bearer, recalls what Speaker CANNON once said of him, namely, that of all the brilliant statesmen in American political history there is no older man or surer man, no better or finer fighter, no man who knows the State and nation more, or renders them better service, than Senator FORAKER of Ohio. It is pronounced indubitable that Mr. FORAKER would fill with honor and surpassing distinction the great office of President.

We observe next that Mr. FRANK H. STIMMONS bases the Presidential claims of Governor HUGHES on the latter's proven ability to carry a State which would have to be regarded as doubtful in the event of the nomination of any other Republican; and, secondly, on his record with regard to the economic questions which are now occupying the attention of the nation as a whole. This record discloses Governor HUGHES as committed to the rational regulation of corporations and the drastic punishment of real offenders against the law, but as deaf to any agitation which has its sole justification in popular clamor. In a word, the record of Governor HUGHES is written in existing and working laws, not in interviews nor in fruitless agitation.

Of Pennsylvania's candidate, it is asserted by Governor STANT that the principles of the ROOSEVELT policies are the principles of

Senator KNOX, for it was upon him as Attorney-General that President ROOSEVELT depended to give these policies the indisputable form of law, and, finally, to secure for them the approval of the Supreme Court of the United States. A man of judicial temperament, he has twice refused the offer of a seat on the United States Supreme bench, and when asked to give a reason for the declination, he declared, "I would rather make history than write it." Governor STANTON thinks that this one sentence is an index to the temper of the man.

Professor JOHN R. COMMONS, political economist of the University of Wisconsin, insists that what the American people need at this juncture is a leader who is a radical of radicals. He must believe with all the fervor of our fathers in equal opportunity for man, weak or strong, and for capital, big or little. Professor Commons goes so far as to assert that the right kind of leader for the present and prospective times must be one who understands that there can be no such thing as a "good" combination for the creation of a monopoly. He must also be a man of determination and aggressiveness, and of the resourcefulness that comes from a long experience in fighting for the reform of the awakened intelligence of the people demands. He must refuse compromise, and decline to occupy any middle ground. At the same time, he must have the sense of justice that is not moved by the spirit of retaliation. Senator LA FOLLETTE, according to his spokesmen, is that kind of leader.

Finally we note what Representative BROWN of Ohio has to urge in the interest of Secretary TAFT, to whom considerably more space is awarded than to any other of the eight candidates named. Mr. BROWN dwells upon the fact that TAFT would bring to the Presidency a practical administrative experience not surpassed, if equaled, by that of any of his predecessors. In the external relations of the country he has comprehensive knowledge of both national and international subjects would furnish a certainty of success of equity and of sustained prestige. To the problems of Greater America and our dependent colonies, and less advanced allies, Mr. BROWN avers that Secretary TAFT's genial humanity and familiar association with the outlying peoples of the earth would guarantee kindly and intelligent attention. At home, in dealing with the grave social and civil questions now pressing upon the body politic, his administration, we are told, "would be marked equally by conservatism and progressiveness. No honest enterprise need dread him; no dishonest scheme could hope to hide its face or escape punishment." In a word, with WILLIAM H. TAFT as President, the American people might rest tranquil in the knowledge that they had at the helm a statesman who, in peace or in war, would guide the destinies of the nation with a strong hand and with a gentle heart.

The Short Story

THE *Vulture* has recently spoken with great disrespect of the great short story, and one cannot but wonder if it is not indeed time to sound the note of warning, for the short story—the pride of American literature—fall into the class with the despised and rejected "best sellers"—the modern, cheap, flimsily built novel, if we do not pause to analyze its content and its structure, to note its great function and divide the sheep from the goats, we may soon find it going the way of the great indiscriminate.

There is a much mooted point as to whether America has yet begun to produce a literature. In poetry, surely, we cannot compete with our mother—England. Only the Whitmanites may contend that we have sang ours in a strong, natural, compelling voice—the rest are echoes. In the novel, Mr. HENRY JAMES alone stands up in the front rank. In the essay we point to WASHINGTON IRVING, HAWTHORNE (whose short stories were mostly essays), ERNEST THOMAS, as against the prosy, glittering array of Englishmen from AMUSEY and PATER. But in the short story we may challenge England to a competition. Who have they who constructed the short story as Poe did? who can they set beside THIER HARTZ for pathos, wit, insight, and color? Mr. JAMES's jeweled tales outbribe STEVENSON, and three follow Miss JEWETT, ALICE BROWN, and MARY WILKINS, who, whatever we think of her style and her obvious limitations, had the photographer's quick eye for striking detail. In the short story, indeed, we may turn to France for rivals and make our comparisons with MERIMEE, MAUPASSANT, BALZAC, and the king, le MAFFANSAVE.

"The great fault of this critic who does me the honor of judging me," writes le MAFFANSAVE in his famous preface, "is that he isn't a critic," and with that he goes on to point out that each thing must be judged in its kind, and not judged because it does not resemble something different. "The public is composed of numerous groups crying out: 'Ourselves me, amuse me, amuse me, touch me, make me dream, touch, shudder, weep, think. But the few (spirit says to the artist): 'Make something beautiful in the form that suits you, according to your personal temperament.'"

In the same spirit Mr. HENRY JAMES reiterates his, "Be faithful to the coloring of your own spirit."—Emphasize the personal note." Do not go to literature for more literature, but go inside of yourself and find out what kind of an impression this universe forming with life has made on the sensitive plate of your own consciousness. There is a kind of blamphing in discarding our personal vision and imitating whatever model. To reproduce a writer for his choice of subject, his natural diction, his brutal candor or laborious subtlety, his chosen wanderings in the dim and vague, or his sharp, precise, recording senses, is to reproach the Creator for lifting men above the level of sleep, who one and all poke their noses through the same hole in the hedge because the hell-wether did so first.

In reading a great number of magazine stories one emerges often feeling as if one had read over and over again the same thing with the slightest of changes in names, places, and general paraphernalia. There appears and reappears the precocious child story, the love complication, the domestic severity (of recent date) story, the slangy story, the dangerous adventure story, and the stories of friendship. But what one feels like calling out to the writers is: "Can't you be just a little different? Can't you see something all the others haven't seen?" It was FLAUBERT who said to le MAFFANSAVE in those famous counsels of perfection for authors: "Look at a tree until it appears to you just as it appears to every one else—the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, he was striving for here—but he continued: "then look at it till you see what no man has ever seen before," and this is the demand for the decoration of the individual spirit. Let the short story teller learn to see and reproduce something beautiful as he sees it, according to his personal temperament, and we have a worthy poet. For literary craft is the power of re-creating of making a miniature of the bit of the world seen and felt, the power to re-create is talent, or genius, as the case may be, and that story is best which with strongest individuality creates the most beautiful illusion.

As to form, the easiest mistake, after that of fusing that only one kind of a half dozen kinds of matter fit into the short story, is to fancy that the main point is to hold the attention in suspense and spring a surprise, a *déroulement*, upon the unwary reader, on the last page. This is indeed a justifiable and dramatic method of structure and one which Poe, himself one of the great masters of slight structure, employed invariably.

But there is quite another method, and that is to stress arresting beauties all along the path of one's tale, and allow the reader to take his joy, not in a thrill at the end, but along the way-side, in the perfect paragraph, the velvet word, the passing picture, the connotative epithet. This is much more the method of Mr. JAMES and of STEVENSON.

If one were called upon suddenly to mention the three most expensively beautiful short stories in English one would undoubtedly say, first, Mr. JAMES's *The Altar of the Dead*; second, STEVENSON's *Wolf of the Hill*; and third, KIPPLING's *Without Benefit of Prayer*. In none of these three is there time, plot, dénouement, each one is so shot through with beauty, rarity, individuality, that it lives in the memory as a single, wonderful gem, seen once and never forgotten. From the opening phrase of *The Altar of the Dead*, "He had a mortal dislike, Poor Siranome, to lean anniversaries," to the last, "But alone with him in the dusky church a great dread was upon her of what might still happen, for his face had the whiteness of death," each phrase is shot through with distinction and individuality—no word is superfluous, no phrase is shaky. The story in itself concerns nothing more exciting than a middle-aged gentleman protesting against the universal fire, insisting that in a world where "all things move and nothing abides" he will at least build a altar to the dead, and so he endures "loyalties." He found a corner in an out of the way church where he might commemorate his dead, where he revisited and relit the old affections and lived with them, and here ultimately it comes about that through the ministrations of a kindred spirit he learns to forgive his one great enemy, among the dead, and the little rift in his explicit pity toward humankind is mended before his death.

If one turns to *Wolf of the Hill* one can but give the same reasons for finding it unexcelled. It is decorated from the first line to the last with beautiful images, beautiful thoughts, and line distinctions. The plain and the stars, the bridge over the river, the stream that ran down the valley turning across mills, the dream of the islands "where kings live all alone in great places with a sentry walking up and down before the door," the constant thought of the distant, unseen sea, "where the ships are that bring pearls and treasures from India"—these are pleasant and noble regions to while in. But if one seeks for action or *déroulement*, they are not there, one are the unities observed, since the tale covers the whole of Wolf's life, from the first touch of vagabondage and adventure, man's acquiescence in the thought that all there is to be in the quiet spirit, and all that is meant to preclude it will come to it, till the final visit in old age of the woe-herd, Death.

So in the end what one would wish to say is that that story

is good which is shot through with the author's personality, which gives us most fully and entirely his perception and emotion and his personal vision of the world. He may perceive a multitude of things, but until he transmits the perception into himself, impregnates them with individuality and significance, his story amounts to little.

Strong feeling, exciting plot, a sense for manner and structural ability, sometimes makes a good short story, but mainly the matter is one of able craftsmanship and individual perception. The short story is a small thing cunningly wrought. From the first line to the last it must be decorated, polished, highly concentrated, closely welded.

"If its own ardours fulness recovers."

In its perfection it would be to prose composition what the sonnet is to poetry.

Personal and Pertinent

TWO late Due de Chalmers belonged to the most dual of families, every adult member of the House of ALBERT being of that rank. The late Duke's mother is, of course, the Dowager Duchess de Chalmers; his only sister is Duchesse d'Uzes. His first cousin (the head of the family) is Duc de Luyne, his wife is a daughter of a Duc d'Ence, his eldest son is a Duc de Chervene, his only sister is Duchesse de Naxelles, and his mother is a daughter of a Duc de Donderville. The family is a painfully short-lived. FLORENCE, Duc de Luyne, died in 1854 at the age of thirty-one, leaving two sons, who died at twenty-three and twenty-one, respectively. The only son of PAUL, who just died at the age of thirty. The only son of CHARLES is living at the age of thirty-eight.

HERBERT ASQUITH, King EDWARD's new Premier, and Governor HUGHES have a great many points in common. Mr. ASQUITH has never been a popular man, and no one can call Governor HUGHES an idol of the people. The Premier was a very earnest and able student at Oxford, and the same is true of Governor HUGHES at Brown. Mr. ASQUITH was a fellow of his college, and Mr. HUGHES was for some time in his earlier life a teacher at Cornell. Both are lawyers, and both came into prominence after somewhat similar fashion. The Governor first became widely known by means of examinations during the AMERICAN Insurance investigations, and Mr. ASQUITH came into prominence when, in association with Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, he conducted the cross-examination of JOHN MACDONALD, member of the House, at the time of the PARLIAMENT Commission. So early was this cross-examination conducted that it attracted wide attention and won for Mr. ASQUITH the title of Q. C. As CHANCELLOR'S House Secretary, thereafter, his career somewhat resembled that of Mr. HUGHES as Governor.

A little stranger word excites a friendly interest among some of our Southern contemporaries; as thus:

HARPER'S WEEKLY called Mr. WATTSWORTH a "garrallique," and the word looks mightily like one of Mr. WATTSWORTH's own vocal chickens come home to roost.—*Asheville Telegram*.

"Garrallique," born of "garrulous" and "gallus," goes back to Somerlath on both sides of the family; mad, with such a genealogy and his own fairly ripe age taken together, it ought to satisfy the most exacting requirements of Huguistic good society. But let not "pleasant," similarly related to "plausible" and "pleasant," be overlooked. We have brought this equally apterivorous word into notice and feel responsible for it. "Garrallique" and "pleasant"—if the next dictionary-maker passes these by, let him be emphatic.—*Asheville Telegram*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has coined the word "garrallique" and applies it to Colonel WATTSWORTH, explaining that it contains the idea of vivacity and easy motion. We agree with the Charlotte observer that the word is a good one, and we also predict it will spread.—*Meigsbury (Ark.) Advertiser*.

Correspondence

CAN BRYAN THINK STRAIGHT?

CHICAGO, ILL., May 21, 1908.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Apologies of your editorial of May 9, "Can Bryan Think Straight?" may I say a word?

A little more than a year ago Mr. Bryan made a trip through the South, following the Bryan campaign at Chattanooga, Tennessee, at which John Temple Graves made his remarkable speech urging the nomination of Roosevelt by the Democrats, etc. The day following I had a little visit with Mr. Bryan, the visit being purely accidental and unbusinesslike of my side, and due to the chance of our having a mutual friend in Lincoln who stands very close to Mr. Bryan. It was my first time to see the great orator, I had read of and after him for years. I was anxious to form an estimate of the man. Frankly, after ten minutes with him, during which time others were talking, coming and going, the first thought to enter my mind was this: This man cannot think straight. He impressed me as being unbalanced in his judgment and erratic in his thought. I heard him but afterwards in an open-air meeting, in which he said a new thing, but merely repeated almost verbatim the social and economic views of Herbert Spencer. I heard him at night on "The Prince of Peace." Then I was more convinced

than ever that both as an orator and as a thinker Mr. Bryan had been overrated. He made some statements that no thinker and scientist would think of making. I say this as one deeply grounded in both the traditional and modern beliefs of the Bible and the old-fashioned religion as taught among Southern mountaineers for ages almost.

He appeared to us as having reached probably the fifth stage in the development of knowledge—namely, delusion—with a smattering of the sixth and seventh stages, which are judgment and reasoning. Hence our first conclusion was explained—viz., that Mr. Bryan is neither a straight nor an original thinker.

I merely give this for what it may be worth.

I am, sir,

NAMUEL H. THOMPSON.

MUCH DISTURBED

TAMPA, FLA., May 2, 1908.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—A singular event was recently reported, of doubtful significance to the dominant race in our country—the bold demand of educated Negroes for miscegenation of the white and African races. How dreadful this is, is fully realized when it is remembered that the popular action is, in only an ignorant Negro factors miscegenation. The exact opposite is more nearly true. On the other hand, "white trash" really reduce miscegenation. While the cultured white utterly abhors it, seeing its incalculable danger.

The thing to do is to distinguish between social equality and political equality—to prohibit miscegenation by Federal legislation; to limit public school education for both white and black races to simple "three R's" and thorough industrial training. The Negro deserves every political right that the white man has—but the one who means social equality between the races, in public discussion, should be whipped and imprisoned.

CLARENCE G. GATES.

Your remedies are too drastic for us. Negroes have a constitutional right to mention social equality between the races when and where they will. We are nothing dreadful about their enjoyment of the right of free speech on all subjects. They are not influential in a terrifying degree in these parts, however it may be in Tampa. Have you not been misled by sensational and false reports of a recent dinner in Brooklyn?—KATRON.

AN OTHERS SEE US

CHICAGO, O., May 4, 1908.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your notices in the current edition is ungenerous, indecent, slanderous. See page 1, 4-11.

And then your article on "Hate-Track Betting." Well, it is really advising (for a take-off) your State or city government to play the baby act and cry, "I can't."

But you chance to have a man, who is not so controlled by the course of the wind or by the sea. He believes in Nehemiah 13, 15-22. Follow a Bible and read that some day. It is interesting.

And then your discourse on the flum devil. Ha! The flum devil is perfectly satisfied with the discourse. In fact, the flum devil denied it, and HARPER'S WEEKLY (for the rum) says, "He too!"

It will say "Me too!" to anything—for a consideration.

The devil is at his best in consuming enormous quantities of wickedness into small bulk in the editorials of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

I am, sir,

JOHN W. MARCH.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—One of the many returns which reach me for subscription to your valued cosmopolitan paper is the correspondence corner in which the "... power the globe give us ..." surely lies lurking; but another return is the editorial corner. While its many comments are—some, sometimes—unpleasant as thought strikes—yet these in the issue of April 25, 1908, voices a humanity truth as unpalatable as humanity itself. (Humanity is earthly; beyond the earth is nothing human.) Your comment is worthy the most thoughtful consideration of every intelligent person, and ranks with any sermon from any pulpit. Given rightful, correct application, it will in mere to drive out ignorance and superstition, which still dominate the minds and actions of individuals and nations to a greater extent than any other existing force.

I am referring to the article "Evils who don't know what is wrong." The article, while aimed at disbelievers in fact, in person—yet it leaves deep an impression and leaves no life. As "a man's conscience may be all wrong yet should be respected," a devout regard to his part for the consciences of others should induce careful investigation of the basis of their thought and conduct, and such investigation would surely the possibilities for the things known on the "other side of the mountain." "A wrong is shown and everywhere a wrong" is a proverb quoted as an axiom in defense of opinion based on narrow and bigoted criticism on none. Your suggestive words on acts "legalized into wrong" are to the point and far reaching.

The facts of your statements are verified by the history of nations and incontrovertibly by those nations treating of religious wars induced by intolerance and that attitudes reinforced by ignorance.

I would that the article under criticism could be seen and read in every secular and religious publication.

I am, sir,

E. E. ASHLEY.

Finance

Some Events of Passing Interest

By HOWARD SCHENCK MOTT



ON the eighth of this month the government published its estimate of the acreage and condition of winter wheat as of May 1. The condition of 80 per cent, compares with 91.3 per cent, on April 1 of this year, 82.9 per cent, on May 1, 1907, and a ten-year average of 83.4 per cent. Until the crop report was published, the pessimistic expectations had indulged rather extravagant expectations of a condition percentage fully as high as that of a month previous, and there was talk of a winter wheat crop this year approximating 300,000,000 bushels. The estimate of a loss of over ten per cent, in condition, therefore, was the occasion of a sharp advance in the price of wheat, the daily option rising three cents a bushel before the close of business on the day of the publication of the crop report. In view of the fact that, while the estimate of condition was lower than on April 1, it was nevertheless 3.2 per cent, higher than the ten-year average for May 1, the advance in the price of wheat no doubt surprised many people. What is known, however, as the "statistical position" had been strong for several weeks previous. Visible supplies of the old crop had been decreasing materially and stocks of wheat the world over were low. At the present time the supplies of wheat in America and Europe are probably from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 bushels less than at the corresponding time a year ago. The crop report showed a very interesting and encouraging feature in the estimate of average "winter-killed," the figures being only 1,318,000 acres against 2,533,000 acres last year. Of course the crop is by no means free from vicissitudes before harvest. In 1902, drought and cold weather late in May cut down expectations by about 100,000,000 bushels. In the early part of the present month warmer conditions were somewhat unfavorable in certain sections of the country, hindering both the growth of wheat and the planting of corn. The promise of the winter wheat harvest, according to the government report as of May 1, aggregates 451,000,000 bushels. bumper crops this year would not only hold both great promise for the country's business activities, but they seem to be almost a necessity precedent to recovery from depression.

"EASY MONEY"

The piling up of surplus funds that began in January continues unabated. Even the "spring planting demands" from the farmers do not appear to offset in any measurable degree the flow of money into the banks of the reserve centres. The banks at New York have been hard put to it to find profitable use for funds, and are reported to be seeking good commercial paper rather eagerly. A few millions of gold have crossed the Atlantic, but the incentive to export gold is not very great, because the accumulation of funds at both London and Paris continues large and discounts remain low. This world-wide plethora of funds furnishes a sharp contrast to the conditions of a year ago. It emphasizes the world-wide character of the financial disturbances which brought it about. It is significant, in the present situation, because it enables corporations to borrow much-needed new capital on easy terms, as has already been pointed out in these articles. As "tight money," last year, constituted one of the gravest dangers of the financial and business situation, so, this year, exceptionally "easy money" constitutes one of the surest foundations of recovery.

HIGHER FREIGHT RATES

The campaign for higher freight rates seems to have begun in earnest and already meets with opposition not only from shippers, but from railway men themselves. Not so very long ago neither shippers nor politicians could conceive that the railroads would have the temerity even to consider advancing rates, and both were clamoring for reductions. Last year the present situation would have been considered an anomaly, and it is an anomaly in some respects. The whole matter of the conduct of the business of transportation has become so involved in politics that it is difficult to forecast the outcome. Of course the shipper objects to no advance in rates, partly on general principles applicable at all times, and partly on the ground that slack traffic warrants lower, not higher rates. He has been used to keen competition for his business in previous periods of depression. In the view that the present is an inopportune time to advance rates the shipper apparently enjoys the support of a number of railway men, who believe that they can reduce operating expenses considerably within the next few months. But even the railway men who demand rates apparently large to advance rates later on. The fact that this is a Presidential year complicates the situation. It is reliably reported that the suggestion to advance rates as an alternative to reducing wages emanated from the White House. There exists much difference of opinion among experts as to the economic wisdom of an attempt to advance rates under present conditions. But heavy operating expenses make essential rate wage

reductions or an advance in rates. Regardless of the origin of the suggestion to advance rates, it is a fact beyond dispute that the cost of living has so far declined hardly at all, so that the balance weighs logically in the direction of higher freight rates.

ORIENTAL DEPRESSION

Purely personal troubles so absorb the mind that one's neighbor's troubles are not recognized or, if recognized, not remembered. Recently, however, an event occurred which for a moment diverted attention, because our neighbor's troubles have some relation to our own. The price of silver has declined to the lowest price in many years. The reasons for the decline consist of a cessation of buying for exchange purposes by the mint of India, a slackening demand from the Indian bankers because of the poor trade brought about by the famine in that country, and selling of silver exchange by Chinese banks which expect lower prices for the metal in consequence of decreased trade activity throughout the Orient. So far as the silver market itself is concerned, its chief support in the near future will come from the German government's new policy, which calls for the purchase of 10,000,000 ounces a year for the next five years. This policy is expected to absorb ten per cent, of the silver that comes on the open market. Germany has not been a buyer since it demonetized silver in 1860. The decline in silver, however, shows how intense has become Oriental depression. In a recent despatch from Tokio, the *Journal of Commerce* states that the transactions at the Tokio Clearing House on March 30 amounted to only 15,908,291 yen against 26,833,229 yen on the corresponding date in 1907, and that the Japanese government has seriously considered the securities markets by its offer to reissue the domestic war bonds on a basis which figures 8.80 per cent. A curious phase of the Japanese depression is contained in the statement that "the conditions are ascribed to the adoption of government measures without consulting the capitalists."

FALMOUTH TENDRIS FAIT

To return home, a matter of local importance has recently disturbed financial circles. Shortly after the suspension of a New York Stock Exchange house of plunging speculators, one of its members was reported to have stated, in defence of his own use of securities belonging to customers, and paid for in full by them, of which his firm was the custodian, that it was the general custom of Stock Exchange houses to use such securities for their own benefit whenever needed. He is said to have added: "It is wrong, but it is business." It certainly is wrong, because it is grand larceny, and as certainly it is not business, as any firm known to practise it would be summarily expelled from the Exchange. Denials of the truth of such a statement will hardly be required by people familiar with Stock Exchange usages, but the statement may readily mislead the uninformed. As a matter of fact, all reputable houses make a practice of setting aside, so that they should not be used as collateral in loans, or in any other manner, all securities belonging to customers against which there exists no debt balance. Cases of conversion of customers' property to the use of Stock Exchange houses are less frequent than embezzlements of funds from banks, and there is no worse reason to condemn all Stock Exchange houses for the one than all bankers for the other. It was denied later on that the statement referred to had been made, but the statement had gained wide currency.

THE BOW IN STOCK EXCHANGE PRICES

To the lay mind the rising stock market of the past two months or more is a remarkable paradox. Advancing prices for stocks appear logically to demand increasing corporate earnings; yet ever since last October corporate earnings have been declining, and during most of the period there were no noteworthy indications of a revival in business. It is quite evident, however, that last year's panic depressed the prices of nearly all securities far below their intrinsic value, as those values would be determined under normal business conditions. The very sense and meaning of a speculative market is that it anticipates future rather than existing conditions. Consequently the speculator, knowing that the needs of \$3,000,000,000 people must be supplied, seeing the promise of fairly good harvests during the coming season, and realizing that "easy money" cannot long continue without enterprising business men taking advantage of the fact to plan new enterprises on increased capital, began to "discount" the future, the discount upon the market that is next year, but the market is going up now. Whatever may be Mr. Harrison's failings, the course of events seems to confirm the statement that he is a "practical man." His rescue of the Erie from insolvency required courage and far-sighted judgment. The latter quality is again exhibited in his plans for the financing of Union Pacific. The opinion of Mr. Harrison will differ in many respects, but his resourcefulness and good judgment will probably again find vindication. He is a product of his times.

For the Kingdom of California

THE TRUE STORY OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CIVIL WAR BETWEEN THE GRAFTERS AND THE ELABORATE FORCES OF THE PROSECUTION

I.—HOW ABE RUEF HUNTED WITH HIS PACK OF HOUNDS

By WILLIAM INGLIS



THE war in San Francisco is drawing to a close. There is a simple statement of fact, yet it will probably puzzle ninety-nine out of one hundred of those who read it. What war? Is the question they are sure to ask. Very few Americans east of the Sierras know that the struggle which was begun in San Francisco two years ago is still being fiercely waged, and that in the strife lives have been lost, characters killed, and reputations ruined. To most of us the mention of San Francisco calls up a picture of the city that has been raised from ruin by its courageous people, and now stands stronger and fairer than ever. And the picture is true. A more splendid example of American pluck and devotion than the restored city of San Francisco has never been seen. Nor has a fiercer civil war ever been known than that which is now entering upon its last phases in that city. The side that wins will govern San Francisco—probably control all California.

It was by chance that I stumbled upon the story. Having gone to San Francisco to prepare certain advertising matter for HARRIS WASSLEY, I found the graft prosecution and the offshoots of the various public service corporations still locked in a deadly grapple the reality of which the rest of us Americans had almost forgotten. The Criminal Branch of the Superior Court was and is the principal scene of action. The newspapers were publishing, as they continue to publish at this moment, page upon page of violent partisanship, reports and editorials, the entire community was, as it now is, divided into two factions—the prosecution's friends and those who favor the corporations. Here was a situation, here a story so absorbing that all interest in advertising was extinguished. I studied with care and at great length the records of this remarkable civil war, interviewed the principal men on each side, examined conditions without prejudice, spent six weeks seeking the truth with the diligence bred by long experience as a reporter. Here, then, is the truth as I see it, without bias, without feeling, concerning one of the most remarkable phenomena that ever occurred in an American community.

To begin with, let us remember that San Francisco is the heart of California, and that California is the laboratory of the superlative. Everything done in this community is done with terrific fervor, hospitality, friendship, love, hate, loyalty, jealousy—are all at white heat. The reason is not difficult to find. The pioneers who came here half a century ago found not only mountains reeking with gold, but a glorious semi-tropical climate, a most fruitful soil yielding abundantly beneath the stimulus of the ardent sun. Either backed strong and reckless men from all over the world seeking fortune, enduring privy on the way the perils of the sea or the deadly Indian trails across the desert and over the mountains. These men wrote a law unto themselves. They dug gold and grew rich. The coveting miser of Monday became the million-

nire of Tuesday. They gambled, speculated, gained or lost vast riches, and took the favors or bullets of fate right jocosely.

San Francisco grew from a mining camp to a metropolis, but the spirit of the mining camp dominates it still. The citizens of today are only one generation from the argonauts. Isolated from all the rest of mankind by the Pacific Ocean on one hand and the stupendous mountain ranges and desert spaces on the other, their dominant traits intensified by that isolation, and nurtured in one of the richest lands under heaven, the Californians are a proud, light-hearted, generous, prodigal, kindly, fierce people who do all things at the highest tempo.

For years before the earthquake and fire of April, 1906, this city of half a million inhabitants, widespread manufacture and commerce, vast wealth and high ambition, was ruled by a band of plutocrats. Their access to power was easy. In a period of great prosperity the average citizen was so engrossed in his private business that he gave no time to the regulation of municipal government. Favored by their remoteness from the rest of America, the labor unions of San Francisco had reached a strength of organization unparalleled in any other part of the world. No employer had ever conspired a strike in San Francisco. The unions went into politics. Their principal orator and ablest man was Eugene Schmitz, who as leader of an orchestra in a concert hall was made delegate to the Municipal Union, climbed from that post to control of the entire labor organization, and there came into contact with Abe Ruef.

Ruef was the Republican leader of San Francisco, a wiry little lawyer with curly black hair, shifty black eyes, an excellent mind, great political ambition, and boundless energies. He is a university graduate, a linguist, and a born leader of unscrupulous men. He showed Schmitz how they two could govern San Francisco, and draw money out of it as easily as water is drawn from a tap. The two formed a political partnership, and at the next municipal election took complete possession of the city government. The Board of Supervisors, the legislative branch of the government, was made up chiefly of cut-throat, plunders, and other members of trade unions upon whom Schmitz and Ruef could rely to carry out orders. It is a matter of record that in the entire board of twenty members there were exactly two honest men. The whole machinery of government was deliberately organized for plunder, and the joint business of grafting was carried on with a thoroughness and scope never equaled elsewhere. Schmitz was the immortal head of the government, and his artistic nature resulted in the pomp of office and the frequent practice of oratory—to say nothing of the audacious influx of riches and new luxury, while Ruef was the cunning spider at the heart of the web, the power that ruled Schmitz, the heart, the brain, the cracked, bold, unscrupulous, avocations soul of the administration.

Nothing contrived by man has ever done its work more efficiently and completely than the San Francisco graft



Abe Ruef

"THE FIXING POWER AT THE HEART OF THE WAR, THE POWER THAT RULED SCHMITZ, THE BEAST, THE BRAIN, THE CRACKER, UNCRUEL, UNABASHED, UNBOWING SOUL OF THE ADMINISTRATION"



Rudolph Spreckels

WHO FINISHED THE BUSINESS OF WAR IN THE GRIFT PROMOTION, AND WHO HAS DIRECTED AND CONTROLLER ITS OPERATIONS FROM THE FIRST

machine. All keepers of saloons who feared by breaking the law, proprietors of gambling houses, metropolitan restaurants, etc., paid a tax of extortion that was wisely adapted to squeeze out every dollar the vice traffic would bear. Wretched women paid promptly under penalty of being driven off the street. No lawbreaker was small enough to slip through the meshes of the graft net without paying. No individual, nor firm, nor corporation seeking favor or even their rights of the city government was rich or strong enough to escape. The traffickers in vice paid cash, divided their takings secretly with regularly appointed agents of the machine. Promoters of great enterprises that required municipal permit in order to become active and profitable found it expedient to add Alie Rief to their staff of attorneys. Rief's procedure was not coarse; it was diplomatic, although exceedingly avaricious. Flaxing learned who was the principal individual in a company seeking or about to seek a franchise, he managed to meet that principal individual in a casual way and suggest a brilliant scheme.

"I'd like to be one of your attorneys," was the subtle method by which Rief would insinuate himself. "I feel certain that I could be of considerable help to your concern. I shall expect a fee of ——— dollars a year for ——— years, and I should prefer to have the payment made in one sum."

Sometimes, though not often, the victim succeeded in persuading Rief that the fee was too high and that a reduction was imperative; but always Rief prevailed. For if he were not engaged as attorney, Rief might plant and Apollo might water, but the entire prize would come to naught—withered by the indifference of the Board of Supervisors. It mattered nothing to them whether or not the proposed activities would supply a public need. The only question was: "Is Alie Rief in favor of this franchise?" If the answer was affirmative, the franchise was granted; if negative, the franchise was withheld. The little lawyer's control of the supervisors was perfect. He originally chose them, nominated them to office, and had them elected by means of a fusion between the Republicans and union labor organizations. They were, and they knew they were, his creatures. To him they looked for further advancement in political life, so that in so far as gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come they were grateful to a high degree, and did his bidding without question. Moreover, their status as supervisors brought them an increase of business and profit in their ordinary vocations, for many citizens were anxious to be on good terms with the city fathers. Besides all this, Alie Rief distributed a minor part of his spoils among "the boys." From all that I can learn this largesse was not the result of any sentimental devotion of heart. He did not pretend to render any accounting to his small confederates.

"The supervisors were Alie Rief's pack of hounds, and he hunted with them," was the characterization that a shrewd San Franciscoan gave me. "Now and then, when they become clamorous, he tossed them some scraps of meat. You remember the description Rief has given of them—'so hungry that they'd eat the paint off a house.'"

"Rig Joss" Gallagher was the whipper-in. Jim is a lawyer, too, shrewd, forceful, and persuasive, though not of so able intellect as

Rief, the master. For years the hunt went merrily on. The supervisors generally grew in wealth beyond their early hopes. That is, the eighteen dishonest men did. The two honest men on the board merely did their duty as they saw it, and they have left no-mirrored ever since by the memory of their associations. Schmitz "made" hundreds of thousands of dollars, and Rief dug out of the mine a sum that is computed at one million dollars at the least, and mounts beyond that to any figure that places the taste and fancy of the computer.

San Francisco was richer than ever before in its history when it was shaken by earthquake at five o'clock in the morning of April 18, 1906. The quake did very little harm in comparison with the fire that followed and swept away all the business part of the city, because the water mains had been shattered by the convulsion, and there was no water with which to fight the flames. Within two days a region was devastated equal in area to Manhattan Island from the Battery to Fifty-ninth Street. Of the banks, hotels, office buildings, wholesale and retail mercantile establishments, and hundreds of dwelling places, all that remained were mounds of crumbling masonry and grotesque piles of twisted steel. The last part of the city was reduced to an ash-heap. For weeks thereafter advocates of rival cities were propagandizing that San Francisco could never rise from the dead.

But San Francisco did rise from the dead. Her own people, without a moment of delay, began the work of rebuilding while the rains were still hot and smoking. If even at that late day the gang of grafters who had long fattened on the city's needs had held their hands, had had enough intelligence to let the victim grow strong again before bleeding it again, they might have escaped prosecution. But they were drunk with power and greed, and they fell upon their victim anew. It is true, and it must ever remain to its credit, that Mayor Schmitz rose to the emergency, and during the weeks immediately following the fire he set an example of devotion to duty and unswerving industry, and administered his office for the best interests of the city. But as soon as order was restored, and there were indications that the city was to be rebuilt, the graft machine began once more to grind tribute out of all who asked favors.

No trustee on rapidly will rise to complete without the history of the San Francisco grafters during this period. Great and small had to pay as before, long the needs of reconstruction were so manifold that the graft was richer than ever. Great enterprises were



Francis J. Heney

WHO PROMOTED LUMBER THEFTS IN OREGON, AND HAS COSTLY THE GRIFT PROMOTION IN SAN FRANCISCO UNDER THE DIRECTION OF RUDOLPH SPRECKELS. HE AGREED TO LET THE SUPERVISORS—NEAR CONFESSED THIEVES—GO FREE, IN ORDER TO GET FOR MEN MORE IMPORTANT.

held up in helpless inactivity until their promoters "saw the right party." As for petty extortion, let these two examples suffice:

1. With the water supply reduced to a mere trickle it was necessary to enforce strict fire regulations, and a householder was allowed to maintain fire, even in his cooking stove, until the chimney thereof had been officially inspected and certified. A friend of mine "gave a man five dollars"—not an inspector, of course—and his chimney was inspected and the kitchen fire started immediately. His next door neighbor, with an equally good chimney, refused to "give a man five dollars," and said much about the rights of citizens and duties of officials. Six months passed before his good chimney was inspected.

2. The contractors who carted away debris from the burned district were compelled to pay graft money. If they failed to do this their drivers were held up by the police every few hundred feet and dragged to the station house to explain that they were not thieves. As showing how graft breeds graft there is something humorous in the fact that many of the grafting policemen actually helped certain drivers to steal and sell metal from burned buildings. These things were not hidden from the people. The newspapers were vexed with them. Everybody knew from his personal experience or the experience of his neighbor how the shameless official robbery was carried on.

In the midst of the first activities of rebuilding San Francisco, the United Railroads asked the Board of Supervisors for permission to change its form of motive power. All its lines, hitherto operated by cable traction, were to be changed to electric. The company found the time expedient to adopt the overhead electric trolley system. Immediately public protests were made against the change. The graft prosecution declares that these protests were spontaneous and honest; the railroad officials declare they were inspired by enemies. Able engineers endorsed the public protests that overhead trolley lines were antiquated, unsightly, and very dangerous. Engineers of eminence, on the other hand, reported that the system was perfectly safe, and that even if the overhead trolley wires were not beautiful it was impossible to operate an underground trolley system in San Francisco, inasmuch as there were on the hills on which the city is built sixteen valleys in which during the rainy season water would collect and, by short-circuiting the feed wires, paralyze the whole system. Chief among the engineers who held this last belief was William Barclay Parsons, distinguished as chief engineer of the New York Subway, and in many other engineering achievements. Like all disputes in San Francisco, this one was carried on with much sound, fury, and persistence. The supervisors presently gave permission for the installation of the overhead trolley system, and immediately thereafter the newspapers of San Francisco resounded with the accusation that the United Railroads had bribed the supervisors with \$200,000, paid to Abe Ruef. Officials of telephone and lighting corporations were also accused of bribery.

We of the East who saw nothing and felt nothing of the awful catastrophe that swept away the entire business portion of the city, who did not see the men of means and substance standing for days in the bread line, grateful for the mere means of sustaining life, can hardly appreciate the condition of the public mind in San Francisco when the first effects of the shock began to wear away. The calamity was complete, appalling.

As the people rallied from the shock and bravely set about the work of reconstruction they were still in an avoidable frame of mind. There was much forced gaiety among those who had stood close to death and who still were not sure whether or not all their worldly possessions were reduced to ruin. Exhausted by the stress of emotion and the alternations of hope and despair, the people were easily susceptible to the influence of any one who should loudly proclaim and ardently maintain almost any proposition relating to the punishment of grafters or so-called grafters. The public mind had fallen, as the mind of an individual so often falls in like case, into a sort of hypnotic condition, ready to be swayed by a forceful individuality. We shall see presently how, under the domination of one man, the prosecution, initiated to punish the grafters, was directed into a force which gave immunity to the known criminals in an effort to convict men merely suspected.

From that time in the present the graft prosecution war has been waged in San Francisco. Rudolph Spreckels, James D. Phelan, and other millionaires subscribed to a fund, which Mr. Spreckels personally guaranteed should be not less than \$100,000, to prosecute the grafters and send them to prison. Mr. Spreckels took charge of the fight, and brought in Francis J. Heney, the special prosecutor of Oregon, a lumber thief, to assist him. The results of this war thus far are worthy of special scrutiny by every American citizen. Schmitz has been driven out of office, convicted of extortion, but allowed to go at large on heavy bail because the highest courts in the State held that the conviction was illegal. Abe Ruef is put on trial now and then for bribery, is kept in prison in default of nearly \$400,000 bail, and seems in a fair way to serve a long term in prison. Every one of the grafting supervisors has been allowed to go scot free by the prosecution, with his graft money still in his pocket.

The indicted corporation officials declare that they are innocent, and that the entire force of the graft prosecution has been directed against them by rival interests. These rival interests, they say, are using the prosecution for their private ends, in order to get hold of those corporate properties themselves. The prosecutors deny this accusation, and declare that their motives are just and always have been pure and unselfish. Nevertheless, Mr. Heney says that they have now lost three-quarters of the public confidence and backing which were so enthusiastically theirs two years ago.

The history of this amazing change of attitude toward the prosecution and the story of the work of the prosecution will be taken up in the next article next week.

The Fire Tragedy at Fort Wayne

FAULTY electric apparatus, flimsy construction of the building, and panic among persons aroused from deep sleep, caused the loss of fourteen lives at the burning of the New Avenue Hotel at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on May 4. At 3:20 a. m. the electric elevator caught at the sixth floor, and could not be moved. The operator ran down to the main floor, but before he could report to the clerk there was a flash from the wiring in the shaft on the first floor, and instantly the whole shaft was full of crackling flame. Bellows were sent in all directions to rouse the guests, all

of whom were asleep behind locked doors. Within five minutes the elevator shaft was a roaring chimney of flame which, rebounding from the roof, spread rapidly on all sides and filled the corridors with blinding, suffocating smoke. Men and women still half asleep, stumbled instinctively toward the blazing elevator shaft, only to be driven back to their rooms. All the electric lights in the building were extinguished, and the only illumination was the glare of the flames. The entire fire department of the city was called to the hotel, but one glance showed the impossibility of

quenching the fire. Leaders were run up to windows of the four lower stories of the building, and many of the seventy-four guests were rescued in that way. Others stood on higher ledges, calling in vain for help.

Twenty men escaped by crawling along an outer ledge on the fifth story and then leaping the next house. The panic was so overwhelming that very few of the people tried to use the fire escape.

A. R. Sallet, of New York, crowded along a ledge on the sixth floor, but smoke overtook him and blinded him. Half choked, he began to wave, but he was encouraged by shouts from men on the sidewalk. A sudden glare of light from a window close behind revealed to the bewildered Sallet the figure of a man standing on the roof of the next building. The stranger extended his hand, called, "Come on, brother," and a moment later drew the fugitive up to safety. A guest who jumped from a third-story window to the roof of a small building was not hurt in the fall, but died of suffocation.



The Burning of the New Avenue Hotel at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT THE MOMENT OF THE GREAT FIRE. IN AFTER PHOTOS OF THE FORTY-FOUR MEN WHO DIED IN THE FIRE. THE LEADER OF THE FIFTH STORY, ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE BUILDING, IT ENDED THE MEANS OF ESCAPE FOR TWENTY OF THE SEVENTY

A British Cruiser Sunk by a Liner



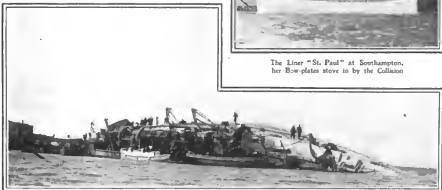
The "Gladstone" as she was beached off Yarmouth on the North Coast of the Isle of Wight. The British Battleship, "Prince George," is lying alongside to Aid in the Work of Salvage



The "Gladstone" on her Beam-ends, her Port Broadside Guns in the Air



The Liner "St. Paul" at Southampton, her Bow-plates stove in by the Collision



English Sailors and Divers searching the Wreck for Bodies. Two Men were below in Irons at the time of the Collision and doubtless perished

THE British cruiser *Gladstone* was recently completely wrecked and nearly thirty of her crew were drowned as the result of a collision with the steamship *St. Paul*, of the American Line, off the Isle of Wight.

In fog and a blinding squall on the 20, *Paul* had left Southampton for New York at midday, and was just off Black Rock, on the north coast of the Isle of Wight, when the *Gladstone*, lying at anchor, suddenly loomed up out of the mist. The ships crashed almost immediately afterward, the *St. Paul* striking the *Gladstone* broadside. The vessels were lashed at once, and it was seen that the cruiser was badly damaged. She commenced to heel over, and an attempt was made to run her on shore, which was partly successful. She was driven into shallow water and lies some 100 yards off the beach at Yarmouth, upon her starboard side.

The *Gladstone* carried three hundred men, many of whom were flung into the sea and rescued by the *St. Paul's* boats, which were quickly lowered at the command of Captain Passon. A number, however, could not be located in the fog and perished. After effecting all possible rescue the *St. Paul* steamed to Southampton. It was found that she had been more damaged than was at first supposed, and it is reported that it will be necessary to end a new stem for her. The *Gladstone* is a second-class cruiser of 5,000 tons built ten years ago, and an element of irony lies in the fact that she was one of those vessels furnished with a ram before the improvement in the torpedo and its increase of range led to the neglect of this feature in war-ships. The *St. Paul*, whose displacement is 11,520 tons, was launched at Vickers' yard in April, 1905, and was adapted for use as an auxiliary cruiser during the Spanish War, when Captain Sigsbee, who was in command, defeated the destroyer *Ferris* off San Juan, Porto Rico.

The Higher Athleticism

By JOHN S. LOPEZ

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN



"Up goes his hands"



"I hadn't the heart to kill him"

"BEYOND a shadow of doubt," said the Serious Student, "the same admirable impulse as inspired the sides of Pinar underlies athleticism today. I do not refer to the professional. Paid athletes are beside the question—often beside themselves. To find the stream of unmythical, unspiced, we must reach its fountain head. This I have a double purpose in attending the commencement of my close sister, I desire to elicit the viewpoint of the young men who shall, I trust, win glory for the university this afternoon."

We descended to the little station and, after a two-mile walk, arrived at the athletic grounds, where the Student led the way around the track to the club house. The visiting college team was picturesquely scattered over the field, knocking flies and, with superb aplomb, carefully calculated throw-ins. The Student passed admiringly.

"It was not so in my day—" he began. But just then there was a rush of feet behind us. It was the home team running out smartly to the field. The Student was so startled that he suddenly backed directly in their way, and was buffeted both and, and finally tripped and overturned accidentally by the coming conjuring heroes.

"It is no I feared," he said, disappointedly, looking down at the riders inhaled in his white trousers. "We are too late to get their attention before the game. Perhaps we can secure permission to sit under the awning with them and talk when they are at the bat."

Directly within the club house, the Student's long thin feet slid suddenly apart, and it was only by a series of marvellous gyrations that he kept from immediately depositing his lanky form in a graceful spiral among the benches of water that stood around the wet and slippery floor. He saved himself finally by clutching the stocky neck of a red-headed, freckle-faced individual who turned to us in mild wonder, a bottle of alcohol and a towel in one hand. As though returning a friendly embrace, he slapped the Student on the back with the free hand.

"Hello, Spike, old boy!" he shouted; "the 'top wants to see you down here."

"I beg your pardon," gasped the Student; "I am an alumnus."



"They were runnin' like kangaroos and gettin' speedier every day"

and want to ascertain if it would be feasible for us to talk—"

"I thought you was Spike Satterwaite, the coach they wired for," broke in the other. "You'd a dead ringer for him, anyway."

"I am not Mr. Satterwaite," averred the Student, smiling modestly; "although in college I knew him—in a way. He is now a professional, I believe—"

"Sure!" cried the red-headed one, enthusiastically. "One of the stars in the National League. An' to think he almost wasted his life by sticking to law. What was your line—runnin'?"

"Personally," said the Student, looking down his long form deprecatingly. "I was not an athlete as an undergraduate. But I am greatly interested in athletics of the present day. I would like to talk with the team, or some one who knows the subject thoroughly—like yourself, for instance—for purposes of comparison."

"There ain't no comparison," said the red-headed one, bridling at the complacent. "An' you couldn't get near the team unless you was a prominent coach. The old democratic spirit's all gone. But I can probably put you wise. Why, I bribed Spike Satterwaite with all his big games. But the dude players nowadays are so stuck on themselves they don't take no pointers from a rubber. Consequence is it's all 'science,' 'science,' and 'makin' doin'." He led the way to a dry corner and procured chairs.

But surely you do not lightly esteem wint scientific physical training less due for our youth," challenged the Student. "The-ere goes those non-scientific, pallid students over there, slaves of the cigarette habit. What chance have they in pursuits which require strength and endurance?"

"Them?" exclaimed the Rubber. "Why, there's five of our best for sprintin'—yes, sir, the very best."

The Serious Student looked puzzled.

"Look-strap," explained the Rubber, "that's been my experience, specially in boy-size recent ad-its of learnin'. I always find them skimpier-headed dope-puffers in more fit up over sports than the students with gladiator dimensions. I'll admit they ain't worth a damn for anything but runnin', but when material is limited, you got to take what offers; an' these is usually the human cigarette-bidders."

Here the Rubber produced a package of cigarettes, selected one with care, rolled it thoughtfully between his palms, and then began to search his pockets for a match.

"It's these," said he, "what makes it possible to develop 'em."

"Cigarettes?" gasped the Student, incredulously.

"Sure!" affirmed the Rubber. "When they go in trains, the dope-slicks is cut off, which most breaks their hearts. An' they watched close, so there's no speak-easy smokin'. It's a trainer I need to work with figured out the real scheme."

"Curly," says he, "these here inhalants is a bum lot to make a shakin' with; but we got to do it, or lose our jobs. Cigarettes has spelled 'em; so we'll fight fire with fire. We got to work on their weaknesses."

"Is it compen?" says I.

"Nonsense," says he; "we'll make 'em win by feedin' 'em dope-slicks in a scientific manner. This constant inhalin' has give 'em big expansions. They'd love long wind, provided we can get 'em to trust air in their lungs instead of smoke. Let's it to me."

"I ain't put wise beyond I've got out of town to smuggle back a outfit of cigarettes—cups for them that likes the taste of harem paper, and Turkish for them that prefers the aroma of the smoke. Next mornin' them agents is made to better around the track, till we find out exactly the best they can do. Then says Murphy, confidential to coach."

"Hard to give up smokin', hey? Tell ye what I'll do. If you bent the time you just made, there's a cigarette waitin' for you in my private office. Then when you bent that time, there's two more. Fact, every round you bent, the amount of snuffs doubles."

"Say, I it worked swell; them fellows took awful chances on gettin' air in their pipes, an' in a week they was jumbies like kangaroos and gettin' speedier every day."

"Ingenious," remarked the Student, his tone hovering between admiration and regard, "but scarcely reasonable. Still, it is a method of getting good out of evil."

"Sure," agreed the Rubber. "but Murphy got the evil out of it. Them despit students done the double cross act; got together an'

seemed to increase their speed only a fraction of a second a day, so before the time the race was on they'd managed to double the allowance so often that Murphy was spendin' more'n his salary for cigarettes. Likewise we was both wore out runnin' all-night smokers in the trainin' quarters.

"Did they make a good showing at the races?" asked the Student.

"We never knowed how that particular bunch come out," replied Carley, with a reminiscent shake of the head. "The day before the race, one of the fellows, named Terwilliger, the best of the bunch, wrenched his ankle. He's hurted." Says he: "It's the only thing I could think of to do with the governor. He's sore at me 'bout this, an' he won't know up. But he's a sport, an' me 'bout this would of turned the trick for a thousand. If I could win, I'd give up five hundred bones."

"I see a sympathetic look come over Murphy at that. In less ten minutes we there's havin' a heart-to-heart talk. That night I sneak off to New York to dig up 'Skippy' McAnulty, who's carryin' a handbook in the Chatham Square district. Skippy's built along the same lines as Terwilliger, an' in his different perfections quick feet has been an absolute necessity. I got a red rag from a customer to match up Terwilliger's roof, an' also ankle up appliances.

"We get back an' in the trainin' quarters without a word gettin' wise. We practice the rest of the night with the make-up, an' trim the wig a bit, an' Skippy does some preliminary trainin' of his own. He won't stand for no stretchin' no more, but sticks to his regular struttin', which is loose, an' our kickin' don't do no good, 'cause he says he's got to be in a trance to tackle such a de-perit proposition. Anyhow, when he ambles out on the track at the last minute with a limp, you'd 'n' swore it was Terwilliger.

"The way Skippy kicks up riders makes the others look like a lot of messenger boys, an' before you got time to think he's built around. Murphy is humanin' 'There'll be a Hot Time' story, when I make a mix-up in the grand stand. Then somebody yells, 'Stop thief!' an' in a second there's a hundred makin' the same sweet shout. They'd got wise on a packpocket.

"Suddenly Murphy grabs my arm an' points. Skippy's lifted his head, dazed-like, gives me scared look, an' the next minute he's beatin' it up the track twice as fast. He goes by the judges like a shootin' star, but he don't make no noticeable effort to stop. Then everybody starts to cheer, an' one enthusiastic student fires a pistol. Skippy actually makes another half lap before we begin to get wise. People is jumpin' out on the track to congratulate him on breakin' all records, an' that wiles it. He dodges a couple, skins over the fence to the inner field an' comes our way.

"He's gone dippy," says one of the judges; 'head him off!' "Several takes steps to do so. Murphy winks significant, an' we heads for the railroad. Lookin' back, we see Skippy wastin' with a dozen stragglers, minus his wig an' most of his clothes. There's an awful amazed wail goin' up from the crowd the outside had to be.

"Perhaps it taught you a lesson," observed the Student. "You bet," agreed Carley; "specially Murphy. When we was safe out of town on a freight car bumper, says he, with some-rambled observations that would of melted a photograph: "Next time we rise in a half-shot dig in a rumble race, we'll put work in his ears."

"Sure conditions must be much better in the sphere of base ball," queried the Student. "No many American legs indulge in the national game, there can be no lack of material. I'm doubtfully the results are obtained by scientific methods."

"You're on," exclaimed the Rubber. "It's science from start to finish; an' it's got to be a 22-karat science, or everybody 'll get wise. You can't pull any of them child underlings like rings in a pressed ball on 'em in the middle of an inning, no stungin' a man with an air rifle when he's at the bat. You got to use real science; an' then you got to be damn careful.

"But I ever saw in that line was a student that was captain of a team who was rubber. I ain't at all surprised he's become one of the best corporation lawyers in the country. Our time wasn't bad, but they wasn't no high with the team we was goin' to play; an' we all know it. Word of it was, last time we was even up in averages, an' whoever won this game got the intercollegiate pennant. Whitson—that's our captain—calls a movie, but then ain't nothin' plausible suggestin'. Whitson is most crazy, but it don't do no good. Finally he says,

"All of you turn in me leave it to Carley an' me. I'll think it over."

"Well, he sits an' thinks an' cusses, till the noon is full of smoke, an' the there's ankle-deep with cigarette butts. Then I figures I'll save time to takin' a shave. I'm trying to prop up a bakin' glass under the electric light, when he gives a sudden yell. "That's it! he looks dazed" around like he's dizzy. "The very thing!"

"What's it?" says I, calmly, fartin' it's an overview of cigarettes.

"The mirror!" he says, "the reflection hit me in the eye. Pay attention!" He gets out a pencil an' paper an' draws plans while he talks.

"By the time the game comes off tomorrow, the sun will be low in the west, just outside of the fence, east of the field is the old empty factory. We'll plant somebody there with a mirror so he can throw a ray in the eye of every one of the other team who's about to ketch a base."

"Sure, I see," I replies; "but it won't work more'n one inning."

"I hadn't reached that," he says; "that'll only be worked one inning. We'll wait till along in the game before we pull it. Then

we'll roll up so many runs they can't ever ketch up. Now, don't say nothin' to the boys; some of 'em's too innocent to be good at actin' innocent."

"I dig up a feller named Lowrey for the job, see? he can be depended on to keep mum, provided you treat him honorable in the lineer line. I ain't afraid he'll be too foolish to aim the thing straight, because he used to hold down a surveyor's job under similar circumstances. Whitson gives him instructions, also a dollar an' a cent and a bottle of Blue Grass rye to entertain him in the building."

"The game stands actually five to three, our favor, in the seventh, when Whitson gets leppish an' gives the signal as the other side takes the field. But there ain't nothin' doin' in lights. Neither of us can get away, so he goes on wavin' his handkerchief through the innin'."

"Maybe he's asleep," says Whitson, as our boys turn out. "We'll get him next innin'."

"Play ball," says the umpire, an' almost immediate the batter drives out a nice fly straight to our centre field. It's in his hands—most—when he turns his head sudden and the ball goes so far the batter never stops till he's safe home.

"Then our pitcher goes to pieces an' puts three men on bases. The next man knocks a nice time foul up in the air that a child could of took, an' our catcher runs for it. All of a sudden he whirle round an' up goes his hands to his eyes. While we're gettin' wise we're double-crossed, three more runs come in. To make a sad story short, I'll state that they scored sixteen on us before I got to the factory."

"What was it?" I asked. "Had your co-scientists betrayed you?"



"Bill could of put down a boxer uprisin' all by himself"

"No," replied Carley. "Consequently I hadn't the heart to kill him. He'd got the instructions tumbled up; thought Whitson said work it on the line uniforms instead of the gray which was their color."

The Serious Student surprised my appreciative grin with a look of reproach. "It is just such deplorable practices that have soured the fair game of sport," he said. "I do not wonder at the efforts of college trustees to restrict athletics."

"No more do I," agreed Carley, tolerantly; "they ain't no more anxious that the trainers are to see their graft laid away. I used to be, when football and baseball an' such was the only college sports, there was time between seasons for the professors to make a bluff at various salaries, an' a trainer's job was an intermittent way of makin' a divvy. Funnies was friendly to athletics in them days. But when the trainers got in soft to stirrin' up an interest in harness, hot-foot-ball, hockey, swimming, track athletics, tennis, an' a lot more, we there'd be some kind of a sportin' season on in colleges all the year round, the professors see we had 'em beat to a standstill, an' got sore on us."

"You mean they regard with disfavor the extent to which sports have come to distract the attention of the student body from education," asked the Student.

"I mean they is jukin' because our kind of education for the student's body is more popular than theirs," said Carley. "Then you have observed the educative value of physical training," said the Student, hopefully.

"You bet I have; it's the only education worth beatin' with," dignified Carley. "An' the reason it's so popular is the trainers can show up results as the professors can't. I don't object to a little book learnin', an' the students don't either if he's made

(Continued on page 25.)

The Cyclone which Swept through the South

A CYCLONE, OR A SERIES OF CYCLONES, RE-
CENTLY SWEEPED OVER PARTS OF GEORGIA, LOUISI-
ANA, MISSISSIPPI, AND ALABAMA. A NUMBER OF
SMALL TOWNS WERE RAZED, AND MORE THAN
FIFTY PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES. THE DEVAS-
TATED TOWNS INCLUDED DORA AND ALBERT-
VILLE, ALABAMA; WINCHESTER, HATTIESBURG,
WABALAK, AND LUCERN, MISSISSIPPI; AMITE
CITY, VIDALIA, NORTHEN, RHILAND, AND LA-
MOURNE, LOUISIANA; AND CHIPLEY, GEORGIA.



The Wreck of a General Store at Chipley, Georgia



The damaged Court-house at Amite City, Louisiana, used as a Morgue



Residences destroyed at Chipley



Ruins of the Presbyterian Church at Amite City



The Residence of Mrs. Lotpach destroyed at Amite City



The Ruins of the Lambdin Homestead at Lucern, Mississippi



Remains of Nine Amite Cottages in which Six Persons were killed

Cost of Living in New York

By W. DE WAGSTAFFE



HAT does it cost to live in New York?

The clerk whose salary amounts to \$1000 a year will tell you \$1500; the doctor or lawyer whose earnings reach \$2000 laments that extra \$2500 needed to meet his wife's requirements and maintain the social standard which their environment demand. So it goes up the scale, until we reach the multimillionaire; and even here, it has been whispered, the pinch of poverty has been felt sometimes. For the truth is that there is no standard of comfort and no end to luxury. All is relative; and one can be just as poor on \$50,000 a year as upon \$1000.

There is one fact brought home at every street corner, in every hotel and saloon, in every business office and theatre of the town, to the wage-earner. We are a city of speculators and gamblers.

Permanent content is not to be found in wages, because the landlord, the gas company, the tax collector, grocer, butcher, and tailor eat up your weekly stipend. The theatres, the shop windows, the cafes deplete your purse. And we have reached that stage of general comfort where luxuries have become necessities. Besides, we must entertain ourselves and vie with our neighbors in stretching our incomes to maintain the hollow fabric of ease, because our incomes are, in their turn, largely influenced by our appearances. As a type, the old-fashioned worker, spending laborious years that he may not see a pitance arise against old age, has become extinct as the lion, so far as New York is concerned.

There are, of course, isolated instances of homogenous character that, with herculean stability, ignore the luxuries of New York and follow the simple life. It is possible to make of necessity a virtue and endure jailings, cheap restaurants, ready-made clothing; but who expects to be such a martyr? Economy walks her narrow path alone.

Economy is nothing but poverty in New York, by contrast with the abnormal demands that living involves. Spending fifty cents for breakfast, going without luncheon, and saving a dollar for dinner is economy for a single man. A breakfast that costs thirty cents and a dinner sixty cents is poverty. The boarding-house life is poverty; the lodging-house life is something worse; and the ordinary life in a flat is voluntary servitude.

Sociologists claim that the lowest possible yearly expense for a workman with a wife and three children, embracing a normal standard of living, is \$400. The statement was made recently by the New York Department of Charities that the average laborer's family in New York is existing on about \$700 a year. The minimum rate of rent on the East Side for the barest dwellings is \$4 a month. Coal costs from ten to fifteen cents a pile, a fabulous price when estimated by the ton.

Yet between this poverty and the "economy" of the small-salaried employee who is compelled to adjust his earnings to the demands of his occupation there is small difference. We live in New York by the cost, rather than value of things. An apple purchased on Fifth Avenue costs twice as much as the same apple bought on Fourteenth Street. The dollar bowery shirt costs twice as much on Broadway. This is the city where they "pay the price."

Here is a table of expenses presented by a man who lives in New York on \$35 a week:

Personal allowance for clothes, presents, amusements (husband and wife \$5 apiece)	\$10.00
Rent	7.00
Gas	.70
Insurance (\$2000 policy)	1.10
Help (washing, ironing, and cleaning)	1.50
Housefurnishing	1.00
Books, dentists, and medicine	1.00
Food (not mentioned, but necessary)	7.00
"Enough left" (might be saved)	5.70

A young lawyer and his wife furnish an example of existing in New York on a minimum income. Here is how they did it for four years:

	1903	1904	1905	1906
Real	\$222.00	\$258.00	\$264.00	\$266.00
Groceries	202.20	276.94	283.75	333.10
Clothes	21.29	18.50	18.40	18.70
Repairs and running etc.				
pens	53.83	21.52	65.50	47.29
Laundry and service	28.02	27.91	31.00	42.52
Education	35.00	18.32	91.13	40.00
Car fares	28.03	42.90	43.62	56.75
Clothing	163.06	109.04	109.18	232.60
	\$807.14	\$836.47	\$907.58	\$1037.05

The tragedy of New York life is its compelling note of extravagance that hums in the ears, and thumps at the heart, and turns the brain. From the very rich to the poorest it dominates the minds of all.

The washerwoman who for a pittance prepares the wife that has had fashions prices becomes demoralized by the revelation of extravagance in her wash tubs, and promptly squanders her earnings on some trashy piece of flattery. The shop girl, surrounded by the

costliest fashions, is driven to buy the most expensive dress that her means are able to procure. The imitation is obvious, of course, but not to the shop girl who seeks to be like the rest of us, an impressive woman in the great show. The wage types which she is asked to live in beneath the standard of bare existence which the sociologist estimates, and yet her employers expect her to look as though they were paying her to dress like a woman of fashion. The actress is compelled to mortgage half a season's salary, or even to invest hundreds of dollars in a play that may be a failure, that she may appear to the utmost advantage on the stage. The milliner's girl is inspired by the glamour of the extravagance about her to mortgage her wages to her employer, that she may not look like the struggling little slave of the shop. The cloak-maker must reimburse the woman whom she meets in the store, of fall to lure the customer. The clerk in Wall Street loses confidence in his old clothes, and goes into debt to a fashionable tailor. So does his employer, and for the same reason that the clerk does, to play their part in the great show. These are the victims of the miles of shop windows offering baits set forth by the cleverest money-grubbers in the world.

The great stores of the city put a premium upon extravagance; by their persistent invitation to open credit accounts. They send out elaborately engraved circulars inviting trade. A superficial appearance of solvency is all they require. A lacking reference which consists of a perfunctory statement from the bank that their dealings have been satisfactory is usually sufficient. For the rest they trust to outward appearance. In the social character of your front door. The cash customer is not treated with half the courtesy that the credit customer is, because the store merchant knows very well the sinister temptation to buy more on credit than goods could be paid for upon a cash-basis.

The man who pays \$40.00 a year for a suite of rooms in a hotel is doing something that would be quite impossible in any other city in America. Yet it is not an extravagance in New York, because he is a millionaire, and is doing what New York expects him to do. A woman who can afford to use perfume at \$25 a drop is entitled to do so, and New York respectfully records the item as an evidence of its supreme luxury. An epicure can spend \$200 a day on his table, or a woman pay \$3000 for a gold and jeweled purse, or \$200,000 a year for games, and New York is proud of the display. A half ornament may cost \$15,000, or a marble bath-tub \$50,000, and each, in its way, fills the long-felt want of a New Yorker. It is estimated that a gown that is correct should cost \$700. Three hundred dollars for a dress is in a simple matter that can make no startling impression. A woman's hat, to be in the best imported style, ran cost \$100 in New York. These are fringes of extravagance that set the terrific pace for the rest to follow.

The man of smaller means rents an apartment at \$1200 a year in a pretentious-looking sort of hotel that depends upon an elevator for its prestige. He wears a dress suit in the evening, and puts \$25.00 for a dinner for himself and his wife at a restaurant. His income is perhaps \$4000 a year, and he has to bring in the milk and rolls himself for breakfast. But that item is a secret. New York has made him inwardly ashamed of his salary, and his only content comes when he recalls some mooned acquaintance. The "man with money" is usually a man of "financial nerve." This is a favorite phrase of the speculator, and the wage-earner adopts it. "Financial nerve" really consists of carrying debts as long as the law allows, on the possibility of a 500-per-cent profit arising from some speculation. The risk is universal in New York, because the happiness of the New Yorker depends, not on the amount of money he has, but on the amount of money he or she is likely to get in one way or another. The man who intends to speculate in earnest must look as though he has the opportunity. He becomes a speculator at heart, and distrusts his wages.

The self-indulgent man who spends \$500 a day when his money out of his wages. The woman who could not manage her household for a season on less than \$75.000 is not the daughter or the wife of a wage-earner. Economical beginners really have no actual relation to the existing problem of living in New York.

What does it cost to live in New York? More than you can ever hope to earn by wages; and so far as the chances of speculation are concerned, that infers the necessity of "pull." If you haven't a "pull," social or political or financial, your speculative chances are null. Obviously this state of restless endurance is demoralizing. It undermines character. Presently you find yourself following the procession of people who are living beyond their means, because they seem to be enjoying themselves at it.

"Pay, pay, pay!" All New York makes this demand, and, in the same instant, explanatory fashion, puts the price always just beyond what you really can afford to pay. This is the city of highest prices. Of all 4,230,000 inhabitants, who can say they are living in normal economy? Who can openly show an even balance of accounts to their creditors? A few sterling women, who have an instinct for honesty and economy; a few, very few, men who are wiser than their generation.

The only way to live within your income in New York is to become blind to the very extravagances and allurements that make this the metropolis, and to merit the pleasures of temptation for the comfort of an honorable old age.



"LA

DRAWN BY E



ND!"
SCHABELITZ

English Critics of America

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR 'HARPER'S WEEKLY'



ENGLISHERS' gatherings usually have a salt and freshness of their own, but one I was present at the other day appeared to me as peculiarly exhilarating. The occasion was the annual meeting of the London School of Sociology, convened by an address on "Some English Critics of the United States," by Mr. T. Graham Brooks. For some weeks past Mr. Brooks has been lecturing to the School of Sociology on certain American problems, and lecturing, let me add, not only with the dispassionate accuracy, and the intimately human touch that characterize all his work, but also with a remarkable facility for telling his audience just what they most needed to know. His address of the other day was not part of the course he had mapped out, but an extra thrown in to grace the annual meeting of the school. Mr. Brooks, it seems, has been delving into the vast literature of criticism that has grown around the United States in the last hundred and twenty years. His researches are to be embodied in a book entitled *As Others See Us*, which, I understand, shortly to be published. The subject has a perennial interest, and from the foretaste which he gave us the other day I should say that Mr. Brooks's treatment of it will prove to have done its attraction. He began by recalling some of the early prophecies of American disruption,—how one critic was confident that a country in which Church and State were things apart could not possibly endure, how another scented a fatal pest in the growth of luxury, how a third forebode that in the absence of primogeniture the great experiment was bound to fail, and how a fourth pledged himself to the opinion that the weakness of the Federal government in comparison with the strength of the States would inevitably wreck the Union. He quoted from Sydney Smith, from Wordsworth, and from Tom Moore; he passed in review De Tocqueville and Dickens and Mr. Disraeli; he dwelt upon the change in the English attitude towards America that set in after the close of the Civil War; and turning to the English critics of to-day he showed how completely they had dropped the old tone of superciliousness, with what determination they searched for the brighter side of American life and conditions, and how in the case of Mr. Morley, for instance, when they denied that Americans cared more for money than other people—they even advanced a higher claim for the country and its people than the Americans themselves had ventured to put forward.

In the discussion that ensued two points in Mr. Brooks's address were especially noted upon. One was his assertion that after the Civil War the spirit of British contempt upon things American underwent a great change. No one disputed the fact, but many of the speakers were inclined to attribute it to wider causes than any that Mr. Brooks mentioned. He regarded it as due primarily to the Anglo-Saxon worship of success. All the Englishmen who followed him agreed that intercourse with the factor was a genuine admiration not merely for the triumph, but for the cause in which the triumph was achieved—a cause that involved not alone the transcendent issue of slavery, but also problems of high politics and fundamental points in the very structure of government as searching as any that any nation has been called upon to solve. The chairman of the meeting, Mr. A. L. Smith, the brilliant professor of history at Balliol College, Oxford, elaborated this view with an illuminating pungency; and the general sense of those present sided with him. There is a passage indirectly bearing on this point in one of John Morley's essays which I venture to reproduce here. Mr. Morley is reviewing Sir Henry Maine's book on *Popular Government*. After a gentle exposure of Maine's theory that Rousseau and Bentham are the two great fountain-heads of political theory in modern England, Mr. Morley goes on: "Sir Henry Maine himself points to what has had a far more decisive influence on English ways of thinking about politics than his two philosophic pat together. 'The Aurorian Republic,' he says, 'has greatly influenced the law into which popular government grew. It disproved the once universal assumption that an republic could govern a large territory, and that an strictly republican government could be stable. Solidity ran be more true. When Burke and Chatham and Fox persistently declared that the victory of England over the colonies would prove fatal in the long run to the liberties of England itself, those great men were even wiser than they knew.' The success of republican government across the Atlantic has been the strongest incentive to the extension of popular government here. We need

go no farther back than the Reform bill of 1807 to remind ourselves that the victory of the North over the South, and the extraordinary clemency and good sense with which that victory was used, had more to do with the expansion of the franchise to householders in boroughs than all the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone and all the diplomacies of Mr. Disraeli."

The other point in Mr. Brooks's address which was eagerly debated by the subsequent speakers was the American attitude towards money. This is a topic which I have often thought some Americans essayist of style, discernment, and experience of the world, should be deputed by his countrymen to handle for the instruction of Europe. Robert Louis Stevenson would have treated it to perfection. I do not know that America possesses to-day a writer quite on the Stevensonian level, but I should be ready to sacrifice a good deal of literary beauty for the standard of getting before the world a competent essay on the American philosophy of money. It is a subject on which the average opinion of Europe is not only hopelessly misinformed, but without the means of enlightenment. Every one who knows America knows that to the Americans the American is a money-grubbing people is ludicrous. Yet it is in this light and in no other that Americans chiefly present themselves to the imaginations of foreigners. Mr. Brooks rightly asserted that there is in the United States practically none of that sordid love of money which is to be found in France, and which the pages of Balzac republish with an almost repulsive fidelity. Mr. A. L. Smith not only endorsed this, but insisted, what also is not, I think, to be disputed, that the responsibilities of wealth are far more widely recognized in the United States than in England. Yet it is probably the fact that no people talk and in some ways think so much about money as the Americans, or so apt to measure things by the standard of dollars and cents, or have achieved so universal a reputation for being saturated with the spirit of materialism in its least pleasing form.

The varying aspects of this seeming contradiction were discussed with real acumen, after the close of Mr. Brooks's address, by several Englishmen who had been to America, who knew what they were talking about, and who started from the proposition that to think of Americans as mere money-worshippers was utterly to misunderstand them. One speaker emphasized the fact that the American's real pleasure consisted not in having money, still less in hoarding it, but in getting it, and in getting it in competition with brains and aptitudes as keen as his own. Another speaker dwelt on the magnificent scale of American expenditure for educational, scientific, and philanthropic objects as a proof of their indifference to money as such. A third put forward the view that the habit of using the dollar as a too frequent measuring yard was the accident of history and of the inevitable absorption of a new country in the rough work of empire-building, and that it simply represented the haultiest standard of values that the American happened to have by him. In itself, he argued, it meant little or nothing to the Americans who employed it; it was merely a convenience the workings of which were universally understood; the Americans would have been just as willing to adopt any other basis of comparison and appreciation had they chanced to find one as widely known and as readily comprehended. A fourth speaker put down much of the American talk about dollars to the national spirit of conservatism, of "wanting to know," and to get in touch one with another, and to the national preference for visibility and an exchange of confidence over the reserve which among Englishmen is the first law of conduct. "The Americans," he declared, "do not care a bit more about money than we do ourselves. The only difference is that they talk about it, and we don't."

Altogether it was an extremely interesting and pointed debate, conducted in the friendliest possible spirit and in just the right kind of temper. There was one American present who did not apparently quite catch the drift of what was being said, though he detected some further instances of British "superstition," and in a speech that came periodically over being a fourth of July orator demanded that all international criticism should forthwith cease. But the prospect of England and America walking henceforward as on eggshells, and hugging to themselves their private opinion of one another, did not commend itself to him, and he was received and voted down in a masterly British silence. One rose away after a two-hours debate with the feeling of having assisted at what it would not be too extravagant to call a historic occasion. At any rate, for the student of Anglo-American relations and the advocate of friendship and understanding between the two countries, there was in that little meeting and in the tone of the speeches something singularly significant and hopeful.



The Anglo-French Fair



The Indian Building in the Court of Honor



The Royal Pavilion



The Palace of Women's Work



The British Applied Arts Building



HE suitability of the Anglo-French enterprise has just been demonstrated by the opening of the Franco-British exhibition, on May 11, at Shepheard's Bush, a western suburb of London.

This is the first occasion upon which two nations have held an exposition jointly, in the exclusion of all others; and its political significance will be discussed by a joint visit in state by King Edward and President Fallières.

The exposition is the largest that has ever been held in the British Isles. It covers 100 acres of ground, and during the sixteen months that have elapsed since its inception a city of palaces of concrete and steel has been erected, while two large lakes, connected by more than a mile of artificial waterways, have been excavated.

One of the most interesting features is the great stadium in which the Olympic games will be held. It measures 1000 feet by 502, and holds ten miles of seats, capable of containing 150,000 spectators. It contains an enormous central lawn, cycling and cinder tracks, and a swimming tank. Besides athletic games of every description, angling and its racing competitions will be held; and the long-distance race between Windsor and London, the "Marathon race," will be concluded there on July 24.

The Palace of Women's Work contains costumes, lace, embroidery, and tapestry, as well as historical relics, such as embroidery worked by Mary Queen of Scots a scalloped gown by Elizabeth, and the gloves which Charles Stuart wore when escaping in his famous attire. Within a model hospital ward nurses give demonstrations in setting bones, the use of the Binion rays, and the care of babies.

Near the Royal Pavilion, in which the reception will be held by President Fallières and King Edward, is Colonial Avenue, where buildings have been erected by the colonies of England and France. The Canadian exhibit alone occupies a block covering over

120,000 square feet. Among the numerous features is a scenic railroad one mile in length, which has been erected at a cost of \$100,000. Then there is the Irish village, Ballymacclinton, which covers a space of seven acres. It contains full-size reproductions of some of the famous monuments of Ireland, including the Harney Stone. There are also an ancient abbey from Donaghmore, and the celebrated cross which has stood at Monasterboice for over a thousand years. Of historic interest is the cottage in which President McKinley's grandfather was born. The windows and doors and the furniture seen in it have come from the original dwelling in Ireland. There is a Galway fisherman's cottage with a coracle in front of it; and in other cottages lace-making, embroidery, and various other Irish industries are carried on.

Near by are the Indian village, the Oriental Sports and Fair ground, and the Indian Theatre. In the last named, which has an area of 40,000 square feet, and a seating capacity of 2000, a typical Indian durbars is shown. Within the village precincts a host of elephants, natives, camels and zebras are exhibited. The elephants appear in the durbars procession in their gorgeous trappings, carrying gilded howdahs on their backs filled with rajahs and maharajahs habited in jewels and costly raiment. A number of Nauteh girls entertain visitors with their dances, and conjurers and snake-charmers perform. A trained mastiff in a tiger's skin is hunted daily through a real jungle. Among other edifices are the huge Machinery Hall, Palaces of French and British Applied Arts, an African village, and the usual exhibition attractions, such as the flip-flop, which consists of two massive arcs of steel built on the counterforce principle, some 150 feet in length. At their extremities are hanging galleries capable of holding some fifty persons. By an electrical engine these counterbalanced arms are raised vertically, and then descended again, depositing the occupants of the arcs a distance of 100 feet away from where they started. The total cost of the erection of the eddies and buying out of the grounds amounted to \$11,000,000.

The Tyranny of the Ticket Speculator

By FRANK MARSHALL WHITE



HE technically first-class theatres in the City of New York (aside from the opera-house, and musicals), of which there are fifty-three, will take in at their box-offices in the ordinary course of business this year between eight and ten million dollars, and their patrons will be seated out of another million that will go into the hands of ticket speculators and hotel dealers, a part to be again divided up among the less scrupulous managers. In other words, the patrons of the New York theatres will pay ten per centum premium for dramatic entertainment in order to remunerate a couple of hundred raffish for hoarding them on the sidewalk; to make large profits for half a score of dealers at the hotels who have no reason to desire, and to increase the revenue of these managers who get money by false jettisons.

To trace the relationships existing between the managers and the speculators is a difficult matter, because there are factions in both bodies, and certain members of every faction who will leave their part in the lake that lurcheth with fire and brimstone—if the Scriptural promise with regard to fires is relieved. However, in the best analysis it comes to this: that the continued existence of the plague of ticket speculators in New York is directly due to Tammany Hall, as an example and a shield under which the city suffers. The honest theatrical managers, who are in a minority, would have been able to regulate at least, if not to abolish, sidewalk speculation in tickets had not the issue gone over their heads to the politicians.

It is not necessarily the manager who makes the loudest outcry against the ticket speculators in front of his theatre who is the most sincere in his efforts to abate the nuisance, by the way. When he kicks one of those gentry off the sidewalk, for instance, it is an even chance that his noble indignation is fired by that particular speculator's interference with other speculators whom the manager has himself placed on the sidewalk, and whose tickets he will be compelled to refuse if they are not sold. They will tell you at the Mayor's office, as an illustration of this condition, that one of the theatrical firms that have been selling down the most frenzied carous upon the sidewalk business, pays regularly for licenses for the use of men in its own employ who sell tickets in front of its theatres every night. Police Magistrate Corrigan, finding some speculators for creating a disturbance in front of a theatre on a Sunday night, related an incident bearing on the same point. The magistrate said that on going to the box-office of a Broadway theatre recently, he was informed that the house was sold out, whereupon he purchased tickets from a man in the lobby at an advanced rate. When he came to the theatre in the evening this same man was taking tickets at the gate in defiance.

Here is the experience of a man who invited two women acquaintances to go to the theatre with him, and who put off until the night of the performance the purchasing of tickets. When he asked for three seats at the box-office he was informed that there was not one to be had in the house. As he came out of the lobby he was surrounded by a vicious band of men who proceeded to offer him seats in the best part of the house at four times the box-office price. Calling their attention to the sign which gave warning that tickets on the sidewalk would not be accepted at the door, he was told by the speculators that the sign was "a fake"—that the theatre "was legally obliged to accept its own tickets." The unfortunate gentleman finally purchased three *dehors* chairs for \$3 each, presented them to the ticket-taker at the door, and was refused admission.

The ticket speculators, scattered, are divided into two classes, in fact: those who really speculate, and those who sell at an advance without taking any risk. These in the first class are the most persistent, for they have purchased tickets outright, and will lose money if they are unable to dispose of them. These are the men who sell below box-office prices on a rainy night in order to get rid of their tickets. In the second class are those sidewalk dealers who have no profits with the managers, by which the latter share their profits and take back unsold tickets, these dealers being outsiders into whose class are enrolled all who make a performance, and the wholesalers who have charge of the legitimate output of the different theatres that engage in this underhand traffic, and hire others to do the work for them. The Times is authority for the following statement on this point: "One such wholesaler is a recognized character among theatrical men. He has offices in the same building with a large theatrical firm, and apparently deals with them in another capacity. He takes no risks, and his affiliation with the managers is so close that the men he employs in front of a theatre are really as dependent on the managers as they are the box-offices. Legal proof of this traffic has never been established, but even the name of this man is no secret in the street."

It is unfortunate that legal proof of this particularly mean and contemptible traffic may not be established, and the managers who duped their patrons shown up. The present situation is outrageous. As matters stand, the ticket speculator is without any of the popular dramatic successes, most often purchase seats day and even weeks beforehand, which is a hardship, since dramatic success are likely to be lost to prevent their use (and it is only in the

loosely conducted theatres that he can purchase good seats at the box-office price in all; in the other houses the speculators have first choice all through the run of a piece), or he must pay double or quadruple the advertised price on the sidewalk. These conditions prevent people of moderate means from attending the theatre altogether, or make indulgence in histrionic entertainment an unwarrantable extravagance, while it is absolutely prohibitive in the instance of men and women of refinement and small means, who would find no pleasure in witnessing a play among the unselected from the galleries.

For the existence of the sidewalk speculator there is not one single reason, from the point of view of the theatre-goer, and certainly not more than one for the existence of the "brokers" in the hotels, for whom entire portions of the house are reserved, and who sell at a uniform advance in price of fifty cents per ticket. The theatrical managers explain that the hotel stands are provided for the convenience of the public, and even intimate that an increase in the price of seats of from twenty to thirty-three and one-third per centum for the accommodation is in the nature of benevolence. However, the hotel brokers, while expelling the patron of the theatre as consistently as the man on the sidewalk, does not constitute an actual and active pest like the latter. That the business of selling theatre tickets away from the box-offices is profitable may be gathered from the circumstance that the most important of the hotel brokers who deal nightly in seats are said to have net a fortune of something like a million dollars, derived principally from this source, and that several of the speculators on the sidewalk to-day are estimated to be worth from \$50,000 to \$100,000 each. Indeed, one of them is said to have between \$200,000 and \$300,000 in cash on hand. The Times is informed on good authority that three sidewalk speculators divided up \$48,000 as the profits of last year's campaign.

Speculation in theatre tickets began in New York with the appearance of Henry Lind at the Casino Theatre, now the Aquarium, in 1858; but as Harman sold the tickets at auction for his concert, there was no scandal perpetrated on the public, though the speculators who purchased promiscuous tickets in bulk at \$1 each were said to have got as much as \$100 apiece for some of them. The hotels also purchased tickets at the auction, the newspapers at that time recording the sale of twenty tickets at \$0.20, twenty at \$0.30, and some at \$5 each in the Irving Hotel (where the drama was stopping), of ten at \$5.75 each at Hudson's Hotel, and of another lot to the Astor House. Says the Evening Post of September 10, 1859: "There continues to be a great demand for tickets to the Henry Lind concert tomorrow. We understand that theatrical Hall has a number of tickets of Mr. Wrenn's sale are entitled to infer that ticket speculation was not as disreputable a business in its inception as it has become since."

It is within the last thirty years, however, that the real commerce in theatre tickets began, but a previous generation that protested at being compelled to pay as much as \$10 and \$20 each for a seat, and some at \$5 each in the Irving Hotel (where the drama was stopping), of ten at \$5.75 each at Hudson's Hotel, and of another lot to the Astor House. Says the Evening Post of September 10, 1859: "There continues to be a great demand for tickets to the Henry Lind concert tomorrow. We understand that theatrical Hall has a number of tickets of Mr. Wrenn's sale are entitled to infer that ticket speculation was not as disreputable a business in its inception as it has become since."

One measure after another has been introduced in the State Legislature and in the City Board of Aldermen to "mend or end" the sidewalk ticket speculation. A bill that got far last year so to be rejected by the Committee on Law and Legislation of the latter body provided for the wiping out of the speculators altogether, and that tickets should not be sold in the hotels at an advance in the price marked on them. Another bill that passed in the Assembly last year made it a misdemeanor, punishable with fine and imprisonment, for any person to conspire with a manager or owner of a theatre to raise the price of a ticket. Last February a bill was introduced in the Assembly requiring that every place where theatre tickets are sold or delivered be licensed; raising the present rate of \$50 in the first instance and \$25 annually for a ticket-speculator's license to \$500 the first year and \$200 for renewal, and providing that upon complaint of any person delinquent in paying a license, a warrant should be issued, and the granting of another prohibited. These measures were defeated, as many others like them have been, by the Aldermen and State legislators who represent Tammany Hall, to which organization the ticket speculators were allies.

According to the Herald of October 23 last, at a meeting of the Theatrical Managers' Association the previous day, a motion made by Harry Klaw, and seconded by Henry B. Harris, that a committee be appointed to confer with the Merchants' Association, the City Club, the People's Institute, the West End Association, and the Citizens' Union, for the purpose of obtaining cooperation in the extermination of the sidewalk speculator in theatre tickets was carried. Inquiries of the president of the Theatrical Managers' Association, in the office of Mr. Klaw, and of other leading managers fail to elicit any information as to the progress made by this committee. The combined influence of the organizations mentioned seemed to be sufficient to overcome the opposition in Tammany Hall to the abatement of the ticket speculator nuisance, the more particularly as these are powerful members of the latter institution in the Theatrical Managers' Association.



NOON-HOUR POLITICS

DRAWN BY H. C. WALL

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Hichens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHEEP," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII



THAT night the Marchesinos failed in his search for Vere, and he returned to Naples not merely disappointed but incensed. He had learned from a fisherman in the Saint's Pool that she was out upon the sea "with a signora," and he had little difficulty in guessing who this signora was. Of course it was "cousin Emilia," the petron of Maria Fortunata. He began to consider his friend unfavorably. He remembered how frankly he had always told Emilia of his little escapades, with what enthusiasm, in what copious detail. Always he had trusted Emilia. And now Emilia was trying to play him false—now, was making apparently a complete success of the attempt. Yet Emilia and Vere must have heard his beautiful singing, must have guessed from whom that vibrant voice proceeded, must have deliberately concealed themselves in his possession. Where had they lain in hiding? His shrewd suspicion fell upon the very place. Virgilius's dacha had surely been their refuge.

"Ladro! Vigilante!" Words of no uncertain meaning flared from his overheated heart. His whole bad nature was aroused. His spirit was up in arms. And now, almost for the first time, he drew a comparison between his age and Emilia's. Emilia was an old man. He realized it. Why had he never realized it before? Was he, full of youth, beauty, chivalrous energy and devotion, to be interfered with, set aside, for a man with gray hairs thick upon his head, for a man who spent half his hours lost over a straggling table? Emilia had never wished him to know the ladies of the island. He knew the reason now, and glowed with a fiery lust of battle. Vere had attracted him from the first. But this opposition drove an attraction into something stronger, more determined. He said to himself that he was madly in love. Never yet had he been so sure in an answer by any man. The blood surged in his head at the mere thought of being conquered in the only battle of life worth fighting—the battle for a woman, and by a man of more than twice his age, a man who ought long ago to have been married and have had children as old as the Nigropolis Vere.

Well, he had been a good friend to Emilia. Now Emilia should see that the good friend could be the good enemy. Late that night, as he sat alone in front of the Caffè Tarco smoking innumerable cigarettes he resolved to show these smokers the stuff a Neapolitan was made of. They did not know. Poor ignorant beings from cold England, drowned in perpetual yellow fogs, and from France, country of volubility but not of passion, they did not know what the men of the south, of a volcanic soil, were capable of, once they were roused, once their blood spoke and their whole nature responded! It was time they learned. And he would undertake to teach them. As he drove, towards dawn, up the dusty hill to Capulcinato he was in a fever of excitement.

There was excitement, too, in the house on the island, but it did not centre round the Marchesinos.

That night, for the first time in her young life, Vere did not sleep. She heard the fishermen call, but the enchantment of sea songs did not stir her. She was aware for the first time of the haunting horrors of life. There, in the darkness beneath the cliff, Peppina had sobbed out her story, and Vere, while she listened, had stepped from girlhood into womanhood.

She had come into the house quietly, and found Artois waiting for her alone. Hermine had gone to bed, leaving word that she had a headache. And Vere was glad that might not be to see her mother. She wished to see no one, and she bade Artois good by at once, telling him nothing and not meeting his eyes when he touched her hand in adieu. And he had said nothing. Why should he, when he read the truth in the grave, almost stern face of the child? Vere knew.

The veil that hung before the happy eyes of childhood had been torn away, and those eyes had looked for the first time into the deeps of an unhappy human heart.

And he had thought it possible to preserve, perhaps for a day while Vere's beautiful ignorance undisturbed. He had thought of the island as a safe retreat in which her delicate, and as yet childish, talent might gradually mature under his influence and the influence of the sea. She had been like some charming and unusual plant of the sea, shot with sea robars, and with sea winds, fresh with the freshness of the sunbaked waves. And now in a moment she was dropped into the filthy shoddy of city horrors. What would be the result upon her and upon her shining gift?

The double question was in his mind and quite honestly. For

his interest of the literary man in Vere was very vivid. Never yet had he had a pupil, or dreamed of having one. There were writers who found a school, whose fame was carried forward like a banner by young and eager hands. Artois had always stood alone, ardently admired, ardently condemned, but not imitated. And he had been proud of his solitude. But—hah!—had not underthoughts come into his mind, thoughts of leaving an impress on a vivid young intellect, a soul that was full of life, and the beginnings of energy? Had not he dreamed, however vaguely, of forming, like some sculptor of granite, an exquisite statuette—poetry, in the slim form of a girl-child singing to the world?

And now Peppina had rushed into Vere's life, with sobb and a tumult of crises to the Madonna and the saints, and, no doubt, with impressions upon the wickedness of men. And where were the dreams of the sea? And his dreams, where were they?

That night the irony that was in him woke up and smiled bitterly, and he asked himself how he, with his burden of years and of knowledge of life, could have been such a fool as to think it possible to guard any one against the assaults of the facts of life. Hermine, perhaps, had been wiser than he, and yet he could not help feeling something that was almost like sympathy against her for what he called her Quixotism. The woman of passionate impulses, how dangerous she is, even when her impulses are generous, are noble! Artois without thought, though the prompting heart behind it be a heart of gold—how fatal may it be!

And then he remembered a passionate impulse that had driven a happy woman across a sea to Africa, and he was ashamed.

Yet again the feeling that was almost like hostility returned. He said to himself that Hermine should have learned caution in the passing of so many years, that she ought to have grown older than the sea had. But there was something unconquerably young, the unconquerably alive, in her, something that, it seemed, would never die. Her cleverness went hand in hand with a short-sightedness that was like a rather beautiful, yet sometimes irritating stupidity. And this latter quality might innocently make victims, might even make a victim of her own child.

And then a strange desire rose up in Artois, a desire to protect Vere against her own mother.

But how could that be done?

Vere, guarded by the beautiful unconsciousness of youth, was unaware of the subtleties that were brought into activity by her. That the Marchesinos was, or thought himself, in love with her she realized. But she could not connect any root-sincerity with his feeling. She was accustomed vaguely to think of all young southern Italians as perpetually sighing for some one's dark eyes. The air of the south was full of love songs that rose and fell with out much more meaning than a twitter of birds, that could not be still because it was so natural. And the Marchesinos was a young university who did absolutely nothing of any importance to the world. The southern blood in Vere demanded other things of a man than limitations of a soul, the river driving of a fount in hand, light-dotted dancing, and songs in the guitar. In Giuseppe she saw more reality than she saw as yet in the Marchesinos. The dawning intellect of her began to grasp already the ability of work. Giuseppe had his work to do, and did it with loyal efficiency. Ruffio, too, had his profession of the sea. He drew out of the deep his livelihood with the fever almost upon him he had been set by night in the storm. That which she liked and respected in Giuseppe, his perfect and unaltered acceptance of work as a condition of his life, she liked and respected in Ruffio.

On the morning after the incident with Peppina Vere came down looking strangely grave and tired. Her mother, too, was rather heavy-eyed, and the breakfast passed almost severely. When it was over Hermine, who still conducted Vere's education, but with a much relaxed vigor in the summer months, suggested that they should read French together.

"Let us read one of Monsieur Emilia's books, madre," said Vere, with an exaltation of conviction. "You know I have never read any two or three lovely stories, and articles that don't count."

"Yes, but Emilia's books are not quite suitable for you yet, Vere."

"Why, madre?"

"They are very fine, but they dive deep into life, and life contains much sad and mournful things."

"Oh! but I do not picture ourselves for them, then?"

"Not too soon, I think. I am really sure that if you were to read Emilia's books, and yet you would regret it."

"Why not, mother?"

"Don't you think you can trust me to judge for you in this matter, little girl? I—I am almost certain that Emilia herself would think as I do."

* HICHENS IN HARTLEY'S WEEKLY, No. 257.

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It was not without an effort, a strong effort, that Hermione was able to speak the last sentence. Vere came nearer to her mother, and stood before her, as if she were going to say something that was decisive or important. But she hesitated.

"What is it, Vere?" Hermione asked, quietly.

"I might learn from life itself what Monsieur Emile's books might teach me."

"Some day. And when that time comes neither I nor he would wish to keep them out of your hands."

"I see. Well, madre dear, let us read whatever you like."

Vere had been on the edge of telling her mother about the previous night and Peppina. But, somehow, at the last moment she could not.

And thus, for the moment at least, Artio and she shared another secret of which Hermione was unaware.

But very soon Hermione asked that Vere was specially kind always to Peppina. They did not meet, perhaps, very often, but when by chance they did Vere spoke to the disguised girl with a gentleness, almost a tenderness, that was striking.

"You like Peppina, Vere?" asked her mother one day.

"Yes, because I pity her so much."

There was a sound that was almost like passion in the girl's voice; and, looking up, Hermione saw that her eyes were full of light, as if the spirit had set two lamps in them.

"It is strange," Vere continued, in a quieter tone; "but sometimes I feel as if on the night of the storm I had had a sort of consciousness of her coming—as if, when I saw the saint's light shining, and bent down to the water and made the sign of the cross, I already knew something of Peppina's wound, as if I made the sign to protect our Casa del Mare, in ward of something evil."

"That was coming to us with Peppina, do you mean?"

"I don't know, madre."

"Are you thinking of Giulia's foolish words about the evil eye?"

"No. It's all vague, madre. But Peppina's cross sometimes seems to me to be a sick, a warning come into the house."

When I see it it seems to me there is a cross to be borne by some one here, by one of us.

"How imaginative you are!"

"So are you, madre! But you try to hide it from me."

Hermione was startled. She took Vere's hand, and held it for a moment in silence, pressing it with a force that was serene. And her luminous, expressive eyes, immovably sensitive, beautiful in their sensitiveness, showed that she was moved. At last she said:

"Perhaps that is true. Yes, I suppose it is."

"Why do you try to hide it?"

"I suppose—I think because—because it has brought to me a great deal of pain. And what we hide from others we sometimes seem almost to be destroying by that very act, though of course we are not."

"No. But I think I should like to encourage my imagination."

"Do you encourage it?" the mother asked, looking at her closely.

Again, as Vere had been on the edge of telling her mother all she knew about Peppina, she was on the edge of telling her about the poems of the sea. And again, moved by some sudden, obstinate reluctance, come she knew not why, she withheld the words that were almost on her lips.

And each time the mother was aware of something avoided, of an impulse stifled and therefore of a secret deliberately kept. The first time Hermione had not allowed her knowledge to appear. But on this second occasion for a moment she lost control of her will, and now, after a perceptible pause, Vere said, "I know I love it," and was silent, she exclaimed:

"Keep your secrets, Vere. Every one has a right to their freedom."

"But, madre—" Vere began, startled by her mother's abrupt vehemence.

"No, Vere, not. My child, my dearest one, never tell me anything but of your own soul, out of your own heart and desire. Show a confidence as beautiful. But anything else—anything else, I could not learn from you."

And she got up and left the room, walking with a strange shyness, as if she put upon herself an embargo not to listen.

The words and—especially that—the way in which they were

spoken made Vere suddenly and completely aware of something that perhaps she had already latently known—that the relation between her mother and herself had, of late, not been quite what once it was. At moments she had felt almost shy of her mother, only at moments. Formerly she had always told her mother everything, and had spoken—as her mother had just said—out of her own heart and desire, with eagerness, inevitably. Now—well, now she could not always do that. Was it because she was growing older? Children are immensely frank. She had been a child. But now—she thought of the Marchesini, of Peppina, of her conversation with Monsieur Emile in the streets of Virginia, and she realized the blooming of her girlhood, was aware that she was changing. And she felt half frightened, then eager, ardently eager. An impulse filled her, the impulse towards a fullness of life that, till now, she had not known. And for a moment she loved those little, innocent secrets that she kept.

But then she thought again of her mother, the most beloved of all her world. There had been in her mother's voice a sound of tragedy.

Vere stood for a long while by the window thinking.

The day was very hot. She longed to bathe, to wash away certain perplexities that troubled her in the sea. But Gaspare was not on the island. He had gone—she knew not where on some errand for her mother.

She looked at the sea with longing. When would Gaspare be back? Well, at least she could go out in the small boat. Then she would be near to the water. She ran down the steps

startled. At first she saw only a small inlet of the sea containing the Saint's Pool, and then leaned back against the white cushions, and looked up at the blue sky, and let her hand trail in the water. But she was restless to-day. The Pool did not soothe her, and she began to paddle out along the coast towards Naples. She passed a ruined, wind-swept house named by the fishermen, "The Palace of the Spirits," and then a tiny

Saraceni climbing up from a minute harbor to an antique church. Children ran out to her. A fisherman shouted "Buen viaggio, signorina!" She waved her hand to them

apathetically and rowed slowly on. Now she had a leisurely

little farther on there was a small inlet of the sea containing two caves, not gloomy and

inspiring like the Grotto of Virgilio, but cozy, shady and serene. Into the first of these

she ran the boat until its prow touched the sandy bottom. Then she lay down at full length, with her hands behind

her head on the cushions, and thought—and thought.

Figures passed through her mind, a caravan of figures travelling as all are travelling; her mother, Gaspare, Giulia

with her plump and earnest face, Monsieur Emile, to whom she had drawn so pleasantly,

intermingling near to these last days, the Marchesini—starting from the hips, and making his bold eyes round—Peppina,

Ruffo. They went by and returned, gathered about her, separated, melted away as people

do in our mindages. Her eyes were fixed on the low roof of the cave. The bit of the water seemed to rock her soul in a cradle. "Madre—Ruffo; madre—Ruffo!" The words were in her mind like a refrain. And then the oddity, the promiscuity of life struck her. How many differences there were in this small group of people by whom she was surrounded. What

would their fate be, and hers? Would her life be larger? She did not feel afraid. Youth ran in her veins. That—would it be? She saw the red cross on Peppina's cheek. Why was one singled out for misery, another for joy? Which would be her fate? Ruffo seemed to be standing near her. She had seen him several times in these last days, but only at evening, fugitively, when he came in the boat with the fishermen. He was stranger now. He had mistled her eagerly. She had spoken to him from the shore. But he had not landed again on the island. She felt as if she saw his bright

and burning eyes. And Ruffo—would he be happy? She hoped so. She wanted him to be happy. He was once a dear, active, bold boy—such a real boy. What must it be like to have a brother? Gaspare approved of Ruffo now, she thought; and Gaspare did not like everybody, and was fearfully blunt in expressing his opinion. She loved his bluntness. How delightfully has now

twisted when he was pleased! Dear old Gaspare! She could



She was speaking vehemently to Ruffo

never felt afraid of anything or anybody when he was near. Monsieur Emile—the pensive—the Marquisine singing. She closed her eyes to think the better.

"Signorina! signorina!"

Vere woke and sat up.

"Signorina!"

Gaspere was looking at her from his boat.

"Gaspere!"

She began to realize things.

"I once—I was thinking."

"So, signorina, I always think like that when I am in bed."

She laughed. She was wide awake now.

"How did you find me?"

"I met one of the fishermen. He had seen you row into the cove."

"Oh!"

She looked at him more steadily. His brown hair was hot. Perspiration stood on his forehead just under the thick and waving hair.

"Where have you been, Gaspere? Not to Naples in all this heat?"

"I have been to Mergellina, signorina."

"Mergellina? Did you see Ruffo?"

"So, signorina."

There was something very odd about Gaspere to-day. Vere thought. Or was she still not thoroughly awake? His eyes looked excited, surely, as if something unusual had been happening. And they were fixed upon her face with a searching that was strange, almost as if he saw her now for the first time.

"What is it, Gaspere? Why do you look at me like that?"

Gaspere turned his eyes away.

"Like what, signorina? Why should I not look at you?"

"What have you been doing at Mergellina?"

She spoke rather impudently.

"Nothing particular, signorina."

"Oh!"

She paused, but he did not speak.

"Where did you see Ruffo?"

"At the harbor, signorina."

"Tell me, Gaspere, do you like him?"

"Ruffo?"

"Yes."

"I do not dislike him, signorina. He has never done me any harm."

"Of course not. Why should he?"

"I say—he has not."

"I like Ruffo."

"So do I."

Again he looked at her with that curious expression in his eyes.

Then he said:

"Come, signorina! It is getting late. We must go to the island."

And they pulled out round the point to the open sea.

During the hot weather the dwellers in the Casa dei Mare made the siesta after the midday meal. The windows and blinds were drawn. Silence reigned, and the house was still as the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty. At the foot of the cliff the sea slept in the smokiness, and it was almost an empty sea, for few boats passed by in these hot still hours.

To-day the servants were quiet in their quarters. Only Gaspere was outside. And he, in short and trousers, with a white linen hat covering his brown face, was stretched under the dead trees of the little garden, under the shadow of the wall, resting profoundly after the labors of the morning. In their respective rooms Bernierie and Vere were seated behind shut doors. Bernierie was lying down but not sleeping. Vere was not lying down, tensely she slept at this time for an hour. But to-day, perhaps because of her nap in the cave, she had no desire for sleep.

She was thinking about her mother. And Hermione was thinking of her. Each mind was working in the midst of its desert space, its solitude eternal.

What was growing up between them, and why was it growing?

Hermione was beset by a strange sensation of impotence. She felt as if her child were drifting from her. Was it her fault, or was it no one's, and inevitable? But Vere had been able to divine certain feelings in her, the mother, obscure pains of the soul that had travelled to mind and heart? She did not think it possible. Nor had it been possible for her to kill those pains, although she had made her efforts to conceal them. Long ago, before she was married to Maurice, Emile had spoken to them of jealousy. At the time she had not understood it. She remembered thinking, even saying, that she could not be jealous.

But then she had had a child!

Lately she had realized that there were forces in her of which she had not been aware. She had realized her passion for her child. Was it strange that she had not always known how deep and strong it was? Her mutilated life was more vehemently centered upon Vere than she had understood. If Vere she could be jealous. If Vere put any one before her, trusted any one more than her, confided anything to another rather than to her, she could be frightfully jealous.

Recently she had suspected—she had imagined.

Recklessly she moved on her bed. A mosquito curtain protected it. She was glad of that as if it kept out prying eyes. For sometimes she was ashamed of the volubility within her. She thought of her friend Emile when she had dragged him from death.

He, too, had been so delirious a little from her in these last days? It seemed to her that it was so. She knew that it was so. Women

are so sure of certain things, more almost than men are ever sure of anything. And why should Vere have drifted, Emile have drifted, if there were not some link between them—some link between the child and the middle-aged man which they would not have lost know of?

Vere had told to Emile something that she had kept, that she still kept from her mother. When Vere had been shut up in her room she had not been reading. Emile knew what it was that she did during those long hours when she was alone. Emile knew that, and perhaps other things of Vere that she, Hermione, did not know, was not allowed to know.

Hermione, in their long infirmity, had learned to read Arctis more clearly, more certainly than he realized. Although often impulsive, and seemingly unconscious of the thoughts of others, she could be both sharply observant and subtle, especially with those she loved. She had noticed the difference between her manner when first they spoke of Vere's hidden occupation and his manner when last they spoke of it. In the interval he had found out what it was, and that it was not reading. Of that she was positive. She was positive also that he did not wish her to suspect this. Vere must have told him what it was.

It was characteristic of Hermione that at this moment she was free from any common curiosity as to what it was that Vere did during those many hours when she was shut up in her room. The thing that hurt her, that seemed to humiliate her, was that Emile should know what it was, and not she, that Vere should have told him what she had not told her.

As she lay there she covered under the blue a mental silence can give, and something woke up in her, something fier, something surely that could not be with violence. It startled her, almost as a stranger rushing into her room would have startled her.

For a moment she thought of her child and her loved friend with a bitterness that was cruel.

How long had they shared their secret? She wondered, and began to consider the recent days, searching their hours for those tiny incidents, those small reticences, avoidances, that to women are revelations. When had she first noticed a slight change in Emile's manner to her? When had Vere and he first seemed a little more intimate, a little more confidential than before? When had she, Hermione, first felt a little "out of it," not perfectly at ease with these two dear destroyers of her life?

Her mind fastened at once upon the day of the storm. On the night of the storm, when she and Emile had been left alone in the restaurant, she had felt almost afraid of him. But before then, in the afternoon on the island, there had been something. They had not been always at ease. She had been conscious of trying to tide over moments that were almost awkward—once or twice, only once or twice. But that was the day. Her woman's instinct told her so. That was the day on which Vere had told Emile the secret she had kept from her mother. How excited Vere had been, almost feverishly excited? And Emile had been very strange. When the Marquisine and Vere went out upon the terrace how restless, how irritable he—

Suddenly Hermione sat up in bed. The heat, the stillness, the white cage of the mosquito net, the silence, had become intolerable to her. She pulled aside the net. Yes, that was better. She felt more free. She would lie down outside the net. But the pillow was hot. She turned it, but its pressure against her cheek almost maddened her, and she got up, went across the room to the wash-hand stand and bathed her face with cold water. Then she put some cold water on her forehead, opened a drawer and drew out a fan, went over to an arm-chair near the window and sat down in it.

What had Emile written in the visitors' book at the Scoglio di Friso? With a strange alarm, with a slight that was instinctive as that of a homing pigeon, Hermione's mind went to that book as to a book of revelation. Just before he wrote he had been feeling nettled—something. She had been aware of that at the time. He had not wanted to write. And then suddenly, almost violently, he had written and had closed the book.

She longed to open that book now, at once, to read what he had written. She felt as if it would tell her very much. There was no reason why she should not read it. The book was one that all might see, was kept to be looked over by any chance visitor. She would go one day, one evening, one moment and see what Emile had written. He would not mind. If she had asked him that night of course he would have shown her the words. But she had not asked him. She had been almost afraid of things that night. She remembered how the wind had blown up the white sailcloth, her cold momentary shiver of fear, her relief when she had seen Gaspere walking steadily into the room.

And now, at once, this thought of Gaspere brought to her a sense of relief again, of relief so great, so sharp—pleasing down the very deep of her nature—that by it she was able to measure something, her inward desolation at this moment. Yes, she clung to Gaspere, because he was loyal, because he loved her, because he had loved Maurice—but also because she was terribly alone.

Because he had loved Maurice! But there was a time, really a time, when she had possessed one who belonged utterly to herself, who lived only in aid for her? Was that possible? To-day, with a bitterness of one starving, she instead with this memory, her memory, hers only, shared by no one, never shared by living or dead. That at least she had, and that could never be taken from her. Even if Vere, her child, slipped from her, if Emile, her friend, her life she had saved, slipped from her, the memory of her sacrifice was hers, the memory of her love, his put in her by her mutual life. His last kiss. Long ago she had taken that kiss as a

(Continued on page 28)

The Higher Athleticism

(Continued from page 15.)

attractive—like that professor who revised three ancient gospels to teach Greek history with. Besides, it's only when a fellow goes in strong for athletics he gets to be an all-around student. When he falls down in one set of studies, the athletic management switches him to another; or else he changes to colleges offering more inducements. I know one insider what's had the first act of six different professions; and he's liable to pick up several more before he reaches his time limit. Then he'll have to get on some periodical team, or make a honest livin', which he'll stand a better chance doing, 'cos in that line of ampie college de-gress lurkin' in his system."

"But such conditions must interfere de-structively with thoroughness," objected the Student.

"Conditions is something free," admitted Turkey, easily. "Take the Bill Sims. He was a moolah in a store laundry, an' suddenly caught the bug to get an education. He was so thick-headed that he'd never passed the entrance exams of the athletic manager, hadn't spotted him 'n' expunged him out for centre guard. After he'd won glory for the college a short while, by takin' various special courses, he'd piled up so many conditions there was another for it but put him in the Theological Seminary to keep him on the team. He'd 'a' been a thoroughbred athlete if he hadn't been free that. He went an' got religion over there an' started in strong to fit himself for a foreign missionary to China. He dropped off some in form from studyin' too hard, but at that, the athletic trainin' he was gettin' would make him a peach of a missionary. Bill could of put down a boxer aprisin' all by himself. Say, the government would save money if they'd put a law that all missionaries has got to have athletic trainin'. . . . Trouble was a lot of highbrows got around Bill and persuaded him that he's such a fine organizer he must take the job of secretary in the main missionary office in New York. Now there he sits rattin' out his heart thinkin' every day of the good times he might have had in China, while his many form is gradually growin' staid."

"I think if you see point, paper," said the Student, hesitatingly. "It is better to get over education than none at all; and if I suppose, to many poor young men whose only asset is their physical prowess, college athletics furnish the means of fitting themselves for after life better than would otherwise have been possible."

"Sure," agreed Turkey, "plenty of 'em. I know four or five strongmen in the Tammany districts what's makin' good at law. They got strong puttin' their father's whipped into line, which counts in police courts. Also they got persuasive methods that scares witnesses from goin' too strong agin' their clients. Same way in medicine, I hear ten fellows we got agin' how they was paid to use their education. They're from towns in Tennessee what's gone dry. They calculate there's a fortune waitin' for any doctor that goes to their sufferin' communities and makes a specialty of writin' loose prescriptions."

The Student's look of horror was interrupted by a fainter of cheering from the field, marking the beginning of the game. And, with apoplexy, Turkey seized two barrels of cultural water and led us to our reflections.

The Magic That Aids War

The vital importance of the signal corps of an army will be readily appreciated by any one who realizes that that corps is at once the eye, the ear, and the voice of the army. A good interesting history of the great amount of energy and ingenuity expended in developing the Signal Corps of the United States, story to its present high state of efficiency will be found in a collection of papers read before the Military Service Institution of the United States by Lieutenant Colonel George P. Service, Signal Corps, U.S.A., and now published as book form

by the direction of the Chief Signal Officer of the army, under the title, *The Transmission of Military Information*. The book affords an excellent guide for the layman who would learn of the work of the Signal Corps, and is full of useful information for National Guardsmen.

The electric telegraph, says the author, is even more serviceable in war than in the pursuits of peace. "If proof of this value is necessary," he adds, "we have only to recall Shafter's communication at a critical moment with the White House from the field at Santiago, or the extent of Kuroki's fighting line made possible by electricity."

The meteoric success of Japan, which seems to have been due to a combination of highest intellect in the few with brute fighting power in the many, troubles various persons, and the least important of which is the extraordinary value of modern lines of military intelligence. In this war, so important did the transmission of intelligence become that it is said of the great Japanese general, Kuroki, the sound which interested him most was not that of firing, but the click of the telegraph instrument which left nothing to the distant vision, but told him exactly what each unit was doing."

From wiretapping and the mounted newspaper galloping off with written orders, to the modern field telegraph and the wireless telegraph and wireless telephone, is a great step forward; yet, in spite of the improvements in signal service due to scientific advancement it is still unsafe to abolish the primitive means of communication. The danger of relying upon any system is shown by General Sir Hamilton's report that the Japanese "First Army has been entirely cut off from all communication with Oryon and the Second and Fourth Armies from yesterday night until only a few minutes ago. The wires were cut, as it was only natural to suppose they would be cut, and then the Japanese armies, separated by only twenty miles of mountainous country, were unable, although it was a brilliant sunny day, to talk to one another."

This is rough on the First Army, which has shed its blood too freely in the first belief that it was lagging behind in the great pursuit, and could not comprehend why, when pressing on its duty, the enemy's retreat, it should have found itself so suddenly on the very brink of destruction. A down British soldier with a couple of biographies would today have saved the Japanese many hundreds of lives and were wrong in attempting the impossible.

Curious, is it not, that the Japanese with all their zeal for the art of war and their enthusiastic adoption of its most improved methods and apparatus, should have been blind to such an important asset as a secondary means of communication. Lieutenant Colonel Neelken is sure that "the best means of transmitting information in the field is the wire telegraph; which alone, while it exists unimpaired, has verities, accuracy, speed, and, as a rule, suitability for its work except when it cannot be extended to its objective. Great progress has been made by the wireless telegraph and telephone and many hopes are based upon their use, the possibilities are vast, but they are not yet defined to conservative minds, and at least in war the wireless still remains in theory as in practice—in the air."

The author tells at length of the wonderful work with which isolated military telegraph lines can be laid. Imagine a trained signaller, trotting his horse at a smart pace, snatching wire as he goes and retransmitting as he goes with headquarters by means of a buzzer (consisting of telephone with telegraph key) the mutual horseless manœuvre forming the necessary ground-wire connection! Note also that at the battle of Mukden the Third Japanese Army laid 133 miles of field-telegraph line during the battle!

The book opens a vista in which the layman discovers some of the marvellous achievements of the signal corps in modern warfare. It is cheering to read that our own corps is the best in the world, and it will be evident to any one who reads the book that there is urgent need for an increase in the number of officers and non-commissioned included in this branch of the service.

Berlin's Dwarf Postal Railway

The German post-office department has put forward a scheme to connect the general post-office in that city with the various branch offices by the construction of an underground electric railway, by means of which the more rapid distribution of the mail bags to and from the mail trains will be effected at a speed of about twenty-five miles an hour. The railway will be worked without a guard or driver, and the tunnel, which will be placed close beneath the road surface, is to be only twenty-nine inches in height by seventy-one inches in width. Each truck or car is intended for the conveyance of a large-sized mail bag. The complete train will be composed of a dwarf electric locomotive and not more than four trucks. The locomotive will have a pair of axles, each furnished with a motor, and the line will be double track throughout, constructed on a 10.13-inch gauge. Over each track will be conductor rails. A track will be provided between the two lines of rails, so that a man will be able to pass through the tunnel.

Sad Sign of the Times

A REPEATABLE New Yorker, recently returned from Chicago, says that the saddest thing he saw in that metropolis was a fine, respectable, old-fashioned house, facing the lake front on Clark Street, where the broad front door in tall gold letters is the inscription, "Optimists' Club." Equally prominent in the display of placards marked "To Let"—a sad sign of the times.

A Master of Time

It was the day of the ball game, and Willie, the office boy, approached the head of the firm, and stammered, "If you please, sir—"

"I have, hurry up!" said his employer.

"If you have anything to say, say it. Don't take half a day."

"But that's just what I was going to ask you if I could take," said Willie.

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A SPIRIT IN PRISON

(Continued from page 26.)

gift made to two—her and to Vere alone. To-day, almost savagely, she took it to herself alone, herself—alone. Here it was, hers only, no part of it Vere's.

That she had—her memory, and Giuseppe's loyal, open-hearted devotion. He knew what she had suffered. He loved her as he had loved his dead patroness. He would always protect her, put her first without hesitation, reveal nothing from her that it was her right—for solely even the humblest, the least selfish, the least grasping, surely all who love have their rights—that it was her right to know.

Her cheeks were burning. She felt like one who had been making some physical exertion.

Deeply silent was the house. Her room was full of shadows, yet full of the hidden presence of the sun. There was a glory outside, against which she was protected. But inside, and against assaults that were ignominious, what protection had she? Her own personality must protect her, her own will, the determination, the strength, the courage that belong to all who are worth anything in the world. And she called upon herself. And it seemed to her that there was no voice that answered.

That was a hideous moment of drama.

She sat there quietly in her chair in the pretty room. And she called again, and she listened—and again there was silence. Then she was afraid. She had a strange and horrible feeling that she was deserted by herself, by that which, at least, had been herself and on which she had been accustomed to rely. And what was left was surely utterly meagre, full of the flabby wickedness that seems to dwell in weakness. It seemed to her that if any one who knew her well, if Vere, Emile, or even Giuseppe, had come into the room just then, the intruder would have paused on the threshold, amazed to see a stranger there. She felt afraid to be seen and yet afraid to remain alone. Should she do something definite, something defiant, to prove to herself that she had will and could overcome it?

She got up, resolved to go to Vere. When she was there, with her child, she did not know what she was going to do. She had said to Vere, "Keep your secrets." What if she went now and humbled herself, explained to the child quite simply and frankly a mother's jealousy, a widow's grief, or even Giuseppe, had come into the room just then, the intruder would have paused on the threshold, amazed to see a stranger there. She felt afraid to be seen and yet afraid to remain alone. Should she do something definite, something defiant, to prove to herself that she had will and could overcome it?

She heard a light step outside and drew back from the door. The step passed on and died away down the paved staircase. Vere had gone out to the terrace, the garden, or the sea.

Hermione again moved forward, then stopped abruptly. Her face was suddenly flushed with fear, as she realized that she had been going to do, she who had exclaimed that every one has a right to their freedom.

For an instant she had meant to go to Vere's room, to try to find out surreptitiously what Emile knew.

A moment later Vere, coming back swiftly for a pencil she had forgotten, heard the sharp grating of a key in the lock of her mother's door.

She ran on lightly, wondering why her mother was looking herself in, and against whom.

CHAPTER XVIII

During the last days Artios had not been to the island, nor had he seen the Marchese. A sudden passion for work had seized him. Since the night of Vere's meeting with Poppino his brain had been in flood with thoughts. He often awoke alone upon the creative artist, reproaching or encouraging his instinct to bring forth, depressing or exulting him when, perhaps, he expects it least. The passing incidents of life frequently have their hidden, their unsuspected part in determining his activities. So it was now with Artios. He had given an impetus to Vere. That was natural, to be surprised considering his knowledge and his facts and his great experience, and his understanding of men. But now Vere had given an impetus to him—and that was surely stranger. Since the conversation among the shadows of the cave, after the vision of the moving men of darkness and of fire, since the sound of Poppino's sobbing in the night, and the sight of her passionate face lifted to show his gashed cross to Vere, Artios's brain and heart had been alive with a fury of energy that fiercely summoned him to work, that held him working. He even felt within him something that was like a renewal of some part of his vanished youth, and remembered old days of student life, nights in the Quarter Latin, his distant as he recalled the papers, the sensation of joy with which he saw his first article in the *Florence*, his dreams of fame, his hopes of love, his baptism of sentiment. How he had worked in those days and nights! How he had learned experience in the streets and the byways of the great city! How passionately and yet how calmly he considered his knowledge and his facts, not only by their quick emotions, but also by the something watched and digged underneath, that will not be swept away, that is like a detective hidden by a house dove to spy out all the corners in the night. Something, some breath from the former days, swept over him again. In his ears there sounded early the cries of Paris, urging him to the assault of the barricade of Fame, and he sat down, and he worked with the vigorous energy, with the pulsing eagerness of one of "les jeunes." Hour after hour he worked. He took coffee, and wrote through the night. He slept when the dawn came, got up, and looked again.

He shut out the real world and he forgot it—until the fit was past. And then he pushed away his paper, he laid down his pen, he stretched himself, and he knew that his great effort had tired him tremendously—tremendously.

He looked at his right hand. It was cramped. As he held it up he saw that it was shaking. He had drunk a great deal of black coffee during those days, had drunk it recklessly as to the days of youth, when he cared nothing about health because he felt made of iron.

"Pfui!"

And so there was Naples outside, the waters of the bay dancing in the sunshine of the bright summer afternoon; people bathing and showing to one another from the diving platforms and the balconies, people mulling by in the little carriages to eat system at Posillipo. Lazy, leechlike, pleasure-loving wretches! He thought of Doro as he looked at them.

He had given strict orders that he was not to be disturbed while he was at work, unless *hermione* came. And he had not once been disturbed. Now he rang the bell. An Italian waiter, with crooked eyes and a fair beard, stepped softly in.

"Has any one been to see me? Has any one asked for me lately?" he said. "And go down, tell you, and inquire of the concierge."

The waiter departed and returned to say that no one had been for the signor.

"Not the Marchese Federico Panseri?"

"The concierge says that no one has been, signore."

"Va bene."

The man went out.

So Doro had not come even once! Perhaps he was seriously offended. At their last parting in the Villa he had shown a certain irony that had in it a hint of bitterness. Artios did not know of the fisherman's information, that Doro had guessed who was Vere's companion that night upon the sea. He supposed that his friend was angry because he believed himself disgraced. Well, that was not so, he was just right. He thought of the Marchese now with lightness, as the worker who has just made a great and prolonged effort is inclined to think of the laudatory idler. Doro was like a feather on the warm wind of the south. He, Artios, was not in the mood just then to bother about a feather. Still less was he inclined for companionship. He wanted some hours of complete rest out in the air, with gay and frivolous scenes before his eyes.

He wanted to look on, but not to join in, the merry life that was about him, and that for so long a time he had almost violently ignored.

He resolved to take a carriage, drive slowly to Posillipo, and eat his dinner there in some airy above the sea; watching the pagoda that unfolded itself on the evenings of summer about the restaurant and the outdoor, round the stalls of the vendors of fruit and meat, and the piano-organs, to the accompaniment of which impudent men sang in the sunny, dark-eyed beauties posed upon balconies or gathered in knots upon the little terraces that dominate the bathing establishments, and the distant traffic of the bay. His brain longed for rest, but it longed also for the hum and the stir of men. His heart hated for the sight of pleasure, and must be appeased.

Catching up his hat, almost with the hasty eagerness of a boy, he went downstairs. On the opposite side of the road was a smart little carriage in which the coachman was asleep, with his legs crossed up on the driver's seat, displaying a pair of startling orange and black socks. My socks Artios knew his man.

"Poppino! Poppino!" he cried.

The coachman sprang up, showing a round, rosy face, and a pair of shrewd, rather small dark eyes.

"Take me to Posillipo."

"Si, signore."

Poppino cracked his whip vigorously.

"Ah-ah! Ah-ah!" he cried to his gayly bedimmed little horse, who were a long feather on his back, flanked by bunches of artificial roses.

"Not too fast, Poppino. I am in no hurry. Keep along by the sea."

The coachman let the reins go loose, and instantly the little horse went slowly, as if all his spirit and agility had suddenly been withdrawn from him.

"I have not seen you for several days, signore. Have you been well?"

Poppino had turned quite round on his box, and was facing his client.

"No, I've been working."

"Si?"

Poppino made a noise, as he nearly always did when he heard a rich signore speak of working.

"And you? You have been spending money as usual. All your clothes are new."

Poppino smiled, showing rows of splendid teeth under his little curled-up mustaches.

"My signore, all? And I have also new underclothing."

"Per Barco!"

"Ecco, signore!"

He pulled his trousers up to his knees, showing a pair of pale blue drawers.

"My signore—these are new, signore!" He drew attention to the striped elastic that kept the orange and black socks in place.

"My boots!" He put his feet up on the box that Artios might see his brown polished boots, then unlatched and threw open his waistcoat.

"My shirt is new! My cravat is new! Look at the pin!" He fastened his plump, brown, and carefully washed hands.

"I have a new sign. He bent his head. "My hat is new."

Artios broke into a roar of laughter that seemed to do him good after his days of work.

"You young dandy! And where do you get the money?"

(Continued on page 29.)

The Flea and the Fleet

By Jane Marsh Parker

THUSMAN what vast realms of terrestrial space exploring and over what boundless seas the aqueous wastes inquiring shall the worker after truth journey in quest of the exalted, the veritable bond of sympathy, between the dead and the fleet? Is there, then, no affinity, some tie of sympathy? No! Scientist answers yes to the question; give grave reasons therefore. And no long quest is needed to find confirmation thereof. Indeed, if we may credit the findings of pathologists and bacteriologists, our great first went out from the Atlantic to the Pacific by way of the Gulf Stream, and left ship under the nose of the overboard thriest, left to carry on a war of extermination against the flies. It is impossible to believe that so gigantic an argument, so mighty a collection of ships and guns and men, went down against such a tiny foe! Pray attend.

That Robinson Crusoe was never written for the entertainment of adventure-loving boys, but as a warning to sinners, is but another proof of the truth of Herbert Spencer's statement—that results anticipated are always sure to be greatly exceeded by results not anticipated. And now we have the Pacific Squadron for another case in point, in its recent achievement of an unsought and unanticipated victory—a victory of which Admiral Exton is still in ignorance.

It is an small thing to have demonstrated, but he has been instrumental in doing, thus, the flea may be wonderfully expressed, if not wholly exterminated, and that in the most desolate of cities—San Francisco. Unlucky plague had obtained some small foothold in the city, only a few cases, but enough, if not properly treated, the little fleas far in the end, not daring to enter the Golden Gate. The plague bacillus lives in that of various breeds who have long Latin names and wicked habits, and they come and travel on the rats that sail in sundry ships from all parts of the world, San Francisco, and there infect the native rats. The rats, of course, do not hop in swarms upon humanity, and with their bites convey the plague poison. But the fleas follow, which the rats are dotted are given to man, and thus will estimate the proportion of flea to rat.

Now, good Californians ignore the existence of the flea. "Ah, no; we never mention him." That is the unpardonable offense of the disgruntled tourist, the stranger with his camera.

Bricks were the inviolable armor, salting mechanically from Hampton Roads, with San Francisco its objective point. Bohold also, if the tax be not too great for culinary imagination, the channel of the Golden Gate mined and blockaded against those battlements by the men killing plague-flea. It was this, the most important of the nationalities that carried the flea that spread the plague that had leared. . . . And now, if the war against the rats goes on to the deadly finish, as it promises to do since the women of San Francisco are enlisting by clubs, etc., in a movement to have the rats—never fleas, remember!—by the throat. . . . The Golden Gate the last vestige of danger from Asiatic plague will have disappeared, and those of our Minneapolis who have accompanied in San Francisco before may miss delightfully the dominant feature of the city. . . . It is a far better time, thanks to the slaughter of the thousands upon thousands of rats.

"There is no use in fighting fire" has been the fixed conviction of Californians heretofore; "getting used to 'em is the only remedy. When London makes an end of its fires, New Jersey of its mosquitoes, and Egypt of its fleas, we will think about fighting 'em." But now, after successfully enduring a drought, a locust plague, and a cholera epidemic, California is being visited by several illnesses at least—if not trillions—will San Francisco admit that the warlike was not in vain, and that, in a way, the destruction of the pestiferous rat has been a promoter of good? It may come in time, but view of the subject, but hardly in this age. Future generations of Native American daughters will know only by tradition of the Spartan sufferings of their ancestors.

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(Continued from page 28.)

Pasquale looked doubtful and hung his head.

"Signore, I am in error. But I say to myself, 'Thank the Madonna, I have a rich and generous patroness who wishes his consolation to be chief. When he sees my clothes he will be contented, and—who knows what he will do!'"

"Per Bacco! And who is this rich and generous signora?"

"Ah!" Pasquale impatiently flung out the ragged hand that was not holding the reins—"Ma!—you, signore."

"You young rascal! Turn round and attend to your driving!"

But Artio laughed again. The impudent boyishness of Pasquale, and his childish passion for fancy, were refreshing, and seemed to belong to a young and thoughtless world. The sea breeze was soft as silk, the afternoon sunshine was delicately brilliant. The bay looked as it often does in summer—like radiant liberty held in happy arms, alluring, full of promises. And a physical well-being invaded Artio such as he had not known since the day when he had been with Verre upon the island.

He had loved to live. Now the gates were thrown open, and to what a brilliant world! He flung forth into it with almost joyous expectation.

They went slowly, and presently drew near to the Rotonda. Artio found a little forward and saw that the fishermen were at work. They stood in lines upon the pavement, pulling at the immense nets which were still a long way out at sea. When the carriage reached them Artio told Pasquale to draw up, and sat watching the work, and the fierce energy of the workers. Half naked, with arms and legs and chests that gleamed in the sun like copper, they inhaled, leaning backward, one towards another, laughing, shouting, swearing with a sort of almost angry joy. In their eyes there was a carelessness that was wild, in their postures a lack of self-consciousness that was savage. But they looked like creatures who must live forever. And to Artio, solitary for so long, the sight of them brought a feeling almost of triumph, but also a sensation of envy. Their vigor made him pine for movement.

"Drive on slowly, Pasquale," he said. "I will follow you on foot, and join you at the hill."

"Ah, signore."

He got out, stood for a moment, then stroiled on towards the Meriggiana. As he approached this part of the town, with its harbor and its population of fisherfolk, the thought of Ruffo came into his mind. He remembered that Ruffo lived here. Perhaps he might see the boy this afternoon.

On the mole that serves as a slight barrier between the open sea and the snug little harbor several boys are fishing. Others were bathing, leaping into the water with shouts from the rocks. Beyond, upon the slope of dirty sand among the draw-up boats, children were playing, the girls generally separated from the boys. Fishermen, in woollen shirts and white linen trousers, sat smoking in the shadow of their craft, or leaned muscular arms upon their standing at ease, staring into vacancy or talking to each other. On the still water there was a perpetual movement of boats; and from the distance came a dull but continuous roar, the rattle and the laughter of hundreds of bathers at the Stabilimento di Bagno beyond the opposite limit of the harbor.

Artio enjoyed the open air, the freedom of the breeze; and once again, as often before, found himself thinking that the outdoor life, the life known from former restrictions, was the only one really and fully worth living. There was a carelessness, a camaraderie among these people that was of the essence of humanity. Despite their frequent quarrels, their intrigues, their betrayals, their vendettas, they lived together. There was a true and vital companionship among them.

He passed on with deliberation, observing closely, yet half lazily—for his brain was slack and needed rest—the different types about him, musing on the possibilities of their lives, smiling at the gambols of the infant girls, and the impudent frolics of the little boys who seemed the very spawn of sand and sea and sun, till he had nearly passed the harbor and was opposite to the path-way that leads down to the jetty, to the left of which lie the steam yachts.

At the entrance to this pathway there is always a knot of people gathered about the shanty and the seats, and an unceasing flow of strange moans, and the stands where shell-fish are exposed for sale. On the far side of the tramway, beneath the tall houses which are let out in rooms and apartments for families, there is an open space, and here in summer are set out quantities of strong tables, at which from noon till late in the evening the people of Meriggiana, and visitors of the humbler classes from Naples, sit in merry throngs, eating, smoking, drinking coffee, syrups, and red and white wine.

Artio stood still for a minute to watch them, to partake from a distance, and unknown to them, in their belated party. He had in a big sign, and peered at it as his eyes roved, for he was to group, resting now on a family party, seen on a quarter of lovers, now on two stout men solemnly trying to drive a brawny old vigorous rhetoric and emphatic gestures, now on an elderly woman in a shawl spreading an hour with her soldier in a shawl sitting, now on some sailors from a ship in the distant port for the arsenal bent over a game of cards, or a party of workmen talking wages or politics in their shirt sleeves with flowers above their ears.

What a row they made, these people! Their animation was almost like the animals of a night-herd. Some were ugly, some looked wicked; others melancholic, sympathetic, coarse, artful, sometimes boldly defiant, or indolently revolted, but however much they differed, in one quality they were nearly all alike. They nearly all looked vivid. If they talked anything, at least it was not life. Even their silence was exuberant.

As this thought came into his mind Artio's eyes changed to a

on two people sitting a little apart at a table on which stood a coffee-cup, a thick glass half full of red wine, and a couple of tumblers of water. One was a woman, the other—yes, the other was Ruffo.

When Artio realized this he kept his eyes upon them. He forgot his interest in the crowd.

At first he could only see Ruffo's side-face. But the woman was exactly opposite to him.

She was neatly dressed in some dark stuff, and wore a thin shawl, purple in color, over her shoulders. She looked middle-aged. He had seen an Englishwoman Artio would have guessed her to be nearly fifty. But as she was evidently a southerner it was possible that she might be much younger. Her figure was broad and matronly. Her face, once probably quite pretty, was lined, and had the battered and almost corrugated look that the faces of Italian women of the lower classes often reveal when the years begin to increase upon them. The cheek bones showed harshly in the long and dark eyes, which were surrounded by little patches of yellow skin. But Artio's attention was held out by this woman's quite ordinary appearance, but by her manner. Like the people about her, she was vivacious, but her vivacity was tragic—she had come here to be gay. Evidently she was in the extreme of grief of passion. She was speaking vehemently to Ruffo, gestulating with her dark hands, on which there were two or three cheap rings, catching at her shawl, swaying her body, nodding her head, on which the still black hair was piled in heavy masses. And her face was distorted by an emotion that seemed of sorrow and anger mingled. In her ears, pretty and almost delicate in contrast to the features, she had two large gold rings, such as Italian women often wear. They swayed in response to her perpetual movements. Artio watched her lips as they opened and shut, were compressed or thrust forward, watched her white teeth gleaming. She lifted her two hands, divided into five, till her eyes were on a level with her shoulders, shook them vehemently, then dashed them down on the table. The coffee-cup was overturned. She took no notice of it. She was heedless of everything but the subject which evidently obsessed her.

The boy, Ruffo, sat quite still listening to her. His attitude was calm. Now and then he tipped his white, and presently he took from his pocket a cigarette, lighted it carefully, and began to smoke. There was something very boyish and happy-go-lucky in his attitude and manner. Evidently, Artio thought, he was very much at home with this middle-aged woman. Probably her vehemence was linked to an everyday affair. She laid one hand on his arm and bent forward. He slightly shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. She kept her hand on his arm, went on talking passionately, and suddenly began to weep. Tears rushed out of her eyes. Then the boy took her hand gently, stroked it, and began to speak to her, always keeping her hand in his. The woman, with a despairing movement, laid her face down on the table, with her forehead touching the wood. Then she lifted it up. The paroxysm seemed to have passed. She took out a handkerchief from inside the bodice of her dress and dried her eyes. Ruffo drew out a small watch with his chain and glanced at the gold and the bill, and the woman and he got up to go. As they did so Ruffo presented for a moment his full face to Artio, and Artio swiftly compared it with the face of the woman, and left sure that they were mother and son.

Artio made a dash towards the hill of Posillipo, but after taking a few steps turned to look back. The woman and Ruffo had come into the road by the tram line. They stood there for a moment, talking. Then Ruffo crossed over to the path, and the woman went away slowly towards the Rotonda. Seeing Ruffo alone, Artio turned to go back, thinking to have a word with the boy. But before he could reach him he saw a man step out from behind the wooden shanty of the fishermen and join him.

This man was Gaspare.

Ruffo and Gaspare strolled slowly away towards the jetty where the yacht lie, and presently disappeared.

Artio found Pasquale waiting for him rather impatiently not far from the entrance to the Nezzula di Fiume.

"I thought you were dead, signore," he remarked as Artio came up.

"I was watching the people."

"He got into the carriage."

"They are enragata," said Pasquale, with the profound contempt of the Neapolitan coachman for those who get their living by the sea. He lived at Furogrotto, and thought Meriggiana a place of utter darkness.

"Oh, they are," rejoined Artio.

"You don't know them, signore. I say—they are enragata. Where shall I drive you?"

Artio hesitated, passing in mental review the various ristoranti on the hill.

"I will take you to the Ristorante della Stella," he said at length.

Pasquale cracked his whip and drove once more cheerily onward. When Artio came to the ristorante, which is perched high up on the side of the road hunched from the sea, he had almost all the tables to choose from, as it was still early in the evening, and it was not yet dark. The proprietors who frequent the more expensive restaurants usually drive late. He sat down at a table in the open air close to the railing, from which he could see a grand view of the bay, as well as all that was passing on the road beyond, and ordered a dinner to be ready in half an hour. He was in no hurry, and went to find a cab for his luggage.

There was a constant traffic here. The tram bell sounded its reiterated signal to the crowds of dusty pedestrians to clear the way. Hackneys trotted upwards driving carts loaded with vegetables and fruit. Animated young men, wearing tiny dark hats cocked imperiously to one side, drove frantically by in light gay

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that looked like the skeletons of carriages, holding a rein in each hand, pulling violently at their horses' manes, and shouting "A! ah!" as if possessed of the devil. Smart women made the evening "passaginta" in landaus and low vehicles, wearing flamboyant hats, and gazing into the eyes of the watching men ranged along the low wall on the sea side with a cool stolidity that was almost Oriental. Some of the men were talking. But by far the greater number leaned back almost motionless against their cushions, and their pale faces showed nothing but the languid consciousness of being observed and, perhaps, desired. Stout Neapolitan fathers, with bulging eyes, immense brown cheeks, and peppery mustaches, were preening with their children and little dogs, looking lovingly contented with themselves. Young girls went primly past, holding their narrow, well-defined heads with a certain virginal stiffness that was yet not devoid of grace, and casting down eyes that were squinted and yet to be enlightened. Their governesses and dumas accompanied them. Bareheaded brown children darted in and out, dodging pedestrians and horses. Frantic and black-robed students chattered vigorously. Schoolboys with peaked caps hastened homeward. The ex-plains from Queen Margherita's throne higher up the hill marched sturdily through the dust to the sound of a boyish but disconcertingly martial music. It was a wonderfully vivid world, but the eyes of Artio's wandered away from it, over the terraces, the houses and the tree tops. Their gaze dropped down to the sea. Far off, Capri rose out of the light mist produced by the heat. And beyond was Sicily.

Why had that woman, Ruffa's mother, wept just now? What was her tragedy? He wondered. Accidentally he recalled her face, broad now and creased with the wrinkles brought by trouble and the years.

He recalled, too, Ruffa's attitude as the boy listened to her vehement, her almost violent language. How boyish, how careless it had been—yet not unkind or even disconcerting; only wonderfully natural and wonderfully strong.

"He was the deathless boy."

Suddenly those words started into Artio's mind. Had he heard them somewhere? For a moment he wondered. Or had he heard them? They seemed to suggest speech, a voice whose intonations he knew. His mind was still haunted by work and would not be commanded by his will. Keeping his eyes fixed on the ethereal outline of Capri, he strove to remember, to find the look which had contained those words and given them to his eyes, or the voice that had spoken them and given them to his ears.

"He was the deathless boy."

A player-organ struck up below him, a little way up the hill to the right, and above its loud accompaniment there rose a powerful tenor voice singing:

"Quanno fa notte 'nterra Mergellina,
Se ce sta 'o mare e canta abbinu chianu
Se in chiu dice d'aria d'a marina,
Pure a' serene cantano 'a luntano."

"Quanno fa notte 'nterra Mergellina—"

The song must have struck forcibly upon some part of his brain that was sleeping, must have summoned it to activity. For instantly, ere the voice had sung the first verse, he saw imaginatively a mountain top in shilly, evening light—such as one then shining over and transfiguring Capri—and a woman, Hermione. And he heard her voice, very soft, with a strange depth and stillness in it, saying those words, "He was the deathless boy."

Of course! How could he have forgotten? They had been said of Hermione's beauty. And now, fully, strangely, he had recalled them as he thought of Ruffa's young and careless attitude by the table of the ristorante that afternoon.

The waiter, coming presently to bring the French signore the plate of oysters from Fusaro, which he had ordered as the prelude to his dinner, was surprised by the deep gravity of his face, and said: "Don't you like 'A Mergellina,' signore? We are all mad about it. And it won't be the first time at last year's festa of Piedigrotta."

"Comment done?" exclaimed Artio, as if startled. "What?—no—yes. I like it. It is a capital song. Lemon? That's right—red pepper. Va la so."

And he bent over his plate—rattled hurriedly and began to eat. The piano-organ and the singing voice died away down the hill, going towards Mergellina:

"E c'asta luna dia!" "canta e c'asta
Lo vularia drittu, an nun e c'asta;
Me scorder e 'o suonno e 'o scorder
te Mare e Mergellina e 'o scorder 'o Bosa."

But the effect, curious and surely unaccountable of the song remained. Often, while he ate, Artio turned his eyes towards the mountain of Capri, and each time that he did so he saw, beyond it and its circling sea, Sully, Monte Amato, the dying lights on Etna, the evening star above its plume of smoke, the figure of a woman set in the shadow of her porch, yet almost terribly serene; and then another woman, sitting at a table, vehemently talking, then bowing down her head profoundly as if in angry grief.

When he had finished his dinner the sun had set and night had dropped down softly over the bay. Capri had disappeared. The long serpent of lights had unrolled itself along the sea. Down below, very far down, there was the twinkling and the blue, the gleam of gullies and moonlight, the throbbing cry of southern voices. The stars were out in a deep sky of bluish purple. There was no chill in the air, but a voluptuous, brooding warmth that shed over the city and the waters a luxuriant transfiguration, giving absolute, surely, to all the sense, to all the virtuous follies of the south.

Artio rested his arms on the balcony-rail.

The ristorante was nearly full now, gay with lights and with a

tempest of talk. The waiter came to ask if the signore would like coffee.

Artio hesitated a moment, then shook his head. He recalled that his nerves had been tried enough in these last days and nights. He must let them rest for a while.

The waiter went away, and he turned once more towards the sea. To-night he felt the wonder of Italy, of this part of the land and of its nature, as he had not felt it before. In a new and, as it seemed to him, a mysterious way. A very modern man, and in his art, a realist, to-night there was surely something very young alert within him, something of vague sensitivity that was like an echo from Mycenaean days. He felt irresolutely, but not unpleasantly, by a dim and exquisite melancholy, in which he thought of nature and of human nature pathetically, linking them together: those singing voices with the stars, the women who leaned on balconies to listen with the sea that was murmuring below them, the fishermen upon that sea with the deep and austere sky that watched their labors.

In a beautiful and almost magical address, he too was one with the night, this night in Italy. It held him softly in its arms. A golden outline streamed from the stars. The waters below expressed it. The fishermen's torches in the bay, those travelling lights that are as the eyes of the south searching for charmed things in secret places, lifted the shadows of earth towards the stars, and the water shivered. There was a joy even in the tears wet on such a night as this.

He tried detail. It was, perhaps, his fault to love it too much. But now he realized that the magiella, Night, knew better than he what were the qualities of perfection. Night had exchanged Naples into a deeper and more subtle spirit of the void. He knew that behind that lacework of jewels there were heroic, gaunt and discolored bones full of poverty, shame, and wickedness, gullies in which men hunted the things that gratify their lusts, alleys infested with disease and filth unscrutable. He knew it, but he no longer felt it. The glamour of the magic was upon him. Perhaps behind the stars there were terrors, too. But who, looking upon them, could believe it? Death might create a picture; its withdrawal let in upon the soul the spirit light of the true magic.

It was a mistake to search too much, to draw too near, to seek always to see clearly.

The night lull that in Italy, and many things not to be clothed with words.

Reluctantly at last he lifted his arms from the balcony rail and got up to leave the restaurant. He dropped the handle of the street. As he came out into it he heard the sharp "Ting! ting!" of a tram bell higher up the hill, and stepped aside to let the tram go by. He looked at it as it approached. He was still in the vague, the almost sentimental mood that had come upon him with the night. The tram came up level with him and slipped slowly by. There were a number of people in it, but on the last seat one woman sat alone. He saw her clearly as she passed, and recognized Hermione.

She did not see him. She was looking straight before her.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

A shower of obstructions in the Neapolitan dialect fell upon Artio from the top of a carriage coming up the hill. He jumped back and gained the path. There again he stood still. The sweet and half-unconsciously vagrancy had quite left him now. The sight of his friend had swept it away. Why was she going to Mergellina at that hour? And why did she look like that?

And he thought of the expression he had seen on her face as the tram slipped by, an expression surely of excitement, but also a furtive evasion.

Artio had seen Hermione in all her moods, and here was a very changeable face. But never before had he seen her look further. Nor could he have conceived it possible that she could look as her. Perhaps the lights had deceived him. And he had only seen her for an instant.

But why was she going to Mergellina?

Then suddenly it occurred to him that she might be going to Naples, not to Mergellina at all. He knew no reason why her destination should be Mergellina, but he began to walk down the hill rather quickly. Some hundreds of yards below the Ristorante della Stella there is a narrow flight of steps between high walls and houses, which leads constantly down to the sea at a point where there are usually two or three boats waiting for hire. Artio, when he started on his walk, had seen the steps, and he had seen, when he reached the steps he passed, and finally turned from the path and began to descend them.

He had realized that he was really in pursuit, and almost relinquished his purpose. Why should he wish to interfere with any intrusion of Hermione's that night?

He would return to Naples by sea.

As he came in sight of the water there rose up to him in a light tremor over a melancholy cry:

"Bural! Bural!"

He answered the call:

"Bural!"

The sailor who was below came gladly to meet him. "It is a lovely night for the signore. I could take the signore to Sorrento or to Capri to-night."

He held Artio by the right arm, gratefully assisting him into the broad shelter of the boat.

"I only want to go to Naples."

"To which landing, signore?"

"The Vittoria. But go quietly and keep near the shore, to avoid as near as you can to the Mergellina."

"Va bene, signore."

They slipped out, with a delicious, liquid sound, upon the moving silence of the sea.

(To be Continued.)



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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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THE PRODIGAL RETURNS FROM BROWNSVILLE

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

To William Howard Taft

RECENTLY suggested: WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE, of
 Massachusetts, a good man and able, a capable director, a
 vote getter, strong where strength will be required.

A Confession in Verse

Every week the *Commenter* prints a poem "for the home."
 The latest it smiles upon most approvingly, and pronounces
 "so simple, sweet, and true." The poem is entitled "Over
 and Over Again," and runs along like this:

I must take my turn at the mill,
 I must grind out the golden grain,
 I must work at my task with a resolute will,
 Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
 Of even the thinnest flower,
 Nor check the flow of the golden sands
 That run through a single hour.

But the morning dew must fall,
 And the sun and the summer rain
 Must do their part, and perform it all
 Over and over again.

Over and over again
 The break through the meadow flows,
 And over and over again
 The ponderous mill wheel goes;

Over doing will not suffer,
 Though doing be not in vain;
 And a blessing falling on one or twice
 May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
 Is never so rough to our feet,
 And a lesson we once have learned
 Is never so hard to repeat.

It closes with a pretty suggestion to the effect that trying
 "over and over again" is necessary to "render us meet for
 heaven." Brother WINTHROP CRANE intimates that the verses
 were written by PIERRE CURET, but he can't find us. The
 name of the grinder of the golden grain who finds the path
 once or more times trod "never so hard to repeat" is a home-
 hold word. We shall not breathe it here, but the shrewd
 reader will not fail to note the unconscious use of the edi-
 torial "us" in the "meet for heaven" stanza.

"It is too Late"

MARSH HENRY's motto is suited to the most. He may not
 like it, but he can't get it down now until after Decey.

Mr. Roosevelt's Way of Getting a Thing Done

The recent conference of the Governors over the conserva-
 tion of our natural resources exemplifies in a high degree

the grand manner by which President ROOSEVELT sometimes
 gets things done. Here was Mr. ROOSEVELT himself coming
 into the East Room behind a huge blast and two very
 straight-backed military aides. And here to listen to him
 make the opening speech, and to make speeches themselves
 when he had finished, were Mr. BRYAN, the hale fellow well
 met, versed in Bible lore and the philosophy of the casuistry
 everlasting; Governor JOHNSON, Governor FOLK, JOHN
 MITCHELL, JAMES J. HILL, and ANDREW CLARK; also those
 two very desirable hot-weather associates, Governor HUGHES
 and the Vice-President! What a juxtaposition of rivals to
 appeal to the romanticism of the *hoi polloi*! But the confer-
 ence was more than romantic; it resulted in a declaration,
 on the third day, from which the following:

We, the Governors of the States and Territories of the United
 States of America, in conference assembled . . . agree that this
 co-operation should find expression in suitable action by the Con-
 gress within the limits of and coextensive with the national juris-
 diction of the subject, and, complementary thereto, by the Legisla-
 tures of the several States within the limits of, and coextensive with
 their jurisdiction . . . that further action is advisable to ascertain
 the present condition of our natural resources and to promote the
 preservation of the same. And to that end we recommend the ap-
 pointment by each State of a commission on the conservation of
 natural resources to co-operate with each other and with any similar
 commission on behalf of the Federal government.

Thus have the highest representatives of the States put it
 up to Congress and the State Legislatures. Who but Mr.
 ROOSEVELT would have conceived, much less realized, the
 conference by which this result has been attained!

Addresses that Should be Studied

We presume that a complete record of the proceedings of
 the conference will presently be issued in book or pamphlet
 form, either for distribution or so as to make it easily
 attainable by readers. Some of the addresses, such as Mr.
 CLARK'S on metals and ores, Mr. JAMES J. HILL'S on soil
 waste and farming, and many others, contain very valuable
 knowledge skillfully imparted. They make important read-
 ing, and while the newspapers have given the substance of
 some of them, they are worth obtaining in complete and per-
 manent form, and studying. It is very rare for so much
 to be said that was worth hearing, reading, thinking about,
 and acting upon as was said at the conference of Governors.
 The great value of the conference was educational. To teach
 the people to appreciate, develop, and conserve the wealth
 of the nation is a duty of enormous importance, and none too
 soon undertaken.

Bourne Loses Oregon to Taft

On May 14 Oregon's eight delegates to the Republican
 convention were instructed for TAFT. A message from
 Senator BOURNE, urging instruction for ROOSEVELT, said also
 that if the delegation was to be otherwise instructed he did
 not wish to be a delegate. Will Senator BOURNE go to
 Chicago, then, as an independent stamper?

The Great Distinguisher

The Jackson (Mississippi) *Delta News* suggests an interest-
 ing thought. "Bryannism," it says, "stands wholly rejected
 and repudiated by the country, and it is the height of political
 folly to go before the country a third time under the leader-
 ship of a candidate who cannot carry his own State, and who
 is slowly but surely working the political disintegration of
 the South." "Should but surely working the political dis-
 integration of the South," is he! Possibly that explains,
 or helps to explain, Mr. BRYAN'S place in nature. Probably
 we should put him in the group with earthshakers, flood, and
 fire, as one of the great destructive forces. To break the
 solidity of the solid South has long been thought of as a
 very big and difficult job, but on divers occasions, for the
 South's own sake and for the country's sake, a thing to be
 desired. We are confident that Brother BRYAN can do it if
 time is given him. He has got the bump into a pretty crum-
 ple state as it is. If he should be chosen at Denver, we would
 not greatly wonder to see some considerable masses drop away
 from it before November.

The International Union of American Republics and Its Bureau

On May 11 the President, the Secretary of State, the
 Brazilian ambassador, and Mr. CARMON, assisted by Cardinal

GRIMES and Bishop CRANSTON, presided the words and passed at the laying of the corner-stone of the new building for the Bureau of the International Union of American Republics. The significance of the ceremony was suggested by Senator NAYOR when he said there had never been a parallel for the sight which it presented—"that of twenty-one nations of different languages building together a house for their common deliberations." The Union and its bureau were thus briefly described by Mr. Root:

The International Union for which the building is erected is a voluntary association. . . . It had its origin in the first Pan-American Conference held at Washington in 1890, and it has been developed and improved in efficiency under the resolutions of the succeeding conferences in Mexico and Brazil. Its primary object is to break down the barriers of mutual ignorance between the nations of America by collecting and making accessible, furnishing and spreading, information about every country among the people of every other country in the union, to facilitate and stimulate intercourse, trade, acquaintance, good understanding, fellowship, and sympathy. For this purpose it has established in Washington a bureau or office under the direction of a governing board composed of the official representatives in Washington of all the republics, and having a director and secretary, with a force of assistants and translators and clerks.

The bureau has established a rapidly increasing library of history, travel, description, statistics, and literature of the American nations. It publishes a monthly bulletin of current public events and existing conditions in all the united countries, which is circulated in every country. It carries on an enormous correspondence with every part of both continents, answering the questions of seekers for information about the laws, customs, conditions, opportunities, and personnel of the different countries; and it has become a medium of introduction and guidance for international intercourse.

No Federal Mothers' Day as Yet

ELMER J. BURRILL, Republican Senator from Lincoln, Nebraska, is the state-man who introduced into the Senate the resolution providing that "Sunday, May 10, 1908, be recognized as mothers' day, and that it be observed as such by the members of the United States Senate wearing a white flower in honor of their mothers." The Senate respectfully declined the resolution. The Lincoln statesmen of both parties seem to believe in feeling around to find out what the people want. And very curious experiments they do make, and, of course, stub their toes hard sometimes.

Joyous Times for Colonel Stewart

Colonel WILLIAM F. STEWART, the Arizona Eagle, may have his faults; we suspect he has; but nobody can charge him with being a quitter. The order sent to him last September from the War Department advised him of the intention of the department to assign him to a station, probably Fort Grant, Arizona, without comment. But it disclosed that the President had directed that before the order was issued a chance should be given him to apply for retirement. The order continued:

The acting Secretary of War directs that immediately upon receipt of this communication you telegraph acknowledgment thereof to this office, and that within twenty-four hours afterward you advise this office by telegraph whether you do or do not desire immediate retirement, under Section 1233 Revised Statutes.

That was eight months ago. Colonel STEWART has been to Arizona, travelled back to Florida, been rejected there, and gone again to Arizona. If his health is good, his disposition as complicated as without special knowledge we have faith to believe it is, and if he has been permitted to receive and read the daily papers, the chances are he has had the most fun he ever had in any eight months in all his life. He has been advertised in every paper in the country. Nothing definite has been printed to his discredit; he has seen his case involve the President and the Senate in a clash of authority, which promises to be fought out in due time; and if contention is his specialty he must surely be a very happy man. It does not seem as if his case had been skillfully managed for anybody except himself; but so far as he is concerned, any personal discomforts he may have suffered must seem to him a lugatelle compared with the fun he is having.

The Interest in Hughes

GOVERNOR HUGHES is an interesting fighter. It does not take much of a prophet to fore-see that there is going to be an effort to keep him in active political life, as well as a lively effort to get him out of it. Some people want the things done that he is trying to do; others want the men

listen who want to beat him; others, still, being friends of sport, like the grade of entertainment that he provides, and want to see what he will do next. All three groups are interested in him, especially as contrasted with MURRAY and CONNORS.

Busy Days for Tom Johnson

These are agitating days for TOM JOHNSON's three-cent-railroad system in Cleveland. The strike with which his administration began is the acute trouble for the moment, and is proceeding briskly as we write, with aid of dynamite and the usual concomitants of a bad strike. That will pass after a while, but JOHNSON's work seems cut out for him in other particulars. Cleveland wants a good service, and seems ready to pay for it. It has had a good service in the past, and knows what it is, so it has standards of comparison. Unless JOHNSON can come pretty well up to those standards his three-cent fare may not be popular. To get a five-cent ride for three cents is a gain; to get a three-cent ride for three cents is no gain at all unless a three-cent ride happens to be what you want. Just at present Cleveland is not getting even a three-cent ride for three cents. Nevertheless, the three-cent plan will doubtless have a fair chance to disclose all the merits it has. Cleveland has paid for too much for the chance to test it not to make a thorough test now the chance has come.

Fly-away Times

Flying-machine stories never read quite so much like truth as this spring's crop. By all accounts the WINGMANS were working wonders when their machine was wrecked, and as we go to press Professor BEE's aeroplane is yielding very interesting news items from Hammondport, New York. The world is more than interesting in these times. It is sensational. You can't hold it any more.

Church Influence in Politics

There have been smiles at the report that at the meeting of the Methodist General Conference on May 14 Bishop NEXBY charged the Roman Catholic Church with mingling in politics. Its influence, he said (as quoted), is felt in our State and municipal governments and at Washington. No doubt, no doubt; but it would not be hard to get testimonials that the influence of Bishop NEXBY's Church is also felt in our State and municipal governments and in Washington. Who fights the army cadets? Who makes Congressmen afraid to come home without having driven beer out of the Soldiers' Homes? Who took notice when Mr. FURNACE drank the cocktail? The Methodist Church is very influential in our politics. There are six and a half million Methodists in the country, over five million Baptists, and eleven or twelve million Roman Catholics. All three of these large churches are bound to be influential, and the Methodists certainly are. Just what distinction Bishop NEXBY would make between Methodist political activity and Catholic activity we don't know. It is conceivable that in some matters the two influences supplement one another to the profit of the community, and that in other matters they temper one another, also to the profit of the community.

Osteopaths are Physicians

Within the meaning of the law who is a physician? Recently this question has been answered by Justice DOLY, of the Supreme Court, in the case of a well-known Brooklyn osteopath who applied for a presumptive writ of mandamus to compel the Health Department to accept a death certificate issued by him. The department had refused to do this on the ground that the osteopath was not a physician, and therefore not entitled to have the certificate accepted, such acceptance being by law made applicable to physicians only. In his decision the justice quotes as follows from Chapter 314 of the laws of 1905:

A person practices medicine within the meaning of this act, except as hereinafter stated, who holds himself out as being able to diagnose, treat, operate or prescribe for any human disease, pain, injury, deformity or physical condition, and who shall either offer or undertake by any means or method to diagnose, treat, operate or prescribe for any human disease, pain, injury, deformity or physical condition.

He then gives it as his opinion that "the lawmakers intended to make, and do make, osteopaths practitioners of medicine," immediately adding, "and also make them physicians, be-

cause Subdivision 8 of Section 1 of this act says that a physician means a practitioner of medicine." "So it is clear," he says, "to my mind that osteopaths are physicians, . . . and except for restrictions put upon them by Chapter 544 of the laws of 1905, prohibiting them from administering drugs and performing surgery with the use of instruments, they are entitled to all the rights and subject to all the privileges of other physicians." Can receive money from patients, that is, cure them of their ills where practicable, and in other cases issue them lawful death certificates, receivable by the Board of Health.

Public Interest in Crime

On another page of this number of the WEEKLY there are pictures of Mrs. GUNNESS and her murder farm in Indiana. No doubt there has been far more read in the last three weeks about this great artist in homicide than about the proceedings of Congress, the convention of the Governors, and even all the doings of the politicians in anticipation of the two political convulsions. An extraordinary tide is this of GUNNESS. It beats the story of the BENDINGS, and is unrelieved gruesome for far outdoes the narrative of the JAMES boys. It is pretty well up the history of BERRY and HUAN, and crowds hard the execrable narrative of RANSOME BAY. People, all sorts of people, unquestionably find a great interest in stories of remarkable crimes. Folks who have never read much of anything but newspapers think that this taste for criminal reading is one that the newspapers have invented and maintain by constant feeding. Undoubtedly the more sensational papers make far more of crime than they should, and do thereby cultivate an injurious taste for reading about it. But it is a taste that they have by no means invented. A standard and steady literary product for centuries has been books about noted crimes and criminals. In almost every collection of books of mature age in the second-hand book-shops, at library sales, and on the counters of importers, there are rows of such books, often valuable and handsomely bound. Not so many, relatively, are made and sold in our day, because the newspapers cover the ground and supply the demand so efficiently.

Why Our Murder Ratio is High

The high ratio of homicide to the population in this country, which is just now one of our national reproaches, may lead some observers to believe that there is something in our civilization or our political or social institutions which breeds an inclination to murder. That supposition seems to do our country injustice. Our white citizens, who have lived in this country long enough to have fairly imbibed its influences and characteristics, seem to be no more homicidal than other civilized white folks. The percentage of murder in Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut is less than it is in England. Where the figures are high it seems to be due either to unsettled conditions in the newer States, to large negro populations, or to immigration. There are about fifty-seven million native-born white people in the country—say, three-fourths of the population—to whom are credited forty-three per cent. of the murders. If all the population was of this grade, the number of homicides would be cut down more than forty per cent. But nine or ten million negroes (one-eighth of our population) do nearly forty per cent. of the murders, and about ten million foreign-born persons are credited with sixteen and a half per cent. of it. That is to say (roughly), a quarter of our population does considerably more than half of the killing, and neither the negroes nor the foreign-born persons can be rated as products of our civilization. The Italians are unduly, even extravagantly, prone to homicide both at home and here; and both Italy and all other countries that our immigrants come from doubtless send us a larger proportion of unruly or criminal persons among their emigrants than is found in their stay-at-home populations. Many of the best and some of the worst of the Europeans come here. The HUNTERS were imported from Germany; Mrs. GUNNESS from Sweden. In the morning paper the persons arrested for the bomb explosion were Italians; the farm-hand who has confessed the murder of three in New Jersey was born in Bohemia. New York State yields unsatisfactory statistics of homicide, for the reason apparently that a large proportion of its population is newly come from abroad.

Election Prospects

With the week ending May 16 the campaign for the selection of delegates to the Republican national convention was practically closed. The estimates of the net result vary, of course, materially, according as they emanate from the TAIT managers or from the supporters of the so-called "allies." On the evening of May 15 Mr. HIRSHCROCK put forth from the TAIT headquarters in Washington a claim that the Secretary of War will have at least 584 out of the 982 delegates who will sit in the Chicago convention. Of this number 317 are described as instructed, 26 as pledged by resolutions of endorsement, and 51 by their personal declarations. Of the unpledged delegates, who number, he says, 163, more than a hundred are alleged by Mr. HIRSHCROCK to be favorable to TAIT. On the whole, therefore, he puts the TAIT strength, "conservatively estimated," at about 700 delegates. In this conclusion a statement made on the same night at Columbus, Ohio, by Mr. A. F. VOYTS, the principal campaign manager for TAIT, substantially concurs. Mr. VOYTS computes at 563 the number of delegates chosen to vote for Ohio's candidate, either under positive instructions or under resolutions of endorsement, or with expressions of individual preference that are pronounced equivalent to instructions. Mr. VOYTS asserts that, in all, thirty-six States, Territories, and Insular possessions have instructed for Secretary TAIT.

The speakers, on the other hand, of the "allies" (CARSON, FAIRBANKS, FORAKER, HUGHES, KNOX, and LA FOLLETTE) will endeavor to TAIT only 353, against 231 instructed for one or another of his opponents. They insist that the uninstructed delegates number 228 and the contested delegates 174. The principal difference between the two calculations lies in the uninstructed column, in which the "allies" have included several districts where resolutions of preference, but not of instruction, were passed. More trustworthily, because extremely impartial, is the conclusion at which the New York Herald has arrived. That paper avers that TAIT goes to Chicago with 431 instructed delegates, all of whom are unopposed, except in the cases of Virginia, Louisiana, and Texas. The Herald also calculates that the Secretary of War will receive 46 votes from delegates elected by State conventions where TAIT was "endorsed," and 81 votes from delegates who are known to have pledged themselves personally to vote for TAIT. This estimate gives the Secretary of War 538 delegates on the first ballot. Should he lose, however, the 74 contested votes in Virginia, Louisiana, and Texas he would have only 484 delegates, or seven less than the 491 needed to nominate. It is to be noted that the Herald takes no account of 20 uninstructed delegates from New York, of 20 uninstructed delegates from New Jersey, of 5 uninstructed delegates from Delaware, 8 from Illinois, and 22 uninstructed delegates from Georgia. It also excludes from its count 14 votes contested by TAIT against HUGHES, CARSON, FORAKER, and FAIRBANKS. On the whole, then, the Herald believes, as the result of its own investigations, that if instructions, endorsements, and pledges amount to anything, WILLIAM H. TAIT will be nominated by the Chicago convention on the first ballot. That some of the shrewdest and most experienced leaders of the Republican party not originally invulnerable to TAIT now agree with the Herald in expecting him to be the nominee is evident from several incidents that occurred in the week ending May 16. For example, intimate friends of Vice-President FAIRBANKS are beginning to intimate that they would be satisfied with a renomination of the Indiana candidate for the second place on the ticket. Then, again, Senator FORAKER has completely changed front on the Brownsville question, and consented to a postponement of a vote on his bill arbitrarily reinstating the discharged negro troops until the next session of Congress. It is now believed that Mr. FORAKER, in consideration of a promise that he shall be re-elected Senator, has agreed to take the stump for TAIT. He would have it in his power to render the Secretary of War an insupportable service, for he, if any man, can lead the negro voters of the Northern States back into the Republican party.

Regarding the amount that Secretary TAIT will be the Republican nominee, we are brought next to the inquiry, Can he be elected? The question is answered in the negative by ex-United States Senator WILLIAM E. CHANDLER in a letter addressed to Senator GALLINGER, Governor JOHNSON, and the other delegates from New Hampshire to Chicago. He names seven reasons why the choice of TAIT for Republican standard-bearer would be dangerous. These reasons are: First, the hostility of the colored voters to TAIT; secondly, the mischievous of the Federal officeholders in manipulating the State conventions in many of the Southern States; thirdly, the vast expenditure of TAIT money in the prosecution of his campaign for the nomination; fourthly, the loss of friends in this; fifthly, the abandonment of the anti-trust and anti-pooling laws; sixthly, the hostility of the labor organizations; and, seventhly, the combination of TAIT supporters with the narrow-track supporters in New York against Governor HUGHES. It is claimed that the first and fourth objections to TAIT's nomination will fall to the ground if Senator FORAKER is re-elected. As for the sixth, the hostility of labor organizations, that would be minimized if Mr. ROOSEVELT should undertake an electioneering

tour on behalf of his Secretary of War. Something, however, might be made of ex-Senator CHAMBERLAIN's arrangement of TAFT's availability if the Democrats, in their convention at Denver, should put forward a "safe, sane, and conservative" nominee, or, in fact, almost anybody except BRYAN.

This brings us to the question whether it is true that the Nebraska man is an unshakable lodger on the nomination of his party. Much more light than we now possess will be thrown upon this question when we shall have learned the decisions of the State conventions of Alabama, Missouri, South Carolina, Texas, West Virginia, Louisiana, Maryland, Arkansas, Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Georgia, which will be held at various dates between May 18 and June 27. If Governor JOHNSON of Minnesota, who, as a member of the Conference of Governors, made a most favorable impression in Washington, shall develop considerable strength in the States just named, BRYAN's nomination at Denver will be exceedingly doubtful, and a Democrat who may himself be substituted for a twice-defeated leader. A keen observer, Major J. C. HICKMILL, editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*, pointed out in Washington the other day that of the 1892 vote in the Denver convention only 404 are as yet pledged to BRYAN, while 392 are anti-BRYAN and 286 are dispassionate. Inasmuch as a two-thirds vote is required to nominate in a Democratic national convention, it is not surprising that BRYAN should have sent forth a Missourian cry in the last issue of the *Commerce*: "Instruct your delegates to the national convention. Instructions to delegates are the order of the day."

For the moment only three distinguished names have been seriously considered by the anti-BRYAN Democrats: those, to wit, of Governor JOHN JOHNSON, of Minnesota; of United States Circuit Judge GRAY, of Delaware; and of Congressman WILSON, of Virginia and New Jersey, who for some years has been the president of Princeton University. The friends of these three gentlemen will, of course, work together to prevent Mr. BRYAN from obtaining the indispensable two-thirds vote. Assuming for the moment that their combination will be strong enough for the purpose, let us inquire which of the three anti-BRYAN candidates named it would be most expedient for the national Democracy to take. There seems to be a consensus among intelligent persons conversant with the political situation in Minnesota and North Dakota that Governor JOHNSON could be certain to carry those States, and that he would also bring many thousands of votes in the support of the Democratic ticket in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Michigan. On the part of Judge GRAY, it must be said that no chairman of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission he won the confidence of labor unionists to an extent only paralleled by Mr. ROOSEVELT himself. Under the circumstances, it is conceivable that Judge GRAY might carry a Republican stronghold so long reputed impregnable as Presidential years as is the Keystone State. There is no doubt, either, that he would run incomparably better there would Mr. BRYAN, and probably better than would Mr. JOHNSON, in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

Could Judge GRAY be relied upon, however, to win back to the Democratic standard those border States which of late have been lured away from the Democratic column? We assume that his own State would support him, but could he also carry Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri? There is one man who in all likelihood could sweep every one of these States, because he would be the first genuine Southerner to be nominated and elected President by the Democratic party since 1844. We refer, of course, to President WASHINGTON WILSON, who was born and reared in Virginia, and who, after graduating at Princeton, returned to his native South, was admitted to the bar in Florida, and married a daughter of that State. We do not believe it possible that President WILSON could lose a single electoral vote belonging to the so-called border States from Maryland to Missouri. Turning to the State of his adoption, we may say with absolute confidence, what every well-informed Virginian knows, that nothing could deprive President WILSON of New Jersey's electoral votes. It is also certain that he would run incomparably better there would Mr. BRYAN in New York and Connecticut, and probably better also than Judge GRAY, because he is more widely known.

On Prolonging Life

THE world rings with good news to the heteroer, and here comes MEMORABLY telling us that the Biblical computation of man's allotted period on earth is all too modest, and that there is no reason why we shouldn't go on indefinitely extending our limit. Science indeed seems to tend that way. We are constantly coming across new methods of thinning disease and saving lives. Now if we are but willing to destroy the bacteria of senility and decay by a prudent diet of sour milk and vegetables, and if we are not starchy enough to keep the heart and mind unperturbed, we are good for a century or more. As soon as this news spread well over the country, examples began to crop up on all sides, so ductile is flesh to suggestion, and we read everywhere of pleasant

and happy folk celebrating their hundred-and-eight, or hundred and twenty-fifth, or hundred-and-forty-fifth birthdays, and declaring that they would be glad to run the course again.

How distinct all this is to the conceptions of youth! Who that ran place himself once more into the mind of the child of eight does not remember how all the golden dreams clustered about the age of sixteen? Then romance and adventure and love living were to begin for us; then our importance and power were to be rounded out, and we would act upon this outer world that so far seemed compact of fearings and forbidings. And what a time it was at sixteen to find ourselves in no better plight than at eight, still a little whizzing atom in a vast, the romance and the adventure and the power still taunting us from the distance, till we shared the dream out a year or two, although thirty still seemed an ideal age to meet death.

There is so much obvious evil to be spoken of, life, and so many of us are busy pointing out its inevitable mortality, its limitations, and its fatal sufferings and endings, that perhaps it is worth while, too, to mention one of the encouraging facts, namely, that as we live, we learn how to live. It is the young, and the mature or the aged, who are wretched and self-indulgent with life. It was not Phares but Alevisio who was willing to lay it aside. Phares says to his son:

"Is it a joy
To view the light of heaven? And dost thou think
Thy father joys not in it? Long I dream
The time to do it! But little is the space
Of life, yet pleasant."

Yes; however little it may look like happiness, it is age and not youth that has come to feel at home and at ease upon earth. "We are born with trials and strong crying." We arrive in the world protesting against its alien and unaccustomed climate. We are ready at the slightest breath of wind to shuffle off our tiny mortal coil and make back to a more fitting atmosphere. For the first few years we consent to remain only under most careful watching, feeding, and coaxing. And then we catch the mortal disease of hope. We begin to live looking forward to that which is not but shall be, our birthdays, or Christmas-time, or the end of school, or our first ball, or winter or summer or spring. Only one thing is sure: we live because we hope for that which is not, and as the years wax old we learn how not to be.

And yet during all those years of strife and hope something happens. Silently, while our eyes are turned aside, when we were least aware, we were learning to live. By dint of disappointments and failures, little successes and surprises in the workings of the great machinery of life, we were finding our level in the universe and adapting ourselves to the human climate. Not only do we harden ourselves to the difficulties of life, but all sorts of new joys spring up about the way; and let a man come once to fifty years, and he can take as much joy from a glimpse of a duck pond as at twenty he can get from crossing the Pacific Ocean. Partly it is growth and adjustment—the happy result of use and want—but partly it is, too, that, hit by hit, that clamoring and exacting creature we call the self has become torpid with age and has gotten a little out of our way. And how much easier all life's tasks are, how multiple all its solaces, once we are rid of our selves! It sometimes seems as if all we have to do is to stand out of our own light long enough to be minute and genuine. But only by the twice-born can this be accomplished in youth. To the average run of us, the rolling years alone school us to let the self and its affairs go by while we seek the kingdom of God. And all the other things are added to us, we hardly know how, without willing of ours, without striving. With a half century of mortal years behind us, the slaking of the sun in an aura of golden wings gives an intensity of joy that at a quarter of a century old the inheritance of millions and the acquisition of fame cannot bequeath. The centre of interest has shifted itself, and it is no longer our own hunger and thirst, our housing and our garments, our illustrations and our possessions, licking at these always are, that claim our consciousness, but we have fallen silently and unawares in love with the universal processes—the shadows on a vine-clad wall, the freshness of the air in early morning, the gold haze dropping from the sun at sunset, the slant light of afternoon checking the earth, and the silent and regular unobtruding of the stars at night; these appease the spirit when earth has become our veritable home where we linger as part and parcel of all that goes on there. For poor ignorant youth goes about hungry for happenings, longing for accumulated things. But there is but little life in things and events after all. Life is in the projecting spirit, and to sit still and see the wind flutter the leaves is a tragedy is happening enough to lead the spirit in silent and unending delight for hours together. But the spirit must grow, the self must get out of its own light, before we can project this real joy of living into the world.

Do you remember "Will o' the Mill," and how he cautioned the maiden not to pick the flowers and carry them into the house for her own? "It's a bit like what I wished to do when I was a boy. Because I had a fancy for looking out over the plain, I

wished to go down there—where I couldn't look out over it any longer. Wasn't that fine reasoning?"

But you remember he did not go, or did he take the maiden, had stayed quietly up on his mountainside, and year after year faded away into nothing, while down in the cities on the plain red revolt sprang up and was suppressed in blood; battles were fought; there were christenings and marriages and parades and deaths, all the tumult and the agitation of constant happenings; but still knew them all to be but so much empty bubble, and still living to be in the quiet spirit. And if these learned and aged folk, who, having lived long and loved much, neither show nor court death, it is that this life having taught them so much courage and confidence, they take it that death will look after itself even as life has done, that deepest lessons, our greatest blessings, have dropped like silent seed into our spirit from we know not whence. Our own hand has done so little in the whole matter, our responsibilities were so greatly less important than we figured, that surely we may trust the new transference, and wait in silent content what revelation it shall bring.

Personal and Pertinent

THE late Professor WALTER A. WYCKOFF, of Princeton, and a pension for knowledge at first hand and will be best remembered as the college professor who studied higher conditions by becoming himself a laborer. Starting in 1891 in Connecticut with no money and with a mail of cereals, he worked his way through nearly every State in the Union after the fashion of the floating laborers of this country, so many of whom ultimately become tramps. Wherever there was a possibility of work he applied for it, whether it were digging ditches, performing house or factory work. For a while his income monthly worked well, but as soon as his fellow laborers saw him at table they at once began to suspect him. His manner of eating, his way of holding knife and fork, at once set them speculating. Once he was seen drinking tea at a fellow laborer's house in Chicago. He lifted the saucer from the table, held it in his hand, and forgot himself so far as to drink without noise. "I knowed then," his host afterward said, "that he was a well-meaning fellow."

Correspondence

VIVISECTION

CALCUTTA, INDIA, May 21, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The writer regrets that he must discontinue HARPER'S WEEKLY, which has been in his family since before the civil war. It may not be wise to state the cause. A number of years ago I decided to take no part in the vivisection. Between vivisection for the benefit of its soul and vivisection for the benefit of its body, humanity appears to me to come about as near moral justification as is possible. Justice, simple justice, demands such methods of salvation, to my mind.

The occasion of these comments is two editorials in HARPER'S WEEKLY on vivisection.

I am, sir,

FRANK DRUMMOND.

GOOD, HEALTHY CRITICISM NEEDED

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 21, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—You will kindly pardon this intrusion into the editor's sanctum, for the reason, as Fanny Quiller would say, that it is the outcome of an irresistible impulse. I cannot but give expression to the enjoyment I received from the splendid articles by Stevenson and Brooks in the last number of the WEEKLY. They were a little above the average of even HARPER'S, to my mind. You are to be congratulated on the retaining of such a man as Brooks to keep your readers in touch with the politics of Great Britain. It seems to me that the best way of furthering the cause of international unity is to instruct the people in the political movements of the nations with whom we have to do. To understand is to forgive; and when in our public schools and high schools our children are taught the unbiased history of the English people, more will have been done towards the insurance of future peace than can be accomplished by any other agency. Is it the truest Americanism to flatter constantly that Americans ever always? Would it not be the right of nobility, if not of wisdom, to cause our people to think that it is foolish to be always cocksure of our superiority? Perhaps your observation of British papers has to a certain extent coincided with mine, that they are the first ones to cry out about any apparent back-sliding. The decadence of the empire has been predicted in my papers as much as it has been preached in the English journals. A good healthy criticism, even if unpopular, is a splendid thing for any land. Your incisive editorials on the Roosevelt administration are worthy of mention in this respect, and are worthy of the best traditions of the Harper publications. It seems to me that criticism of your stand simply

because it is not the popular one portakes of the *Macphersonian* variety, and you are the more to be congratulated. Keep the good work up.

I am, sir,

WALTER LEONARD BENNETT.

THE PUES OF SUFFRAGE

NEW YORK, May 21, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I notice in an editorial in your WEEKLY of the 9th that you say, "The true centre and focus of the suffrage movement is the Martha Washington Hotel." I would like to call your attention to the fact that the National Headquarters of the Woman Suffrage Association are at Warren, Ohio. There are three headquarters established in New York City: one by the International Council, which is at the Martha Washington Hotel; one the League of Self-Supporting Women; and the other the headquarters of the Progressive Union. All are good in character.

I am, sir,

HARRIET TAYLOR UPHAM.

WANTS PROOF OF IMMORTALITY

WEST HARTFORD, CONN., May 22, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I refer to the "Correspondence" in your issue of April 29 and the letter of Mr. Donald Hudson, in which he takes up the further discussion of spirit phenomena, suggested by the article in your issue of February 29, entitled "Touching Hands with Eternity." In this letter Mr. Hudson says, "I would give everything I have if I could be satisfied that death ends all, because eternity seems long and tiresome. The reward of the grave appears to me so perfect that I cannot conceive of anything better."

It is easy to understand the desire for rest, and equally easy to conceive how this need might be met, either by a long period of rest for the weary spirit, or by an instantaneous and absolute renewal of spiritual power and rest of life. But what I am completely at a loss to understand is a willingness to give up life, to go out of existence, when more abundant life is, to me, the world's natural cry. All the dear close ties of kin—for the heart's love must speak first—I long unavailingly for their continuance. Then this great and marvellous universe—the birth and growth and death of the planetary system, and all the wonders of the telescopic and microscopic world—I want to know more of it all, and as far as my finite mind can grasp the idea of eternity, it would not seem long or tiresome to me if I could only go on, even with such limited powers as I now have, to study these.

Hence arts, in graver mood

Revised, with finer harmony pursued.

Some one once asked President Willard of Harvard College, what he was going to do when he entered the other life, and he replied, "There are enough problems, mathematical, scientific, and spiritual, with the art of a circle to keep my mind busy and happy for at least a thousand years." Then the joys of art, music, architecture, sculpture, and painting—an eternity for each one would not seem too long; but it is all summed up in one word: life, full, abundant, thrifling life, with all the wonder and the depth of its infinite beauty and its infinite joy.

My own earnest wish is that it may be scientifically proven beyond any possibility of doubt on the part of the most hesitantly inclined, that death does not end all.

I am, sir,

MARY A. FARRINGTON.

All the proofs, so far, are too fragile to lean hard upon. Faith in immortality is inch-thin, and a far surer reliance than disposable "proofs."—KIRKTON.

NO MORE; NO LESS

STAY LANE CITY, TEX., May 22, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—For many years I have been a subscriber to your paper; I do not regret adding, but heartily endorse all of the sentiments expressed in your editorials.

I am also a subscriber to *Human Life*, a magazine edited by Alfred Henry Lewis. In the last issue of *Human Life*, on page 17, I saw a reproduction of the likeness of John B. Rockefeller's father—under which is an article dealing into the mysteries of that gentleman's life. As a poor "refined slave" I would like to ask you one question: What right has the public to investigate Mr. Rockefeller's ancestry any more than it has the ancestry of any other private citizen?

I am, sir,

ROBERT REEDER.

SAMPLES, WE HOPE IN EVERY NUMBER

PORTLAND, R. I., May 22, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR, HARPER'S WEEKLY says that Mr. Bryan cannot think right on points of subjects. It must follow, "as the night the day," that the WEEKLY can think right. It has given me a sample of Mr. Bryan's wrong thinking. Will it give me a sample of right thinking?

I am, sir,

JOSEPH McDONALD

Finance

Is the United States Inviting Capital?

By HOWARD SCHENCK MOTT



WHEN we do house-cleaning in this country we make a thorough job of it; few corners are neglected, and when we get started on these perilsous and much-needed jobs, the dust is kept flying. The air becomes thick, and some of the dust settles in previously clean places. Until we open the windows and wipe off the marble-panels our last condition seems worse than our first.

Perhaps at no time in the history of the United States was a house-cleaning more needed than it was three years ago. The disclosure of the instances of wrongdoing during those of the Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation of Union Pacific, and those of the Public Service Commission's inquiries into the affairs of Interborough Metropolitan, the room, that of the insurance companies, has been pretty well cleaned, but we are still left in the corners of the other two. A good deal of railroad reform work has been discovered and vigorously attacked, but the production of this particular form of dirt appears to have ceased, so that it is necessary merely to clear away that already made.

Last year the passion for cleanliness spread like a forest fire after a drought. The fact that a few houses were dirty led to widespread suspicion that filthiness prevailed in all. From the ranks of the earnest workers for real reform the mania for cleanliness was diffused, until an army of volunteers were in the field led upon discovering dirt whether it existed or not. The muck-raking magazines and our inspectors (Chief Magistrate) performed a real service to the community, although they may at times have forgotten that cleanliness was second to the goodness of fair play. Even the gentlemen in Boston, who alternately plays the rôle of the arch-enemy and the arch-friend of frenzied finance, most generously have given credit for pointing out some of the filthy places. In all these cases such credit as shall be given must be reluctant because of the methods employed. But when the passion for cleanliness took possession of an army of volunteers, made up of new-spapers, politicians, and well-intentioned people generally, who knew nothing about the goal of the popular crusade in which they were enlisted, the movement became wholly chaotic and unmanageable.

Of course the body of invested capital which had occupied corporate premises took fright and stampeded. In the stampede the securities of all corporations suffered from the withdrawal of capital, with little regard to whether a corporation had been well managed or not. Especially was foreign capital withdrawn from American securities. This was a more serious loss than might be supposed. Not only is a withdrawal of foreign capital felt by discredited corporations, but it painfully affects, through the international exchanges, the financial and industrial prosperity of the country. What method, then, will be found most effective to retain in this country the major portion of the gold imported last fall in payment for our staple products, so as to keep available for the needs of this country's enterprises the present supply of loanable capital? Is there any necessity for, and does any recent event constitute, an invitation not only to foreign but to domestic capital?

The lessons of last year's financial panic and present business depression, to the extent that those troubles were aggravated by over-diligent house-cleaning, almost seem to have been taken to heart by the country. In many directions there appears to be a growing opinion that we have done sufficient house-cleaning to make it advisable at least to alter the diet to settle thoroughly before taking a fresh start. We seem to be finding, too, that the withdrawal of capital from investments in securities is not a matter that the country can afford wisely to ignore.

In the last year or two, following the lead of the Administration at Washington, State highway laws have been passed in many States, and two-and-one-half-cent passenger fare laws, and State railroad commissions have been busy reducing freight rates, apparently on no other theory than that the railroads were merely depredators and unclean. In the South and the West popular sentiment ran high in its hostility to the railroads. When Governor Glenn of North Carolina found that the State passenger-rate law was not proof against an injunction from a Federal court in the case of two Southern Railway agents, he threatened to call out the militia to enforce the will of the people of that State. There was a great deal of inflammatory talk, and the Governor called to local prejudice on the question of State rights. The Southern Railway Company had a controversy with Governor Comer of Alabama over the passenger-rate law of that State, which for a time threatened serious consequences. In Arkansas, the State government proposed declaring forfeit the charter of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway Company for failure to observe the provisions of an unreasonable State law. The effort to cut out the supposed cancer of railroad oppression was energetic, and it had the support of public opinion.

Since then, of course, the Federal courts have very generally protected the legal rights of the railroads and other corporations,

and two very important cases involving the North Carolina and the Minnesota rate laws have been decided by the United States Supreme Court in favor of the railroads. These decisions undoubtedly had a far-reaching effect in deterring unreasonable legislation and agitation, and they may even, themselves, have influenced popular sentiment in some degree to subside. Yet, irrespective of the restraining influence of the courts, a curiously different attitude on the part of the public seems quietly to have grown within the past few months, and, with the approach of the Presidential campaign, politicians of all parties have been listening for the undercurrent of opinion resulting from that apparent change of attitude. Not long ago the Atlanta Constitution, one of the leading papers of the South, told its readers, in effect, that they had been punished by the withdrawal of capital from Southern enterprises in consequence of the popular prejudice against corporations, and that they should make every effort to induce capital to return. The most striking comment upon the recent special messages of the President is that they are "brief and free from vituperation." The Interstate Commerce Commission has recommended to Congress that the operation of what is known as the "community clause" of the Elburns rate Bill be suspended until January 1, 1910, so as to give to the railroads a little more time in which to untangle their coal lands and other miscellaneous property from their railroad property. There has even seemed to be considerable danger of an open rupture between the President and Congress recently, which really has significance chiefly because it exhibits a desire on the part of Senators and Representatives to find some means of protest against Mr. Roosevelt's vagaries without endangering the chances of Republican success in the fall elections.

There is still another notable movement. A campaign has been undertaken by business men generally against unreasonable legislation and popular agitation against corporations, or, in fact, against any sort of restriction that will delay the return of prosperity. The National Prosperity Association has been organized, and representatives sent out to Washington to confer with the President. Of course the meaning of the movement cannot be found in the ridiculous language of the address to the President or in that of his reply, nor even in the fallacious method of bringing about a return of prosperity by saying that depression shall cease to exist. But it can and probably will be found in the fact that business men have become tired of radicalism, and will throw the weight of their influence in favor of reasonable governmental methods. The formation of the association and the visit of its representatives to Washington will not be without effect upon the popular mind. In some respects this movement bears resemblance to the attitude of business interests throughout the country in the Presidential campaign of 1906. This work for conservatism may yet have an important bearing on the selection of candidates for office by one or the other or by both political parties this year, and may be an influence in determining the election.

If the foregoing shall be found to be a fairly accurate statement, from such indications as have come to the surface, of a tendency toward conservatism in the attitude of the public toward corporations, its importance cannot be overestimated. In an country of the world are lawmakers and politicians generally quite so responsive to public opinion, quite so keen in discovering indications of a change, as in this country. Our laws represent the will of the people, although they may be an exhibition of a temporary state of mind. Perhaps a confirmation of the tendency may be found in the manner in which the Presidential campaign now progresses. The selection of delegates to the Republican convention, Secretary Taft appears already to have a majority, and the chances to favor his nomination, and conversely the chances of a stampede for Roosevelt grow smaller. Few people will dispute the statement that Secretary Taft, with his judicial mind and governmental experience, would be a far more conservative candidate than Mr. Roosevelt, the democratic side the failure of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut to instruct for Mr. Bryan, and what appears to be a growing tendency to push other and more conservative candidates to the front, looks as if some Democratic politicians realize the desirability of a conservative candidate.

What, it may be asked, is the direct and important interest of the political element in finance? Few students will claim that the political situation is the exclusively important factor. Unquestionably, however, it is a factor of great importance, for it represents at present the attitude of the public toward corporate enterprise. So far as capital was frightened out of corporate investments by popular hostility toward corporations, the slightest indications of a change in public opinion will be reflected by returning confidence, and returning confidence will mean more to the country than any other one thing. If, as many people believe, the establishment of our institutions is to be wholly changed so as to become socialist, this discussion may be idle; for capital will remain outside of the houses it has vacated. No amount of "manipulation" for higher prices in the stock market could then persuade capital permanently to occupy corporate premises.

For the Kingdom of California

THE TRUE STORY OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CIVIL WAR BETWEEN THE GRAFTERS AND THE ELABORATE FORCES OF THE PROSECUTION

II.—WHY WHOLESALE IMMUNITY WAS GRANTED TO THE GRAFTERS

By WILLIAM INGLIS



Nowhere else in the history of the United States has a more complete and thorough grafting of the city government of San Francisco in 1906. Graft wholesale and retail pervaded every department. It was clear to every observer that the graft machine, headed by Mayor Schmidt and manned by puppets selected from various labor organizations, and as representative members, but because they would obey all orders, was really dominated by Al Rief. In its sinister way the organization was perfect, a rapacious partner in every profitable species of vice and crime, an oppressor of all who refused to pay graft, and a ruthless plunderer of all individuals, firms, or corporations who sought leave to carry on legitimate business requiring municipal franchise.

Popular clamor against the grafters was universal. Citizens everywhere insisted that all the grafters must be punished. The manner of identifying the guilty was rather uncertain. Randolph Spreckels, according to the account given by his eulogists, finally determined, inasmuch as he could not induce fifteen, or ten, or even five men to act in concert with him, to constitute himself a committee of one, to reform and cleanse the city government and administer punishment to those who deserved it. He guaranteed \$100,000 for the expenses of the prosecution. Part of this sum he obtained by private subscription from citizens, but most of it came out of his own pocket. Up to the present the expenses of prosecution are estimated to have been nearly \$300,000, but the exact figures are not known.

It is necessary at this point to consider the nature and scope of the prosecution. Mr. Spreckels says that he organized it, dominated and still dominates it, solely in the interest of reform and civic parity. He is a young man, stalwart, energetic, of pleasant manner, persistent in following a course of action, and possessed of a fortune that is estimated at several millions of dollars. Popular sympathy was with him from the outset, and it is only recently that disaffection has occurred, since the people have begun to criticize his action in granting immunity to



EX-MAYOR SCHMIDT

WHICH, THOUGH THE ORNAMENTAL HEAD OF THE GRANT MACHINE, WAS RESEMBLED TO ITS ACTUAL HEAD, AL RIEF

Al Rief is not only false, but that it is mere rubbish. They say that if Rief would ever now "come through" with the truth as they conceive it they would convict and punish the corporation men. Also that they are actuated only by patriotic impulses; that they gave immunity to the confessed bribe-takers because that was the only way to convict others.

And here we come upon the very important question of motive. The officials of the United Railroads assert that Mr. Spreckels and

his associates have deliberately turned the forces of the State from the prosecution of grafters in the prosecution of United Railroad men, in order that by engineering them or driving them into exile the affairs of the company would be thrown into confusion, its securities would fall in value, and Mr. Spreckels and his associates might then buy the concern at a low price and take charge of all San Francisco's street transportation, thereby acquiring great financial profit, besides gaining political control of the rich State of California by virtue of their great success as reformers.

I put this proposition to Mr. Spreckels, and he denounced it as false.

"My motives," he said, "have been unselfish from the beginning, and I have no other aim than to serve the people of San Francisco. It is monstrous to say that I am trying to take possession of any public service corporation. I will not have anything to do with any such enterprise."

Francis J. Henry, the principal public prosecutor under Mr. Spreckels's direction, made similar denial.

"It's the same old cry," he said. "When I convicted the Oregon lumber thieves they raised the protest that I was working in the interest of a political conspiracy, and now that I'm after these corporation men they say I'm in a financial conspiracy. It's all booby."

As a confirmation of his theory that the graft prosecution was diverted from its original general design into an effort to ruin him and his associates, so that Mr. Spreckels and his fellow workers could buy the United Railroads cheap, and thus acquire the transportation business of San Francisco, President Patrick Calhoun, of the United Railroads, lays much stress on the fact that the Municipal Street Railway Company of San Francisco filed its charter on April 17, 1906, the day before the earthquake and fire. The principal owners of the company were Randolph Spreckels and James D. Schmitz. The plan of operation, as set forth by Mr. Spreckels in published interviews, was to compete with the United Railroads by running bus ten blocks at a time along the tracks of the United Railroads, then going around a block, and again using ten blocks of the company's tracks, paying therefor interest on the original cost of construction, as provided by law.

"But when they thought they could drive us out of existence by using the prosecuting power as a club," says Mr. Calhoun, "they dropped their Municipal Railway scheme and devoted all their energies to ruining us."

This also I submitted to Mr. Spreckels.

"The charge is untrue," he said. "The sole aim was to demonstrate that it was possible to operate cars efficiently and with profit by means of the underground trolley system. We were not going into a general competition with the United Railroads. The best proof of that is that we were ready to sell out to the city at any time. Our charter provided that we would turn over the road to the city whenever required, upon receiving the amount of our original investment, plus interest. We intended to make that demonstration in perfectly good faith; but after the fire the project was dropped."

It is a fact that nothing was ever done toward establishing the Municipal Railway lines after the fire.

Now let us consider the record of fact in the case. As early as



District Attorney Langdon HENRY WITH REMOVED ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY GORE AND APPOINTED MR. HENRY IN HIS PLACE

November, 1903, Mr. Spreckels and his associate, James D. Phelan, a former Mayor of San Francisco, shrewd banker and possessor of millions of dollars, began an investigation of the misdoings of municipal officers. They found no legal proof of corruption, although moral proof was abundant. Their friend, Fremont Older, editor of a San Francisco newspaper, went to Washington and asked President Roosevelt to let Mr. Hiley go to San Francisco and help the reformers. The President was so sympathetic with the work of reform, but did not wish to take Mr. Hiley away from the prosecution of lumber thieves in Oregon. Mr. Older returned to San Francisco, and after some time discovered that Chinamen were importing Chinese women into California for immoral purposes. (This record is from Mr. Older's testimony in the Tevis hotel case.) When the discovery of this sinister crime was reported in Washington, Mr. Hiley was sent to San Francisco. With him he brought William J. Burns, long of the United States Secret Service, able detective, an expert in disguise and in fathoming mysteries. As a result of their activities several Chinamen were arrested and indicted. Their cases have never come to trial.

William H. Langdon, elected District Attorney on the Rud Schmitz ticket, was persuaded to resign. Assistant District Attorney Duke and appoint Mr. Hiley in his place. Mr. Langdon was at that time running for Governor on the Board Independence League ticket, and J. J. Dwyer, manager of the Board campaign, persuaded him. Mr. Langdon has ever since done his part faithfully in preventing his former associates. Detective Burns hired a secret headquarters, went to and fro himself, and sent his detectives among the hoodling supervisors, and early in 1904 had incited some of them in the taking of bribes. Of the secrecy and success of these methods, of the princely generosity of Mr. Spreckels in furnishing money for the bribes, much has been already published in newspapers, periodicals, magazines, etc., so the details need not be repeated here. The great thing was that in a concerted criminal transaction much evidence was obtained to convict three supervisors of bribe-taking; three out of the suspected eighteen—Boston, Walsh, and Loungrain.

"Big Jim" Gallagher, president of the Board of Supervisors, whipper-in of the grunting pack of hounds of which Alceus Ruef was master, now came over to the side of the prosecution. The manner of his coming over is in dispute. The prosecutors say that they had accumulated much proof of Gallagher's complicity that he was frightened into surrender. The corporation officials say that Gallagher was then struggling with Ruef for mastery of the pack and welcomed the chance to ruin Ruef, save himself from all possible danger, and gain other advantages.

Whether the astute Gallagher went out by appointment to the Presidio and made his deal with Mr. Spreckels, who met him there at night alone. The Presidio is the United States military reservation near the Golden Gate, and is outside of the jurisdiction of the State of California.

I understand that some of the supervisors have been trapped, and that they are to be set free immunitely if they help the prosecution to get the "higher-ups,"" said Gallagher.

"That is true," Mr. Spreckels replied. Gallagher thereupon pointed out, it is said, that the evidence of the three trapped men would do little or nothing toward convicting the "higher-ups," the title by which the prosecutors designated all the corporation officials they accused of bribe-taking. Gallagher promised that if immunity were granted to all the eighteen thieves supervisors they would all confess to Mr. Spreckels, and testify in court that Alceus Ruef had bribed them. Only in this way, it is said, he could have argued, could the prosecution hope to convict Ruef. Mr. Spreckels promised to give immunity to the eighteen on those terms. Not without storm and stress was confession obtained from all the eighteen hoodlums; but finally they went one by one to the secret headquarters of Detective Burns, made full confessions of how Ruef bribed them, and received their grant of immunity.

Not only did these eighteen thieves receive the immunity promised, but they were allowed by the prosecution to keep both their bribes and their public office, to still legislate for the city of San Francisco with Ruef's dirty dollars in their pockets. And this



William J. Burns

OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE, WHO WAS BROUGHT TO SAN FRANCISCO BY HENRY DUKE TO ASSIST IN CARRYING OUT RUDOLPH SPECKELS' PLANS

unparalleled situation presents another problem in morals. The prosecutors say that they could not hope to convict anybody on circumstantial evidence alone; that it was absolutely necessary to accept all eighteen supervisors as State's evidence or get no confession at all, and that they expected through the testimony of the eighteen to convict Ruef, and through Ruef to convict the "higher-ups." The indicted guttle-serve corporation officials all declare that they are innocent; that the immunity granted them by the supervisors and a similar bargain with Ruef, which we shall presently consider, were part of a deliberate plan to procure false testimony against them, to convict them, and smash their companies so that Messrs. Spreckels, Phelan, et al., could buy these companies cheap, to say nothing of gaining political control of the State.

The mind unfamiliar with the virulent hates and unmeasured violence that accompany disputes in the cosmopolitan city of San Francisco recoils at the mere suggestion of any group of men seeking hurt to the expense of the liberty and reputation of their rivals. The prosecutors assert that they have tried and still are trying to put the corporation men in prison. Their motive, they declare, is solely the desire to do justice.

"Candidates that promised here," said Mr. Spreckels to me, "exist in every American city. We are doing all we can to abate them in San Francisco. We may have made mistakes, but all we have sought was to punish the guilty."

Having conquered the guilty supervisors and given them immunity in exchange for confession, the prosecution allowed them to remain in office. When Schmitz had been thrown into jail to await trial on many indictments, the guilty supervisors took care of their own number—Boston—to act as Mayor in place of Schmitz. At this there were great manifestations of popular disapproval, and all the hoodlums were put out of office. The corporation officials point to the retention of the confessed bribe-takers in office as a confirmation of their theory that the prosecution had entered into an alliance with these men in order to obtain false testimony against the "higher-ups."

"That theory is untrue and preposterous," Mr. Spreckels said to me. "The only reason for our allowing the guilty supervisors to stay in power was the fear that if we forced them out Schmitz would appoint equally corrupt men in their places. The power of appointment was his under the charter. There was no other course for us to pursue than the course we followed."

Next the prosecution sought to make Ruef "come through" with a confession; but this proved a long and trying task. Ruef could not be coerced. He was told he was unscrupulous. How the wily little lawyer was kept for months in a private prison under sentry so suspicious and strict that he could not even take a bath unwatched, how the watchers tried to break down his resolve by telling him he had stolen in his sleep, how they tried to shatter his nerves by keeping a brilliant electric light burning all night over his bed and by awakening him every little while to ask how he felt—these and many other measures used upon the little man have all been related in court and in public print.

Ruef grew thin, but he still refused to confess. At last the prosecution called in Rudolph Nieto, who appealed to Ruef's love for his family, and thus brought him to terms; for this grifter still had the utmost concern for the welfare of his aged father and mother and sisters. He broke down, and said he would "come through"—upon condition that he should receive immunity.

But the astute Ruef would not move in the dark. Messrs. Hiley, Burns, and Langdon promised him jointly and severally that if he confessed his guilt he should go free. But what of the judges before whom he was to be tried? Would they grant the District Attorney's motion to discharge him? In view of the agreement offered by the prosecution was that Ruef must plead guilty to the crime of extorting a bribe from a French restaurant-keeper, in return for obtaining a permit from the Police Commission enabling the Frenchman to carry on illegal traffic. Ruef denied having done this and protested against making any such plea. The prosecution told him that after he had pleaded guilty and testified in court to all his guilt, they would permit him to withdraw the plea and they would ask for his discharge. This was a large contract. Ruef would not move without assurance that the court would sanction it and carry it out. Messrs. Hiley,

Burns, and Langdon gave him their word on it. Reef was not satisfied.

"You can rely upon the reverend gentlemen," was the next assurance the prosecutors gave him; and thereupon Burns arranged a meeting at midnight at the Temple Shomrith Israel, in which the Superior Court was temporarily held, between Rabbi Jacob Nieto and Bernard Kaplan, as Reef's representatives, and Francis J. Heney and Judge Frank H. Dunne of the Superior Court. What occurred at that meeting is related by Rabbi Kaplan in an affidavit as follows:

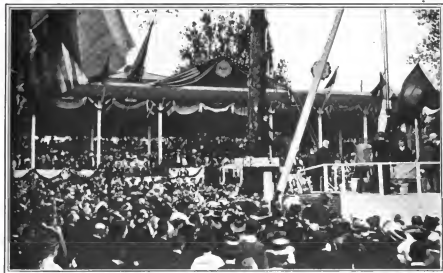
"Mr. Heney said in effect to Judge Dunne: 'We are negotiating with Mr. Reef to "come through," and we want him to plead guilty to the charges now on trial before you. We may ask you to allow him to withdraw that plea and to substitute the plea of "not guilty" and dismiss the indictment against him.' To which Judge Dunne substantially replied as follows: 'I have every confidence in the District Attorney's office, and will do what you ask.' Thereupon I asked Judge Dunne whether I was to understand that if Mr. Reef pleaded 'guilty' he would permit and consent to the plea being withdrawn and the plea of 'not guilty' substituted and the indictment 'dismissed,' to which he answered, 'Yes, sir; yes, sir; certainly.' After that, as the Judge was about to leave the room, I again asked him, in effect: 'Your Honor, do you mean to say you would allow the plea to be withdrawn and dismiss the case?' To which the Judge responded, 'Yes, yes; certainly,' and took his departure."

The rabbi and Prosecutor Heney had a similar interview with Judge William P. Lawlor, of the Superior Court. Judge Lawlor interrupted Heney when he began to talk about "certain cases which will come up in your court." No name was mentioned.

"I do not wish to go into any particulars," said Judge Lawlor. "I have confidence in the District Attorney's office, and so long as I have confidence in the District Attorney's office it has been the practice of the Court to act favorably on any recommendations or requests of the District Attorney's office in open court."

With these assurances of safety the wily Reef at last capitulated. How his dramatic confession in court at the trial of Schmitz was delivered as the result of Detective Burns's secret stage management, how the Reef immunity contract was long concealed from the public, how the tardy revelation of the contract resulted in a revolution of public sentiment, will be taken up in the article which will appear next week.

A Building to Promote Pan-American Peace



REPRESENTATIVES of the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere were present at the recent laying of the cornerstone of the projected Pan-American building in Washington, by President Roosevelt. The structure is to be erected for the use of the "International Bureau of the American Republics," which is intended to further good will and mutual understanding in the three Americas. The site of the building is that of the historic Van Ness mansion on Pennsylvania Street, halfway between

the War, State, and Navy Department Building and the Potomac River. It is in part the gift of Andrew Carnegie, who contributed \$750,000 toward the expense of its construction. In addition to the President, Secretary of State Root, Mr. Carnegie, and John Barrett made speeches. Cardinal James Gibbons delivered the invocation. The proceedings were culminated by a disagreement between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie concerning the immensity of universal peace.

The Conference with the Governors at Washington

(See illustration on opposite page.)

THE Governors of forty-four States of the Union assembled in the East Room of the White House, on May 13, at the opening of one of the most remarkable conferences in the political history of the nation. The meeting was arranged by President Roosevelt for the purpose of discussing plans for the conservation of the nation's natural resources. Many distinguished guests were invited to attend, and these included: Justice Harlan, Brewer, White, McKenna, Holmes, and Day, of the Supreme Court; Andrew Carnegie, James J. Hill, John Mitchell, Attorney General Bonaparte, and William J. Bryan. Five candidates or near-candidates for the Presidency of the United States were among the conferees: Alvanor J. A. Johnson of Minnesota, Governor Hughes of New York, Governor Folk of Minnesota, Vice-President Fairbanks, and Mr. Bryan.

President Roosevelt opened the conference with a speech in which he defined its purpose as follows:

"This conference on the conservation of natural resources is in effect a meeting of the representatives of all the people of the

United States called to consider the weightiest problem now before the nation.

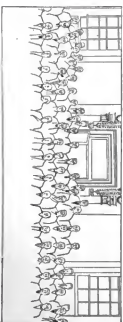
"This nation began with the belief that its landed possessions were illimitable, but already the limit of unutilized land is in sight, and indeed but little land fitted for agriculture now remains unoccupied, save what can be reclaimed by irrigation and drainage. We began with an unapproached heritage of forests; more than half of the timber is gone. We began with coal fields more extensive than those of any other nation and with iron ores regarded as inexhaustible, and many experts now declare that the end of both iron and coal is in sight.

"The more increase in our consumption of coal during 1907 over 1906 revealed the total consumption in 1907, the Centennial year. The enormous stores of mineral oil and gas are largely gone. . . .

"Finally, we began with soils of unexampled fertility, and we have so impoverished them by injudicious use and by failing to check erosion that their crop-producing power is diminishing instead of increasing. . . .



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- President Roosevelt**
 1. President Roosevelt
 2. Vice-President Taft
 3. Chief Justice Hughes
 4. Secretary of War Taft
 5. Secretary of the Navy Taft
 6. Secretary of the Interior Taft
 7. Secretary of Agriculture Taft
 8. Secretary of Commerce Taft
 9. Secretary of Labor Taft
 10. Secretary of Education Taft
 11. Secretary of the Navy Taft
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 95. Secretary of the Navy Taft
 96. Secretary of the Interior Taft
 97. Secretary of Agriculture Taft
 98. Secretary of Commerce Taft
 99. Secretary of Labor Taft
 100. Secretary of Education Taft



The husband willing but the wife reluctant



It is nothing but a partitioned room on the fourth floor of the Educational Alliance building, that stands upon East Broadway at the confluence of many highways and arteries. Outside, the Italian peasant-vendor who has unwittingly strayed into this hostile maze, where the small boys pass the waves by for fillets and raisins, sends up his plaintive appeal. Carts clatter below, doors slam, school-children shout at play, footsteps resound on the stone stairs outside to furnish that setting of commonplace things among which tragedy is concealed. And the sun always shines through the clear window panes and is reflected from the white, glaring walls, as though to accentuate the wretchedness of those patient waiters who fill the lines of chairs. Here are bowed men, bewinged old women, young girls carrying infants; and day by day the thousand sorrows that haunt the homes of the ghetto are passed forth into the ears of the officer presiding inside the small office behind the partition.

The Legal Aid Bureau is a department of the Educational Alliance, and one branch of this takes up cases of domestic troubles and wife desertions. Its work has increased so rapidly that the 2546 cases handled in 1902, the year of its inception, increased to 22,084 during 1907.

From twelve to fifteen thousand of such cases are handled annually in the eight police courts of Manhattan and the Bronx. The great majority of these occur among the immigrant poor. The wealthy citizens engage attorneys to take their cases to the Supreme Court; but the poor women who cannot afford the luxury of a lawyer is forced to go to the police court, where she is often subjected to humiliations and indignities, and brought into contact with thieves, drunkards, and confirmed criminals. Often unable to speak or understand English, at the mercy of the interpreter, in fear of the police officers, and with a magistrate who has neither leisure nor means to make a searching investigation and must reach a rapid decision, she is often the victim of injustice. Not even if she wins her case is she better off than before. If she has a cruel or drunken husband he is sent to Blackwells Island, the family is broken up, the children are committed to some institution, and her last condition becomes more desperate than the first.

It is here that the punitive function of courts of law makes justice an injustice. Picture a court of reconciliation rather than of punishment, a court not backed by the authority of the law, presided over by an official clothed with no power to enforce his decrees; inquisit husband and wife resorting thither in mutual anger and departing in reconciliation. litigants who come breathing destruction and threatening enforcement of claims and arrive at an amicable compromise, and you will appreciate the surprising achievements that the Court of Sorrows accomplishes. For these poor who bring thither their wrongs for adjudication are very helpless; unable to think for themselves, they pour out their hearts with impudent confidence in their listener; they need only a little earnest counsel and the resolution of their wrongs to true propensities, and tears of anger become tears of pity and grief; the basest passions are transmuted into the gold of goodness.

The Court of Sorrows

A TRIBUNAL WHICH AIMS AT RECONCILIATION, NOT PUNISHMENT

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

DRAWINGS BY HENRY KALEIGH

Domestic troubles, and especially desertions, are in chief measure due to ignorance, misunderstanding, and a misconception of the mutual obligations of parents. Since 1903 desertion has been a felony where there are in the family children under the age of sixteen years, thereby rendering the deserter liable for extradition. But neither the police nor district attorney can devote the money or time to tracing deserters by reason of the flood of more urgent business. Furthermore, the apprehension and imprisonment of the offender are no boon to the wife and family. It is by methods of conciliation that the Legal Aid Bureau prevents desertion, and, when it has traced the deserter, effects a friendly solution of the troubles that caused it.

"Rosenstein, Number 500," calls the girl clerk, handing a type-written form and an appended report of the investigator to the presiding officer. A pale girl who has sat silently in one corner steps noiselessly inside the small office partitioned off from the main room. Her dark hair is plastered down over each temple, her large eyes follow the judge with a pathetic motion, and the mate with its broken bridge, which would in most women appear a deformity, only adds to the wan interest of her face. Her husband has deserted her.

"What is your man's name?" asks the presiding officer in Yiddish.

"Aaron."

"Where is he living?"

"In Brooklyn."

A string of questions and answers follows. They were married, it appears, three years ago, and have two children. Two months ago he deserted her. There is a sister-in-law with five sons named Abram, Joe, Morris, Isidor, and Leopold, who was going to patch things up, but she sold her furniture; and her uncle, who came from Austria in the steerage, . . . From this voluminous detail the essential features are gradually unveiled. Her husband has been located in Brooklyn, where he is working in a bakery.

"Would you be willing to live with him again if he comes back?"
She bends her head slowly, and a half smile appears.



Resolved upon divorce—until they have seen the judge

grotesquely upon her face, which is the embodiment of misery. I have seen that smile somewhere—

She hands up photographs, poor, faded things, of her husband and herself in wedding finery. Yes, she will take him back, because of the children. Suddenly she weeps; and simultaneously a typewriter outside clacks hideously, punctuating the pauses of her grief.

"Can your husband read or write?"

"He can't write, but he can read."

The judge dictates a letter to the stenographer.

"If you write to my man he will run away and—"

"Never you mind. I know what he's at."

The letter is written. "Come here on Tuesday, and he will be here to meet you."

The faint smile appears once more as she rises to go. I know it now—

"That's no deservise," says the judge. "He had no money; he couldn't get a job, and run away in despair. Then he was afraid to return. Now it will come out all right; he will be glad to go back to her."

It was the smile of the Mona Lisa.

"My name's Sam Cohen," says a jolly, red-faced man.

"What's the name of the man suing you?"

"I can't remember. It's one of those foreign names; something like Nonschilowitz. If I come face to face with that scoundrel—"

This is a claim for damages on account of wrongful dismissal.

But Nonschilowitz does not appear, and in his place a sundering, sniping woman appears. She is garbed in black, save for five scarlet plumes that dangle from her wide, plumed hat.

"I want to ask a little legal advice," she whispers cooly. She hesitates.

"What is your name?"

"Beetree. Oh, you mean my maiden name. I'm Mrs. Goldstone. Now it's like this. He's such a fickle man, we can't agree, don't you know, and—"

"What do you want?"

"Why, it's like this. He's such a fickle man. One moment he



The deserted wife

says he'd like to get a divorce, and the next he wouldn't. I can't understand the man, don't you know?"

"Have you any children?"

"No, sir," she simper.

"What is your husband's occupation?"

"He's such a fickle man. I believe he's a night policeman now."

"How long have you been married?"

"Five years, but we don't live together. You see it didn't last very long, only a few weeks. When he calls at our home—yes, sir, I live with my parents—he's so polite and agreeable they can't help liking him. But he's such a fickle man, and it's out of sight, out of mind," you know."

"How about you? Aren't you fickle?"

"Oh no, sir. I'm not fickle; indeed, I'm very firm."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I don't know what I want."

Sam Cohen, who is still waiting to demolish Nonschilowitz, sighs in disgust and leans resignedly upon the radiator.

"Do you think he'll come here if I write to him?"

"I don't know, sir. He's such a fickle man you can't understand him."

"Suppose you find out what you want and then come back."

"Mr. Nonschilowitz!" calls the girl clerk. Sam Cohen leaps up.

"Mr. Nonschilowitz! Mr. Nonschilowitz!" No answer. Sam Cohen relaxes his clenched fist, and the glare goes out of his eyes.

"She came in here to get advice about something and changed her mind," says the judge. "She'll come back again soon."

A husband and wife enter, he angry, she scornful. They have been married two years, she claims, and he will not support her. He plays cards, frequents dance halls, and beats her. She wants him to leave her alone.

He tells his story, and she sits at his side in scornful silence.

She is attractive beyond the women of the East Side; and her heavy-lidded eyes hold exotic and alluring glances as she looks askance at her husband's auditors. When he is most vehement she folds her unadorned, immature hands; when he adjures she laughs. These are danger signals.

It is a comic tragedy. He lost his job and could not support her. Yes, he dines with girls, but he is giving lessons at thirty-five cents nightly. (She laughs.) One morning she had awakened him at six and told him she was going to sell the furniture. He locked the bureau drawers and beked her in the flat. When he came home that night the flat was empty. Subsequently he saw her leaning out of a window with a strange man, and rushed into the house and struck her. (She laughs hoarsely.) The judge looks grave.

"He followed me for three years and made me marry him," she says, not troubling to deny the man's story. "I am tired of him."



The Room of a Hundred Sorrows, where the East Side's unhappy ones gather



The instalment was overdue, and the furniture has been taken

The judge begins a kindly lecture to the pair of discontents. "Don't you both understand that you have certain duties?" he asks. "You have a child; you cannot afford to separate."

"She don't care for the child, judge. She wants to be a lady."

"Will you live with her if she is willing?"

"I will, judge."

"Will you live with your husband if he gets a job?"

"I don't want to live with him or see him again. I'm tired of him."

The judge addresses himself to the husband.

"I quite understand how your wife feels," he says. "You didn't support her, and she felt hurt and thought she had a right to see any other man she pleased. Now I'll tell you what to do. As soon as you get a job, bring half your earnings here every week and I'll take care of them for you. Come to me—don't go to her or try to see her. Then, when you've saved up a small sum I'll send for her to meet you. Will you come here in six weeks from now?"

addressing himself to the girl.

"What's the use? I don't want him."

"Never mind. Will you come?"

"Oh, I'll come," says the girl, indifferently.

We discuss them eagerly when they have gone.

"You'll never get them together, judge," says the artist.

"You'll see that I will. I understand her thoroughly. Of course there's more in the case than the husband suspects, but we've got to keep them together. As soon as she begins to see money she'll change her mind."

We do. "She wants to be a lady"—six words that sum up many a domestic tragedy.

"And he was jealous and beat her and she remains indifferent. You'll never bring them together."

"Come back in six weeks and you'll see," the presiding officer answers as we rise to leave.

"Mr. Nonshilovitz! Mr. Nonshilovitz!" calls the girl clerk. A giant of the steppes rises, shakes himself, and strides forward like a tall tower. Inside the private room Sam Cohen is standing with fists clenched and blazing eyes.

"Are you Mr. Nonshilovitz?" the girl clerk asks.

"Ja, I'm his brother; he sent me," answers the giant, entering.

We pause at the door and listen expectantly, but all is silence inside the judge's room.

THE COUNTESS SZECHENYI'S ROYAL WELCOME TO HUNGARY



WHEN THE COUNTESS LADISLAS SZECHENYI, NEÉ MISS ELIZABETH VANDERBILT, WAS INTRODUCED BY HER HUSBAND TO HER HUNGARIAN COUNTRYMEN UPON THEIR RECENT ARRIVAL AT BUDAPEST, THE COULDER WELCOME MADE THE CENTER OF AN INTERESTED AND DEMONSTRATION AS THEIR WELCOME ARRIVED IN NEW YORK. THE BUREAU BEING DESIGNED BY FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY AND BEHIND-LETTER-WRITERS. THE ARRIVAL OF THE PAIR AT THE SZECHENYI CASTLE IN GEMEZKE, HUNGARY, WAS MADE A FEST DAY BY THE VILLAGERS, WHO RECEIVED THEM WITH A WELCOME WORTHY OF A VISIT FROM ROYALTY



The Sailors of the Fleet parading in Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco



Admiral Evans ends his last Cruise—the Man who took the Fleet around a Continent coming Ashore from the "Connection"



The "Welcome" Sign, Fifty by Four Hundred Feet, erected on Telegraph Hill in Honor of the Fleet



Some of the Spectators who waited on the Heights overlooking the Approach to the Harbor for the Arrival of the Fleet. At the Left is the Golden Gate



Admiral Evans and Mayor Taylor smiling upon a solid Mile of cheering San Franciscans

SAN FRANCISCO'S WELCOME TO THE FLEET



Kenyon.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN OF THE F

DRAWN BY



WRITE SONS—THE LAST OBSTACLE

KEMBLE

Germany in Transition

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR 'HARPER'S WEEKLY'



THE last has not yet by any means been heard of the Harries case. Of those concerned in it, Count Moltke, though nominally cleared, is still in official disgrace; so, too, is Count Hohenhausen. Count Lamsar was recently sentenced to a term of imprisonment; Prince Falkenberg has been arrested for perjury in connection with his evidence at the trial; and Herr Harden, on April 22, won a libel action against a Munich paper which declared that he had received much money from the prince to the extent of \$250,000. The result of that action, and of the declaration of the judge that Herr Harden had successfully proved that he was in possession of incriminating evidence against Prince Falkenberg, can only be to prepare a case which for the last eighteen months has filled Germany with the most painful interest. I have no intention of going into any examination of the numerous details that have already been revealed or into any forecast of those that still await publicity. Every one will remember their general trend, and that, for my present purpose, is enough. I merely wish to consider the whole wretched scandal as one among many other factors that Germany is in the throes of a profound transition.

There is perhaps no nation that has altered within a single generation in so many essential qualities as Germany. Material prosperity suddenly descending upon a country devoid of a solid living and high thinking has brought the spirit of materialism in its train. The utilitarian and the love of science and knowledge for their own sakes that distinguished the ante-bellum generation, and constituted Germany's high, austere, and distinctive claim to honor, have been replaced by a bald and repellent utilitarianism. The Germans are no longer the greatest readers in the world. They seem, indeed, to be in some danger of developing for books and book-reading an almost English contempt. That intellectual cosmopolitanism which used to be one of the most admirable and attractive of German traits has vanished along with the dazzling succession of authors, scientists, and philosophers who were its embodiment, and the unworldly professors who fostered and perpetuated it. A new luxury, restlessness, discontent, and chauvinism have invaded all classes. The Germany of to-day, pursuing wealth with a more than previous ardor, has cultivated with assiduity, and with unobtrusive success, the virtues and what Burke called "the solemn plausibilities" of life, has become more polished, more ceremonious, more preoccupied with the small niceties and embellishments of social intercourse; but has lost, or is rapidly losing, the old simplicity and purity of manners.

Craves against poverty and mortality have multiplied in Germany in the last thirty years with an appalling rapidity. Financial juggleries have kept pace with them. Berlin is the most cosmopolitan and the most corrupt of European cities, and shows a coarseness of depravity that is not, I think, equalled anywhere. The Germans have rushed into city life just at the time when they are losing their spiritual faith in theories of moral restraint. The influence of the Socialist temper is not to be sought in politics alone; it has infiltrated at least a third part of the German nation with the religion of the crudest materialism. The great city on the Rhine which a generation ago was little more than a placid village shows in its style of life, its rents, its exuberant architecture, its restaurants and hotels, its strident round of gaiety, the vastness of the distance which Germany has travelled in the last generation. Unity, prosperity, and imperialism have wrought a deep and visible change in the character and social outlook of the German people. Pervasive literature of the most scintillating and debasing quality is becoming a greater evil in Germany than it ever was in France. The marriage age among the higher classes grows later and later. The number of unmarried women of a marriageable age—estimated at considerably over two millions—has increased in divorcee companies, a growing social and moral misanthropy; and the many scandals of recent years among the aristocracy, which is always and in all countries the first class to show the taint of corruption, point to an unmistakable lowering of the standards of national morals. I do not say all believe and the disease has yet penetrated far. To talk of the Germans as decadent is ridiculous to those who know them. No decadent people has ever increased at the rate of a million souls a year, while at the same time reducing the rate of mortality. The foundations and structure of the nation are still in the main sound, and German life and character still retain most of their old vigorous purity and hardihood. In work, in discipline, in research the Germans are still the foremost of living peoples. But there has been a change, and a change that, in spite of periodic reactions, will almost certainly continue. The revolution of these successive trials that have sprung from Herr Harden's attacks upon the court scandals are symptoms—extreme symptoms, atypical symptoms, it is true, but still symptoms—of a real and pervasive deterioration. The age of German Stieglitz has passed; that of German Epimenides has begun. We may, and probably will, be before long a broken, exhausted, such a condition as in the England of the eighteenth century led

to the Methodist revival. Meanwhile Germany continues in a phase, an enigmatic and unpleasant phase, of moral transition.

But it is not alone in the sphere of social life and morals that an observer comes across the tracks of a sweeping revolution. Looked at broadly, Germany is seen to be trying to solve three distinct but intimately related problems. The first is to become a great naval, commercial, and colonial Power. The second is to adjust her domestic policy to the fact that every year finds her passing more and more decidedly from a mainly agricultural to a mainly industrial state. The third is to establish a working compromise between the cry for universal suffrage on the one hand and the fact of a semi-aristocratic rulership on the other. The first of these three problems is on a fair way to solution. The last general election set the seal of national approval upon the policy of imperialism in all its many forms. The Social Democrats alone consistently oppose it, but their power is for the moment under an eclipse, and will never, in my judgment, be strong enough to restrain the deep-seated instinct towards naval, commercial, and colonial Empire. For all practical purposes the ideal of a Greater Germany and of the unaltered activities and ambitions it comprises may now be accepted as included in the will and consciousness of the German people.

The second problem—that of devising an equitable political balance between the interests of industry and of agriculture—is far more difficult. It has been greatly complicated by the ascendancy of the Agrarians—an ascendancy they have owed partly to the economic stability in a material sense of keeping the peasant on the soil, partly to the many strong links of social and political sympathy that have always united the nobility and the crown, and partly to their thoroughgoing acceptance of the policies of imperialism. Now, however, that imperialism has ceased to be a *tabula rasa*, Agrarians renounce the struggle between Liberalism and the industrial interests on the one side, and the Conservatives and land-owning interests on the other, is destined to take on a sharper intensity. A great and complex fight is on for the control of Germany's development. It is sixteen years since Caprivi declared that Germany was "no longer an agricultural but an industrial state." The last was scarcely arguable even then; it is indisputable now; and with the increasing population, her growing dependence upon foreign food-supplies, and her vast expansion of manufactures, it will soon be accepted by all Germany as axiomatic. But it is a fact which the imperialists, Agrarians and industrialists, have hitherto kept from any adequate translation into terms of policy. A new economic order has arisen, but the policy of the state has not yet been adjusted to it. Preposterously industrial as she is, Germany is still for the greater part ruled in the interests of agriculture. The Agrarians have been relentless in their use of power. It is they who have been the real framers of the tariffs from 1879 till to-day. The increase in the corn duties, the restrictions upon the importation of live stock, the export premiums granted to sugar producers—are all their work. It was they who overthrew Caprivi. It was their house law forbidding all dealings in "futures" of whatever kind—a law recently modified to permit of transactions in futures of mining and industrial stocks, but not in corn and mill products—that has been the chief cause of the exodus of German capital, of the high German bank rate, and of the chronic instability of the German money market. Every commercial treaty they have fought and whittled down with all the weapons of political terrorism. It was their opposition that defeated the great schemes of canal development. They have, in short, pursued their own interests with a total blindness to the interests of all other classes, and with a success that will come to be looked upon by many as one of the miracles of politics. The measure of German discontent and of the growth of Social Democracy is very largely the measure and the product of Agrarian ascendancy. To reduce that ascendancy to legitimate proportions is one of the most axiomatic tasks that lie ahead of the country.

The third problem is the constitutional one. The German mind has long been at uneasy pance between the old ideal of order and the new ideal of liberty. The people are beating restlessly against the bars. They are asking for a share in the government commensurate with their power and intelligence. They are questioning the social and political status of the system under which a party monetary government serves merely as a cloak for personal rule. They are beginning to realize that the ballot as an end in itself is insufficient; that, divorced from responsibility, it is little more than a national phylinx; and that it affords no adequate security against the enfeeblement of a system of government to the interests of a single class or against the caprices and haphazard policies of absolutism. They are becoming impatient of a parliamentary régime without the party system, and of ministers responsible to the crown instead of to the people. They are working round to the conclusion that no Emperor, however patriotic, wise or characterful, however desirous, can be quite so safe a guardian of the national interests as the nation itself. There is, in short, a movement of opinion which is beginning to insist that the German people must themselves be the German government. That is perhaps the most interesting of the new ideas that are beginning to characterize the present transitional stage of Germany's growth.



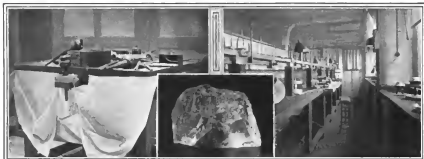
The "Strong Room" in which the Diamond is kept



The Ascher Factory at Amsterdam, where the Diamond is being Cut



The "Strong Room" Safe, where the Diamond lies at Night



The Table and Tools on which the Diamond will be split to eliminate the Flaws before Cutting

The rough Cullinan Diamond, which weighed a Pound and a Half, and when Cut will be worth \$5,000,000

The Room in which the Stone will be Cut, an Operation requiring One Year of exacting Labor



The Manner in which the Entrance to the Ascher Factory is Guarded. A Permit, which is closely scrutinized, is necessary for the Visitor to gain Admission to the Works. It is needless to say that the Cullinan Diamond is guarded with ceaseless Vigilance



The Cullinan Diamond on Exhibition before Cutting

CUTTING THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD

THE FIVE MILLION DOLLAR JEWEL FOR KING EDWARD'S CROWN

Indiana's Murder Farm



Ray Lamphere, believed to have been Mrs. Gunness's Accomplice, and suspected of having burned the House



The "Death Patch" where the Bodies were dug up. In the Hole marked "A" were found Two Bodies; in that marked "B," One Body; in that marked "C," One Body; in that marked "D," Two Bodies; in that marked "E," Four Bodies



A View of the Gunness Farm. The Crowd gathered about the "Death Patch" watching the Diggers



A COARSE, fat, heavy-featured woman forty-eight years of age, with a big head covered with a mass of mud-colored hair, small eyes, huge hands and arms, and a gross body with difficulty supported on feet grotesquely small—such is the description of Mrs. Belle Gunness, the extraordinary creature who ran the "murder farm" near Laporte, Indiana.

Murder for money was Belle Gunness's trade. She was a Scandinavian, came to this country when a girl, and married a fellow countryman, Max Svensen, in Chicago, in 1883. He died mysteriously in 1890. Iverson was hinted at, and exhumation suggested; but nothing was done. The woman collected \$8,500 insurance money, and two years later married Gunness. In 1902 she moved to Laporte.

Before three months had passed she had become feared and hated among the neighbors. "She was more a devil than a woman," said one of them, whose farm adjoined her own. When Gunness was found dead in December, 1902, with the back of his head crushed in, every one believed that she had murdered him. Mrs. Gunness alleged that a sausage grinder had fallen from a shelf and struck him. Her statement could not be disproved. She collected \$3000 insurance, and began her systematic trade in murder. Everybody knew that she was advertising for a husband. Strange men met her at the railroad depot from time to time, drove back to the farm with her, and disappeared. But nobody cared to discover the mystery. Belle Gunness and her three children were left severely alone. There was only one companion, the hired man Ray Lamphere, now under arrest, who worked on the farm, and he bore some too reputable a character. There had been another, decade then, an adopted daughter; but she was sent "to school in California" in September, 1900. At any rate she disappeared from view.

It was the disappearance of Andrew Helgeson that opened up the mystery. Helgeson had read Mrs. Gunness's advertisement, drew \$3000 from his bank in Aberdeen, South Dakota, and told his

brother Asle that he was going to Laporte to marry.

After two weeks Asle wrote to Mrs. Gunness to learn his brother's whereabouts.

"Dear good brother of the best friend I have in the world," the murderess wrote back, "it is with tears flooding in my eyes and my heart overwhelmed with grief that I write you about your dear brother. He is gone from me. I know not where. As I think of him my heart bleeds. May God bless him wherever he may be.

"Sell off everything that he owns, get together as much of your own money as you can, and come here during the first part of May. We will then go and seek him. Bring the money all in cash. It will be easier to handle in this way. . . . I will fly to his arms and never, oh, never be separated from him again. Do not neglect to bring the money in cash."

This letter was written on April 23. Five days later Asle Helgeson read that the Gunness home had been burned and that Mrs. Gunness and her three children had died in the flames. He took the train to Laporte and told Sheriff Smeater his story. Then Joe Maxson, a new hired man of the murderess, spoke about some "soft spots" in the garden. Digging began, and the first body turned up was the dismembered body of Helgeson.

A few feet away the body of a young woman, supposedly Jennie Olson, was found. In all five corpses were unearthed, three being of women. Whether Mrs. Gunness died in the fire or, as is believed, substituted a corpse, killed her children, burned down the house and fled, may be disclosed at the trial of Ray Lamphere.

Mrs. Gunness has willed her property, in reversion after her children's death, to the Norwegian Orphan and Children's Home in Chicago.



Mrs. Gunness with her Children, who were burned to Death

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Dickens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHEEP," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX



HERMIONE was not going to Mergellina, but to the Soglio di Frisco. She had only come out of her room late in the afternoon. During her seclusion there she had once been disturbed by Gaspare, who had come to ask her if she wanted him for anything, and if not whether he might go over to Mergellina for the rest of the afternoon to see some friends he had made there. She told him he was free till night, and he went away quickly, after one searching wide-eyed glance at the face of his patroness.

When he had gone Hermione told herself that she was glad he was away. If he had been on the island she might have been tempted to take one of the boats, to ask him to row her to the Soglio that evening. But now, of course, she would not go. It was true that she could easily get a boatman from the village on the mainland near by, but without Gaspare's companionship she would not care to go. So that was settled. She would think no more about it. She had met with Vere, and strove with all her might to be natural, to show no traces in face or manner of the storm that had swept over her that day. She hoped she believed that she was successful. But what a hateful, what an unnatural effort that was!

A woman who is not at her ease in her own home with her own girl—where can she be at ease?

It was really the reaction from that effort that sent Hermione from the island that evening. She felt as if she could not face another meal with Vere just then. She felt transparent, as if Vere's eyes would be able to see all that she most hid if they were together in the evening. And she resolved to go away. She made some excuse—that she wished for a little change, that she was fitfully and felt the confinement of the island.

"I think I'll go over to the village," she said, "and walk up to the road and take the train."

"Will you, mother?"

Hermione saw in Vere's eyes that the girl was waiting for something.

"I'll go by myself, Vere," she said. "I should be had company to-day. The island dog is at my heels."

She laughed, and added:

"If I am late in coming back, have dinner without me."

"Very well, madre."

Vere waited a moment, then, as if desiring to break forcibly through the restraint that bound them, put out her hand to her mother's and said:

"Why don't you go in to Naples and have dinner with Monsieur Emile? He would cheer you up, and it is ages since we have seen him."

"Only two or three days. No. I won't disturb Emile. He may be working."

Vere felt that somehow her eager suggestion had deepened the constraint. She said no more, and Hermione presently crossed over to the mainland and began her walk to the road that leads from Naples to Buzzeo.

Where was she going? What was she really about to do? Certainly she would not adopt the suggestion of Vere. Emile was the last person whom she wished to see—by whom she wished to be seen—just then.

The narrow path turned away from the sea into the shadow of high banks. She walked very slowly, like one out for a solitary stroll. A laurel clipped across the sunlit earth in front of her, almost touching her foot, climbed the bank swiftly, and vanished among the dry leaves with a faint rustle.

She felt quite alone to-day in Italy, and far off, as if she had no duties, no ties, as if she were one of those solitary, drifting, middle-aged women who vaguely haunt the beaten tracks of foreign lands. It was solitary in this path away from the sea, was not sharply conscious of the change of climate, the inland season, the falling away of the freedom from the air, the freedom that seems to exude from wave and wind of the sea.

She walked on, musing no more and still undecided what to do. The thought of the Soglio di Frisco returned to her mind, was dismissed, returned again. She might go and dine there quietly alone. Was she deceiving herself, and had she really made up her mind to go to the Soglio before she left the island? No, she had come away mainly because she felt the need of solitude, the difficulty of being with Vere just for this one night. To-morrow it would be different. It should be different to-morrow.

She saw a row of houses in the distance, houses of poor people,

and knew that she was nearing the road. Clothes were hanging in dry. Children were playing at the edge of a vineyard. Women were washing linen, men sitting on the stone steps smoking *macis*. As she went by she nodded to them, and bade them "Buona sera."

They answered courteously, some with smiling faces, others with grave and searching looks—or so she thought. The tunnel that runs beneath the road at the point where this path joins it came in sight. And still Hermione did not know what she was going to do. As she entered the tunnel, she heard above her head the rumble of a train going towards Naples. This decided her. She hurried on, turned in the right, and came out on the highway before the little lonely ristorante that is set here to recommend the view of vineyard and of sea.

The train was already gliding away at some distance down the road.

A solitary waiter came forward in his inevitable black into the dusk to sympathize with the signora, and to suggest that she should take a seat and drink some lemon water, or *passato*, while waiting for the next train. Or would not the signora dine in the upper room and watch the *trasmontare del sole*. It would be splendid this evening. And he could promise her an excellent *risotto*, *sardines* with *peppers*, and a *hildreck* such as certainly she could not get in the restaurants of Naples.

"Very well," Hermione answered, quickly. "I will dine here, but not directly—in half an hour or three-quarters."

What Artico was doing at the *Ristorante della Stella* she was doing at the *Trattoria del Giardinista*.

She would dine quietly here, and then walk back to the sea in the cool of the evening.

That was her decision. Yet when the evening fell, and her bill was paid, she took the train that was going down to Naples, and passed presently before the eyes of Artico. The evening of darkness had descended within her much of the mood of the afternoon. She felt that she could not go home without doing something definite, and she resolved to go to the Soglio di Frisco, have a cup of coffee there, look through the visitors' book, and then take a boat and return by night to the island. The sea wind would cool her, would do her good.

Nothing told her when the eyes of her friend were for an instant fixed upon her, when the mind of her friend for a moment wandered at the strange, new look in her face. She left the train presently at the doorway above which is Frisco's name, descended to the little terrace from which Vere had run in laughing with the Marchese, and stood there for a moment hesitating.

The long restaurant was lit up, and from it came the sound of music, guitars, and a voice singing. She recognized the throaty tone of the blind man raised in a spasmodic and sickly rapture:

"*Santa-Lucia-Luci-luci! Santa-Luci-luci!*"

It recalled her sharply to the night of the storm. For a moment she felt again the strange, the unreasonable sense of fear, indefinable but harsh, which had come upon her then, as fear comes suddenly sometimes upon a child.

Then she dropped into the restaurant.

As on the other night, there were but few people dining there, and they were away at the far end of the big room. Near them stood the musicians under a light; sadly, depressed; except the blind man, who lifted his big head, rolled his tongue, and scolded and growled scarily in an effort to be impudent.

Hermione sat down at the first table.

For a moment no one saw her. She heard men's voices talking loudly and gaily, the clatter of plates, the clink of knives and forks. She looked round for the visitors' book. If it were lying near she thought she would open it, search for what Emile had written, and then slip away at once unobserved.

There was a furtive spirit within her to-night.

But she could not see the book; so she sat still, listening to the blind man and gazing at the calm sea just below her. A boat was waiting there. She could see the cushions, which were white and looked ghastly in the darkness, the dim form of the rower standing up in search for clients.

"Basta! Basta!"

He had seen her. She drew back a little. As she did so her chair made a grating noise, and instantly the sharp eyes of the padrone caught a sound betokening the presence of a newcomer in his restaurant. It might be a queen, an empress! Who could tell?

With his stiff, yet alert military gait, he at once came marching down towards her, starting her with his big bright eyes. When he saw who it was he threw up his brown brows.

"The signora of the storm!" he exclaimed. He moved as if about to turn round. "I must tell—"

* *Bulet in HARTN'S WEEKLY*, No. 5673

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But Hermione stopped him with a quick, decisive gesture.

"One moment, signora."

The padrone approached aristocratically.

"The Marchese Isidoro Panzeri is here dining with friends, the Duca di—"

"Yes, yes. But I am only here for a moment, so it is not worth while to tell the Marchese."

"You are not going to dine, signora! The food of Frisco does not please you!"

He cast up his eyes in deep distress.

"I asked it done. But I have dined. What I want is a cup of coffee, and a liqueur—now here. And may I look over your wonderful visitors' book? To tell the truth, that is what I have come for, to see the marvelous book. I hadn't enough time the other night. May I?"

The padrone was appressed. He smiled graciously and turned upon his heels.

"At once, signora."

"And—not a word to the Marchese! He is with friends. I would rather not disturb him."

The padrone threw up his chin and clicked his tongue against his teeth. A shrewd, though not at all impudent, expression had come into his face. A signora alone, at night, in a restaurant! He was a man of the great world. He understood.

What a mystery it was to be "cavalcade!"

He came back again almost directly, bearing the book as a sacristan might bear a black-letter Bible.

"Ecco, signora."

With a superb gesture he placed it before her.

"The coffee, the liqueur. Attend, signora, pour un petit moment."

He stood to see the effect of his French upon her. She forced into her face a look of pious admiration, and he at once departed. Hermione opened the book rather furtively. She had the unpleasant sensation of doing a surreptitious action, and she was as almost abnormally straightforward and womanly by nature. The book was large, and contained an immense number of inscriptions and signatures in hand-writings that varied as strangely as do the characters of men. She turned the leaves hastily. Where had Emile written? Not at the end of the book. She remembered that his signature had been followed by others, although she had not seen, or tried to see, what he had written. Perhaps his name was near Tolstoi's. They had read together Tolstoi's "Vred Napoli e poi morì."

But where was Tolstoi's name?

A waiter came with the coffee and the brandy. She thanked him quickly, sipped the coffee without tasting it, and continued the search.

The voice of the blind man died away. The guitars ceased.

She started. She was alone! The musicians would come down and gather round her. Why had she not told the padrone she wished to be quite alone? She heard the shuffle of feet. They were coming. Feverishly she turned the pages. Ah! here it was! She bent down over the page.

"La coscienza, c'est la quantité de science inutile que nous avons en nous."

"Nuit d'orage. Julia."

The guitars began a prelude. The blind man shifted from one leg to another, cast up his sightless eyes, protruded and drew in his tongue, coughed, spat—

"Cavalcade!"

Hermione struck upon the table sharply. She had forgotten all about the Marchese. She was full of the desire to escape, to get away and be out on the sea.

"Cavalcade!"

She called more loudly.

A middle-aged waiter came shuffling over the floor.

"The bill, please."

As she spoke she drank the brandy.

"Si, signora."

He stood beside her.



She was startled, and turned quickly

"La coscienza, c'est la quantité de science inutile que nous avons en nous."

EMILE ANTON.

"Nuit d'orage. Julia."

The guitars began a prelude. The blind man shifted from one leg to another, cast up his sightless eyes, protruded and drew in his tongue, coughed, spat—

"Cavalcade!"

Hermione struck upon the table sharply. She had forgotten all about the Marchese. She was full of the desire to escape, to get away and be out on the sea.

"Cavalcade!"

She called more loudly.

A middle-aged waiter came shuffling over the floor.

"The bill, please."

As she spoke she drank the brandy.

"Si, signora."

He stood beside her.

"One coffee?"

"Si, signora."

"One cognac?"

"Si, signora."

The blind man burst into song.

"One fifty, signora."

Hermione gave him a two-lira piece and got up to go.

"Signora—buenas noches! What a pleasure!"

The Marchese stood before her, smiling, bowing. He took her hand, bent over it, and kissed it.

"What a pleasure!" he repeated, glistening round. "And you are alone! The signorina is not here?"

He stared suspiciously towards the terrace.

"And our dear friend, Emile?"

"No, no. I am quite alone."

The blind man bowed, as if he wished to drown the sound of speech.

"Please—could you stop him, Marchese?" said Hermione. "I really—give him this for me."

She gave the Marchese a lira.

"Signora, it isn't necessary. Silenzio! silenzio! Posh-shah!"

He bowed sharply, almost

ludicrously. The audience abruptly stopped, and the blind man made a gurgling sound, as if he were swallowing the unfinished portion of the song.

"No, please pay them."

"It's too much."

"Never mind."

The Marchese gave the lira to the blind man, and the musicians went cheerfully out.

Then Hermione held out her hand at once.

"I must go now. It is late."

"You are going by sea, signora?"

"Yes."

"I will accompany you."

"No, indeed. I couldn't think of it. You have friends."

"They will understand. Have you your own boat?"

"No."

"Then, of course, I shall come with you."

But Hermione was firm. She knew that to-night the company of this young man would be absolutely unbearable to her.

"Marchese, indeed I cannot—I will not allow it. We Englishwomen are very independent, you know. But you may call me a boat and take me down to it, as you are so kind."

"With pleasure, signora."

He went to the open window. At once the boatman's cry rose up.

"Barcai barcai!"

"That is Andrea's voice," said the Marchese. "I know him. Barcai—si!"

The boat began to glide in towards the land.

As they went out the Marchese said:

"And how is the signorina?"

"Very well."

"I have had a touch of fever, signora, or I should have come over to the island again. I stayed too long in the sea the other day, or—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm sorry," said Hermione. "You are very pale to-night."

For the first time she looked at him closely, and saw that his face was white, and that his big and bushy eyes held a tired and yet excited expression.

"It is nothing. It has passed. And our friend—Emile? How is he?"

A hardness had come into his voice. Hermione noticed it.

"We have not seen him lately. I suppose he has been busy."

"Probably. Emile has much to do in Naples," said the Marchese, with an unmistakable sneer. "Do allow me to escort you to the island, signora."

They had reached the boat. Hermione shook her head and stepped in at once.

"Then when may I come?"

"Whenever you like."

"To-morrow?"

"Certainly."

"At what time?"

Hermione suddenly remembered his hospitality and felt that she ought to return it.

"Come to lunch—half past twelve. We shall be quite alone."

"Signora, for loneliness with you and the signorina I would give up every friend I have ever had. I would give up—"

"Half past twelve, then, Marchese. Adieu!"

"A river! A river! A demand! And then, care of the signora. Treat her as you would treat the Madonna! Do you hear?"

The boatman grinned and took off his cap, and the boat glided away across the path of yellow light that was shed from the window of Frisio's.

Hermione leaned back against the white cushions. She was thankful to escape. She felt tired and confused. That dreadful music had distracted her, that—something else, her tricked expectation. She knew now that she had been very foolish, perhaps even very fantastic. She had felt so sure that Emile had written in that book—what?

As the boat went softly on she asked herself exactly what she had expected to find written there, and she realized that her imagination had, as so often before, been galloping like a frightened horse with the reins upon its neck. And then she began to consider what he had written.

"La conscience, c'est la quantité de science innée que nous avons en nous."

She did not know the words. Were they his own or another's? And had he written them simply because they had chanced to come into his mind at the moment, or because they expressed some unthought, or feeling that had surged up in him just then? She wished she knew.

It was a fine saying, she thought, but for the moment she was less interested in it than in Emile's mood, his mind, when he had written it. She realized now, on this calm of the sea, how absurd had been the thought that a man so subtle as Emile would flagrantly reveal a passing phase of his nature, a secret irritability, a jealousy, perhaps, or a sudden hatred in a sentence written for any eyes that chose to see. But he might covertly reveal himself to one who understood him well.

She sat still, trying to catch her subtlety against his. From the shore came sounds of changing music, low down, or falling to them from the illuminated heights where people were making merry in the night. Now and then a boat passed them. In one young men were singing, and interrupting their song to shout with laughter. Here and there a fisherman's torch glided like a great fiery arrow the city darkness of the sea. The distant trees of the garden climbing up the hill made an ebony blackness beneath the stars, a blackness that suggested impenetrable beauty that lay deep down with hidden face. And the lights dispersed among them, gaining significance by their solitude, seemed to summon adventurous or romantic spirits to come to them by secret paths and leave their revelation. Over the sea lay a delicate warmth, not tropical, not exulting, but wistfully inspiring. And beyond the circling lamps of Naples Vesuvius lit up the firmament with a torrent of rose-colored fire that glowed and died, and glowed again, constantly as beads a heart.

And to Hermione came a melancholy devoid of all violence, soft almost as the warmth upon this sea, quiet as the resignation of the fatalistic East. She felt herself for a moment such a tiny, dark thing caught in the meshes of the great net of the universe, this universe that she could never understand. What could she do? She must just sink down upon the breast of mystery, let it take her, hold her, do with her what it would.

Her subtlety against Emile's! She smiled to herself in the dark. What a combat of subtleties! She seemed to see two marionettes battling in the desert.

And yet—and yet! She remembered a saying of Flaubert's, that man is like a woman journeying on a camel through the desert; and he is the woman, and the camel—and the desert.

How true that was, for even now, as she felt herself to be nothing, she felt herself to be tremendous.

She heard the sound of oars coming from the darkness before them, and saw the dim outline of a boat, then the eyes of Emile looking straight into hers.

"Emile!"

"Hermione!"

His face was grave. But, yielding to her impulse, she made Andrea stop, and, turning round, saw that the other boat had also stopped a little way from hers. It began to back, and in a moment was level with them.

"Emile! How strange to meet you! Have you haven't been to the island?"

"No. I was tired. I have been working very hard. I dined quietly at Posillipo."

He did not ask her where she had been.

"Yes, I think you look tired," she said. He did not speak, and she added: "I felt restless, as I took the train from the Trastevere di Giardinetto as far as the Negligio di Vico, and am going back, as you see, by boat."

"It is exquisite on the sea to night," he said.

"Yes, exquisite; it makes me sail."

She remembered all she had been through that day, as she looked at his powerful face.

"Yes," he answered. "It makes me sad."

For a moment she felt that they were again in perfect sympathy, as they used to be. Their sadness, born of the dreaming hour, united them.

"Come soon to the island, dear Emile," she said, suddenly, and with the impulsiveness that was part of her, forgetting all her poise and all her shadowy fears. "I have missed you."

He noticed that she ruled out Vere in that sentence; but the warmth of her voice stirred warmth in him, and he answered:

"Let me come to-morrow."

"Do—do!"

"In the morning, to lunch, and to spend a long day."

Suddenly she remembered the Marchese, and the sound of his voice when he had spoken of his friend.

"Lunch!" she said.

Instantly he caught her hesitation, her dubiety.

"It isn't convenient, perhaps."

"Perfectly, only—the Marchese is coming."

"To-morrow? To lunch?"

The hardness of the Marchese's voice was echoed now in the voice of Artico. There was antagonism between these men. Hermione realized it.

"Yes, I invited him this evening."

There was a slight pause. Then Artico said:

"I'll come some other day, Hermione. Well, my friend, au revoir, and bon voyage to the island."

His voice had suddenly become cold, and he signed to his boatman.

"Avanti!"

The boat slipped away and was lost in the darkness.

Hermione had said nothing. Once again, why she did not know, her friend had made her feel guilty.

Andrea the boatman still purred. Now she saw him staring into her face, and she felt like a woman publicly deserted, almost humiliated.

"Avanti, Andrea!" she said.

Her voice trembled as she spoke.

He bent to his oars and moved on.

And now in the moon, and the camel—and the desert.

Yes, she carried the desert within her, and she was wandering in it alone. She saw herself, a poor, starved, shrinking figure, travelling through a vast, a burning, a waterless expanse, with an iron sky above her, a brazen land beneath. She was in rage, bereft, like the poorest nomad of them all.

But even the poorest nomad carries something.

Against her breast, to her heart, she clasped—a memory: the sacred memory of him who had loved her, who had taken her to be his, who had given her himself.

CHAPTER XX

THAT night when Hermione drew near to the island she saw the saint's light shining, and remembered how, in the storm, she had longed for it—how, when she had seen it above the muzzling sea, she had felt that it was a good omen. To-night it meant nothing to her. It was just a lamp lit, as a lamp might be lit in a street, to give illumination in darkness to any one who passed. She wondered why she had thought of it so strangely.

Gaspere met her at the landing. She noticed at once a suppressed excitement in his manner. He looked at Andrea keenly and anxiously.

"How late you are, signora?"

He put out his strong arm to help her to the land.

"Am I, Gaspere? Yes, I suppose I am—you ought all to be in bed."

"I should not go to bed while you were out, signora."

Again she looked Gaspere with her memory, saw the woman not quite alone on the journey.

"I know."

"Have you been to Naples, signora?"

"No—only to—"

"To Mergellina?"

He interrupted her almost sharply.

"No, to the Scoglio di Frisio. Pay the boatman this, Gaspere."

Good night, Andrea."

"Good night, signora."

Gaspere handed the man his money, and at once the boat set out on its return to Posillipo.

Hermione stood at the water's edge watching its departure. It passed below the saint, and the gleam of his light fell upon it for a moment. In the gleam the black figure of Andrea was visible stooping to the water. He was making the fisherman's sign of the cross. The cross on Poppino's face—it was an emblem of the cross that carried with it the face of Francesco's blessing? Were it impossible! She turned to go up to the house.

"Is the signorina in bed yet, Gaspere?"

"No, signora."

"Where is she? Still out?"

"No, signora."

"Did she drink I was told?"

"Signora, the signorina is on the cliff with Ruffo."

"With Ruffo?"

They were going up the steps.

"No, signora. We have all been together."

Hermione guessed that Gaspere had been playing chamberlain, and loved him for it.

"And you heard the boat coming from the cliff?"

"I saw it pass under the saint's light, signora. I did not hear it."

Well, but it might have been a fisherman's boat."

"No, signora. And it might have been your boat."

The hour of this faithful watcher was unmeasurable. They came up to the house.

"I think I'll go and see Ruffo," said Hermione.

She was alone in the house. Gaspere stood immediately below her. He did not move now, but he said:

"I can go and tell the signorina you are here, signora. She will come at once."

Again Hermione noticed a curious, almost dogged, excitement in his manner. It recalled to her a night of years ago when he had

(Continued on page 28.)

The Pastimes of Madmen

By Helena E. Meyer

One of the most interesting of the Paris institutions is that of the insane, established by Dr. Marie, head surgeon of the men's section of the asylum at Villejuif. Dr. Marie is the physician who introduced the system by which the harmless lunatics and the idiot are separated from the more violent types, and permitted to follow their harmless pursuits in the belief that they are living at home in freedom.

Under this system the first task of the doctors and nurses is to distract their patients from the "lived idea," when gentle treatment, indulgence, and the required régime have reduced the patient to relative calmness, he is encouraged to make himself at home, to act freely—if his impulses are known, and to do any kind of work that will please his fancy. As the result of this wise system, most of Dr. Marie's patients follow some favored trade. Men of artistic bent make in clay, paint, or carve wood. In a study of music, Dr. Marie declares that his experiments have convinced him that one of the best ways of retraining a madman to captivity is to encourage in him the development of his natural gifts. A madman forgets his obscuring evil when intent on an agreeable task.

A few years ago the first prize offered by the Academy of Sciences fell to a man confined in the madhouse at Charenton; at another time an engineer in the lunatic asylum at Villejuif was second in the open competition for the design of the Metropolitan Railway station in Paris.

Usually the state of madmen is indelible. It is often anarchic, and almost always irrational. The chief defect is greater or less lack of perspective and proportion. For instance, an architect who has lost his reason often imagines that a house ought to be as broad as the top than at the bottom.

A sense of art is often developed for the first time in the insane. Men who have never drawn a line discover the artistic instinct as soon as they have been placed in confinement. But their work is always similar to the attempts of primitive races. There are "Apes" or "Ape-men," who make a sketch of his life as he understood it. He began by making a picture of the woman he had loved. Then he remembered that before he met her he had lived in Africa, Africa made him think of palm trees and pyramids; and pyramids made him think of Napoleon. His picture was an extraordinary mixture of palm trees, negroes, pyramids, and Napoleon invoking the centuries to encourage men to kill one another.

One of the patients, an insane physician, can manufacture balloons and balloons resembling the weapons used in prehistoric times. As he is too violent to be trusted with any sharp instrument, he makes his tools by breaking one piece of flint against another, or by rubbing two pieces together to wear them down to the required shape. Having shaped them to his intention, he fixes them in handles made of palm trees, or jessamine wire, or leather strips made from the scales of old shoes. Some of the ingenuity exhibited by the violent insane gives cause for grave anxiety. It is impossible to catch an ingenious homicidal madman; he will not pick up something at some time to shape into a dangerous weapon. Some of the "harmless" cases demand surveillance by night and day.

Some of the inventions of the insane are of scientific value. A patient at Villejuif invented a "purification machine" by combining a bottle, a plank, and small metallic tubes, to which he had fitted funnels. Having set up his machine, he produced lavatories of the size of a man's bed. The result was good—so good that it was decided to make the machine known. One day when it was in action the doctor suggested taking a photograph of it. The inventor waited until he perceived that a woman; then he fell upon the machine, weaved it apart, and trampled it underfoot. The invention—an exceedingly useful one—was lost, because no one had seen him make it, and no one dares speak of it to him. To allude to it is to bring on a furious attack. Most

lunatics, no matter how contented they may be, generally cherish a futile longing to escape. They collect wax from the polished floors, take the impressions of locks, and make keys from empty sardine boxes, upon which, or anything to be found, Dr. Marie's museum includes a collection of knives of strange and unusual shapes. Some of them have blades made from pieces of glass or slate and set in handles of carved steel. Objects harmless in themselves become dangerous weapons through the ingenuity of the inmates.

Insane sculptors are as common as insane painters. The insane sculptor hews out coarse statuettes, fantastic animals, grotesque little human figures, and so on. An evanescent career all his own home. That his old trade is still in his memory is shown by the little scenes that he makes out of the smaller pieces of bone. He works all day at his senseless and ridiculous task. Another lunatic, who believes he is the incarnation of the soul of Beethoven, passes his time carving up men out of wood. Each pair of his creations are joined together, one at the necks, none at the shoulders.

Lunatics have been treated with great brutality in the past, but happily those days are over. There is no stronger proof of human progress than the modern treatment of the insane. In the comfortable asylums where doctors and nurses find their chief efforts on behalf of their charges the madman is allowed to cherish his whimsies. What an advance since the days of the great Plague!

BY MAKING THE BABY STRONG

Gives milk curdles in the most easily digested form all the elements necessary to the building of flesh, bone and blood. It is the best food for infants and the only one that is both pure and healthy. It is the only one that is both pure and healthy. It is the only one that is both pure and healthy.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT: "BROWN'S HOLY-SHIRT-FACED" is a remedy for all ailments.

Use BROWN'S Compound, the famous REMEDY for all ailments. It is a remedy for all ailments.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. TALKS OF FOOD

Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. It is not to be fretted to say that, in my judgment, a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and unwholesome food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food known as Grape-Nuts enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with indigestion, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good, rich, ripe milk. In a short time after I commenced its use the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out, and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can minimize the fact that it has a most important place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured, and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Food of the Future," in place "There is a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MENNETT'S DORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
It is the only one that is both pure and healthy. It is the only one that is both pure and healthy. It is the only one that is both pure and healthy.



It is the only one that is both pure and healthy. It is the only one that is both pure and healthy. It is the only one that is both pure and healthy.

The Pride of San Francisco

While all the world wonders at the cheerful courage of the people of San Francisco in rebuilding their ruined city, the most grateful admiration is easily awarded to the able and dauntless men who have restored to the Western metropolis its chief ornament and most necessary luxury—the Hotel St. Francis.

Nothing given to the traveler from East or West quite so delightful a surprise as to find in the heart of what only the other day was a black desert of ruin this masterpiece of hotel building, equipment, and service. The house is gigantic in size, yet it has all the delicacy of appointments that one finds in the daintiest home. By a blending of the spirit of hospitality with a genius for organization, the management has developed a staff of employees who make every guest feel that he or she is the one individual for whose service the great machinery of the house is smoothly running. Moreover, the table has chosen fit to tempt the well-fed Lucullus back from the dim studies of the past. Yet, in spite of all these perfections, every suggestion that tends to add to the welfare of guests is not only welcomed but eagerly sought for.

A hotel, like any other living organism, must grow better or deteriorate day by day. To stand still is impossible. The St. Francis has grown steadily better from the day it was first opened to the public. To-day it is much larger in size than ever before, and improved in many attractive details.

When earthquake shattered most of the stately habitations of San Francisco, the Hotel St. Francis stood fast, unharmed—a tower of strength amid the desolation. Hundreds of guests from other hotels that had been dismantled in the crash were fed and sheltered in the St. Francis. The house was a haven of refuge, as well as a place of entertainment. At last the flames, sweeping up to it from three sides, when the city's water supply was cut off, consumed all the furniture and equipment, leaving the building, although badly scorched within, as sound as on the day it was opened. While the ruins of the city were still smoking, there sprang into existence, as if by magic, amid the grove of Union Square, across the way, the hangings gratefully remembered as the Little St. Francis, in which thousands of guests lived not only in comfort but in elegance during the lean and weary days that followed the catastrophe.

For months labor was scarce, materials were scarce, transportation seemed a lost art. Strikes were called to humor every passing whim of greed—yet somehow the management of the St. Francis steadily pushed on the work of reconstruction.

To-day the Hotel St. Francis, having persisted unharmed through the harsh tests of adversity, stands out triumphant in a community of great deeds. The interior arrangement is more beautiful, the furnishings and cuisine more sumptuous than before; yet there still prevails the tone of quiet elegance which always has been its standard. And in a city of world-wide fame for good living in a visit to the restaurant of the St. Francis is an event of supreme delight.

IMITATIONS of the genuine Angostura Bitters are constantly offered to the public by unscrupulous dealers. The genuine Angostura Bitters bears the signature of Dr. J. G. B. Serratt, who first prepared it at the city of Angostura, in the year 1824. Persons desiring to purchase genuine Angostura Bitters should see that the label bears the signature of the inventor and the name of the present manufacturers, Dr. J. G. B. Serratt & Sons, whose exclusive right to the use of the trade name Angostura for bitters has been sustained by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, in a decision with which the Supreme Court of the United States, upon application made to it by the defendants, refused to interfere.

Read

THE BARRIER

A SPIRIT IN PRISON

(Continued from page 26.)

stood on a terrace beside her in the darkness and had said: "I will go down to the sea, Signora, let me go down to the sea!"

"There's nothing, the matter, is there, tiensare?" she said, quickly. "Nothing wrong?"

"Signora, of course not! What should there be?"

"I don't know."

"I will letch the signorina."

On that night, years ago, she had battled with tiensare. He had

been loosed to yield to her. Now she yielded to him.

"Very well," she answered. "Go and tell the signorina I am

here."

She turned and went into the house and up to the sitting-room.

Verre did not come immediately. To her mother it seemed as if

she was a very long time coming; but at last her light step fell

on the stairs, and she entered quickly.

"Madre! How late you are? Where have you been?"

"Am I late? I dined at the little restaurant at the top of the

hill where the sun passes."

"There! But you haven't been there all this time?"

"No. Afterwards I took the tram to Poussillo and came home

by boat. And what have you been doing?"

"Oh, all sorts of things—what I always do. Just now I've been

with Ruffo."

"Tiensare told me he was here."

"Yes. We've been having a talk."

Hermione waited for Verre to say something more, but she was

silent. She stood near the window looking out, and the expression

on her face had become rather vague, as if her mind had gone on

a journey.

"Well," said the mother at last, "and what does Ruffo say

for himself, Verre?"

"Ruffo! Oh, I don't know."

She paused, then said:

"I think he has rather a hard time, do you know, madre?"

Hermione had taken off her hat. She laid it on a table and sat

down. She was feeling tired.

"But generally he looks so gay, so strong. Don't you remember

that first day you saw him?"

"Ah—then!"

"Of course, when he had fever."

"No, it isn't that. Any one might be ill. I think he has things

at home to make him unhappy sometimes."

"Has he been telling you so?"

"Oh, he doesn't complain," Verre said, quickly, and almost with

a touch of heat. "A boy like that couldn't whine, you know,

madre. But one can understand things without hearing them said.

There is some trouble. I don't know what it is exactly. But I

think his stepfather—his padrino, as he calls him—must have got

into some bother, or done something horrible. Ruffo seemed to

want to tell me, and yet not to want to tell me. And of course

I couldn't ask. I think he'll tell me to-morrow, perhaps."

"Is he coming here to-morrow?"

"Oh, in summer I think he comes nearly every night."

"But you haven't said anything about him just lately."

"No. Because he hasn't headed off to-night since the night of

the storm."

"I wonder why?" said Hermione.

She was interested; but she still felt tired, and the fatigue crept

into her voice.

"So do I," Verre said. "He had a reason, I'm sure. You're

tired, madre, so I'll go to bed. Good night."

She came to her mother and kissed her. Moved by a sudden

overwhelming impulse of tenderness, and need of tenderness, Hermi-

one put her arms round the child's slender body. But even as she

did so she remembered Verre's secret, shared with Emile and not

with her. She could not abruptly lose her arms without sur-

prising her child. But they seemed to her to stiffen, against her

will, and her embrace was merely mechanical. She wondered if

Verre noticed this, but she did not look into her eyes to see.

"Good night, Verre."

"Good night."

Verre was at the door when Hermione remembered her two meet-

ings of that evening.

"By the way," she said, "I met the Marchesino to-night. He

was at the Scoglio di Friso."

"Was he?"

"And afterwards on the sea I met Emile."

"Monsieur Emile? Then he isn't quite dead?"

There was a moment almost of irritation in Verre's voice.

"He has been working very hard."

"Oh, I see."

Her voice had softened.

"The Marchesino is coming here to lunch to-morrow."

"Oh, madre!"

"Does he bore you? I had to ask him to something after ac-

cepting his dinner, Verre."

"Yes, yes, of course. The Marchesino is all right."

She stood by the door with her bright, expressive eyes fixed on

her mother. Her dark hair had been a little roughened by the

breze from Ischia, and stuck up just above the forehead, giving

to her face an odd, almost a boyish look.

"What is it, Verre?"

"And when is Monsieur Emile coming? Didn't he say?"

"No. He suggested to-morrow, but when I told him the Marches-

ino was coming he said he wouldn't."

As Hermione said this she looked very steadily at her child.

Verre's eyes did not fall, but met hers simply, fearlessly, yet not

quite childishly.

"I don't wonder," she said. "To tell the truth, madre, I can't see how a man like the Marchesino could interest a man like Monsieur Emile; at any rate, for long. Well—!" She gave a little sigh, throwing up her pretty chin—"A letto si va!"

And she vanished.

When she had gone Hermione thought she, too, would go to bed.

She was very tired. She ought to go. Yet now she suddenly felt

reluctant to go, and as if the designs of the day for her were

not yet over. Besides, she was not going to sleep well. That

was certain. The day, the almost surely sensation of Ischia

was upon her. What was the matter with tiensare to-night? Per-

haps he had had a quarrel with some one at Mergellina. He had

a strong temper as well as a loyal heart.

Hermione went in a wander. The breeze from Ischia touched

her. She opened her lips, shut her eyes, drank it in. It would

be delicious to spend the whole night upon the sea, like Ruffo.

Had he gone yet? or was he in the boat asleep, perhaps, in the

Saint's Pool? How interested Verre was in all the designs of that

boy—how innocently, charmingly interested!

Hermione stood by the window for two or three minutes, then

went out of the room, down the stairs, in the front door of the

house. It was already locked. Yet tiensare had not come up to

say good night to her. And he always did that before he went

to bed. She unlocked the door, went out, shut it behind her, and

stood still.

How strangely beautiful and touching the faint noise of the

sea round the island was at night, and how full of meaning not

quite to be divided! It came upon her heart like the whisper of

a world trying to tell its secret to the darkness. What depths,

what sadness, what sad, what sad, what sad, what sad, what sad,

(too, of love, there were in nature! And yet in nature what terrible

indifference there was; a powerful, an almost terrific inattention,

like that of the sphinx, which gaze at what men cannot see

Hermione moved away from the house. She walked to the bow

of the island and sat down on the sand that Verre was fond of.

Presently she would go to the bridge and look over into the Pool

and look to the traces of fishermen. She sat there for some-

thing, gaining a certain peace, losing something of her feeling of

wary excitement and desolation under the stars. At last she

thought that sleep might come if she went to bed. But before

doing so she made her way to the bridge and leaned on the rail,

looking down into the Pool.

It was very dark, but she saw the shadowy shape of a fishing

boat lying close to the rock. She stood and watched it, and pre-

sently she met herself in a thicket of night thoughts, and forgot

where she was and why she had come there. She was recalled

by hearing a very loud voice singing, scarcely more than hum-

ming, beneath her.

"Oh, dolce luna bianca de l'estate

Mi fuggie ti venno accanto a la marina:

Mi destava le dolcissime serate

Gli occhi di Rosa e il mar di Mergellina."

It was the same song that Artois had heard that day as he

leaned on the balcony of the Risorante della Stella. But this

singer of it sang the Italian words, and not the dialect. The song

that wins the prize at the Piedigrotta Festival is on the lips of

every one in Naples. In houses, in streets, in the harbor, in every

place, and upon the sea it is heard incessantly.

And now Ruffo was singing it softly and rather proudly in

the Italian, to attract the attention of the dark figure he saw

above him. He was not certain who it was, but he thought it

was the mother of the signorina, and—he did not exactly know

why—he wished her to find out that he was there, squatting on

the dry rock with his back against the cliff wall. The ladies of the

Costa del Mare had been very kind to him, and to-night he

was not very happy, and vaguely he longed for sympathy.

Hermione listened to the pretty, tripping words, the happy,

yearning words. And Ruffo sang them again, still very softly.

"Oh, dolce luna bianca de l'estate—"

And the poor woman wandering in the dark! But she had

known the language of youth, the sweet white moon of summer

in the south. She had known them long ago for a little while, and

therefore, she knew them while she lived. A woman's heart is

tender, and wide as the world, when it contains that world

which is the memory of something perfect that gave it satisfaction.

"Mi destava le dolcissime serate

Gli occhi di Rosa e il mar di Mergellina."

Dear, happy, lovable youth that can sing to itself like that in

the deep night! Like that once Monseigneur he carried possession

of youth, sang. She felt a rush of tenderness for Ruffo, just

because he was so young, and sang—and brought back to her the

piercing truth of the everlasting renewal that goes hand in hand

with the everlasting passing away.

"Ruffo! Ruffo!"

Almost as Verre had once called "Pescatore!" she called. And

as Ruffo had once come running up to Verre he came now to Verre's

mother.

"Good evening, Ruffo."

"Good evening, signora."

She was looking at the boy as at a mystery which yet she could

understand. And he looked at her simply, with a sort of heart-

fulness and readiness to receive the kindness which he knew

dwelt in her for him to take.

"Are you better?"

(Continued on page 30.)

The Cake Pointer

By Earle Hooker Eaton

In the sideboard apprehension
Thrills the hidden gingerbread;
Doughnuts, shrinking from attention,
Sliver with a nameless dread,
In the pantry devastation
Now begins its ruthless rule;
Hungrier than all creation,
Little Willie's home from school!

As the pointer vents the rabbit,
As the needle seeks the ruf,
Willie moves by force of habit
Toward each gastronomic goal,
Sniffs the air and tiptoes slyly
To the sideboard with a smile:
"That there boy," says uncle, daily,
"He can smell a cake a mile!"

Once we had a maid named Tillie,
Who was sly as any mouse,
"Mr for sugar cake!" said Willie,
As one day he searched the house.
Later Tillie cried, "I did it!"
(Saved the cake was what she meant.)
"Natch the unious Tillie hid it,
Throwing Willie off the scent."

Metallic Mirrors for Searchlights

THE production of metallic mirrors for searchlights and other such uses is now in demand in Europe. Those made of glass, now used, are objectionable, owing to their liability to fracture when the guns are fired in ships, and to the silencing on the mirrors blinding and separating from the glass. A new metallic mirror, partially made by electro-deposition, is being introduced. The mirror has a surface composed of alternate bands of silver and white reflecting surfaces. It is claimed that this mirror gives a more penetrating beam of light both at night and in foggy weather, that objects on which such a beam of light is thrown stand out in greater relief than in a light thrown from a silver white metal mirror, and that the intensity of the light is so great that it is impossible to aim accurately at the projector. Another advantage claimed for the new mirrors is that they are not fractured by concussion, and that even when penetrated by bullets the area of distortion is very small.

A Problem too Great for Cupid

If Dan Cupid were a statistician he would, according to reliable figures, be in despair over the problem that confronts him at the present time. There are said to be, roughly speaking, some 15,000,000 more men than women in this world, and yet Cupid's aim be ever so sure, there would still be a great surplus of men left out who must, from natural causes, be bachelors.

The total population of the earth has been estimated at about fifteen hundred millions. More than half of them have been actually counted, so it is said, while the other half is loosely estimated. Europe is stated to be the only continent that has a numerical preponderance of women. It happens that the excess of men in Asia is rather more than the world's excess, from a percentage standpoint. No, if the blind god chooses, he may let the surplus Asiatics go unmarried, and in the rest of the world there would be substantially husbands enough to "go round."

Even in Europe there are countries—like Italy, Greece, and the countries which were formerly part of the Ottoman Empire—where the men outnumber the women; and in some parts of North America and of Africa the women are more numerous than the men. The most peculiar conditions, perhaps, are found in Hongkong and Hawaii. In Hongkong there are only five hundred women, and in Hawaii six hundred women, to every one thousand men.

It is well that Cupid is blind, for one place at such a state of affairs and he would be ready to tell his bow and arrows to any old lady who wanted his job.



John Adams

Signer of the Declaration of Independence
and second President of the United States.

HERE we have a Puritan of the Puritans—a man of stern and unbending rectitude—of generous and truly heroic temperament.

Descended from a pious God-fearing New England family of Pilgrims and Pioneers (who were for generations brewers, maltsters, barley and hop growers) he became the mouthpiece of the Revolution—the terror of tyrants—a giant in debate—and diplomatically more than a match for Pitt and Talleyrand.

I would rather die than be dictated to—this sentence accurately describes the stubborn spirit of this valiant old patriot whom all England could not govern.

John Adams, even as his fathers before him, nourished mind and body on health-giving barley beer, and died at 91 (twenty-one years beyond the scriptural span) enjoying all his mental powers to the very last.

*Familiar Letters—Riverside Press, N. Y. 1776; pages 22, 43, 46, 47, 76, 122, 126, 177.

Lets and works by his son, John Quincy Adams, Vol. 1, pages 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, etc. A letter to his wife, Abigail, May 21, 1775, says: "I would give \$250 for a gallon of your beer."

Budweiser

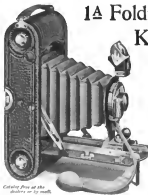
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ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cathartic. Aids digestion. Relieves constipation. For all bile, acid and acid indigestion. A few bottles cure chronic constipation and improve the general health of the system.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.

(Continued from page 28.)

"Si, signora, much better. The fever has gone. I am strong, you know."

"You are so young."

She could not help saying it, and her eyes were tender just then.

"Si, signora, I am very young."

His simple voice almost made her laugh, stirred in her that sweet humor which has its dwelling at the core of the heart.

"Young and happy," she said.

And as she said it she remembered Vero's words that evening:

"I think he has rather a hard time."

"At least, I hope you are happy, Ruffo," she added.

"Si, signora."

He looked at her. She was not sure which he meant, whether his agent was to her hope or to the fact of his happiness. She wondered which it was.

"Young people ought to be happy," she said.

"Ought they, signora?"

"You like your life, don't you? You like the sea?"

"Si, signora. I could not live away from the sea. If I could not see the sea every day I don't know what I should do."

"I love it, too."

"The signorina loves the sea."

He had ignored her love for it and seized on Vero's. She thought that was very characteristic of his youth.

"Yes. She loves being here. You talked to her to-night, didn't you?"

"Si, signora."

"And to Giuseppe?"

"Si, signora. And this afternoon, too. Giuseppe was at Mergellina this afternoon."

"And you met there, did you?"

"Si, signora. I had been with my mamma, and when I left my mamma—perrettina—I met Giuseppe."

"I hope your mother is well."

"Signora, she is not very well just now. She is a little sad just now."

Hermione felt that the boy had some trouble which, perhaps, he would like to tell her. Perhaps some instinct made him know that she felt tender towards him, very tender that night.

"I am sorry for that," she said, "very sorry."

"Si, signora. There is trouble in our house."

"What is it, Ruffo?"

The boy hesitated to answer. He moved his bare foot on the bridge and looked down towards the boat. Hermione did not press him, and nothing.

"Signora," Ruffo said at last, coming to a decision, "my patrigno is not a good man. He makes my mamma jealous. He goes after others."

It was the old story of the south, then! Hermione knew something of the persistent infidelities of Neapolitan men. Poor women who had to suffer them!

"I am sorry for your mother," she said, gently. "That must be very hard."

"Si, signora, it is hard. My mamma was very unhappy to-day. She put her head on the table, and she cried. But that was because my patrigno is put in prison."

"In prison? What has he done?"

Ruffo looked at her, and she saw that the simple expression had gone out of his eyes.

"Signora, I thought perhaps you knew."

"I? But I have never seen your stepfather."

"No, signora. But—but you have that girl here, in your house."

"What girl?"

Suddenly, almost while she was speaking, Hermione understood.

"Peppino?" she said. "It was your patrigno who wounded Peppino?"

"Si, signora."

There was a silence between them. Then Hermione said, gently:

"I am very sorry for your poor mother, Ruffo, very sorry. Tell me, can she manage? About money, I mean?"

"It was not so much the money she was crying about, signora. But, of course, while patrigno is in prison he cannot earn money for her. I shall give her my money. But my mamma does not like all the neighbors knowing about that girl. It is a shame for her."

"Yes, of course it is. It is very hard."

She thought a moment. Then she said:

"It must be horrible—horrible!"

She spoke with all the vehemence of her nature. Again, as long ago, when she knelt before a woman in the night, she had put herself imaginatively in the place of a woman, this time in the place of Ruffo's mother. She had realized how she would have felt if her husband, her "man," had ever been faithless to her.

Ruffo looked at her almost in surprise.

"I wish I could see your poor mother, Ruffo," she said. "I would go to see her, only—well, you see, I have Peppino here, and—"

She broke off. Perhaps the boy would not understand what she considered the awkwardness of the situation. She did not quite know how these people regarded certain things.

"Wait here a moment, Ruffo," she said. "I am going to give you something for your mother. I won't be a moment."

"Giuseppe, signora."

Hermione went away to the house. The perfect naturalness and simplicity of the boy appeared to her. She was pleased, too, that he had not told all this to Vero. It showed a true feeling of delicacy. And she was sure he was a good son. She went up to

her room, got two ten-lira notes, and went quickly back to Ruffo, who was standing upon the bridge.

"There, Ruffo," she said, giving them to him. "These are for your mother."

The boy's brown face flushed, and into his eyes there came an expression of almost quivering gratitudes.

"Oh, signora!" he said.

And there was a note of protest in his voice.

"Take them to her, Ruffo. And—and I want you to promise me something. Will you?"

"Signora, I will do anything—anything for you."

Hermione put her hand on his shoulder.

"Be very, very kind to your poor mother, Ruffo."

"Signora, I always am good for my poor mamma."

"I am sure with warm regards."

"I am sure you are. But just now, when she is sad, be very good to her."

"Si, signora."

She took her hand from the boy's shoulder. He bent to kiss her hand, and again, as he was lifting up his head, she saw that smiling light in his eyes. This time it was unmingled with anxiety, and it startled her.

"Oh, Ruffo—!" she said, and stopped, staring at him in the darkness.

"Signora? What is it? What have you?"

"Nothing. Good night, Ruffo."

"Good night, signora."

He took off his cap and ran down to the boat. Hermione waited over the railing, bending down to see the boy reappear below. When he came he looked like a shadow. From this shadow there rose a voice singing very softly:

"Oh, dolce luna bianca de l'estate—"

The shadow went up in the boat, and the voice died away.

"Gli occhi di Rosa e il mar di Mergellina."

Hermione still was bending down. And she formed the last words with lips that trembled a little:

"Gli occhi di Rosa e il mar di Mergellina."

Then she said: "Maurice—Maurice!"

And then she stood trembling.

Yes, it was Maurice whom she had seen again for an instant in the smiling look of Ruffo's face. She felt frightened in the dark. Maurice—when he kissed her for the last time, had looked at her like that. It could not be fancy. It was not.

Was this the very first time she had noticed in Ruffo a likeness to her dead husband? She asked herself if it was. Yes, she had never—or had there been something? Not in the face, perhaps. But—the voice? Ruffo's singing? His attitude as he stood up in the boat? Had there not been something? She remembered her conversation with Artio in the cave. She had said to him that—she did not know why—the boy, Ruffo, had made her feel, he stirred up within her slumbering desires, slumbering yearnings.

"I have heard a hundred boys sing on the bay—and just this one lurches some chord, and all the strings of my soul quiver."

She had said that.

Then there was something in the boy, something not merely strange like that look of grief—something permanent, subtle, that resembled Maurice.

Now she no longer felt frightened, but she had a passionate wish to go down to the boat, to see Ruffo again, to be with him again, now that she was awake to this strange, and perhaps only faint, intuition of another of the one whom she had lost. No—not intuition: this fragmentary reproduction of some character, like, some—

She lifted herself up from the railing. And now she knew that her eyes were wet. She wiped them with her handkerchief, drew a deep breath, and went back to the house. She felt for the handle of the door, and when she found it, opened the door, went in, and shut it rather heavily, then looked at it. As she bent down to push open the bolt at the bottom a voice called out:

"Who's there?"

She was startled, and turned quickly.

"Giuseppe?"

He stood before her half dressed, with his hair over his eyes, and a revolver in his hand.

"Signora? It is you?"

"Si. What did you think? That it was a robber?"

Giuseppe looked at her almost sternly, went to the door, bent down and bolted it, then he said:

"Signora, I heard a noise in the house a few minutes ago. I listened, but I heard nothing more. Still, I thought it best to get up. I had just put on my clothes when again I heard a noise at the door. I myself had looked it for the night. What should I think?"

"I was outside. I came back for something. That was what you heard. Then I went out again."

"Si."

He stood there staring at her in a way that seemed, she fancied, to rebuke her. She knew that he wished to know why she had gone out so late, returned to the house, then gone out once more.

"Come upstairs for a minute, Giuseppe," she said. "I want to speak to you."

He looked less stern but still unlike himself.

"Si, signora. Shall I put on my jacket?"

"No, no never mind. Come like that."

She went upstairs, trembling softly, but she might disturb Vero. He followed. When they were in her sitting-room she said:

(Continued on page 32.)



"VA-AN, IT'S GOT LOTS OF STYLE, BUT IT MAKES ME LAUGH (NO BELIEVED TAIL)"

Press Boycotts of Parliamentary Speakers

THE recent curious boycott of the press in the Berlin Parliament has a precedent in the Mother of Parliaments, the British House of Commons. The latter in that case was no less a person than the late Daniel O'Connell. He condemned the inaccuracy of the Parliamentary reports, but he forgot to make allowance for accurate difficulties and the laws of intervening conversation. He charged the reporters with the audacious suppression of his speeches, and the gallery then refused to report him at all. "Dan" stormed and thundered in vain, even avowing that the ringleaders he brought to the bar of the House. Finally, he apologized, and all was well. Lord Lytton in 1871 fell foul of the press in the same way, and the late Lord Maitland had his name omitted from London newspaper reports for two years because he said something the reporters did not like.

Big as a Mountain

MRS. BENHAM. "You need to say that you would move mountains for me."

BENHAM. "Well, didn't I bring home your new hat the other night?"

Not to Disappoint Him

A NEW ENGLAND LAWYER tells of a judge in a criminal court down East as well known in the vicinity for his good heart as for his legal attainments. His Honor's softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge.

On one occasion a man who had been convicted of stealing a quantity of wearing apparel was brought into court for sentence. He seemed very sad and hopeless, and it was observed that the court was not entirely unmoved.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" asked the judge.

"Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, my man," said his Honor, consolingly, "you're going to be out!"

The Warm Reception

"I mean she found the audience rather cold last night."

"They were at first; but when they remembered they had paid good money to see the show they got very hot."

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AKRON, OHIO.

(Continued from page 30.)

"Gaspere, why did you go to bed without coming to say good night to me?"

He looked rather confused.

"Did I forget, signora? I was tired. Forgive me."

"I don't know whether you forgot. But you never came."

As Hermione spoke, suddenly she felt as if Gaspare, too, were going, perhaps, to drift from her. She looked at him with an almost sharp intensity which hardened her whole face. Was he, too, being insincere with her, her whom she trusted so implicitly?

"Did you forget, Gaspare?" she asked.

"Signora," he replied, with a certain, almost ugly, doggedness, "I was tired. Forgive me."

She felt sure that he had chosen deliberately not to come to her for the evening salutation. It was a trifle, yet to-night it hurt her. For a moment she was silent, and he was silent, looking down at the floor. Then she opened her lips to dismiss him. She intended to say a curt "Good night," but—no—she could not let Gaspare retreat from her behind impenetrable walls of obstinate reserve. And she did know his nature through and through. If he was odd to-night, unlike himself, there was some reason for it—and it could not be a reason that, known to her, would make her think badly of him. She was certain of that.

"Never mind, Gaspare," she said, gently. "But I like you to come and say good night to me. I am accustomed to that, and I miss it if you don't come."

"Si, signora," he said, in a very low voice.

He turned a little away from her, and made a small noise with his nose as if he had a cold.

"Gaspare," she said, with an impulse to be frank, "I saw Ruffo to-night."

He turned round again quickly. She saw moisture in his eyes, but they were shining almost fiercely.

"He told me something about his patrigno. Did you know it?"

"His patrigno and Peppina?"

Hermione nodded.

"Si, signora; Ruffo told me."

"I gave the boy something for his mother."

"His mother—why?"

There was quick suspicion in Gaspare's voice.

"Poor woman! Because of all this trouble. Her husband is in prison."

"Lo so. But he will soon be out again. He is 'protected.'"

"Who protects him?"

But Gaspare evaded the answer and substituted something that was almost a rebuke.

"Signora," he said, bluntly, "if I were you I would not have anything to do with these people. Ruffo's patrigno is a bad man. Better leave them alone."

"But Ruffo?"

"Signora?"

"You like him, don't you?"

"Si, signora. There is no harm in him."

"And the poor mother?"

"I am not friends with his mother, signora. I do not want to be."

Hermione was surprised by his harshness.

"But why not?"

"There are people at Mergellina who are bad people," he said. "We are not Neapolitan. We had better keep to ourselves. You have too much heart, signora, a great deal too much heart, and you do not always know what people are."

"Do you think I ought not to have given Ruffo that money for his mother?" Hermione asked.

"Si, signora. It is not for you to give his mother money. It is not for you."

"Well, Gaspare, it's done now."

"Si, it's done now."

"You don't think Ruffo bad, do you?"

After a pause Gaspare answered:

"No, signora. Ruffo is not bad."

Hermione hesitated. She wanted to ask Gaspare something, but she was not sure that the opportunity was a good one. He was odd to-night. His temper had surely leavened up. Perhaps it would be better to wait. She decided not to speak of what was in her mind.

"Well, Gaspare, good night," she said.

"Good night, signora."

She smiled at him.

"You see, after all, you have had to say good night to me!"

"Signora," he answered, earnestly, "even if I do not come to say good night to you always, I shall stay with you till death."

Again he made the little noise with his nose, as he turned away and went out of the room.

That night, ere she got into bed, Hermione called down on that faithful watch-dog's dark head a blessing, the best that Heaven crained for him. Then she put out the light and lay awake so long that when a boat came round the cliff below the Saint's Pool to the open sea, in the hour before the dawn, she heard the soft splash of the oars in the water, and the sound of a boy's voice singing:

"Oh, dolce luna bianca de l'estate

Mi fezzu il suntu accento a la marina;

Mi destu la dolcissime estate

Gli occhi di Rosa a li mar di Mergellina."

She lifted herself up on her pillow and listened—listened until across the sea, going towards the dawn, the song was lost.

"Gli occhi di Rosa e li mar di Mergellina."

When the voice was near, had not Maurice woken near to her? And when it died away did not he fade with it—fade until the fathom waters took him back into the sea after the song was hushed.

She sat up in the darkness until long after the song was hushed. But she heard it still in the whisper of the sea.

(To be Continued.)

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The Sand-dab—a Soulful Sole

Thousands agree numbers to man the sand-dab family lived and thrived wonderfully upon the shore of the sunlit sea around Catalina Island, off the coast of California. Although born in a lowly sphere, the sand-dab were noted for their delicacy, a certain fresh leguminosity of flavor that made them much esteemed and sought after by their finny neighbors. When in due course of time gold was found in California and men flocked thither from all the world, fishermen began to ply their trade in the waters near San Francisco and soon discovered sand-dabs among the catch. "Deat the sand-dab!" or words to that effect, they cried many a time and oft. For these were small fish, like baby sole, floundery flatfish, or hake; white below and gray on the top-side, and of most humble and unobtrusive demeanor.

Chinamen flocked to San Francisco in their thousands, and the fishermen breathed a sigh of relief. They sold the humble sand-dab to the unobtrusive Chinamen for a song—not a Chinese song, of course—and thanked their stars that they had found even a little cheap market for the bothersome little fellows that persisted in being caught in good company. This went on for forty years.

One day after the great fire an affable philosopher landed in a Chinese restaurant and ate a fish that seemed to have come from heaven.

"Wong," he said, "you ratchee him fish from Hong-kong?"
"No," replied Wong. "Him Mexican fisher! Come from Catalina. His name cawee sand-dab."

That was enough. The philosopher told the wise men at the Bohemian Club, and they consulted with all the leading hotel and restaurant men in town. To-day you can buy the sand-dab at any really excellent table in San Francisco. He is at his best especially served to a delicate golden brown, and served with drawn butter and a pinch of *fine herbes à la maître d'hôtel*. M. Leb will tell you exactly how he should be done. The sand-dab's cute little bones all rattle off like a row of fairy piano keys (you know the fairies have very tiny pianos) and then you discover the sand-dab meat, white as alabaster, daintily as brook trout of early April, delicate as a sunset to my lady's eyebrow, satisfactory as a check from a long-lost uncle. Indeed, Mr. Wilson, the king of all California epicures, says that the sand-dab is a soulful sole.

An Unhappy Outlook

PERSPECTIVE TENANT. "I should want the studio for sculpture."

CARTER. "Yes, sir; some of these is rentful for that. There's a sculptor moulder-ung next door, sir."

The Other Great Man

Dr. HENRIE, U.S.M., of California, happened to suppress an epidemic of measles while on a vacation trip to Tahiti, and Chief Orreori gratefully invited him to a banquet in his primitive palace. The South Sea potentate and his white guest sat amiably on the floor, and dined off roast pig and other native delicacies served on broad leaves and eaten with the fingers. After dinner, host and guest adjourned in seats outside the palace, lit bug, lit, black cigars, and gazed out over the sunset Pacific.

In the eyes of Chief Orreori, Robert Louis Stevenson, who did so much to improve the condition of the South-Sea Islanders, was the greatest white man that ever lived. The chief related to Dr. U.S.M. many incidents to illustrate Stevenson's kindness, then asked a score of questions about the health of Stevenson's widow and of his step-children. When the last question had been answered there followed a long period of silence. The two friends peered slowly at their cigars and hurriedly regained the radiant triple moonlight glowing upon rolling palm fronds and the silvery ocean. Then Orreori turned to the doctor and demanded, "Now tell me about John L. Sullivan?"

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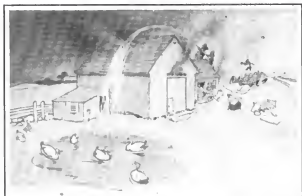
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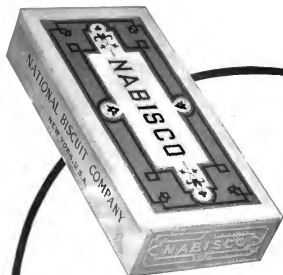
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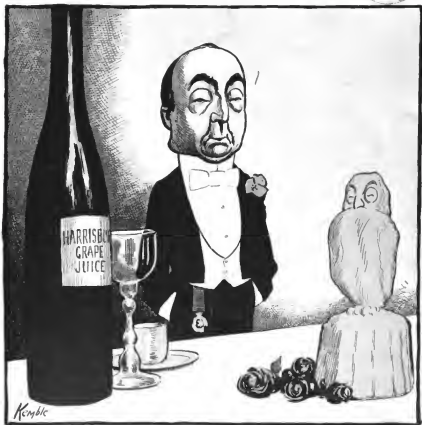
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COMMENT

A Duty Left Undone

CONGRESS, at this writing, is about to adjourn, and has not passed an emergency-currency bill. The amended ALDEN bill passed the Senate; the VICKLAND bill passed the House. They met in conference, but nothing came of it. Hope is not yet quite dead that Congress will discharge its duty to the country in this matter. Its course, so far, illustrates the irresponsibility of a group. No member will be held to account by his constituents for not passing the desired bill. The failure, if there is one, will rest upon the party in control of Congress. The President has done what he could; individual members have made great efforts to provide this safeguard, but it has not been provided. The best excuse that can be framed at Chicago for this neglect will be much less effectual than to pass the best possible bill before going to Chicago.

Bryan's Wavering Boom

Pennsylvania greatly but with penetrating decision declined to instruct her delegates at large to vote for BRYAN at Denver. The anti-Bryan action of the convention unquestionably expressed the feelings of a majority of the party throughout the State, and will have great influence on the whole body of delegates. There are sixty-eight of them, and though the Bryan League has been active in the primaries in many districts, it is questioned whether BRYAN will hold more than a dozen delegates in the whole group. The intolerant energy of Brother BRYAN's competitive methods, the ardor of his efforts for himself, and his harsh attitude towards all rivals are cultivating the opposition to him. His defeat in the Florida primaries indicates that men who don't want him are very much less afraid to say so than they were even a month ago, and encourages the belief that if there is a chance to get at Denver the deliberate choice of the delegates, he may be beaten. He is credited at this writing with 110 delegates, and the anti-Bryan men think he will get about 616, which will be 52 short of the two-thirds needed to nominate him.

The "Commoner's" Poetry

Two poems illuminate the latest number of the *Commoner*, one on the editorial page, and the other, as usual, in the Home Department. Again the Doctor shrewdly attributes the authorship to others, but who can hardly fail to be impressed by this touching personal note:

"I may not reach the heights I seek,
My untried strength has laid me
Out, halfway on the mountain peak.
Phoebe trembles may assist me,
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies comfort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it."

Obviously "untried" should be "twice-tried" or "soft-tried"—maybe a slip of the pen—otherwise it is perfect even to the smug recognition of self-worth in the last line. The second stanza has a commercial rather than a political tinge; thus:

"I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor,
I may not grasp results that bloom
The efforts of my neighbor.
But though that goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me—
I will be worthy of it."

Possibly the mail did not contain the usual number of subscriptions on the morning when the poetic pen was taken in hand. In any case the editorial verses possess a more mystical appeal. These are the first and the last:

"The mist crept in from the sea
Out of the void and the vast;
And it bore the silver rain
A shimmering good in its train,
And many a mourning strain
Of the ships that sailed in the past,
Soft as sleep's faithful be
The mist crept in from the sea."

"The mist crept in from the sea,
And bode for a space, and then
It heard the imperious call
Of the deep transcending all,
And it knew itself as the thrall
Of the world-old master of men,
So, still as the dreams that flee
The mist crept back to the sea."

It has been a good mist, that, which has borne in the silver rain; but, alas! we feel, with WATSON, that it is pretty sure to creep back again to the sea, along with the dreams that flee. Meanwhile we must await further revelations with ill-concealed anxiety.

An Opposition Needed

Very truly says the *World* in commenting upon Brother BRYAN's indulgent estimation of Brother ROOSEVELT:

If the Democratic party has any present excuse for existing, that excuse lies in a vigorous and uncompromising opposition to the party in power—the opposition which is absolutely necessary to the efficiency and stability of a republican form of government.

The usefulness of the Democratic party lies in its efficiency as a party of opposition. It must either put forth more attractive policies than the Republicans or more attractive men. It cannot get anywhere with "Me too" for its platform. At present the duty of providing an opposition to the present government is discharged most conspicuously and brilliantly, if not effectively, by a Republican newspaper, our neighbor the *Sun*. Strange to say, we have heard of its being remarked by a member of the administration that it is only from the *Sun* that the administration gets any helpful criticism. How helpful energetic criticism may be is, probably, better appreciated by persons who are carrying the responsibilities of government than by mere lookers-on.

The Defeat of the Mail Subsidy Bill

Again Congress has refused to authorize the use of some of the government's annual six million dollars of revenue from the ocean mail service as an inducement to the construction of steamships for the South-American and East-Asian trade. This year's defeated measure started out as the protégé of Senator GALLAGHER, and finished in the House, as Mr. HANCOCK would say, "a shivering minor" in an extreme state of ante-mortem emaciation. Indeed, so greatly was it reduced during its vicissitudinal career—all the way from \$4,608,282 to \$1,000,000—that it was a mercy to have it killed. Nevertheless, the vote was very close: 145 to 154. Two Democrats voted for it and thirty-one Republicans—every one of them a fresh-water man—voted against it. Now the pros and cons of increasing the mail subsidies offered to American mail steamships have been talked to death. The anti-subsidists say that foreign shipowners give us as good freight and mail service as we need, that if we are threatened with war we shall be able to buy abroad the colliers and transports that would be needed in the event, and that the agitation for increased subsidization is being engineered by "grafters" and "monsters," among whom, we suppose, are included the President, the Secretary of State, and the Postmaster-General. As for the pro-subsidists, they believe that "every ship is

a missionary of trade; that steamship lines work for their own countries just as railroad lines work for their terminal points, and that it is as absurd for the United States to depend upon foreign ships to distribute its products as it would be for a department store to depend upon wagons of a competing house to deliver its goods." Further, that when war comes it will be impossible to procure enough ships from abroad. And, finally, that quite apart from the dollars and cents of the question it is a disgrace that such a great country as this should be without hands of its own wherewith to give and take. "In the year ending June 30, 1903," said the Secretary of State before the last Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, "there entered the port of Rio de Janeiro steamers and sailing-vessels flying the flag of Austria-Hungary, 129; of Norway, 142; of Italy, 105; of Argentina, 204; of France, 349; of Germany, 657; of Great Britain, 1785; of the United States, no steamers, and seven sailing-vessels, two of which were in distress!" It is difficult to blame a man who has lived by the sea for exclaiming at such statistics.

A Lawyer's Veto

Among other bills passed at the late session of the New York Legislature which failed for lack of the Governor's signature was one providing, in effect, that the railway fare to Coney Island should be five cents. Of this bill the Governor said:

It is clear that if the rate is not a reasonable one and if the requirement would operate as a confiscation of the company's property the Legislature cannot impose it. The attempt to enforce such a rate under such circumstances would be abortive, as a successful appeal could be made to the courts. It is idle to suppose that the companies can be compelled to reduce their fare to five cents merely because the Legislature says so.

Whether a five-cent fare is a fair one depends upon facts and not upon sentiment, desire, or prejudice; whether the result be agreeable or disagreeable, it inevitably will be reached only after the facts have been ascertained and considered. Justice requires this, and under the Constitution the requirement will be enforced.

The proper way to deal with these matters is to provide for investigation in which the whole subject can be considered, previous claims sifted out, and a result just both to the corporations and to the public arrived at.

The Governor is a lawyer, and talks like one. We commend his style of discourse to all Executives who have to pass on similar questions. The other style of discourse, more familiar in cases of this sort, is well exemplified by remarks, quoted in the *World*, of SAMUEL PUCK, at a meeting of the Central Federated Union. Supporting a resolution denouncing the Governor, he said:

The Governor was afraid that the passage of the Five-Cent Fare bill would have confiscated the property of the railway corporation. He does not wish to oppress the corporations. The Governor has refused to accede to the demands of the people, who for two years have fought for the passage of this bill.

Mr. PUCK, it will be seen, is not checked in his approval of the bill by computations about injustice to railways or decisions of the Supreme Court. His constituents want a five-cent fare to Coney Island, and want it now. So the *World* seems to feel, and prints a map of New York State showing how great a majority of the counties voted to pass the bill. No voted Cattaraugus and Niagara and Chautauque; so Allegany and Steuben; so Herkimer, Essex, and Clinton; all counties from 200 to 400 miles distant from Coney Island, and about as conversant with railroad rights in that Elysium as with the looks on the Martian count.

The Principal Argument not Good Enough

So there is an engaging simplicity about the remarks of Senator WADSWORTH, who introduced the bill, and who said, as the *World* quotes him:

I confess I do not clearly understand the Governor's reasons for vetoing the bill, which was adopted by the leaders of his own party after I had introduced it. It seems to me that the principal argument in its favor was the endorsement of it by the people of the State and by both political parties. The bill was carefully drawn and perfected several times. It was made necessary by the failure of the Public Service Commission to act.

The argument that Mr. WADSWORTH speaks of was undoubtedly the principal argument in favor of the bill, and was undoubtedly considered by the Governor. But it did not move the man who knows law, and who knows courts and what courts are for. He said:

It is highly important that we should have transportation in our cities at the lowest fair rates. It is desirable that in New York city there should be low rates from the congested quarters

to the breathing-spots in the outlying districts and by the sea. The sure way and the only way to make real progress in this direction is through the ascertainment of the essential facts and the making of reasonable rates in accordance with the facts. This bill is wrong in principle and is not adapted to secure the desired result. I cannot approve it.

It is important that people in general, politicians, and State Legislatures should learn as promptly as may be that the proper basis of meddling with railroad rates and fares is not an agreement of leaders, nor popular endorsement, but a showing of ascertained facts to the effect that the rates or fares charged are not just or reasonable. In conveying this important and timely lesson nobody now in office seems quite so efficient as Governor HUGHES.

Not Out Yet

So the court finds HARRY THAW to be insane! As between the responsibility for keeping him shut up and the responsibility for letting him loose, the former is easier undertaken.

Exceptionally Foolish

A Federal judge who has served ten years and has reached the age of seventy can resign if he chooses, and continue to draw the full pay of his office during the remainder of his life. Mr. CARLEMAN, of Missouri, a Republican member of the House Committee on the Judiciary, has introduced a bill providing that this privilege of drawing pay after resignation shall only belong to United States judges who resign within ninety days after they reach the age and accomplish the terms of service which entitles them to full pay without work. The bill in effect would compel most Federal justices to resign at seventy or lose their pension privilege. A foolish and impertinent bill it is, and not likely, we suppose, to escape from the Judiciary Committee which now has it in keeping. If it became a law, the chief effect it would have would be to keep on the bench some disabled judges who wanted to retire but had lost their pension privilege.

After Castro

President Cuzco has two new enemies, the bacubic plague and a malarial fever which looks like yellow fever. Their claims will not be passed upon by his courts, neither will the Mexican doctrine save him from invasion by them. They are both results of incompetent government. The laws of nature are binding even on the lawless, and in the long run they are certain to be enforced.

Hydrophobia Does Happen

It was a distressing coincidence for the S. P. C. A. that close on the heels of the society's circular in deprecation of the belief in hydrophobia as an appreciable danger, and of the proposal to muzzle all the dogs, should have come the lamentable death of WILLIAM H. MARSH, of Brooklyn, from as clear a case of hydrophobia as could well be recorded. Hydrophobia is, happily, a pretty rare disease, but not so rare but that it is fatuous to deny its existence or to assert that most patriots who are supposed to have died of it died merely of the fear of it. The hardihood with which this absurdity is maintained is remarkable. Neither in Mr. MARSH's case nor in that of the child of Dr. H. P. Loomis, several years ago, was there fatal fear. Both of these local cases were undoubtedly rabies. Criticism of Mr. MARSH's doctors by the Medico-Legal Society for keeping the patient under morphine in the final throes of the disease was impertinent but unimportant.

Progress

Ascension accidents now vary the newspaper records of smashes and fatalities. In the papers of May 24 there were two: an aeroplane wrecked at Hammondsport, New York, and a big balloon collapse at Oakland, California, with sixteen injuries. This means progress in aeronautics. The motor-cars didn't hurt any one until they began to go. Neither did the aeroplanes.

Mr. Taft's Business with Panama

Mr. TAFT has himself explained for publication the nature of the business which took him this last time to the Isthmus. According to the Secretary's statement, it was represented to him that "there was likely to be great fraud in the elections to be held for the Presidency of Panama on the 12th of July," and that already many persons had been illegally refused

registration. Whereupon he abandoned politics—and the War Department—and went to Panama that he might with his celebrated kindness point out to the government of that country the imminence of "violence, riot, and insurrection." What was said during his conference with the Panamanian authorities has not, of course, been revealed. We have merely been told that Panamanian government has given the United States through its agents a right of concurrent supervision over final judgment upon all electoral proceedings, past and present. In other words, Panama appears to have accepted the ineluctable onus of prevention. As for the pound of cure, it is suggested at the end of Article VII. of the United States-Panama convention of 1903:

The . . . right and authority are granted to the United States for the maintenance of public order in the cities of Panama and Colon and the territories and harbors adjacent thereto in case the Republic of Panama should not be, in the judgment of the United States, able to maintain such order.

A Victory for the Suffragettes

The Englishwomen who have so ardently pursued the right to vote have accomplished this much, that Premier Asquith and his government have resolved to make woman suffrage a leading issue at the next general election. In the reform bill to be introduced by the government there will be a sweeping woman-suffrage provision—to the glory of the suffragettes. For though this long time in England there have been many believers in the principle of woman suffrage, the organization by the suffragettes of a decided movement is of recent origin, and it is only lately that we began to hear of women storming St. Stephen's, besieging Downing Street, claiming their right to vote at public meetings, and generally "Trafalgar-Squaring." Now they see their chance—a chance won by their efforts—but there is plenty for them to do between now and the next general election, which probably will not occur until 1910. An odd thing about the government's action is that Premier Asquith is not personally a convert to this cause. With him it is a matter of party policy. Former Prime Minister ARTHUR BALFOUR, however, the leader of the opposition, is a believer in woman's suffrage. But as the Unionists may seek to oppose it, Mr. BALFOUR, as their leader, may find himself for party reasons fighting a cause he believes in headed by a man who does not believe in it.

Prohibition in China

A year and a half ago the Chinese government approved regulations intended to compass the gradual extirpation of the opium habit in China. TUNG SHAN-YI, Governor of Fengtien, set them up. Announcing the government's purpose to suppress the cultivation and consumption of opium throughout the empire within ten years, they provided that land under poppy cultivation should be reduced by one-tenth annually; that all opium-smokers should register themselves, stating the amount they consumed, and that no opium should be sold to persons unregistered; that persons under sixty must decrease their allowance by one-fifth annually; that all public opium dens should be closed within six months, and no smoking apparatus sold after a year; that officials must set an example to the people, and if themselves opium-smokers, must stop the habit within six months or retire from office. These were thoroughgoing regulations, and were welcomed by the press, native and foreign, throughout China. A correspondent of the *London Times* tells what he can about the effect of them. He quotes some one as saying that the Chinese love regulations but shun regulation. The enforcement of the opium regulations he finds to be exceedingly variable, according to the feeling of the local authorities, so that it amounts in something like a local-option system. The most important thing, he considers, is to cut down production and importation. If the drug is produced or brought in, it will be consumed. He cannot learn that as yet there has been anything like a systematic restriction of production. As for importation, England has agreed to a reduction of one-tenth annually, but it is not yet enforced. That public opium-smoking has become illegal, that new appointees to office are now non-smokers, and that public opinion in China is strong for the reform, the *Times* correspondent considers highly important. The work has started. With its development and continuance important questions of revenue are mixed up, and it will doubtless move slowly, but apparently it is moving.

The Vice-Presidential Office

Now that Secretary TAFT is looked upon by most Republicans as certain to become the standard-bearer of their party in the next Presidential election, and now that many Democrats, although on such less solid grounds, take an equally rosate view of WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S chance of receiving his party's nomination, the choice of a nominee for the Vice-Presidency is receiving much more careful attention at the hands of politicians than has been the case for many years. Under the circumstances, it is worth while to recall the extraordinary changes which have taken place in the popular conception of that office during the last twelve decades. The intention of the framers of the Federal Constitution was that the occupant of the post should be the American editor who, in the judgment of the Presidential electors, should be qualified for the duties of Chief Magistrate to a degree second only to that accomplished in the President himself. The third section of the second article of our Federal organic law, as originally drawn, and as operative up to the general election of 1804, provided that the Presidential electors should meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for two persons, without specifying which they desired for the Presidency and which for the Vice-Presidency. Certificates of the results of these balloting were to be sent to the President of the Senate, who, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, was to open them after which the votes were to be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes was to be President, if such number were a majority of the whole number of the Presidential electors appointed, and if there were more than one who had such a majority and also an equal number of votes, then the House of Representatives (voting by States, each of which should have one vote) should immediately choose by ballot one of them for President; if no person had a majority, then from the five highest on the list the said House should in like manner choose the President. A majority of all the States represented in the House was to be necessary to a choice. In every case, after the choice of a President, the person having the greatest number of votes of Presidential electors should be the Vice-President; but if there should remain two or more persons having an equal number of such electoral votes, the Senate should choose from them by ballot the Vice-President. Obviously the effect of such provisions would be, ordinarily, that the Vice-President, like the President, would be a first-class statesman, and, until the system of party government came into vogue, the fact that they might differ materially as to important public questions was not looked upon as an insuperable objection.

Let us see how the original provisions worked. In 1789 there were 69 Presidential electors. Of the names certified by them to the President of the Senate that of GEORGE WASHINGTON received every vote. As JOHN ADAMS, of Massachusetts, received 34 electoral votes, which, although not a majority, was a much larger number than was given to any other person, he became Vice-President. In WASHINGTON'S first administration two opposed parties, the Federalist and the anti-Federalist or Republican, were organized. Nevertheless, in 1792, WASHINGTON received 132 electoral votes—all that were cast (there were three vacancies); and JOHN ADAMS, Federalist, received 27, which was a majority—GEORGE CLINTON, Republican, obtaining 50, and five other Republican votes being cast for other candidates. Of course JOHN ADAMS became Vice-President. By 1796 the division between Federalists and Republicans had become acute. JOHN ADAMS, the representative of the former party, got 71 electoral votes, and THOMAS JEFFERSON, the principal spokesman of the latter party, 68. The two, accordingly, became President and Vice-President. It follows that if JOHN ADAMS had died during his term, the powers of the Federal Executive would have fallen into the hands of a party sharply differentiated from his own. It was not this consideration, however, but another, that led to a drastic change in the constitutional provisions. It so happened in 1800 that although JOHN ADAMS, the Federalist candidate, received only 65 electoral votes, THOMAS JEFFERSON and AARON BURR, both of whom were Republicans, received each 73. Under the circumstances, the choice between JEFFERSON and BURR devolved upon the House of Representatives. The fact that the Federalists, had they chosen—and they came near choosing—could have made BURR President, led to the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment of the Constitution, whereby the Presidential electors were to name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President. The ultimate effect of this amendment was inevitably to modify the popular conception of the Vice-Presidential office. Nevertheless, for a good many years its original prestige survived. For example, in 1804 GEORGE CLINTON, the successful candidate for the Vice-Presidency, was a spokesman of the Republican party supposed in importance by JEFFERSON and MONROE above, and he had three times received electoral votes for the Presidency. On these grounds he was again chosen Vice-President in 1808, the successful nominee for President being MADISON. On the election of MADISON to a second term ELBRIDGE

GERRY, who had been one of the framers of the Constitution and who had wrested Massachusetts from the Federalists, became Vice-President. In 1816, when JAMES MONROE was elected Chief Magistrate, Governor DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, of New York, was made Vice-President by an equal number of votes. Had the original clause of the Constitution then existed the House of Representatives would have had to choose between them. The same ticket was re-elected four years later. In 1824 JOHN C. CALHOUN, a statesman of national distinction, was chosen Vice-President by a great majority, whereas no candidate for the Presidency was successful in the counting of electoral votes, and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was designated by the House of Representatives. JOHN C. CALHOUN was re-elected Vice-President in 1828, and in 1832 MARTIN VAN BUREN, who had been JACKSON'S Secretary of State, was elected Vice-President for JACKSON'S second term. VAN BUREN was the last statesman recognized as an Presidential calibre to be elected Vice-President up to 1876. During the intervening forty years the Vice-Presidential office fell into comparative disrepute. Neither JOHN TYLER, nor MILLARD FILLMORE, nor WILLIAM R. KING, nor A. C. HOWKINS, nor HANNIBAL HAM- LINS, nor ANDREW JOHNSON, nor SCHUYLER COLFAX, nor HENRY WILSON would have been nominated for Vice-President had it been expected that any one of them would have become Chief Magistrate. As a matter of fact, however, no fewer than three of them did, to wit, TYLER, FILLMORE, and JOHNSON; but not one of these went out of office with even the modest reputation which he brought to it.

On the other hand, when THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, of Indiana, was nominated for Vice-President in 1876 and again in 1884, it was fully recognized that in respect of experience in high office and in personal popularity he was equal, if not superior, to the nominee for the Presidency on the same ticket. The same thing may be said of ALLEN G. THURMAN, the veteran Senator from Ohio, who ran for the Vice-Presidency on the same ticket with Mr. CLEVELAND in 1888. It was no less undeniably in 1894 that when Senator CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS accepted the second place on the ROOSEVELT ticket he was himself thoroughly qualified to discharge the duties of Chief Magistrate. Nor should we omit to mention JOHN A. LOGAN, who himself had been on more than one occasion the favorite candidate of his State for the Presidency, and who with much reluctance accepted, in 1884, a place on the Republican ticket second to JAMES G. BLAINE'S. Most frequently, however, during the last thirty years national conventions have put forward for the Vice-Presidency men whom they never would have dreamed of designating for Chief Executive, but who were selected for the purpose of planting particular factions or geographical sections, or on the assumption that their personal wealth would enable them to make large contributions to a party's campaign fund. Among the Vice-Presidents selected with the former aim may be mentioned WILLIAM A. WHEELER, CHRISTIE A. ARTHUR, and ADOLPH E. STEVENSON, while among those from whom generous subscriptions were looked for may be named WILLIAM H. KENDRICK, LOUIE P. MORTON, WHITELAW REED, GARRET A. FLORANT, ARTHUR NEWALL, and HENRY G. DAVIS. It is well known that in three of these cases the expectations based upon the bank accounts of the recipients of a Vice-Presidential nomination were grievously disappointed.

The fact that the quadrennial terms of no fewer than five Presidents have been cut short by death should suffice to warn national conventions to exercise exceeding wariness in their selection of nominees for the Vice-Presidency. All of these predecessors "ascending" in the post of Chief Magistrate occurred within the space of sixty-one years, and within the memory of men now living. Since 1841 a Vice-President has, on the average, succeeded to the Presidency through the death of his superior officer once in twelve years. In view of this fact it is fortunate that both of the great political parties seem now disposed to evince circumspection and forethought in the choice of a nominee for the Vice-Presidency, who, if elected, may succeed in the highest post in the gift of the American people and retain it until March 4, 1913.

Personal and Pertinent

MANY have faced the riddle of matrimony, and many have suggested substitutes for our present system. Some have suggested trial marriages for periods of varying lengths, and some have proposed no marriages at all. GEORGE BENJAMIN SHAW, the world's ardent in all things that matter, has at last tackled this problem also. His play, "Getting Married," examines the subject of matrimony in all its aspects, and finally with rebellious logic and Shavian lucidity he gives his decision that the world had better go on marrying after the ancient way.

Paris has gone wild over Russian opera sung by Russian singers and choruses. CHALAPINE, who made his American debut in New York last season, has won a brilliant success in MOISSE MOUSNIKOFF'S opera, "Bois Godomoy," based on PRICHINE'S drama. The critics of Paris call it a masterpiece, and all agree that it surpasses in dramatic power anything of the kind ever seen at

the Paris Opera. It is hoped that America will have a chance to hear this opera, so typically Russian. MOUSNIKOFF, the composer, is, unhappily, dead, so his great success has, as in so many instances, come too late.

In the *Sua* for Sunday, May 24, an old friend welcomes an old friend in these words:

We respectfully notify the administration of the esteemed establishment which fortunately escaped destruction early yesterday morning that they have done a rather cruel thing in putting forth this month's *Monthly* in the new familiar format of the last century; that is, unless the benevolent intention is to resume and stay resumed. For hundreds of thousands of Americans, educated years ago in this particular school of superior literature, the reappearance of the columns, the capitals, the basket-bearing cherubs, the spriggy rods, and particularly the infant blower of soap bubbles, seemed so impossible and in such constant danger of sliding off into the inkstands below, will be both a reminder of past joys and a stimulant of present affliction. In the most friendly spirit the *Sua* protests against any return to the vagaries of contemporaneous art in the matter of cover design.

The magazine itself was never so good as it is to-day. The cover of the magazine has never been so good as it was in the ancient days of the beginning.

What is the greatest thing in the world?

Ask the scholar, and he gravely tells you that learning is, for that comprehends and promotes all.

Ask the preacher, and he tells you that religion is, because it is a light from heaven.

The lawyer declares: "Justice, for it is the soul of peace and progress."

"Money," says the banker. "For it is the spring of all action."

Ask the young man full of hope and spirit, and he replies: "Ambition."

Ask the weary old toiler, and he tells you: "Rest and content."

Then meet a shuffling, grinning fool and put to him the question. He answers and says: "I don't know."

And which, think you, is the wiser of them all, from the scholar to the fool?—Pittsburg Press.

None of them is wise; not a good guesser in the lot. The only real dispute about the greatest thing in the world is whether it shall be called Love or Truth. A very silly piece of literature on this subject, not as familiar perhaps to Pittsburg readers as it deserves to be, is the story of the disputants before King DARIUS, which runs through the third and fourth chapters of the first book of *Kodras* in the Apocrypha. Here is the closing passage of it:

As for truth it endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore.

With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards; but she doeth the things that are just, and restraineth all unright and wicked things; and all men do like well of her works.

Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the king of truth.

And with that he held his peace. And all the people then shouted, and said, Great is truth, and mighty above all things.

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE is dead, and with him passed away another of that brilliant group that dominated French literature a quarter of a century ago. FLAUBERT, ZOLA, DAUDET, all are gone, and lately LÉONIE HALÉTY and FRANÇOIS COPPÉE. Whether in or out of the Academy, these were true immortal, real giants in literature, and a noteworthy feature about them is the poverty in which most of them were born and bred, and the odds they contended with while practicing authorship. ZOLA was a clerk by day and did all of his early writing at night. DAUDET began as an usher in a school, and later, when he came to Paris, starved in a cold garret while composing his first volume of verse. FLAUBERT lived a frugal country life at Croisset; his friend and pupil, MAUPASSANT, held a government clerkship at \$300 a year; and FRANÇOIS COPPÉE also began his career at some such stipend in the office of the Ministry of War, where his father had served before him. Even after their success and recognition came most of these men lived a life which our own successful and popular authors would deem little better than destitution. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, successful dramatist, novelist, Academician, lived in a small dwelling in the Faubourg St. Germain, content to work in peace and quietude. His hobby was instinctive and spontaneous kindness and generosity to the poor, and this idea he constantly preached as a cure for all our present social ills, including anarchy. "The poor creatures, the anarchists," he held, "are savage because they encounter nothing but unkindness and savagery in society." He was a dear and familiar figure to the students of the Quartier, as he took his gentle walks in the Luxembourg Gardens, his pockets laden with crumbs for the birds that flocked about him. The birds knew that their kind old friend never forgot them, and crested about him joyously, while the students watched the "Master," as they called him, with that reverence with which the young Frenchman always regards genius. A charming, gracious figure is that of COPPÉE, man of genius and man of letters; and one reason we see no parallels in our own country is that poverty is dreaded more and genius respected less in America than in France.

WHY JAMAICA NEGROES ARE NOT DRUNKEN

New York, May 18, 1962

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sat.—A letter in your issue of May 11 makes reference to the infrequency of drunkenness among the negroes in Bermuda notwithstanding the amount of liquor they consume, and you ask the writer of the letter to tell why this is so—"if he knows."

He thinks the reasons are two: alcoholic drinks have been freely consumed in Bermuda for generations—long enough, in any event, to produce almost complete immunity, under ordinary conditions, against acute alcoholic intoxication.

There is much in this. A person may be fatally poisoned by taking one grain of a drug that under repeated dosage, steadily increasing in size, may reach one hundred grains in twelve months or so, and with no more harm than that produced by a single grain at the outset.

A second reason is the utter lack of restraint placed on the sale of intoxicants in Bermuda.

It is a curious fact that so soon as man is denied the doing of a certain thing, there at once arises in him a strange desire to do that very thing.

If the people of any country should be permitted to drink all the good liquor they might want for two or three generations, there would be at the end of that time a country as free from the effects of alcoholic drunkenness as we are among the people in Bermuda to-day.

It would be a big price to pay, and require a long time to discharge the obligation. The question is, would the result be worth the cost?

I am, sir, etc.

^a "Scientist."

SOME VIRTUE IN RUM

To the Editor of *Harvard's Weeklies*:

Now,—Referring to an article entitled "Eum," on page 33 of your issue of May 10, 1908, I feel forced by long and intimate knowledge of the subject to take exceptions to some of the statements therein made.

The opening sentence of the article written in 1915 I have read many times, and have no doubt that it may have been true at that time, but the rum made in this country at the present day is an entirely different article, and is far ahead of the Jamaican rum so much extolled by the *London Lancet*, as follows:

The author went to considerable trouble to seek up old authorities on the question of the therapeutic use of rum, and—somewhat astonished to find them speaking so highly of this particular spirit. It was stated by one of these authorities that rum had a more decided action than either brandy, whiskey, or gin in the treatment of cholera, and that it was the only spirit which produced perspiration, and, finally, the important statement was made that rum was one of the very best alcoholic restoratives, its action being not more slack in the pen, but of a steady and conservative character. Dr. Edward Smith, Dr. James Inman, Dr. J. C. H. Williams, and Dr. J. C. H. Williams, all of whom are named stated that the old-fashioned combination of rum and milk is the most powerful restorative with which he is acquainted. Dr. James Inman stated that "for internal use in cases of phthisis and similar diseases, rum and milk is far better as a means of supporting life in the body than cod liver oil." The author has not been able to find any other authorities on this, and can personally vouch for the truth of the matter.

And speaking of the "rise and fall of rum," its rise was contentious, until about in the 1860's, when rum became a chapter article from which to make whiskey or alcohol that molasses for the manufacture of rum, and rum began to lose its prestige as the national strong drink, and whiskey to take its place. Rum costing less than whiskey, and being made from molasses, it was more palatable with both, and it became almost impossible to get pure rum anywhere outside of the distillery in which it was made. But the Pure Food Law is changing the above facts, and to-day more pure rum is sold on the market than for many years. The "new" strong gin has been suggested for Africa, and, no alcohol but whiskey is cheap gin do get in Africa. Large quantities of rum still go there, and if you will refer to the annual Report of the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, you will find that there has been no material change in the distillation or shipment of rum for twenty years at least.

Distilled from whatever may be, and in whatever quantity, to increase in the form of rum, whiskey, gin brandy, wine or beer, are bad characters, but there is no earthly reason why rum should be singled out as the one liquid to go to the wall. Scotch whiskey has been a bad gin has been a bad, rice and bourbon have today their devotees, and it is quite probable that the bad for old rum is the worst of all. But if you will refer to the annual Report of the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and the consumer could not see old rum at a fair price,

The number of small distilleries has decreased, but those operating in Boston today have a much greater capacity than the larger number of small houses had thirty or more years ago. In 1906 my own house was compelled to abandon its old distillery, then the largest in New England, and erect a much larger one, and we now operate what we believe to be the largest and best rum distillery in the world.

The substitution of beet for cane sugar has had no effect in the rum trade, as no rum is ever made from beet molasses, although alcohol may be.

Instead of the day of rum being over, as your article states, statistics will probably show that the sale of rum has hit the poorest people in this country less than any other liquor, for which

I will find you proved when the next annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue is published. The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the year ending June 30, 1907, shows the following figures as to:

Produced during the fiscal year, 2,022,407.4 gallons, an increase over the previous year of over 300,000 gallons.

Exported, 944,239.2 gallons, an increase over the previous year of about 150,000 gallons.

The name "race" as a generic term has always been in contempt. The projectors and will probably always remain so. I do not object to the preaching of temperance in drinking, as I would preach temperance in all things, especially wine, women, and song—possibly religion, language, tobacco, bridge whist, and some other things, but I certainly do object to the stinging call of the *hymns* run to bear the shame and contempt of all humors.

Do you not think it just and fair to give my side of the subject the same prominence you have given the traducer?

1 am, sir,

F. L. F.

SLAVE SHE KNEW THE BOY

Reviews, May–May 26, 1962

To the Editor of Hester's Weekly:

Sia—I have been a subscriber to your publication for many years, and in common with many of your other readers have objected to the unfair attitude which you have taken toward the administration. I am always anxious to read the opposite side of the political situation, which has been one of the reasons that I have persistently read the WEEKLY, but in attempting to read the opposite side I desire that it shall always be fair and temperate in its presentation. I find that the WEEKLY is becoming more and more so, until I can find that my education is being improved by your editorials. It is only possible to compare you to the woman who was the mother of a small boy, and regarding whom—addressing his nurse—she said, "Go tell Tommy to stop," and being asked what his indiscretion might be, said, "No matter what he is doing, tell him to stop." That represents about your attitude toward the President, and I can see no further enlightenment to be had from continuing to read the WEEKLY. I am, therefore, dropping my subscription, requesting me no to do so again; and, therefore, dropping my name from your list of subscribers.

f. 100. 114. etc.

MONTGOMERY BOLLANS.

EXTRACTED

Handwritten: 5000 5000 5000 5000

To the Editor of *Harcourt's Weekly*:

5. State what you think of the man who with one eye puts a penny in the contribution-box and with the other takes a shilling out of it? What do you think of the man who, under the stimulus and frenzy of liquor, presumes temperance? What do you think of the man who pulls off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, dashes his hat on the ground, and then, with a high shout, dashes his fist into the public road, and shaking his mighty fist at the passing crowd, invites one or all to come on and fight if they desire so to do? What do you think of the ethics and ultimate tendency of thus educating the fighting spirit as a promoting element of domestic peace? What do you think of the ethics and ultimate tendency of this? "Whosoever slays by the sword will perish by the sword."

[illegible]

In conclusion, inasmuch as we have seen from the history of the world that fighting has not brought "peace on earth and good will to men," would it not be well to try something else—for instance, the golden rule among nations?

WILLIAM P. HAYES, M. D.

Now, the average man, heretofore, is not a violent, bad man. Wars—slips—are an important form of insurance. They do not stir up war; they prevent it. Armament is a bad disease, but it must run its course. It is fast working out its own cure.—KERR.

Finance

Uniform Railroad Accounting

By HOWARD SCHENCK MOTT



In the good old days, before the business of transportation was regulated, partly by public opinion but more rightly and specifically by government, bookkeeping that suited insiders, and insiders only, was my-sterious and very profitable to the few. But even the heritage of these degenerate days does not seem to be entirely free from parasites for the chartered accountant. What wonder, then, that the rank outsider burns midnight oil in a patient endeavor to find out what his securities may be worth?

Still it must be conceded that public opinion has accomplished something in the way of regulation by requiring more and more publicity about the affairs of railroad companies. It is a kind of regulation that the insider can least afford to ignore, because he needs the co-operation of invested capital for the growth and development of his road. In the last analysis government regulation is merely the organized backing of public opinion. The particular methods of government regulation are wholly right or desirable in themselves by no means follows. Neither does it follow that the methods employed conform in our traditional ideas of the proper functions of government. That the Interstate Commerce Commission, as a department of the government, represents public opinion as to the necessity for organized supervision over the railroads must be admitted. Some means of controlling large corporations and doing away with the abuses that frequently infect their management is obviously necessary for the public welfare. All of the methods employed, however, are not obviously the best to serve the purpose in view.

As of July 1, 1907, the Interstate Commerce Commission required that carriers conform to certain new methods of keeping their accounts. At that time, and since, the new accounting requirements have been a subject of heated discussion among railroad men, in financial circles, and in the press, yet a comprehensive understanding of their intent and practical application seems to be wanting. Even railroad accounting officers have been, and in a measure, still are at sea about their scope and ultimate effect. In the financial community some guesses have been hazarded, but the prevailing comment is that they are not understandable.

The subject is technical of course, but every one interested in railroad securities should consider it seriously and grasp its general import. The Interstate Commerce Commission bases its authority to prescribe the new accounting methods upon section 28 of the Act to Regulate Commerce, which empowers it to require annual reports, to prescribe the manner in which such reports shall be made, etc. A study of the several accounting circulars shows that the intention of the commission clearly is to so simplify and standardize railroad accounting that he who runs may read and may know at a glance the comparative financial condition of a railroad company at any time. To such a purpose there can be no valid objection. The question arises, however: Is the purpose accomplished, and if so, to what extent?

Until July 1 last most of the railroads published monthly statements showing three items, namely, "Gross Earnings," "Operating Expenses," and "Net Earnings." A few did not publish any monthly statements. "Gross Earnings" included earnings from all sources during the month. "Operating Expenses" all expenditures for the conduct of the business, and "Net Earnings" represented the earnings remaining after all operating expenses had been paid. Most of the railroad companies continue to make these reports. In addition, however, they make monthly reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission, which are published. The latter contain items called by different names: "Total Operating Revenues," "Operating Expenses," "Net Operating Revenues," and "Operating Income," the last being arrived at by deducting taxes from "Net Operating Revenues." These are the primary accounts required in annual reports. The word "operating" gives the key to the distinctions. Only the revenues and the expenses of transportation and operations inseparable therefrom are included. The commission requires that the operations of mail lines, fast lines, express lines, dining car service, and twenty-two other operations in which a railroad may be engaged shall be reported separately as to both earnings and expenses as "Outside Operations."

On the face of things, therefore, if the available monthly figures of a year ago were compared with the figures reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission, the conclusions reached must be inaccurate. So far as the stockholder of a railroad company is concerned, what he wants is a basis for accurate comparisons. The requirements of the commission in these respects amount to nothing more than a substitution of earnings and expenses of their details must be left to the judgment of professional accountants. In the past taxes have been included by many of the railroad companies in "Operating Expenses." Fairness of treatment with regard to this item and its separation from "Operating Expenses," however it may temporarily confuse comparisons, lies in the recent treasury threat to its increase and the burden of taxation has a desirable objective from several points of view.

When the Classification of Operating Expenses" is considered,

there seem to be real difficulties, and some of the requirements appear questionable, even in the layman. For example, the commission prescribes that "all the costs of maintenance and as much as the costs of maintenance shall be charged to the maintenance accounts of operating expenses." This general prescription evidently carries the intent, first, of compelling the railroads at all times to maintain their property, and second, of preventing charges to maintenance accounts of money really spent for improvements which give added value to property. So far as the prohibition of charges in maintenance accounts for improvements is concerned, it will apparently, if carried out, diminish the opportunities of the insider to build up "hidden equities" in a railroad property which he can take out of his hands by causing to make heavy charges for improvements to those accounts; but it will also make necessary the raising of new capital for all improvements, no matter how bad the condition of the investment markets may be. Considering the experience of the railroads in the last year or two, the entire wisdom of so strict an interpretation of this requirement does not appear to the business man.

Perhaps no feature of the new classifications of earnings and expenses has aroused more discussion than has the establishment of an entirely new account in "Operating Expenses" called the "Depreciation Account." No one will be disposed to question the advisability of providing in some manner for inevitable and unavoidable wear and tear on equipment. All well-managed manufacturing concerns make provision out of income for depreciation. The question of the best method of doing it on a railroad, however, is a very knotty problem. The Interstate Commerce Commission has decided that the basis of depreciation shall be the probable life of a locomotive or a car, leaving to railroad managements the determination of the element of time and the amount to be charged off to depreciation, not each year, but each month. According to the Wall Street summary, a few railroad accounting departments have reached the conclusion that the average life of equipment is about twenty-eight years, making necessary a depreciation charge at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent, of the total value of equipment owned. This is purely arbitrary; it is guesswork, and, as has been well said, guesswork has no place in accounting.

Obviously no exact determination of the question can be made when it is remembered that the quantity required a locomotive or a car may need varies with a great many conditions, as, for example, whether the equipment is in use or is idle. Moreover the depreciation charge, as prescribed, takes no account of the fact that the life of different kinds of locomotives and cars differs irrespective of the conditions surrounding them. Some accountants prefer a depreciation charge based upon the service that may be expected of a locomotive or a car and the amount of service rendered; but even this method has the weakness of failing to consider deterioration while idle. The requirements of the depreciation charge are haphazard, and to that extent are unjust to the railroads in that they make one item of expense that is irreducible in times of slack traffic. Railroad managements may interpret the discretion given them to meet actual conditions somewhat after the manner in which the United States Supreme Court interprets our Federal Constitution. But such a situation points the way to endless confusion and the possibility of any corporate abuses.

From the point of view of the owner of railroad securities who desires to keep track of the earnings and expenses of a railroad company, as shown in monthly statements and annual reports, the depreciation charge introduces an utterly puzzling factor. He knows that the requirements of the commission are being complied with by some roads and not by others, and so in those which comply he can have no exception of the manner in which the discretion of railroad managements may be exercised. He will naturally, also, seeing its possibility of distortion, exercise of discretion. This year uncertainty must be compared with a fair degree of certainty last year; next year uncertainty must be compared with uncertainty.

Some years ago the Interstate Commerce Commission made heroic efforts to ascertain the exact cost of doing the business of transportation, and it failed. It failed in its attempt to fix the cost of transportation in terms of freight, money per mile and passengers carried one mile. The determination of the unit of cost in any business is a very desirable thing, but the railroads then, because of the complexities of the problem, convinced the commission that a reliable classification could not be made. Probably the exercise of discretion in freight rates will never be tested by experience, but the superficial aspect of them surely is theoretical. The chartered accountant seems to be no more able to predict the outcome than does the veriest tyro at accounts. The direction of the commission's labors appears to be, first, to obtain exact data as to the cost of transportation, having first carefully established the question of physical valuation of the railroads and the determination of rates therefrom, and second, an absolute separation of all other business activities from the actual conduct of the business of transportation. These may be desirable things in themselves; but meanwhile it looks as if the road men, the boards and the investors in their securities are being led into the mazes of confusion. And if publicity of railroad affairs were one of the ends sought, the commission has already met defeat.

For the Kingdom of California

THE TRUE STORY OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CIVIL WAR BETWEEN THE GRAFTERS AND THE ELABORATE FORCES OF THE PROSECUTION

III.—HOW THE PEOPLE LOST FAITH IN THE PROSECUTION

By WILLIAM INGLIS



AS the Abe Ruef immunity contract honest? There is the question upon which public opinion of the San Francisco graft prosecution has split. Was that contract made solely in the interest of justice? The prosecutors say it was. They declare that the most important work they had to do was to convict corporate officials of bribery, and that such conviction was impossible unless they had the testimony of all the self-confessed hoodling supervisors, reinforced by the testimony of their master, Ruef himself. To obtain this evidence, they say, it was necessary first to grant immunity to every one of these acknowledged criminals. True, the prosecutors had promised at the outset to punish all the guilty; but on reflection they found it necessary to spare some in the hope that thus they might reach others.

The accused corporation officials declare that the contract guaranteeing immunity to Abe Ruef was the very keystone of the conspiracy of millionaires privately controlling the prosecution to ruin them, disperse them, and get hold of their properties cheap while posing as champions of civic parity and reform.

Which of these contentions is true? Perhaps it would be more accurate to inquire which contains the greater proportion of truth; on which side would a jury find the preponderance of evidence? In San Francisco at this moment public opinion is very largely on the side of the accused corporation men. Perhaps the best illustration can be found in the recent trial of Tivy L. Ford, attorney for the United Railroads. Mr. Ford, formerly Attorney-General of the State of California, was accused of having bribed

Abe Ruef with \$200,000, thus inducing him and enabling him to bribe the righteous supervisors to give permission to the United Railroads to use the overhead electric trolley system. On General Ford's first trial, held at a time when the public clamor for revenge upon all hoodlums was at its fiercest pitch and public confidence in Mr. Speechels and his prosecution was still unshaken, the jury stood right for acquittal to *him* for conviction. A few months later General Ford was tried again on the same charge. He was acquitted. A short time ago General Ford was put on trial the third time for the same offense, though the name of a different supervisor was used.

Then came a startling revelation of the state of the popular mind. Nearly every layman examined as to his fitness to serve on the jury promptly said he didn't believe he should serve, because he had an opinion. What was that opinion? The prosecutor asked. The answers are as follows:

"I believe General Ford is innocent."

"I think the prosecution is hoodwinking General Ford."

"I think it's wrong for the prosecution to let all the grafting city officials go free and punish corporation men."

Then was presented the spectacle, rarely or never seen in any American court of justice, of the public prosecutor chal-

lenging for bias nearly every citizen called for jury service. It required many days of hard work to fill the jury box. Then the evidence for the prosecution and for the defense was submitted, and the jury after five minutes and forty-five seconds' absence returned their verdict that General Ford was not guilty. There was loud applause in court, as well as general public manifestation of approval. General Ford is still on bail under other indictments for the same alleged offense, and it is still uncertain whether or not he will be further tried.

No much for popular opinion. Now let us examine the history of the Ruef immunity contract which more than any other cause has led to the revelation of public sympathy from the prosecutors to the prosecuted. We have already seen that Ruef refused to "come through" and conspire to the prosecution until their real promise of immunity was backed by Judges Dume and Lawler in their sworn oaths of Rabbin Nirtle and Kaplan at their midnight swearing. Thereafter a contract was drawn up in due form whereby District Attorney Langdon and Mr. Hovey guaranteed that, if Abe Ruef would tell the truth about the graft cases and testify to it on the various trials, they would grant him immunity in all cases except No. 305, one of the French restaurant bribery cases. On May 8, 1907, this contract, signed by Messrs. Langdon and Hovey on the one part and Abe Ruef on the other, was taken in escrow by Rabbi Kaplan and Detective William J. Hurras who placed it in a safe-deposit box, whence it could be taken only by themselves jointly, and there it remains to this day.

Soon rumors began to fly that Ruef was to receive immunity—for it must not be forgotten that the detective corps of both sides dugged everybody sedulously—but these rumors were denied by the members of the prosecution. Indeed, as late as last October, five months after the contract was made, Mr. Hovey in his campaign speeches on behalf of Mr. Langdon, then running for reelection as district attorney, said:

"Abe Ruef asked me for immunity, but I told him to go to hell! If one man is to be punished, that man is Ruef!"

It is curious that intermingled with Abe Ruef's remarkable intellectual ability as a commanding general of grafters there is a weak strain of petty vanity. He craves all ways the spotlight and the centre of the stage. Under the terms of his immunity contract his first public appearance was at the trial of Mayor Eugene Schmitz, plainly indicated with him for taking a bribe. The detective Hurras helped to prepare Ruef for the performance.

"We'll make a sensation of it," said Hurras, as quoted by Lincoln Steffens. "We'll keep it dark till the day of the trial. The court-room will be filled, everybody will be there, on watching, and you and Schmitz will be arranged. I wouldn't tell even my own attorneys, if I were you. Oh, well, one; tell him. — But posted to tell him in court; let him tell the others. They will jump, and you can all go off in a safe-room and have an agitated conference. We'll play our race, our side, and you can



The Rev. Bernard M. Kaplan

THE BASH CALLED IN BY DE NITRO TO HELP THE PROSECUTION TO PERSUADE RUEF, AND WHO IS NOW, WITH DETECTIVE HURRAS, JOHN GARDNER OF THE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, IN CHARGE THAT THE PROSECUTION HAS NOT KEPT FAITH WITH RUEF

come back all paralyzed. The attorney you tell might walk up and down as if he were suffering and angry, while you read your statement— And, say, that statement: we can make that a perfect corker. I'll help you on it. You can act as if you drew it up at your little conference, but by preparing it in advance you can make some thing that'll move the whole room to tears, and the town. Even the judge will feel it, and Schmitz—! Say, the Mayor will drop in his tracks; for I can give you this straight: Mayor Schmitz is not expecting you to do this."

Ruel played his part with flourish. He returned a while with his attorneys, then came forward and said he was ready to testify. Up to that moment there was not much evidence tending to convict Schmitz. Ruel was the star witness, happy in having secured the undivided attention of every man in court. He began by telling of his ambition, as a son of California and a graduate of the University of California, to serve his native State to the best of his ability. But he went into politics, and his associates dragged him down. He had accepted a bribe from the French restaurant keepers, he said, and divided it with Mayor Schmitz. Now, under arrest and facing punishment, his family sick, ostracized by his disgrace, he had decided from now on to "destroy the system that destroyed me."

This is the merest epitome of Ruel's testimony. He stopped at times to dry his eyes and gain control of his voice. He often sipped water to revive his flagging energies. At the end of the oral he sank exhausted into his chair.

Then Mr. Campbell, Schmitz's counsel, began to cross-examine Ruel. Instantly the wily little man ceased to droop and became alert and aggressive.

"Has immunity been promised to me as a reward for your testimony?" asked Mr. Campbell.

"I hope for bribery," was Ruel's reply. At that moment Ruel's immunity contract was lying in a sub-deposit box, signed and sealed by Langdon, Heney, and Ruel. Judge Frank H. Dunne, presiding at the trial, had guaranteed the immunity. If all these things were known, the jury might have taken a different view of Ruel's testimony. But the contract was concealed with exceeding care.

The minutes of the trial show:

Q. Did you tell them you would not stand for anything save and except complete immunity?

MR. HENRY: That is objected to as irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial, and no proper foundation for it.

THE COURT: Sustained.

Counsel rearranged the question, and again Mr. Henry objected. The cross-examiner inquired whether the objection was really sustained. We quote the record:

THE COURT: Yes. He has told you. He has answered you three different ways. It seems to me, it seems to me that it is enough. We are taking up a good deal of time, I think.

Counsel still pressed the question as to bribery, and was thus shut off:

THE COURT: You keep asking him the same question. You are using equivalent language; it is the same time, the same purpose. I have no objection to your asking if he is going to receive immunity and let it go at that; but you are asking the same thing in different forms every question. It is taking up time. I want you to get through with the examination.

Why was Ruel so resolutely guarded by court and prosecuting counsel from all cross-examination as to his immunity, when the prosecutors knew they had granted immunity? The members of the prosecution now declare that they did not guarantee absolute immunity; that all they promised was to free Ruel on condition that he testified in the whole trial; but here was a special arrangement to protect him as (see 26). But, the prosecutors add, Ruel has not told the whole truth, inasmuch as he has studiously refused to testify that any corporation official ever bribed him; therefore the immunity contract is void from the beginning, and we need not think that any sane thing ever existed. This sort of reasoning may be convincing, or it may not.

If there really was no promise to free Ruel it is difficult to understand why he was so tenderly protected from cross-examination. Difficult, too, is it to understand why the prosecutors watched Ruel into Judge Dunne's court regularly once every two weeks from May 13, 1907, until late in January last, to be sure, and why on every one of these occasions, during a period



The Rev. Jacob Nieto

MEMBER OF THE CONGREGATION WITH WHICH ARE REEF AND HIS FAMILY ARE AFFILIATED, AND WHO, AT THE INSTANT OF THE CHAFF PROSECUTION, HELPED TO PERSUADE REEF TO CONVEN

lag from the bench of the Superior Court, publicly expressed his regret that he could not appoint an elisor for the judges of the higher courts. An elisor is a special taker in place of the sheriff. The prosecution kept Al Ruel for months in a private home in the custody of an elisor so that no outsider could get at him and influence his mind.

Schmitz was admitted to bail in \$345,000, which was furnished by a friend, and he is now at liberty in the palatial home he bought after he had been Mayor for a while. And it is a remarkable fact, worthy of note in this page of contemporary history, that when Schmitz first attended the elaborate law firmings after his release on bail, the audience loudly applauded him, and more than a hundred men crowded around to shake his hand. Great is San Francisco of the Californians! Poor little Ruel had his bail reduced to a trifle less than one million dollars, but no bondsman has taken her appearance.

By the terms of the immunity contract Messrs. Heney and Langdon promised to set Ruel free on the last day of the year 1907. The day came, but they did not set him free. Ruel protested. They told him that he had failed to tell the whole truth (which should have been corporation officials of bribery), and that therefore the immunity contract was void.

"But if I say they bribed me I shall not be telling the truth," Ruel insisted.

"They did bribe you. It is the truth," the prosecutors still replied. "You have not kept faith. You shall not go free. Come through, and we will set you free."

Ruel refused freedom on these terms. Then Habers, Steins, and Kaplan, the reverend gentlemen upon whom Ruel relied for confirmation of the immunity contract, threatened to make public the existence of the contract if its promise was not kept. Thereupon Mr. Langdon, on January 18 last, published the full contract in the newspapers of San Francisco.

This was the signal for a storm howl which all the others were feeble rephrases. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that everybody on one side accused everybody on the other side of every form of crime and villainy and every imaginable form of bad faith.



Judge Frank H. Dunne
WITH PHOTOGRAPH REEL FROM
CROSS-EXAMINATION

Ruel applied to Judge Dunne to have his arraignment in Case 303 set aside, and upon that application there flowed forth a flood of marvelous affidavits. Contradictions, assertions of fraud and the like ran rampant. Throughout the whole affair one finds a bitterness and fierce vindictiveness impossible to discover in any other place than this rich land where every prospect pleases and soon light with all the fury of Barter's.

Rabbi Kaplan in a long affidavit gave his version of the making of the immorally contract, substantially as related here, and containing as follows:

"As late as the day when the prosecution closed the testimony in the first Ford trial, Mr. Langdon and Mr. Henry both assured me that the agreements with Mr. Ruel would be kept. Mr. Henry stated to me in his office that he never went back on his word, and that he had his reasons for not calling Mr. Ruel as a witness in the Ford trial, but that he would put him on the stand in the Calhoun case, which was shortly to be tried, and said in substance that 'Mr. Ruel is no fool, and that he would say all that is expected of him in the Calhoun case.' At that time Mr. Henry said that Mr. Ruel was withholding some testimony, and asked me to get Mr. Ruel to furnish the testimony referred to.

"Subsequent to that time I have had a number of interviews with Mr. Langdon and with Mr. Henry, in which they have assured and stated to me that the contracts and agreements with Mr. Ruel would be absolutely and faithfully kept. Mr. Langdon stating to me at one time in his house that even if others connected with the prosecution should want to go back on the agreements, 'no one could make him do wrong,' and that he would keep the agreements.

"During the early part of January, 1908, and up to the 18th day of January, 1908, I had a number of interviews with Mr. Langdon and with Mr. Henry, during all of which they assured and stated to me that the contract between the prosecution and Mr. Ruel would be kept."

Rabbi Nieto made a similar affidavit.

Judges Dunne and Lawlor made affidavits denying with much vigor that they had promised to discharge Ruel on the motion of the District Attorney. Ruel himself entered an affidavit of forty-seven long printed pages which included this account of the breaking of the contract on January 17 last:

"After a few questions Mr. Langdon, much to my surprise and astonishment, stated to me in substance and effect as follows: 'I have been willing to keep these contracts; I am willing yet, but I find that it is impossible. I must now declare them cancelled and at an end, because the judges will not stand for them.'"

Mrs. Langdon and Henry made affidavits denying the assertions of the rabbi and Ruel. Mr. Henry delivered a long and fiery speech before the students of the University of California denouncing Ruel and all the indicted corporation officials. He said:

"The condition in San Francisco to-day is far more dangerous to American liberty than that that existed when the hoodlums board was in and Abe Ruel was selling their votes, because the men who are now conspiring together to intimidate the law officers from doing their duty, and to break down the power of the courts, trying and publishing most shameful things about judges, who are as pure as the driven snow."

In the next article will be shown the results of the graft prosecution up to date and the prospects for its future.

The "Sheath Gowns" which Shocked Paris



The Frenchwomen who ventured upon the Longchamps Race course in "Sheath Gowns"

THE "sheath gown" a revolt of the fashion of the Dictatorian period, has made its appearance in Paris. On the 10th of May two or three very short young women appeared in the enclosure of the Longchamps race course wearing sheath gowns, tight closely fitting garments, sleeked at the sides. The interest of the spectators was intense. As a result from the race, and no good was the result, that the women were arrested and conducted in a cab by the police, who wrapped their cheeks around them.

Four days later the new costume appeared in Lon-

don, being worn by a daring equestrienne, who galloped up and down Rotter Ross, in Hyde Park, for more than an hour, along a lane formed by two walls of excited spectators. Mr. Winston Churchill, the new President of the Board of Trade, who had turned round in the saddle to observe the phenomenon, collided with another equestrian, and the latter was nearly flung from his horse in consequence. A great crowd followed the career of the Dictatorian gown along Piccadilly. Prosecution by the police of both capitals was at first suggested, but ultimately abandoned.

It should be mentioned, however, that the opening along the side of the much discussed skirt is only eighteen inches in length, and is designed to be closed in with pleating.



The undisturbed Interest of the feminine Observers on the "Side Lines," and the fine Assumption of Indifference by the Sheath Gown Innovators

A Deal in Pictures

SOME ASPECTS OF A SENSATIONAL LAWSUIT INVOLVING THE AUTHENTICITY OF NOTED AMERICAN PAINTINGS

By SAMUEL SWIFT



OW that the law has been invoked by a well-known collector of American paintings against a somewhat conspicuous New York art dealer, the whispered charges of wholesale picture forgery, which have been rife for a considerable time, will no doubt be thoroughly settled. To many persons in touch with art matters it is surprising that these charges did not earlier find their way into publicity. Mr. William T. Evans, who now brings suit, is understood to have learned only recently of the suspicions against certain pictures sold to him by Mr. William Clausen, as the work of two artists now dead, Homer Martin and George Inness. But it was more than two years ago that another distinguished New York collector of American art compelled the same dealer to refund to him, in money and in other pictures, the large amount he had then lately paid for three canvases; one of these being the "Normandy Straggle" bearing the signature of Homer Martin. This collector was Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, President of the

to the writer several hundred copies, with figures, signed by him, as going to show that his time had been fully occupied by work of his own. Among the paintings in the studio was a panel showing one of the familiar forest interiors of Thax, which had lost none of the glistening freshness with which its painter had so generously endowed it.

It was but late, however, that charges of so serious a nature as those in Mr. Evans's suit against Mr. Clausen should have been kept from printed circulation until the recent legal steps had made them public property, and set in motion the machinery for their adjudication. Mr. Evans brought suit after he had withdrawn from his gift of sixty American pictures to the proposed national gallery at Washington two canvases established as by Homer Martin, and one as by George Inness. The Martin pictures, "Near Newport" and "Old Mill Near St. Cloud," had cost Mr. Evans \$2500 and \$3500 respectively. All three paintings had been sold to him by Mr. Clausen. The collector withdrew these works because he became convinced that they were

spurious, and has replaced them by other and genuine examples, acquired expressly for that purpose. He demanded through his attorney, Mr. Frank B. Lawrence, that Mr. Clausen refund the \$5350 paid for the two Martins. Upon refusal, the dealer was arrested and spent a night in jail before bail could be arranged. Several affidavits were filed in support of Mr. Evans's complaint.

Into J. Karch, for fifteen years an employee in the Clausen gallery, told how fresh canvases mounted there were taken away, and how, later, canvases which, in his opinion, "were the same which had been sent away, were returned, having painted upon them pictures signed with the names of celebrated American artists, principally Inness, Wyant, and Martin." Charles General, another former employee, swore that he stretched such late canvases, and that they came back with



"Near Newport," a Painting sold as the Work of Homer Martin for which Mr. W. T. Evans paid \$2500, and which he now declares to be a Forgery

Stevens Institute of Technology. Still another, Mr. F. S. Smithers, a New York banker, after investigating what he had heard about a certain costly picture in his collection, succeeded in making a similar settlement with this dealer.

At the time these events took place, Mr. Clausen was of course informed of the widespread reports regarding suspicious canvases bearing the name of Martin, which he had exhibited in his gallery as 1900 and thereafter. Further, the painter who denied the other day in newspaper interviews that he had perpetrated art forgeries, after his name had been unofficially mentioned in connection with Mr. Evans's suit, was also informed two years ago, or earlier, that rumors involving him were current. This task fell to the lot of the present writer in May, 1900, in pursuance of journalistic duty and it was performed in the painter's studio in Lyme, Connecticut. On that occasion Mr. Arthur Dawson, the painter in question, exhibited



"Newport Neck," an authentic Work by Homer Martin, owned by the Lotus Club of New York, similar in Theme to the alleged imitation presented above



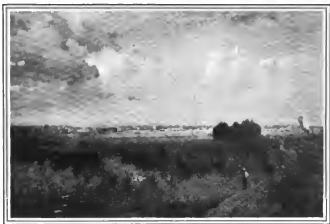
"Afternoon at Medfield," a Painting signed with the Name of George Inness which has been placed under Suspicion by Mr. Evans's withdrawal of it from Exhibition at Washington

pictures freshly painted on them, bearing the names of Martin, Wyatt, or Inness, these artists being then dead. The *Graphic* affidavit continues: "I remember the picture called 'Near Newport.' I fitted it into its frame when it came into Clauson's establishment, in or about the year 1902. It was then a freshly painted picture. It was only a few weeks or at most a few months old at that time." *Graphic* made a similar statement about the "Old Mill Near St. Cloud."

Arthur C. Friedrich, a dealer in canvases, declares that one of the two Martins withdrawn by Mr. Evans proved on recent investigation to have been painted on canvases made in his Mount Vernon factory in 1902 or 1903. He had sold much of such canvases to Clauson, but none to Martin. There were further affidavits, including one by Frederick W. Kost, the artist, charging that Clauson had referred to "the whole picture business" as a "house game." In reply to all this, Clauson denies the pictures, while *Evans* admits having retouched them, but declares they are genuine.

The reader will have noted that not one of the above affidavits hinges upon the presence or absence of artistic quality and character in the pictures of disputed authenticity. This fact suggests the difficulty of proving in any way satisfactory to a court of law the genuineness or falsity of a picture by a dead artist. Homer Martin died in 1897, and George Inness in 1894. If it can be established that works signed by their names are painted on canvases that was not manufactured before 1902, the proof is accomplished. While it is not an easy task to adduce such facts, Mr. Evans has announced it as his intention to do so. As to the intrinsic quality and truthfulness of a work of art, it is to be determined much as one would judge the authenticity of a page of handwriting. Some of the imitation pictures sold in cheap shops and auction rooms are so preposterously lacking in plausibility that only the most gullible buyers are deceived—it is as though a scribe should strive to counterfeit the signature of a bank president. Deceptions like this are a source of profit to dishonest dealers, and they enable a certain number of indolent painters in Paris and New York to make a modest but comfortable living. Even Brooklyn has, or had, its salaried art forger, who for a fixed sum (such was the reticence and steadiness of his production) turned out a stream of nonexistent imitations of Diaz, Corot, Inness, Wyatt, Homer Martin, and other important and reliable painters. For a man to be worth to his employer forty dollars a week, at this obscure and nameless toil, year in, year out, implies an unbalancing market for his doubts. And he is, or was, only one of an army of subterranean art workers, here and abroad. Sir F. Gordon Clarke remarked the other day that a total of 25,000 pictures, signed "Corot" and passed through the New York Custom House

But these commonplace and low-grade frauds, reproducible as



"Sunshine and Cloud," a noteworthy Canvas by George Inness, owned by Mr. Evans, which, in its Composition and Treatment, strikingly illustrates the vigorous Style of the Painter

they are, have no dangers for persons of even elementary taste in art. It is only when the page of handwriting in question bears a considerable resemblance to the known script of its supposed author that the case grows interesting. When the point is reached at which experts begin to disagree, the public pricks up its ears. In the case of paintings, the question is widely and naturally asked: "If the supposed isolation is good enough to deceive all save a few experts, why is it not, for practical purposes, good enough to buy and to enjoy?"

Perhaps the best answer to this is that in the final test of living with such pictures, they are found to lose their piquancy and to disclose their true character. Paintings are like men and women. Their honesty, or the lack of

it, is invariably established in due time, clever and superficially appreciable connoisseurs have their day, and sometimes it is a relatively long one. They may make headway for themselves in high places, but they are ultimately lined out and rejected. A picture, to exert positive influence, must be more than a mere record of facts (else a colored photograph could replace it); it must express the character and personality of the artist, the emotional treatment of his own nature under the impact of what he sees. These qualities of a creative artist find utterance in the subject and in the design of his pictures, their relations of line and mass, the depth and luminosity of their color, the habitual bold and nervy formal or routine strokes of the brush over the canvas. These and other factors reveal the artist's personality, and they are just as much a part of him as his vocal chords and intellect when he speaks, or his characteristic way of forming the letters when he writes, or as his step in walking. Cheap mimics, for amusement or gain, can often simulate one or build a dozen of these typical modes of expression, but to these imitations the subject himself such performances are mere feats of virtuosity, and do not deceive for long. If at all. Every original work of a good artist shows a nervous tone, an out-spoken treatment of his material, a boldness of handling, that a copyist, no matter how skilled, can hardly ever attain. The creative vigor becomes in the imitation timid conformity. Beautiful in some degree the copy or the spurious work may be, but it cannot have the freedom and energy of the paternal utterance it seeks to reproduce. And he just so much, like an insubstantial man or woman, the nature work will lose its hold upon those who have made its acquaintance.

It is not charged by Mr. Evans that the two estimates for whose cost he is suing Mr. Clauson, are exact copies of any known paintings by Homer Martin. Rather, it is stated in the affidavits, that

these pictures seek to imitate the individuality of the dead painter, to speak with his voice and to write with his hand. It is part of the history of this now widely discussed case that these pictures passed for a time unchallenged by many persons familiar with American art in general and with Martin's work in particular. Veterans painters and experienced collectors were among those who looked upon them, and either said nothing or spoke words of admiration. Even from the first, however, there were those who failed to see in these two Martins truly representative works. The "Old Mill Near St. Cloud," for instance, suggests a certain lack of crispness and freshness of thought in its composition. The lines are flatter and more obvious than was typical of Homer Martin, whose exquisite poetic sense was supported by a brusqueness and fearlessness of expression that was part of the man's nature. The prevailing color of this "Old Mill" has a faint aroma of sickly sweetness foreign to Martin at any stage of his career. In the same way "Near Newport" is seen, on close and searching examination, to be somewhat deficient in the resonant power and directness of utterance that characterized Martin. A picture often bears on its face evidence of the heat and struggle

are also printed herewith. In the latter, the artist's brushes have moved with a positiveness and purpose that cannot fail to be noted even in the most delicate passages. When a man is responsible only to himself he can work with constructive imagination. If he tries to fit his steps into those of some pre-arranged pattern there can be no spontaneity.

With some such ideas in mind, owners of American paintings recently acquired have been scrutinizing their collections anew. By the verdict in the Evans case a dozen or twenty canvases will stand or fall. Before the proceedings are over there will be a more general knowledge of what were the essential characteristics of the trio of American landscape painters—Inness, Wyant, and Martin. If there has been a wrong done to the memory of these distinguished men, it will be recognized as at least equal in importance to any injury suffered by those who in good faith have bought pictures now impugned. All that dead painters can remain possessed of is the reputation slowly built up by ardent fans. George Inness was fortunate beyond his fellows in reaping fame and success in his lifetime.

Wyant's needs were simpler and his rewards came more gradually. Martin was less prodigious than either of the others, and he tasted little of the sweets of substantial recognition. To undermine the esteem in which such men are held by counterfeiting their work would be an unforgivable offense. It is a little curious to reflect that such deliberate imitation for purposes of gain should be confined to the fields of painting and literature—the literary "fake" is, of course, a familiar phenomenon. It would seem to be not impossible for an ingenious and unscrupulous composer to produce and sell alleged works by dead masters. Yet as far as is known, the thing has never been even attempted.

Whatever the legal outcome of Mr. Evans's suit, there will be certain practical results from this disagreeable business. Pictures will continue to be sought by collectors and the general public, but closer attention will probably be paid to inherent quality and less to organic form, even when there are fortified by a technique capable of temporarily deceiving the most experienced collectors. That would be a recommendation worth almost the price of an art scandal as grave as the one soon to be aired in court.



"Old Mill Near St. Cloud," purchased by Mr. Evans for \$2500 as the Work of Homer Martin, but now alleged to be a Fake

of a creative mind with what it seeks to express, and it is now the less eloquent on that account. It has been urged that "Near Newport" and the "Old Mill" look as though they had come into being too easily, too placidly. There is a scarcity that in time becomes monotony, even deathliness. Martin never sunk to a vulgar style, nor did the late A. H. Wyant, the breeding beauty of whose landscapes has never been successfully imitated, despite many attempts. George Inness, daring and throaty as he occasionally was, has been a shining mark for imitators, but it is not for another man's mind and an alien hand to tempt the free spirit that manifests itself in his representative achievements. Even the reproductions in black and white deprived of the benefit of color convey some notion of the differences of style pointed out between the suspected pictures and certain well-authenticated paintings by Martin and Inness which



"Mound Gatherers," a Painting by Homer Martin which is the Property of Mr. Evans, and is recognized as a representative Work of the Artist



THE POLITICAL SCHEMER

by

EDWARD LISSNER

DRAWINGS BY J. A. WILLIAMS



THE time, anywhere between nine and six. The place, the reception room in a suite of offices from which a campaign for the Presidency is being directed.

The editor of the clerk sitting at a large table, pasting clippings of the progress of the boom in a big scrap book, pauses and looks up. He hands him his card.

"You must state your business also."

"It is a private matter."

"I cannot take your card in until you tell me what you want to see Mr. Blank about. It is our rule."

He hesitates, then asks, "Will you take a note?"

"Yes."

The clerk goes back to the clippings while the visitor fills several sheets of paper. He is through at last, and the clerk tells him to wait.

The man goes in the room walks up and down nervously. He has stashed great things on the outcome of his visit. Are they destined to be realized? Will his importance be recognized by the committee? Is his idea destined to swing the pendulum of fortune the happier and more prosperous way? He looks at his torn shoes and shabby clothes. If only the chairman who is reading his letter could return.

The clerk returns.

"Mr. Blank is sorry, but he cannot consider your proposal."

The man, stunned at the news, turns and goes out, closing the door slowly after him.

"Another fellow with a scheme!" the clerk grins, then resumes pasting his clippings in the big book.

His view is that of headquarters: the man who came and went away in a moment. By this is meant that he is a member of the great army of the Unknown who could bring victory to Secretary Taft if Frank Hitchcock or Arthur Vorys would only listen; nominate Uncle Joe Cannon on the second ballot if Congressman McKinley were not so headstrong; build up a powerful Fairbanks machine in the North if Senator Hemenway would only see him; or make New England and part of the South and Middle West solid for Charles E. Hughes after the initial ballots if General Woodford and other friends of the Governor were not so stubborn. He is pathetic because, while a politician needing the apple, the man is either a novice or party hack and seldom able to obtain them.

Every political movement brings this element to headquarters, especially in case the candidate in whose behalf the campaign is being waged has means or the cause itself is backed by large sums of money. No better instance need be cited than a recent Presidential boom of a man who is rather obscure from a national standpoint. The boom started about seven months ago and culminated a few months later. Just why the statement is question should ever have entered the race is a problem many find difficult to solve, as his candidacy never had a chance of reaching the white stage. The man, however, began a vigorous fight for the nomination, and was aided by the possession of large means as well as the backing of a millionaire family. Headquarters which in point of luxury were far ahead of those of the real possibilities in the field were spread near a fashionable hotel. There was money behind the boom, and every one knew it. As a result, the managers in charge were obliged to dodge a steady crowd of men anxious to land the nomination of their man by various schemes—for a consideration. The situation reached a condition which compelled them to do much of their work away from headquarters and never to enter it except from a private hall. Another victim of these maneuvers in politics was William B. Hearst. This was especially so during his campaign for Mayor in 1905 and for Governor in 1906. If Max Thomsen and his other managers had adopted half the plans for victory which were submitted, there would have been no limit to the society of the canvass or the drama on the cam-

paign treasury. Tammany Hall is more fortunate in this respect.

The man with the scheme respects the prowess of that organization and seldom offers Mr. Murphy or his henchmen a suggestion. The "political science" springs from every walk of life. In most cases he has the word "failure" stamped on his countenance.

To any one spending a few days at party headquarters it is an easy matter to detect him. He has an individuality which readily admits of it. We know him by his hesitancy when he enters the room, his general appearance—"by the hungry look," as one sergeant-at-arms said rather acerbically in the last national campaign. Few are more than dignified in their own way. None in aggressive. For there is a general air at headquarters which takes the aggressiveness out of a stranger. It is only the big party leaders who ignore the sergeant-at-arms and clerk and walk at will through the rooms.

The unwelcome visitors are always after money or an office that will bring them money. Let the press speak of "a bar" at headquarters, and they swarm in like flies about a sugar bowl. They are convinced that the resources of a party are without limit. A thousand dollars or so in collecting for the campaign committee to pay out, they think. Little do they know that there have been periods in many campaigns in which for days headquarters has been obliged to run on credit, owing either to the failure of wealthy party men to keep their promises and contribute—an occurrence not at all uncommon, by the way—or because the platform and ticket had alienated their support, and the managers were forced to adopt the slow process of collecting the fund in small amounts from the rank and file, which is unaccustomed to contribute.

Few of these shabby schemes permeate reach the chairman to unbind their schemes or ask for money. It is the business of the sergeant-at-arms or his assistant to keep them off.

An old-timer who has done this for years is Billy Watson of the Democratic State Committee of New York. He can detect them on the instant. There is no exception, though, so far as this class is concerned. It is in the case of the man who has a letter to the chairman from some big member of the party, asking that he be given a personal hearing. The request is invariably granted, but such cases are so rare that the chairman is seldom disturbed by them. Tint these men, however, who go to headquarters with schemes do get some hearing given without saying. For the campaign managers are careful to attend to one, the theory being that every man has a vote, and sometimes counts a few others, and every vote counts. As a consequence, there are men at headquarters who spend part



Willing to sell it to the highest bidder



Let the press speak of "a bar!" at headquarters, and they swarm in like flies about a sugar-bowl

of their time listening to these schemes and passing on them. Much of this work is done by those who are placed on the campaign of evasive committees, not so much to clear in directing the contest as to conciliate an element of the party, or for geographical reasons. These men are often a source of annoyance to the real heads of the campaign in their inactivity on being informed and consulted as to what is going on. The schemer is, therefore, a good solution of the difficulty. He satisfies in many instances the dignity of these members of the campaign committee and prevents them from interfering in the more important work.

The schemers are of every nature and description. There is the man who has something to sell in the commercial line or advertising line, the man who controls the vote of a nationality or class, the man who seeks gross work, the wire-puller, the scandal-monger, the original sponsor of the candidate, who, in consequence, thinks he ought to be taken care of—that is, placed on the pay roll—and the man with schemes that do not square with political wisdom. They believe in their power and wisdom with a sincerity which is pathetic, even if he is able to present their plans with clearness, firmness, or conviction.

The man with something to sell in the commercial line or advertising is always first in the field. A reason, of course, is that headquarters must be fitted up with desks, chairs, and other furniture, and he knows that if the treasury is well filled at the start the force in charge will not be niggardly in spending money for its own personal comfort. He is, in many cases, a breezy individual, a man who seeks to convince people that his mission is of as great an import as the most vital political conference. In some instances he secures backing before he goes to headquarters—usually from some politician who is promised a rake-off if the deal "goes through." Following closely on his heels is the man who sells office supplies and filing systems that will help the chairman revolutionize all methods in conducting campaigns. The man with something to sell lingers around the various head quarters in 1904 for several weeks. He accompanied a delegation visiting Judge Parker in Kansas, but made himself so obnoxious there that it was a wonder he was not thrown from the boat, and he never appeared at headquarters after that.

When the grafters begin to arrive the most detested of all, but the one who must nevertheless be handled with care, is the man who claims to control the vote of a nationality or class. By this is meant he who says he has the negro,

German, Italian, Hebrew, or labor vote in his vest pocket, and gives from one party to the other, quite willing to sell it to the highest bidder. This grafter appears at headquarters in campaign after campaign. He is the only one of whom the party managers are, in a sense, afraid. For in many instances he does control a vote, though it is not as large as he claims, and this vote the party wants if the figures for obtaining it are not too high. The total vote in some cases may not be large enough to do more than sway a district; in others it may only be a few hundred. To take care of the man and prevent him from holding up the committee for too much money is the problem to be solved. In national and State campaigns the managers rely upon the local party leaders to inform them who's who and what's what among these grafters, and they only deal with those accredited, as it were. But in many instances these grafters are an army in themselves. Each controls his coterie of voters, hence a foreign vote, as an example, is sometimes obtained from half a dozen "leading citizens" of the nationality in question rather than from a single individual. It sometimes happens that these grafters sell to both parties. For instance, in the campaign of 1904, it is charged that a prominent labor leader sold the vote of his organization to both parties, the Democrats alone paying something like \$40,000 for it. Both parties found out this double dealing, but, of course, could do nothing.

The man who would conduct "the other side" and win the battle by some unique method is a variation of the type who haunts headquarters. This kind the real managers carefully avoid. He is never very prosperous in appearance, and probably is not in fact.

Still another type that entices the chairman to remain under cover is the man with a story to sell. He has already been called the scandal-monger. He is the most mysterious of individuals. He informs the chairman by card that his language is "confidential" and of the gravest import. The story he has of course concerns some episode either in the life of the opposition candidate or in the management of the canvass. In many cases what he has is of interest, but is seldom susceptible of verification. The managers, in consequence, seldom use his "information," fearing a boomerang.

There have been instances in which these unknowns have given "tips" which proved of great political import, hence headquarters is invariably willing to detail men to listen to them in the hope of making a "find."



The scandal-monger with a story to sell

Democratic Candidates for the Pres



HOW ABOUT

"THE OVERSHADOWING ISSUE AT THIS TIME IS 'EQUAL RIGHTS'

DRAWN BY

1908. President Thomas of the Lehigh occupied the chair, and John Mitchell led the forces of the miners.

Here in a closed room the champions of the great interests, seven on one side and seven on the other, all veterans in their respective causes, had come to the last grip on a question involving the work, the pay, the livelihood, and welfare of 147,000 men in the anthracite mines and their dependents. The contest had raged for months with varying fortune. In the no-man's-land of Pennsylvania there were ill-health and its customary concomitant—violence. Now, stripped of all redundancies and in-sensitivities, the thing had come into this narrow arena for final arbitration by the masters.

At the last, when the tension had reached its highest point, the labor leader, Bettry, turning upon President Thomas, put the whole contention into one question—a plain, fundamental, human question. It was a dramatic stroke. The rights of the stockholders to their dividends, the rights of the public to cheap coal, the injury to property, the reprisals—all the externals of a great labor struggle were put aside, and the whole matter concentrated in a single, simple question, man to man.

"I would ask the chairman," said Mr. Bettry, "whether in his opinion a man on \$1.25 per day is able to do justice to himself, let alone those who may depend on him for existence?"

This was the answer:

"I should not like to express an opinion on that, except that I have worked for that, and have worked in the mines for less than that myself. That is all I would care to say about that."

For reasons that will suggest themselves no reply to this was recorded.

To any inference from cases of this character the objection is always made that times have changed, and that the dollar went farther in the earlier day than it does now. Data upon that point will be taken up later on, but the statement that times have changed is exact. Times—and conditions also—have, indeed, undergone a tremendous change since the faraway strike, when E. B. Thomas lived on hard miner's fare and toiled long hours as a smut-faced breaker boy in and out of the muck of a Pennsylvania coal mine. He and his contemporaries came up by the hardest and by a narrow road. To-day there is a different system. The age of small enterprises and individual capital in industry has gone by. We have come upon the epoch of big things—big movements, big concepts, big companies, big capital, big creation, big working force, big output, big payrolls, and big opportunities.

This is not saying that the millennium has arrived. We all know well enough that it hasn't; that it will be many a long day before we shall all have everything we want, before work will do itself, or before the young lion of Labor will lie down in placid and perpetual peace with the fat lamb of Capital; but it will do no harm in this period of national neuritis either for the corporate employee or the American citizen in any other occupation to look for a little at the healthy and the encouraging side of things.

This country has just come through a fit of financial and industrial sickness; come through it as none save a fundamentally healthy organism could. The present diagnosis is not even yet evident, but learned doctors materially disagree; but one thing is certain, and that is that at the present convalescent stage the gentleman we want perched on our bedside is not the apostle

of hard luck. Ex-President Cleveland prescinded accurately when he said that what the country needed were rest and recuperation.

Just in order to get a right line on ourselves, we will do well to give over, at least until times get good enough again to stand it, a lot of the prevalent hysteria which, like the flame, grows by what it feeds on, and take a clear and candid account of stock, true and all of us can learn something. We shall probably be wise to correct our perspective, and, if we are inclined to be honest about it, find a heap to thank God for.

Nobody will hold it wise to rebuke rational and intelligent discontent, which from the day when Israel rose up against Sesostris has in all ages made for betterment; but it is none the less foolish to cry for the moon, or to forget, while our ears are haunted with the clamor of ceaseless and almost universal protest, that we are easily the most fortunate nation of people on earth, so far as possibility of personal advancement goes, that the field is open in this country for every man, no matter what his origin, to do and to be whatever he has the brains, the tact, the energy, and the will to be.

In Cincinnati, on March 22, a high-school boy submitted this question to Mr. Bryan:

"What chance has the poor boy, and how can brains win in a contest with money?"

This was the Great Commoner's reply:

"The poor boy has no chance unless he can arouse the people by using his tongue. The corporate powers are busy misleading the people, and are responsible for shutting out the poor boy."

Here is the authority on the other side. Mr. George W. Perkins holds a brief for these same corporate interests, if any one does, and should speak as one having authority. In an address to the students of Columbia University on "The Modern Corporation," he said, and it seems almost an intentional rejoinder to the remark just quoted:

"We have heard many warblings that because of the great corporations we have been robbing the coming generation of its opportunities. Nothing is more absurd. The larger the corporation, the more certain is the office boy ultimately to reach a foremost place if he is made of the right stuff, if he keeps everlastingly at it, and if he is determined to become master of each position he occupies."

These are the two points of view. I have underlined to suggest by random examples that it is not drawing the longbow at all to say that under present conditions any German immigrant boy has all possible chance given him to become a Carl Schurz, any steelworker a Newsham, a Cerry, or a Carnegie. The train hand whose swinging signal lanterns blink in the noise-laden dark of a railroad yard may develop into a Yeakum, any breaker boy plunging at his task in an anthracite mine may be president of the Lehigh.

The American firmament shows men in plenty in commanding positions in the field of commerce and industry whose first strides toward affluence and riches were made in adversity. Their life stories are the fairy tales of the New World and the latter day. The contrast between what they were and what they are is the most astonishing manifestation that history holds any account of.

"Of course," says James Frothingham, "intent and innocent on his own grievances," but when these men made their time the field



"We slept on the floor, and so did the Pigs"

wasn't so full as it is now. Competition wasn't so intense. The personalities were greater."

The same old excuse, then which incompetence, failure, and disappointment never devised a loser. Its exact contrary is the truth. Those men had in large measure to make their own opportunities. For the youth of today the corporations make them, or, to be more precise, the boundless needs which the corporation and its vast expansion have created. Of course there is competition, and of course it is intense. Where there is much to be got it is always so, and that is the furnace in which God for His own purposes tries out the race of man. On a volcano, mountain side where since the creation there has moved no living thing save the snake and the eagle, the lion, the ibex, and their kind, let some wandering prospector strike gold, and in a week you have the tunnel, the fever, the frenzy, and the strife of a turbulent city, and there, as in any arena of conflict, the accident and inevitable rule holds true that it's every man for himself and the weaker goes to the wall. And by and by there's one man on the top, and those on the bottom are howling the lack of opportunity.

Lack of opportunity! It is so true as to be the bane of corporation existence and one of the perils of capital that men cannot be got who are fitted to hold the high-priced places. The great railroad and industrial consolidations are securing the earth for men who can earn \$50,000 a year or more, and cannot find them. The crying need of this country under normal conditions is not for money; it is for men. Men of every sort, from the day laborer upward. And the big corporations are not only looking for men ready equipped for the work that is to be done; they are going into the highways and hedges in quest of the raw material from which such men can be fashioned. They are keeping tab on the graduating classes of colleges throughout the country, trying by every imaginable means to get track of likely fellows who have brains and sand and pugnacity, and who are willing to "go into the works," learn at the bottom, roll up their sleeves, and get into training for the job.

That isn't all. They are beginning across the ground and across haws, establishing industrial schools for the sons of their employees, spending money practically without stint to train the offspring of Salvatore and Ladislav and Fritz and Jaural and Petros, develop their inherent faculties, and mould them to the great needs of the time, the task, and the race. There's no boy trudging at the tail of a dump cart in a company yard who can't get the eye and the ear of a corporation official, and all the chances he wants, if he has wit and industry, and cares more about getting on in the world than he does for cigarettes and the hulloos heroes of the sporting page.

It is recognized in every way that the keystone and backbone of the whole stupendous industrial structure is the man who can work. In this declaration, at any rate, the labor advocate, however partisan or vituperated he may be, is as right as right, and the corporation head knows it better than anybody can tell him. He knows, what is more, the ultimate wisdom, any, the necessity, of conserving and improving the quality and efficiency of that man by all possible means. What immense improvement this understanding, coupled with governmental efforts, brought about at the urging of the labor forces, has wrought in the conditions of the workman the general public does not know. It is doubted if the workman of to-day realizes it himself. That this work, so far as employees are concerned, has in many cases been accomplished at the cost of squeezing the stockholder, who is the other end of the proposition, is, in the estimation of the controlling forces, of inferior importance. They are looking far ahead, and



The American Workman of To-day is no Brother to the Ox

they reckon, and wisely, that it will pay in the end, and pay largely.

They are bound to reckon this way. They themselves are, after all, only "hired men." This is the title which Chauncey M. Depew, in a burst of humor, adopted to designate himself when he was president of the New York Central Railroad, told it is a title that has taken on a large measure of dignity and importance since worldwide trade opportunity gave birth to the "trust." These men are the custodians, trustees, stewards of the stockholders' money. They will not claim that they are actuated by wholly altruistic motives, any more than they will admit they are heartless or inhuman. They are not studying the Sermon on the Mount. Their concern is with the balance sheet. If its showing is not satisfactory they show their pique, and there is no union to compel the company to take their lack.

No, what the corporation does for its workman, to render him better housed, better fed, better clothed, healthier, happier, more content and more intelligent, it does because he is made a better workman thereby, but the real reason that he gets the benefits, and the extent of these is progressive. To comprehend it fairly, account must be taken not alone of the dollars and cents that are paid to him on Saturday night or at the month's end, but of the manifold things which, in the language of the law creating the Bureau of Labor, "relate to his material, social, intellectual, and moral prosperity." There may also be considered, in this connection, what Hynd and Bratton Webb, in *Industrial Democracy*, call the "Policy of Minimums," in which they put forward as the remedy for all existent injustice, and which they would apply to the entire nation, instead of to trusts alone. The phrase "Policy of Minimums" sounds pedestrian. What it means is simply that to get all possible good out of working for somebody else there should be for the laborer a fixed minimum of wages, of leisure and recreation, of sanitation and of education—a measure of all these things which are vital to human well-being, less than which the employer, whether corporate or individual, shall not by any means force him to put up with.

When the facts as they are presented are viewed at these angles, it will perhaps be found that the line is never at hand for reconstructing, to a great extent, the too familiar picture of the "Man with the Hoe."

The "Man with the Hoe" is the colors in which we have known him is a vanishing figure. It will be the fault of the workman and the error if he ever comes back upon the stage. The typical American workman of the New Age is no brother to the ox. If he has remained so it is largely his own sin of omission. He seems rather, in his highest development, of which every year gives us more numerous examples in this country, to be brother to his boss, living in a comfortable home with the most approved sanitary equipment and drainage and a modicum of modern conveniences, that the company has built for him at cost and financed while he was paying for it. He is provided with a library and a gymnasium, a restaurant, and a club; a day school for his younger children and a night school for the older ones, who besides are earning money from the company—schools where, in addition to the regular academic curriculum, manual arts are taught to both girls and boys. He drinks milk from his own cow, which grazes on the company's pasture; he is fed from a cooperative store which pays him a dividend on everything he and his fellow workers eat; he listens to the music of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, sung by a choral society in which high-priced teachers are employed to train his children's voices; he is entertained with lectures on a wide range of topics by men who are credited authorities thereon; he has membership in a benefit so-

city administered at the company's expense, which will pay him an allowance if he is sick, defray his funeral expenses if he dies, and then pension his wife. A skilled physician looks after his health at a maximum charge of fifty cents a month or three hundred; and for good measure he has some money in the company bank, and under the profit-sharing scheme has in sight in many corporations keeps in his safety-deposit box a little bunch of the company's stock, increasing it from year to year, which in certain cases pays him two per cent, of dividend for every one that a similar security pays his employer.

This, gentle reader, sounds Utopian, but it is accurate, and is only lacking in the cumulative detail, and, unfortunately, is not yet universal.

I have seen the teller of the Orient, on whom and on whose estate the centuries have left no mark of change other than a steady impoverishment, smothering his thin sheet of barley bread at noonday and washing it down with water that an American workman's dog would not drink. I have seen the denizens of the European ghettos, anemic, downtrodden to the last ditch, and the peas of Mexico groping slowly toward the light of industrial day. I have seen the white slave of the Canadian east-end, east, with his fifteen or sixteen children and a maximum gross income of fifty or sixty dollars a year, subsisting on bread and tea, and moiling at his perilsous trade from dawn till dawn, shackled with hopeless debt to the company store, his soul and body in bondage, and no hope of respite till the hungry, merciful sea swallows him up, which it is bound in the end to do.

If any one of these could by some accuracy be transported in

sleep, and wake some morning in a clean bed in the home of some employee of a progressive American industrial corporation, he would know for a certainty that he was either stricken with madness or that the kingdoms of the Lord had come, and he had been plucked down in the middle of the New Jerusalem.

Of course, it is not with such, for the present purpose, that we intend to compare the average American workman, but rather with his predecessors in this country and with his contemporaries in the most progressive industrial nations of Europe—his home, his home, his lost, his clothing, his advantages, and, above all, his opportunities, with theirs. When the details are set forth it will probably be cause for surprise to many to see what in this country and in this year of our Lord are the comparative conditions of the "hired man." And perhaps it will be something of a revelation to the workman himself.

Whatever these concrete instances may show of improvement in the condition of workmen in their best development under corporate employ, they will certainly demonstrate one thing, and that is, that the "chance"—the opportunity—is big in this country, that it has grown in proportion as our manufactures and traffic have grown, that the chance is made instead of the boy or the man having to make it for himself as he had forty years ago. And it will be plain, furthermore, that the corporation is no respecter of persons, that "influence" cannot hold a paying position, that fitness, and fitness alone, is the test by which the success or failure of every man and every boy—in the employ of a corporation, as in the mining camps of the Yukon—is determined, that by that test of fitness he must either rise or fall.



The Development of American Railroads

THE development of our railroad systems during the decade ending and embracing with the past year shows a record unparalleled in the industrial history of the country, and only approached, perhaps, by the English railroad achievements of the middle of the past century.

In 1907 there were 328,400 miles of railroad tracks in the United States, an increase of 54.7 over the number existing ten years previously. The number of passengers carried per mile was 29,405,000, an increase of 131.7 per cent. The freight tons carried per mile amounted to 242,000,000, as against 95,139,922 for the year 1907, a percentage increase of 154.8. The tonnage of locomotives increased from 1,855,286 to 3,672,900, almost exactly 100 per cent. The number of railroad employees increased from 823,476 to 1,675,000, or 103.1 per cent.

If this array of results is scrutinized from the standpoint of twenty years ago, instead of ten, the increase is equally remarkable. Next in importance to the movement of these millions of tons of freight stands out the fact that it has been accomplished with a continuously decreasing scale of receipts per ton mile, the result being that where the tonnage increased nearly fourfold, the freight revenue increased less than threefold.

While the increase in the number of cars and locomotives has been remarkable, as well as that in capitalization, gross earnings, and miles of line, the secret of the multiplication of the freight service chiefly lies in the weight and power of the locomotives, the greater capacity of the cars, and the improvement of the roads.

There are 26.78 miles of railroad line in the United States for every 10,000 inhabitants, as against 6.2 in Germany, 5.5 in the United Kingdom, 7.4 in France, and 13.5 in Sweden, whose railroad development exceeds that of any other country in Europe. In other words, our railroad system is nearly 200 per cent. in advance of the development shown by the most progressive of the old-world countries in this respect, while it is more than 500 per cent. in advance of that of all Europe, which has only 4.8 miles of line for every 10,000 of population.

Railway mileage in the United States has increased more rapidly than has the population. During the year 1907, the miles of track which were added to those in existence totaled 2074. The contrast between New Jersey, with its 300 miles per 100 square miles of territory, and Nevada, with its 1.31, indicates the wide difference in conditions under which railroads are operated.

Less than a year ago the shortage of freight cars was seriously hampering the operation of business throughout the length and breadth of this country, and in every State Legislature "reciprocal demurrage" laws were demanded—laws which would compel the railroad companies to supply all the cars which possibly could be utilized for the shipment of commodities and produce. During the past three years the locomotive and car builders, working at their full capacity, have supplied 19,945 locomotives, 11,175 passenger cars, and no fewer than 615,864 freight cars to the railroads of the United States and Canada. The locomotives built in 1907 were the most powerful that had as yet been made, and 72 per cent. of the freight cars built in that year were of steel or steel under-frame construction. During the years 1902-07, while the population of this country increased by 9 per cent., there was an increase of over 18 per cent. in passenger cars and passenger engines. The total cost of the new equipment to the railroads of the United States and Canada during the year 1907 is estimated at \$478,785,000, of which Canada's share amounted to about 10 per cent. of the whole amount.

This progressive railroad prosperity has been accompanied by an all-around increase in wages. In June, 1907 the wages of the 1,675,000 employees of the 328,400 railroad companies exceeded, for the year, \$1,673,000,000. While the number of employees increased 103 per cent. during the decade, their earnings increased over 133 per cent. In 1907 labor absorbed 41.93 per cent. of gross earnings. The average daily wage for all classes of workers and employees amounted to \$2.30. Aside from the executive force, engineers, with \$4.35, and conductors with \$4.00, obtained by far the highest wages paid. The average wage per diem of the British engine driver is only \$1.35, and the "guard" or conductor receives \$1.

It was in the fall of 1906 and the following winter that the great advance in the rate of railway wages first became general. Although the rate in pay was operative during less than six months out of the twelve, the average compensation per diem increased by 5 per cent. The payroll of 1906 thus amounted for over \$40,000,000 of the aggregate increase. During the past decade there has been an increase in the rate of pay of railway employees of over 20 per cent., the firemen, trackmen, and shippers obtaining the chief benefit, which amounted in many instances to 45 per cent. Engineers' wages rose 19 per cent., firemen's 25 per cent., and conductors' 30 per cent.

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Hichens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHEEP," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI



IF Marchesino had really been unwell, as he had told Hermione. The Panseri disposition, of which he had once spoken to Artico, was certainly not a calm one, and indeed was perhaps the most excitable member of an abundantly excitable family. Although eloquent, he was vehement. He knew not the meaning of the word patience, and had always been accustomed to get what he wanted exactly when he wanted it. Delay in the gratification of his desires, opposition to his demands, rendered him as indignant as if he were a spoiled child unable to understand the fixed position and function of the moon. And since the night of his vain singing along the shore to Nicola he had been ill with fever, brought on by jealousy and disappointment, brought on partly also by the busy workings of a heated imagination which painted his friend Emilio in colors of lanky black.

The Marchesino had not the faintest doubt that Artico was in love with Vere. He believed this not from any evidence of his eyes, for even now, in not very lurid moments, he could not recall any occasion on which he had seen Emilio paying court to the pretty English girl. But then he had only seen them together twice—on the night of his first visit to the island and on the night of the storm. It was the general conduct of his friend that convinced him, conduct in connection not with Vere, but with himself—apart from that one occasion when Emilio must have lain hidden with Vere among the densest of the Drocto of Virgil. He had been deceived by Emilio. He had thought of him as an intellectual, who was also a bon vivant and interested in Neapolitan life. But he had not thought of him as a libertine. Yet that was what he certainly was. The interview with Maria Fortunata in the alley beyond the Via Duomo had unquestionably been wickedness. He had no objection whatever to loose conduct, but he had a contempt for hypocrisy which was strong and genuine. He had trusted Emilio. Now he distrusted him, and was ready to see selfishness, deceit, and guile in all his undertakings.

Emilio had been trying to play with him. Emilio looked upon him as a boy who knew nothing of the world. The difference in their respective ages, so long ignored by him, now glared perpetually upon the Marchesino, even roused within him a certain condemnatory something that was almost akin to moral rebuke, a rare enough kind in Naples. He said to himself that Emilio was a wicked old man, "na vecchiaia lacerata." The delights of sin were the prerogative of youth. Abruptly his illuminating fan began, like a new comet, within the ken of the Marchesino. He turned towards beliefs of virtuous indulgence. As he lay upon his fevered pillow, drinking a tisane prepared by his anxious mamma, he understood the inner beauty of settling down—for the old; and white-haired age, still intent upon having its fling, appeared to him so truly pitiable and disgusting that he could almost have wept for Emilio. He said to himself to make himself more feverish such an act of enlightened friendship.

And this sense and appreciation of the true morality, ravishing in its utter novelty for the young barbarian, was cherished by the Marchesino until he began almost to swell with virtue, and to start on stilts to heaven, big with the unworldly wickedness that was for the young and most not modified with by any one over thirty—the age at which, till now, he had always proposed to himself to marry some rich girl and settle down to the rigid asceticism of Neapolitan wedded life.

And as the Marchesino had lain in bed tlingling with morality, so did he get up and loiter forth in the world, and even set sail upon the following day for the island. Morality was thick upon him, as upon that "cherished" Emilio, something else was thick. About mediocrity chivalry he knew precisely nothing. Yet, as the white wings of his pretty yacht caught the light breeze of morning, he felt like a most virtuous knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. He even felt like a steady-going person with a mission.

But he wished he thoroughly understood the English nation. Towards the English he felt friendly, as do most Italians; but he knew little of them, except that they were very rich, lived in a perpetual fog, and were "a little mad." But the question was how mad; in other words, how different from Neapolitans they were? The wisest he knew. It would make things easier for him in his ramblings against Maria Fortunata.

Till he met the ladies of the island he had never said a luncheon word to any English person. The Neapolitan aristocracy is a very conservative body, and by no means disposed to cosmopolitanism. To the Panseri Villa at Capodimonte came only

Hollins, except Emilio. The Marchesino had inquired of Emilio if his mother should call upon the Signora Delaroy, but Artico, knowing Hermione's hatred of social formalities, had hastened to say that it was not necessary, that it would even be a surprising departure from the English fashion of life, which ordained some knowledge of each other by the ladies of two families, or at least some formal introduction by a mutual woman friend, before an acquaintance could be properly cemented. Roberto the Marchesino had felt quite at ease with his new friends. But hitherto he had been, as it were, merely at play with them. The interchange of fever had changed his views and enlarged his consciousness. And Emilio was no longer at hand to be explanatory if desired.

The Marchesino wished very much that he thoroughly understood the inner workings of the minds of English ladies.

How mad were the English? How mad exactly, for instance, was the Signora Delaroy? And how mad exactly was the Signorina? It would be very valuable to know. He realized that his accurate knowledge of Neapolitan women, hitherto considered by him as amply sufficient to conduct him without a false step through all the intricacies of the world feminine, might not serve him perfectly with the ladies of the island. His fever had, indeed, struck a little blow on his self-confidence, and rendered him so feeble as to be almost thoughtful.

And then, what exactly did he want? To discredit Emilio utterly? That, of course, did not seem wrong, even to himself. And afterwards? There were two perpendicular lines above his eyebrows as the boat drew near to the island.

But when he came into the little drawing-room, where Hermione was waiting to receive him, he looked young and debonair, though still pale from his recent touch of illness.

Vere was acutely irritated by his coming. Her interview with Pippina had opened her eyes to many things, among others to a good deal that was latent in the Marchesino. She could never again believe, as any woman of his type, with the complete and masterful simplicity of ignorant childhood, that one innocently coquet by instinct, that can amuse by heredity from her, but that does not understand thoroughly either what it is doing or why it is doing it.

Verre was not in the mood for the Marchesino.

She had been working, and she had been dressing, and she wanted to have another talk with Monsieur Knille. Pretty, delicate, yet strong-fibred ambitions were stirring within her, and the curious passion to use life as a material, but not all of life that presented itself to her. With the desire to use that might be greedy arose the fastidious prerogative of rejection.

And that very morning, usually, Verre had rejected the Marchesino as something not interesting in life, something that was only lively like the very shallow stream. What a loss it would be leaving to entertain him, to listen to his eloquences, to avoid his plagues, to pretend to be at ease with him!

For Verre felt now that she would no longer be quite at ease in his company.

Then her Venetian blinds she saw his host come into the Poof's tranquility, and in a hasty manner prepared herself to go down and greet him.

"But madre can have him for a little first," she said to herself, as she looked into the glass to see that her hair was presentable. "Madre can have him in time. I didn't. I shall have nothing to say to him."

She had quite forgotten her eagerness on the night of the storm, when she heard the cry of the siren that betokened his approach. Again she looked in the glass and gave a put in her hair. And just as she was doing it she thought of that day after the battle, when Giuseppe had come to tell her that Monsieur Knille was waiting for her. She had run down then just as she was, and now—

"Mamma mia! Am I getting vain?" she said to herself.

And she turned from the glass and reluctantly went to meet her guest.

She had said to herself that it was a bore having the Marchesino to lunch, that he was uninteresting, frivolous, empty-headed. But directly she set eyes upon him, as he stood in the drawing-room in her mother's, she felt a change in him. What had happened to him? She could not tell. But she was conscious that he seemed much more definite, much more of a personage, than he had seemed to her before. Even his face looked different, though paler, stronger. She was aware of surprise.

The Marchesino, too, though much less instinctively observant than Vere, noted a change in her. She looked more developed, more grown up. And he said to himself:

"When I told Emilio she was a woman I was right."

Their meeting was rather grave and formal, even a little stiff.

* REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE

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The Marchesino paid Vere two or three compliments, and she inquired perfunctorily after his health, and expressed regret for his slight illness.

"It was only a chill, signorina. It was nothing."

"Perhaps you caught it that night," Vere said.

"What night, signorina?"

Vere had been thinking of the night when he sang for her in vain. Suddenly remembering how she and Monsieur Emile had lain in bed and slipped surreptitiously home under cover of the darkness, she flushed and said:

"The night of the storm. You got wet, didn't you?"

"But that was long ago, signorina," he answered, looking steadily at her, with an expression that was searching and almost hard.

Had he guessed her inadvertence? She feared so, and felt rather guilty, and glad when Giulia came in to announce that lunch was ready.

Hermione, when they sat down, feeling a certain constraint, but not knowing what it sprang from, came in the rescue with an effort. She was really disinclined to talk, and was perpetually remembering that the presence of the Marchesino had prevented Emile from coming to spend a long day.

But she remembered also her guest's hospitality at Friso's, and her social instinct defied her natural reticence to be lively. She said to herself that she was rapidly developing into a foyer, and must rigorously combat the gracious tendency. By a short exertion of will power she drove herself into a different and conversational mood. The Marchesino politely responded. He was perfectly well possessed, but he was not light hearted. The unusual effort of being thoughtful had, perhaps, distressed or even enraged his brain. And the worst of it was that he was still thinking—for him quite personally.

However, they talked about recent events, they talked about Venice, they spoke of the delights of summer in the south, and of the advantages of living on an island.

"Does it not bore you, signorina, having the sea all round?" asked the Marchesino. "Do you not feel in a prison, and that you cannot escape?"

"We don't want to escape, we, madre!" said Vere, quickly, before Hermione could answer.

"I am very fond of the island, certainly," said Hermione. "Still, of course, we are rather isolated here."

She was thinking of what she had said to Arles—that perhaps her instinct to shut out the world was morbid, was bad for Vere. The girl at once caught the sound of hesitation in her mother's voice.

"Madre!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that you are tired of our island life?"

"I do not say that. And you, Vere?"

"I love being here. I dread the thought of the autumn."

"By the end of October we shall have made our fitting, I suppose."

"You will come in to Naples for the winter?"

Hermione hesitated. Then she said:

"I almost think I shall take my daughter to Rome. What do you say, Vere?"

The girl's face had become grave, even almost troubled. "I can't look forward on this weather," she said. "I think it's almost wicked to. Oh, let us live in the moment, madre, and pretend it will be always summer, and that we shall always be living in our Casa del Mare!"

There was a sound of eager youth in her voice as she spoke, and her eyes sparkled again. The Marchesino looked at her with an admiration he did not try to conceal.

"You love the sea, signorina," he asked.

But Vere's enthusiasm quickly vanished, as if she feared that he might destroy its completeness by trying to share it.

"Oh yes," she said. "We all do here: madre, Giuseppe, Monsieur Emile, everybody."

It was the first time the name of Arles had been mentioned among them that day. The Marchesino's full red lips lightened over his large white teeth.

"I have not seen Signor Emile for some days," he said.

"Nor have we," said Vere, with a touch of childish discontent.

He looked at her closely.

Emilio—he knew all about Emilio. But the signorina? What were her feelings towards the "vecchio briccone"? He did not understand the situation, because he did not understand precisely the nature of the madness of the English. Had the ladies been Neapolitans, Emilio on Italian, he would have left on sure ground. But in England, so he had heard, there is a fantastic, cold, serious something called friendship that ran wild between unrelated man and woman.

"Don Emilio writes much," he said, with less than his usual alacrity. "When one goes to visit him he has always a pen in his hand."

He tried to speak of Emilio with complete detachment, but could not resist adding:

"When one is an old man one likes to sit, one cannot be forever running to and fro, one gets tired, I suppose."

There was marked satire in the accent with which he said the last words. And the strength of his shoulders was an almost audible.

"What ran I know that?"

"Monsieur Emile writes because he has a great brain, not because he has a tired body," said Vere, with sudden warmth.

Her mother was looking at her earnestly.

"Oh, signorina, I do not mean—But for a man to be always shut up," began the Marchesino. "It is not like."

"You don't understand, May chere. One can live in a little room with the door shut as one can never live."

Apparently she stopped. A flush ran over her face and down to her neck. Hermione turned away her eyes. But they had read Vere's secret. She knew what her child was doing in those hours of seclusion. And she remembered her own passionate attempts to stave off despair by work. She remembered her own failure.

"Poor little Vere!" That was her first thought. "But what is Emile doing?" That was the second. He had discouraged her. He had told her the truth. What was he telling Vere? A flood of bitter curiosity seemed to rise in her, drawing many things.

"What I like is life, signorina," said the Marchesino. "Driving, riding, swimming, sport, traveling, being with beautiful ladies—this is life."

"Yes, of course that is life," she said.

What was the good of trying to explain to him the inner life? He had no inclination.

Her youth made her very dramatic, very sweeping, in her secret mental assertions.

She labeled the Marchesino—Philistine, and peeped him into his drawer.

Lunch was over, and they got up.

"Are you afraid of the heat out-of-doors, Marchesino?" Hermione asked, "or shall we have trellis, and we shall be out of the sun."

"Signorina, I am delighted to go out." He got his straw hat, and they went into the tiny garden and sat down on basket-work chairs under a trellis, set in the shadow of some fig trees. Giulia brought them coffee, and the Marchesino lighted a cigarette.

He said to himself that he had never been in love before.

Vere wore a white dress. She had no hat on, but held rather rarely over her small, dark head a red parasol. It was evident that she was not afraid even of the midday sun. That new look in her face, soft, somewhat at the vision gazing at a world more fully, it more sadly, understood, fascinated him, sent the blood up to his head. There was a great change in her. Today she knew what before she had not known.

As he stared at Vere with moving eyes suddenly there came into his mind the question, "Who has taught her this? As if striving to his brain, to press violently against his temples, as if striving to force its way out. He put down his coffee cup, and the two per-



As he thanked her and took a cigarette, he tried to look into her eyes

peculiar lines appeared above his eyebrows, giving him an odd look, cruel and rather ostentatious.

"If Emilio—"

At that moment he longed to put a knife into his friend.

But he was not sure. He only suspected.

Hermione's role in this summer existence puzzled him exceedingly. The natural supposition in a Neapolitan world, of course, have been that Artista was her lover. But when the Marchese looked at Hermione's eyes he could not tell.

What did it all mean? He left furious at being puzzled, as if he were deliberately duped.

"Your cigarette has gone out, Marchese," said Hermione. "Have another."

The young man started.

"It's nothing."

"Vere, run so and get the Marchese a Khaki Targa."

The girl got up quickly.

"No, no! I cannot permit—I have another here."

He opened his case. It was empty.

Vere laughed.

"You see!"

She went off before he could say another word, and the Marchese was alone for a moment with Hermione.

"You are fortunate, signora, in having such a daughter," he said, with a sigh that was boyish.

"Yes," Hermione said.

That bitter curiosity was still with her, and her voice sounded listless, almost cold. The Marchese looked up. Ah! Was there something here that he could understand? Something really feminine? A creeping suspicion? He was on the spot once at once.

"And such a good friend as Don Emilio," he added. "You have known Emilio for a long time, signora?"

"Oh yes, for a very long time."

"He is a strange man," said the Marchese, with rather elaborate cautions.

"Do you think so? In what way?"

"He likes to know, but he does not like to be known."

There was a great deal of truth in the remark. His acuteness surprised Hermione, who thought the Marchese quick-witted, but very superficial.

"As he is a writer, I suppose he has to study people a good deal," she said, quietly.

"I do not think I can understand these great people. I think they are too grand for me."

"Oh, but Emilio likes you very much. He told me so."

"It is very good of him," said the Marchese, pulling at his mustache.

He was longing to warn Hermione against Emilio—to hint that Emilio was not to be trusted. He believed that Hermione must be very blind, very unfitted to look after a lovely daughter. But when he glanced at her face he did not quite know how to hint what was in his mind. And just then Vere came back and the opportunity was gone. She held out a box to the Marchese. As he thanked her and took a cigarette he tried to look into her eyes. But she would not let him. And when he struck his match she retraced once more to the house, carrying the box with her. Her movement was so swift and unexpected that Hermione had not time to speak before she was gone.

"But—"

"I should not smoke another, signora," said the Marchese, quickly.

"You are sure?"

"Quite."

"Still, Vere might have left the box. She is inhuman to-day."

Hermione spoke lightly.

"Oh, it is bad for cigarettes to lie in the sun. It ruins them."

"But you should have filled your case. You must do it before you go."

"Thank you."

His head was buzzing again. The touch of fever had really weakened him. He knew it now. Never gifted with much self-control, he felt today that, with a very slight incentive, he might lose his head. The new atmosphere which Vere diffused around her excited him strangely. He was certain that she was able to understand something of what he was feeling that on the night of the storm she would not have been able to understand. Again he thought of Emilio, and moved restlessly in his chair, looking sideways at Hermione, then dropping his eyes. Vere did not come back.

Hermione started herself to talk, but the task became really a difficult one, for the Marchese looked perpetually towards the house, and so far forgot himself as to show scarcely even a waning interest in anything his hostess said. As the minutes ran by a hot sensation of anger began to overcome him. A spot of red appeared on each cheek.

Suddenly he got up.

"Signora, you will want to make the siesta. I must not keep you longer."

"No, really; I have sitting out in the garden, and you will find the glare of the sun intolerable if you go so early."

"Oh, the sun there is always a horror. Indeed, I must not detain you. All our ladies sleep after the colazione until the bathing hour. Do not you?"

"Yes, we lie down. But to-day—"

"You must not break the habit. It is a necessity. My host will be ready, and I must thank you for a delightful entertainment."

His round eyes were fierce, but he commanded his voice.

"A rise—"

"I will come with you to the house if you really will not stay a little longer."

"Perhaps I may come again?" he said, quickly, with a sudden hardness, a fighting sound in his voice. "One evening in the cool. Or do I have you?"

"No; do come."

Hermione felt rather guilty, as if they had been inhospitable, she and Vere; though, indeed, only Vere was to fault.

"Come and dine one night, and I shall ask Don Emilio."

As she spoke she looked steadily at her guest.

"He was good enough to introduce us to each other, wasn't he?" she asked. "We must all have an evening together, as we did at Frinola's."

The Marchese bowed.

"With pleasure, signora."

They came into the house.

As they did so Pippina came down the stairs. When she saw them she murmured a respectful salutation and passed quickly by, averting her wounded cheek. Almost immediately behind her was Vere. The Marchese looked openly amazed for a moment, then even confused. He stared first at Hermione, then at Vere.

"I am sorry, madre; I was kept for a moment," the girl said. "Are you coming upstairs?"

The Marchese says he must go, Vere. He is determined not to deprive us of our siesta."

"One needs to sleep at his hour in the hot weather," said the Marchese.

The expression of wonder and confusion was still upon his face, and he spoke slowly.

"Goodbye, Marchese," Vere said, holding out her hand.

He took it and bowed over it and let it go. The girl turned and ran lightly upstairs.

Directly she was gone the Marchese said to Hermione:

"Pardon me, signora—I—"

He hesitated. His self-possession seemed to have deserted him for the moment. He looked at Hermione swiftly, searchingly, then dropped his eyes.

"What is it, Marchese?" she asked, wondering what was the matter with him.

He still hesitated. Evidently he was much disturbed. At last he said again:

"Pardon me, signora. I—as you know, I am Neapolitan. I have always lived in Naples."

"Yes, I know."

"I know Naples like my pocket."

He broke off.

Hermione waited for him to go on. She had no idea what was coming.

"Yes," she said at length, to help him.

"Excuse me, signora! But that girl—that girl who passed by just now—"

"My servant, Pippina."

He stared at her.

"Your servant, signora?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what she is, where she comes from? But no, it is impossible."

"I know all about Pippina, Marchese," Hermione replied, quietly.

"Truly? Ah?"

His large round eyes were still fixedly staring at her.

"Goodbye, signora!" he said. "Thank you for a very charming colazione. And I shall look forward with all my heart to the evening you have kindly suggested."

"I shall write directly I have arranged with Don Emilio."

"Thank you! Thank you! A rivederci, signora."

He cast upon her one more gravely staring look and was gone.

When he was outside and alone he threw up his hands and talked to himself for a moment, uttering many exclamations. In truth, he was utterly amazed. Maria Fortunata had spread abroad diligently the tale of her niece's beauty, and the Marchese, like the rest of the very young set of Naples, had known of and had misjudged her. He had read in the papers of the violence done to her, and had at once dismissed her from his mind with a murmured "Povera ragazza!"

She was no longer beautiful.

And now he discovered her living as a servant with the ladies of the island. Who could have put her there? He thought of Emilio's colloquy with Maria Fortunata. But the signora? A mother? What did it all mean? Even the madness of the English could scarcely be so pronounced as to make such a proceeding as this quite a commonplace manifestation of the national life and eccentricity. He could not believe—

He stepped into his boat. As the sailors rowed it out from the Port—the wind had gone down and the sails were useless—he looked earnestly up at the windows of the Casa del Mare, longing to pierce its secrets.

What was Emilio in that house? A lover, a friend, a bad genius? And the signora? What was she?

The Marchese was no believer in the virtue of women. But the lack of beauty in Hermione, and her age, rendered him very doubtful as to her role in the life on the island. Vere's gay singularity had jumped to the eyes. But now she, too, was becoming something of a mystery.

He traced it all to Emilio, and was hot with a curiosity that was ill-reconcilable with her position.

Should he go to see Emilio? He considered the question and reached not to do so. He would try to be patient until the night of the dance on the island. He would be forbearance, would play

(Continued on page 28.)



On the Bounding Deep

LITTLE, "Kiss me, mother, there you're right—there it's my watch on deck." Mrs. LAWSON, "Well, don't kiss you for keeping your watch on deck if it's then as badly as that."

Consuls for Canada

CANADA proposes to establish a consular service of her own, according to the speech made by Mr. Nelson, the finance minister, in introducing his last budget. At the present time Canada is represented by a service of some fourteen trade commissioners in her principal markets abroad. Six of these are stationed in the United Kingdom, one in Paris, another in Mexico, and the remainder in South Africa and Australasia. Owing to the Dominion's increasing trade the present service has become inadequate, and a thorough reorganization of the Department of Trade and Commerce is to take place.

The Return of the Sailing Ship

THE assertion has been made that within the past five years sailing vessels have come into vogue again, after having been practically bottled from the ocean for many years by the quicker and in many respects more easily controllable steamships. It is claimed that for long distances, when time of delivery is of no particular consequence, heavy cargoes can be transported much cheaper by sail than by steam. In confirmation of this statement, during the latter part of April two sailing vessels—four-masted bark, each of 2500 registered tons—left Rotterdam for San Francisco, each carrying a cargo of 2000 tons of American cotton and 500 tons of oil, stone and cement. The more luck left the same port in May, and two others are chartered for San Francisco, all for the purpose of carrying cotton, oil, stone, and cement.

What It Means to be a Railroad Man in England

THE Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants of England, has published the first complete report issued upon the conditions prevailing among its members. The report covers 250,280 railway servants, of whom 221,090 are employed in England and Wales, 28,000 in Scotland, and 8890 in Ireland.

The fact is shown that over 100,000 men are working at a wage of £1, or £1.50, a week, or under. More than one-half the total number employed receive less than £7.20, and only about eleven per cent. earn more than £7.20. The classes known as station masters, inspectors, clerks, laborers, and mechanics in shops are not included, they not being under the care of the Amalgamated Society. If the pay of these several classes of railway workers were considered it would bring the general average up to \$6.17. In this calculation the amount paid for all overtime is

taken into general wage account, which, under the rules governing railway labor, makes a considerable amount. This being deducted the general average of wage is about \$3.75 per week for all and every class of labor employed in railway operation and maintenance. The classes not included by the Amalgamated Society number approximately 320,000, and on the basis afforded by its report the wage division shows 134,000 employees receiving \$5 or less, 107,000 \$5 to \$7.50, and 78,000 \$7.50 and over.

The time schedules differ somewhat in the several countries. In England and Wales nearly all the grades of labor are rated at ten hours per day, except servants about passenger stations, who work twelve hours. The signaller (switchmen under the American classification) are on duty for an average of nine hours. In Scotland the general rule is twelve hours per day. In Ireland there seems to be about an equal division into the ten and twelve hour classes.

The guard is one who takes the place of the American conductor on American trains, but the system of train operation is widely different. An English railway guard stands peacefully in the same position as the chief brakeman on an American passenger train, with considerable added authority. He signals the train into action and does all that may or would be required of a conductor. He never collects tickets, for that is done either at the passing gate or at the end of the journey or by the proper official just before reaching the main station, if the passage is to any great extent. Guards peculiarly have a life position so long as they do their duty under the multiplicity of rules governing them, and as a class are the most careful and obliging with which the traveling public comes into contact. The wages paid to guards start at about \$5 a week, increasing at an average rate of twenty-four cents per week for each succeeding year; so that at the end of the twenty-first year the employee may receive as much as \$4.12 per week. The general weekly wage average of passenger servants for the United Kingdom in 1917 was \$6.50.

Engine drivers commence at \$9.24 per week. After one year, with no failure on the men's part, he is given an increase of five cents per week, and he may get this annual increase for seven years, until the maximum of \$11.68 is reached. This includes drivers on express trains of first class. The average weekly wage of this expert class of workers in the United Kingdom is \$9.08 for ten hours' work per day. There is an allowance of time and a quarter for overtime, but the half-day's labor for the men must be completed before any overtime is credited.

Firmen generally begin at not less than \$3 per week, with sixty hours' labor required per week, increasing to \$4.00. The highest maximum per week of this class is thirty-six cents after the first year. Much depends upon efficiency, as a record is kept of coal consumption and compared with miles run, in which both the driver and firmen figure. The weekly average for the United Kingdom is 80 per week of sixty hours; overtime is the week, after the sixty hours, is one and a quarter time; Sunday, time and a half.

Engine-braking is one of the few classes of railway labor in which boys are employed, although it is not by any means confined to boys. The minimum age at which boys are employed is fourteen years, with a weekly wage ranging between \$1.75 and \$3.

Signal fitters and ironmen, who belong to the class of machine-shop workers, generally work under specially favored conditions. The signal system on all the English railways is most thorough, and the receiver is watched one day and night. The average wage paid per week in the United Kingdom works out at \$5.15 to \$7.50 per week. The workmen have a fifty-six-hour week, with overtime at one-fourth extra for work days and half-time extra for Sundays.

Wages of brakemen are \$3.25 to \$5.75 per week for the first class, or those who have not been promoted from switchmen, and \$5.25 to \$7.47 for the second class; while the maximum pay is reached only after years of service by the advance of thirty-five cents per week per year. Ten hours per day, or sixty per week is the rule in England and Wales, and twelve in Scotland. The wages of switchmen per week, do not vary much from the brakemen class.

Signalmen are divided into first, second, and third classes. The weekly pay for sixty hours of the third class is from \$3.25 to \$3.75, the increase being by twenty-five cents per week per year; the second class receives \$4 for a forty-eight-hour week; the first and special class from \$6.25 to \$7 per week of forty-eight hours. Promotions are made from class to class as vacancies occur. In addition to wages, some of the roads pay a bonus to signalmen ranging from \$5 to \$55 or \$60, according to wages received. This bonus affects the whole class of signalmen, and is in the nature of a recognition of good service rendered.

Ticket-collectors receive an average weekly wage for the United Kingdom of \$3.30, and work sixty hours per week.

The average wage per week for railway porters in the United Kingdom is \$4.30, but there is a rising scale for time service, which never exceeds \$5.15 per week. This class is so largely benefited by "tips" and "Christmas boxes" that it is by far the most lucrative position obtainable.

An Automatic Money Assorter

A MACHINE has just been invented by Prajap for assorting coins. The inventor claims that it will assort metal coins which have been thrown together, regardless of their denominations, placing each denomination in a separate basket. The various coins are thrown indiscriminately into a funnel at the top of the machine, and from the funnel they slide downward, slanting on a spiral track. This track has a protecting edge or raised border containing slots corresponding to the various sizes of the coins. As the coins of various denominations slide downward on the track, through some peculiar mechanism of the machine they pass through the slots corresponding to their various sizes, entering their respective baskets at the bottom of the machine. It is said that several firms handling large amounts of coin daily have tried the machine with satisfactory results.

The same principle is not unknown in Florida and California, where it is adapted for mining purposes.

A HOME COMFORT

The merits of BROWN'S FRUIT-BRAND EVAPORATED MILK (CONDENSED) are convenience, economy, purity. Use it all year—winter, summer, in your hotel, restaurant, or home. It is a perfect food, suitable for infants, convalescents, and invalids. 1/2¢

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have pure soap.
Then bathing will
mean more than
mere cleanliness; it
will be luxury at
trifling cost.

Sales increasing since 1789.

A SPIRIT IN PRISON

(Continued from page 26.)

the fox, as Emilia surely had done. The peasant temper should find out that one member of the family could control it, when such control served his purpose.

He was as firm with a lust for action as he made his resolutions. Ver's coolness to him, even avoidance of him, had struck hammer-like blows upon his mind. He saw her now—yes, he saw her—coming down the stairs behind Peppina. Had they been together? Did they talk together, the cold, the prodigious signorina lady—was he called Vera now in his name—and the former decay of Maria Portunanza?

And then a horrible conception of Emilia's role in all this started into his mind, and for a moment he thought of Hermione as a blind innocent, like his subservient mother, of Ver as a prevaricator victim. Then the blood coursed through his veins like fire, and he felt as if he could no longer sit still in the boat.

"Avanti! avanti!" he cried to the sailors. "Dio mio! There is enough breeze to sail! Run up the sail! Madonna Santissima! We shall not be at Naples till it is night. Avanti! avanti!"

Then he lay back, crossed his arms behind his head, and, with an effort, closed his eyes.

He was determined to be calm, not to let himself go. He put his fingers on his pulse.

"That scared fever! I believe it is coming back," he said to himself.

He wondered how soon the signora would arrange that, dinner on the island. He did not feel as if he could wait long without seeing Ver again. But would it ever be possible to see her alone? Emilia was her alone. His white hairs brought him privileges. He might take her out upon the sea.

The Marchese, after he had his fingers on his pulse. Surely it was fluttering very strangely. Like many young Italians, he was a mixture of fearlessness and weakness, of boldness and child-likeness.

"I must go to mamma! I must have medicine—the doctor," he thought, anxiously. "There is something wrong with me. Perhaps I have been looked at by the evil eye."

And down he went to the bottom of a gulf of depression.

CHAPTER XXII

Hermione was very thankful that the Marchese had gone. She felt that the lark had been a failure and was sorry. But she had done her best. Ver and the young man himself had frustrated her. It was a bore having to entertain any one in the hot weather. As she went upstairs she said to herself that her guest's odds had been the final phase of an unfortunate morning. Emilia had known something of Peppina, and had been shocked to find the girl in the house. Emilia had told her—Hermione—that she was an impulsive. Had she acted foolishly in taking Peppina? She had been governed in the matter by her heart, in which dwelt gay and a passion for justice. Surely the sense of example and fair-deal had been enough to lead her astray. And yet, since Peppina had been on the island the peace of the life there had been lessened. Emilia had become a little different. Ver too. And even Gaspare—was there not some change in him?

She thought of Glia's assertion that the disguised girl had the evil eye.

She had laughed at the idea, and had spoken very seriously to Glia, telling her that she was not to communicate her foolish suspicion to the other servants. But certainly the joy of their life in this House of the Sea was not what it had been. And even Ver had had forebodings with which Peppina had been connected. Perhaps the air of Italy, this clear, this radiant atmosphere which seemed created to be the environment of happiness, contained some subtle poison that was working in them all, turning them from cool reason.

She thought of Emilia, sitting up before her his big frame, his powerful face with the steady eyes. And a wave of depression went over her, as she understood how very much she had relied on him since the death of Maurice. Without him she would indeed have been a derelict.

Again that bitter flood of curiosity welled up in her. She wondered where Ver was, but she did not go to the girl's room. Instead, she went to her own sitting-room. Yesterday she had been restless. She had felt drawn. To-day she felt even worse. But today she knew what yesterday she had not known—Ver's solitary occupation. Why had not Ver told her, confided in her? It was a very simple matter. The only reason why it now assumed an importance to her was because it had been so carefully concealed. Why had not Ver told her all about it, as she told her other little matters of their island life, freely, without even a thought of hesitation?

She sought the reason of this departure which was painful her. But at first she did not find it.

Perhaps Ver was hiding her a surprise. For a moment her heart grew lighter. Ver might be preparing something to please or astonish her mother, and Emilia might be in the secret, might be assisting in some way. But not Ver's mysterious occupation had been followed long. And then Emilia had not always known what it was. He had only known lately.

Those long reviews of Ver's upon the sea, when he lay in the little boat in the shadow cast by the cliffs over the Saint's Pool—they were the prelude to work; imaginative, creative, perhaps.

And Ver was not overladen.

Hermione smiled to herself rather bitterly, thinking of the ignorance, of the inviolable duty of youth. The child, no doubt, had dreams of future. What clever, what imaginative and en-

gine child has not such dreams at some period or other? How absurd we all are, thinking to climb to the stars almost as soon as we can see them!

And then the smile died away from Hermione's lips, as the great tenderness of the mother within her was moved by the thought of the disappointments that come with greater knowledge of life. Ver would suffer as when she learned the truth, when she knew the meaning of failure.

Quite simply and naturally Hermione was including her child inevitably within the circle of her own disaster.

If Emilia knew, why did he not tell Ver what he had told her mother?

But Emilia had surely shown much greater interest in Ver just lately than ever before?

Was Emilia helping Ver in what she was doing? But if he was then he must believe in Ver's capacity to do something that was worth doing.

Hermione knew the almost terrible sincerity of Ariola in the things of the intellect, his clear, unswerving judgment, his ruthless truthfulness. Nothing would ever turn him from that. Nothing, unless he was.

Her face became suddenly ashen, then pale. A monstrous idea had sprung up in her mind, an idea so monstrous that she strove to thrust it away violently, without even contemplating it. Why had Ver not told her? There must be some good and sufficient reason. Verkenally—it was impossible that Emilia could mean—she thought it. Why had everything else in her child been revealed to her, only this one thing been hidden from her?

She searched the past, Ver and herself in that past. And now, despite her protests, her full intelligence was roused up and at work. And presently she remembered that Emilia and Ver shared the knowledge of her own desire to create, and her utter failure to succeed in creation. Emilia knew the whole unkind truth of that. Ver did not. But Ver knew something. Could that mental knowledge be the reason of this unusual secrecy?

As woman often do, Hermione had leaped into the very core of the heart of the truth, had traced out the word, guided by some strange instinct never alive in man. But as women very seldom do, she shrank away from her place she had gained. Instead of triumphing she was afraid. She remembered how often her imagination had betrayed her, how it had created phantoms, had ruined her by her lagging hours. Again and again she had said to herself, "I will beware of it." Now she seemed to be playing her false once more, of running wild. Sharply she pulled herself up. She was assuming things. That was her great fault, to assume that things were that which were not.

How often Emilia had told her not to trust her imagination! She would heed his now. She knew nothing. She did not even know for certain that Ver's flush, Ver's abrupt hesitation at lunch, were a betrayal of the child's secret.

But that she would find out. Again the fervor curiosity besieged and took possession of her. She was a mother. A mother had rights. Surely she had a right to know what another knew of her child.

"I will ask Ver," she said to herself.

Yet before she had said to herself that she would do that, and she had not done it. She had felt that to do it would be a humiliation. But now she was resolved to do it, for she knew more of her own condition and was more afraid of herself. She began to feel like one who has undergone a prolonged strain of work, who believes that it has not been too great and has been capably supported, and who suddenly is aware of a yielding, of a downward and outward movement, like a wide and spreading disintegration, in which brain, nerves, the whole body, are involved.

Yet what had been the strain that she had been supporting, and that she now suddenly began to feel too much? The strain of a loss. Time should have eased it. But had time eased it, or only lengthened the period during which she had been forced to carry her load? People ought to get accustomed to things. She knew that it is supposed by many that the human body, the human mind, the human heart can be accustomed—by which is apparently meant can cause passively and instinctively to strive to forget—can get accustomed to anything. Well, she could not. Never could she get accustomed to the loss of love, of man's love. The whole world might proclaim his presence. For her they had no truth. For her—and for her alone—there was no reality.

And now suddenly she felt that for years she had been struggling, and that the struggle told upon her far more than she had ever suspected. Nothing must be added to her burden or she would sink down. The first would cover her, she would be as nothing—or she could be as something terrible, nameless.

She must ask Ver. Do what she had said to herself that she would not do. Unless she had the complete confidence of her child she could not continue to do without the clarifying love she had lost. She knew herself a negligible something amidst all this. She had been supported by blessed human creatures, by Ver, Emilia, Gaspare. How heavily she must still lean if she were to continue on her way. And a force, an almost avenging something, desperate and the more arbitrary, more words. Ver—she thought—"I will love the little that I have; I will—I will."

"The little?" Had she said that? It was wicked of her to say that. But she had had the wonderful thing. She had held for a brief time the magic of the world within the hollow of her hands, within the shadow of her heart. And the others? Children who from their parents' lives into the arms of another love whose real means more to them than the voices of those who made them live. Friends drift away, scarcely knowing why, divided from each other

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by the innumerable channels that branch from the main stream of existence. Even a faithful servant cannot be more than a friend.

There is one thing that is great, whose greatness makes the smallness of all the other things. And so Hermione said, "the little that I have," and there was truth in it. And there was an vital truth in the fact of her whole nature recognizing that little's enormous value to her. Not for a moment did she underestimate her possession. Indeed, she had to fight against the tendency to exaggeration. Her intellect said to her that, in being so deeply moved by such a thing as the concealment from her by Vere of something innocent of which Knile knew, she was making a water drop into an ocean. Her intellect said that. But her heart said no.

And the voice of her intellect sank away like the faintest echo that ever raised its spectral imitation of a reality. And the voice of her heart rang out till it filled her world.

And so the argument was over.

She thought she heard a step below, and looked out of the window into the sunshine.

Gaspare was there. It was his hour of repose, and he was smoking a cigarette. He was dressed in white linen, without a coat, and had a white linen hat on his head. He stood near the house, apparently looking out to sea. And his pose was meditative. Hermione watched him. The sight of him reminded her of another question she wished to ask.

Gaspare had one hand in the pocket of his white trousers. With the other he held the cigarette. Hermione saw the wreath of pale smoke curling up and evaporating in the shining, twinkling air, which seemed full of joyous, dancing atoms. But presently his hand forgot to do its work. The cigarette, only half smoked, went out, and he stood there as if plunged in profound thought. Hermione wondered what he was thinking about.

"Gaspare!"

She said it softly. Evidently he did not hear.

"Gaspare! Gaspare!"

Each time she spoke a little louder, but still he took no notice. She leaned further out and called:

"Gaspare!"

This time he heard and started violently, dropped the cigarette, then, without looking up, bent down slowly, recovered it, and turned round.

"Signora!"

The sun shone full on his upturned face, showing to Hermione the dogged look which sometimes came to it when anything startled him.

"I made you jump."

"No, signora."

"But I did. What were you thinking about?"

"Nothing, signora. Why are you not asleep?"

He spoke almost as if she injured him by being awake.

"I couldn't sleep to-day. What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I don't know, signora. Do you wish me to do anything for you?"

"Well—"

She had a wish to clear things up, to force her life, the lives of those few she cared for, out of mystery into a clear light. She had a desire to chastise thought by strong, business action.

"I rather want to send a note to Don Knile."

"No, signora."

His voice did not sound pleased.

"It is too hot to rest all the way to Naples. Couldn't you go to the village and take the train to the hotel—if I write the note?"

"If you like, signora."

"He would like to see her better to row as far as Mergellina, and take a train or carriage from there?"

"I can do that, signora."

He sounded a little more cheerful.

"I think I'll write the note to-night, then. And you might take it sometimes whenever you like. You might come and fetch it in five minutes."

"Very well, signora."

He moved away and she went to her writing-table. She sat down, and slowly, with a good deal of hesitation and thought, she wrote part of a letter asking Knile to come to dine whenever he liked at the island. And now came the difficulty. She knew Knile did not want to meet the Marchesino there. Yet she was going to ask them to meet each other. She had told the Marchesino so. Should she tell Knile? Perhaps if she did he would refuse to come. But she could never lay even the smallest trap for a friend. So she wrote on, asking Knile to let her know the night he would come, as she had promised to invite the Marchesino to meet him.

"Be a good friend and do this for me," she ended, "even if it hurts you." The Marchesino laughed here alone with me to-day, and it was a fence. I think we were very indisputable, and I want to wipe away the recollection of our dulness from his mind. Gaspare will bring me your answer."

At the bottom she wrote "Hermione." But just as she was going to seal the letter in its envelope she took it out and added "Delaney" to her Christian name.

"Hermione Delaney." She looked at the words for a long time before she rang the bell for Gaspare.

When she gave him the letter, "Are you going by Mergellina?" she asked.

"No, signora."

He stood beside her for a moment, then, as she said nothing more, turned to go out.

"Gaspare, wait one minute," she said, quickly.

"No, signora."

"I want to ask you last night, but—all, we spoke of other things, and it was so late. Have you ever noticed anything about that boy Ruffo, anything at all, that surprised you?"

"Surprised me, signora?"

"Surprised you, or reminded you of anything?"

"I don't know what you mean, signora."

Gaspare's voice was hard and cold. He looked steadily at Hermione, as a man of strong character sometimes looks when he wishes to turn his eyes away from the glance of another, but will not, however of his own accord.

Hermione hesitated to go on, but something drove her to be more explicit.

"Have you ever noticed in Ruffo a likeness to—to your father?" she said, slowly.

"My father?"

Gaspare's great eyes dropped into hers, and he stood looking on the floor. She saw a deep flush cover his brown skin.

"I am sure you have noticed it, Gaspare," she said. "I can see you have. Why did you not tell me?"

At that moment she felt angry with herself, and almost angry with him. Had he noticed this strange, this subtle resemblance between the father boy and the dead man at once, long before she had? Had he been wiser to see such a thing than she?

"What do you mean, signora? What are you talking about?" He looked ugly.

"How can a father boy, a nothing from Mergellina, look like my father?"

Now he lifted his eyes, and they were fierce—as she thought.

"Signora, how can you say such a thing?"

"Gaspare?" she exclaimed, astonished at his sudden vehemence.

"Signora—well! But—there will never be another like my father."

He opened the door and went quickly out of the room, and when the door shut it was as if an iron door shut upon a furnace.

(To be Continued.)

A REMINDER OF THE PAST



The placid and uneventful Heaven where dwell the Ghosts of the old Fifth Avenue 'Buses

SPRING DAYS IN MOSCOW



Recent Floods in the Russian City have enabled her Citizens to show their superiority to such Conditions

The Locust Story Outlived

The king commanded the court story-teller to unfold a narrative without an end. "Once on a time there was a huge building filled with corn," began the story-teller. "An enormous swarm of locusts swooped down on this tremendous edifice and—"

"Stop!" commanded the king. "That tale is a bearded chestnut. I want something new; but it must be a story without an end."

The story-teller departed. Several hours later he returned and was admitted to the royal presence.

"Oh, most mighty monarch," he began, "I have found one who can regale you with a story which is devoid of conclusion."

"Produce!" cried the king.

The story-teller passed from the throne room, but soon returned. He was now accompanied by a woman.

"Your highness, this lady will tell a story which has no end," announced the story-teller.

Then the woman told the king everything she was going to purchase when her husband had his salary paid.

The king was still listening.

Insectile

"THE PYRAMIDS are pretty thoroughly covered with hemipteraphs."

"Ugh! These nasty things I hate the vermin!"

The Burnt-cork Circle

"MISTAR MIDDLEMAN, ah has ah riddle." "Mr. Bones, we shall be delighted to have you propound it."

"Yessah; but hit ain't nothin' lah dat. Ah jests desires to ax ya' what can de difference between ah storekeeper whose business is improv'n' an' a man who selects feathers for sofa pillows?"

"That's a pretty hard one to crack, Mr. Bones. Now what is the difference between a storekeeper whose business is improving and a man who selects feathers for sofa pillows?"

"The storekeeper's business is pickin' up, no de other man's business is pickin' down."

"Mr. T. N. Orr will sing the pathetic ballad, 'He Married Himself to a Marvel Wave, and Now He's all at Sea.'"

The Worm

TEACHER (*in elms*). "Did you know, children, that the beautiful silk dresses worn by ladies come from little worms?"

BESSIE (*caustically*). "Yes. That's our paper."

Complete Ignorance

A CERTAIN Sunday-school class in Philadelphia reminds for the most part of youngsters who live in the poorer districts of the city. One Sunday the teacher told the class about Cain and Abel, and the following week she turned to Jinnie, a diminutive lad who, however, had not been present the previous session.

"Jinnie," she said, "I want you to tell me who killed Abel."

"Ain't no use askin' me, teacher," replied Jinnie. "I didn't even know he was dead."

Roumania's Newspapers

THERE are 293 different publications in Roumania, comprising 30 dailies, 125 weeklies, 104 monthlies, and 57 which appear irregularly. Naturally Bucharest, the capital, leads, with 160 publications to its credit—23 dailies, 31 weeklies, 50 monthlies, and 56 appearing at intervals. After Bucharest come Iasi, with 29 publications, Braila, with 15, and Jassy, with 12.

The total number of publications handled by the Roumanian post office in 1906 was 151,218,322. The one paper sent out during the year 30,000,000 copies; no other daily paper sent out more than 6,000,000.

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The New French Income Tax

By M. L. GIRAULT



THE new system of taxation which seems likely to be established in France might be called a plan to destroy marriage and labor and to promote prostitution.

No thinking man wishes it, and the deputies want it as more than anything else; but the Income Tax bill, having been placed before most of them for the first condition for their election, they have had to vote it.

Of the taxes inflicted on us by the old system some were funny, some were unjust, as, for instance, taxing the whole of an individual's capital without first deducting from it the debts of the estate; some even were pernicious, like our tax on doors and windows, putting a premium on things as necessary to existence as air and light. But as the property owner was taxed only on the appearance of property, he was thereby encouraged to thrift and economy, which are the two vital characteristics of the French nation.

Now he is to be taxed on the property itself, which is perfectly fair; but the amount imposed is to be progressive—that is to say, the more he owns, the higher his percentage of taxation is to be. For example, he may be obliged to give five per cent. on an income of 10,000 francs, ten per cent. on 20,000 francs, and fifteen per cent. on 30,000 francs per annum. Under a certain amount, probably under 2,000 francs income, there will be no taxation at all, but above 15,000 francs the charge is to be tremendous.

Of course this plan appeals to the masses. Their argument in favor of it is simple. They should have a income with plenty of money give more to the state than a laborer? they ask. A few thousand francs more or less do not mean anything to him. He will not miss them, whereas every penny counts in the budget of the poor.

It is true enough, and we cannot wonder at the uneducated being deceived by an idea which has fascinated such men as J. B. Say and Montesquieu.

Yet, at a glance, it is easy to see that this theory of a progressive income tax could justify itself only on the condition that the benefits derived by the people from the state increased according to their percentage of taxation. Now in reality the reverse happens. It does not cost any more to the government to protect one man than to protect another man, to look after large incomes than after small ones; and the millionaire does not wear out the state more any more than the pauper. On the other hand, many public services, such as public instruction, savings-banks, public charities, are mainly and in some instances exclusively organized to serve the interests of the impoverished.

It is chimerical for the people to think they are going to escape taxation. As soon as the law is applied, they are going to suffer from what is known to economists as "phenomenon of repression," and they will find themselves taxed indirectly very heavily when they are no longer taxed directly. The landless will raise his rent, the baker the price of his bread, the grower that of his groceries. This is so certain to happen that the Chamber of Deputies, while still planning the Income Tax bill, has already considered the necessity of raising the salary of all government employees in proportion of a sure increase in the cost of living.

Those whom the law intends to reach, particularly the capitalists, are going to evade the difficulty by diverting their money outside of France. Since the first bill was voted in March, 7,000,000 francs have disappeared from the Paris Bourse, causing serious injury to trade and industry.

The opportunity of the capitalist to cast off most of his duty as a citizen throws the whole of the burden on the hard-working poor, in a word, upon the most deserving part of the nation, and it falls as a crushing blow. Men of this class are not well off at best, and it is hard to figure out how they can manage to face any new financial responsibilities.

In the present condition of affairs, even when they have had all those privileges of education without which there is no possibility for them, they can afford neither a wife nor a child, while under thirty-five years of age, for they do not earn enough, and the cost of living is too high. If they do succeed in marrying at an earlier age, it is because they have had the luck to meet a "good enough" young girl with an appropriate dot. Then the insolent supports himself, the dot provides for the wife and the two rubs noses, but let the man desire the luxury of children, of befriending them up decently, and he must wait till middle age approaches.

However, despite the evil of these conditions that deprive a man of his brightness in love and enjoy his youth, there is hope for him in the course of time, if he is patient and painstaking. He may be rewarded for his conscientiousness and his efforts. As he is taxed only for his expenditures, the little luxuries of which he deprives himself go toward assuring the future of his family, and the harder he works, the more simply he lives, the more he benefits his household.

Now the reverse is going to happen, with the institution of the Income Tax. A father will no longer reap the result of his own efforts when, spurred to more activities by the birth of a new child, he succeeds in increasing his income. The state, regardless of the man's new needs, will tax his earnings more heavily. So, when he spends his strength, vitality, takes no holidays and becomes prematurely old in toiling, the Frenchman is to do it all for his country and not for his family at all. And yet he is required by the state to have children—he will be taxed, of course, even without them—so that his children in their turn may work for the sake of the Motherland. A rather dreary outlook!

And the encouragement to marry is no greater than the encouragement to bring children up. Two separate incomes being taxed less than two joint incomes, a man and a woman will find it to their great pecuniary advantage to live together outside of matrimonial ties, and to keep separate accounts instead of joining incomes in marriage and so quinqueting their debt to the nation.

In short, the ideal of a Frenchman will now be to have a minimum of needs and to supply them with a minimum of effort. He, anxious for the future, he tries to put money aside; instead of saving a little savings and allowing interest to accrue, he will hide his cash from the tax collector and tuck it away in the old stocking. Consequently, that economy which has pulled France through the worst crises in her history is on the point of becoming a national danger.

Diffidence of all sorts threaten the application of the Income Tax bill, too. How is the government going to find out exactly how much a man is worth, without reviving a tribunal of inquisition to keep track of every stock, bond, and deposit?

But the French people will resent the interference of the state with their private affairs. They are as a race headstrong, and it is to their characteristic quick temper that M. Aymond alluded when he remarked in the Chamber of Deputies, concerning the nation's attitude toward the new bill, "They may be willing to pay . . . but they will not let their pockets be searched!" And if they are searched there will be trouble.

Mark Twain, His Books, and the Booksellers



A speech delivered at the eighth annual banquet of the American Booksellers' Association Mark Twain quoted some remarkable statistics that show the popularity of his writings. Included in the account are practically all the booksellers of America. The banquet was held at the rooms of the Aldine Association, No. 111 Fifth Avenue, Wednesday evening, May 26. Among other things Mark Twain said:

"This annual gathering of book-sellers from all over America comes together ostensibly to eat and drink, but really to discuss business; therefore I am required to talk shop. I am required to furnish a statement of the indebtedness under which I lie to you gentlemen for your help in enabling me to earn my living. For something over forty years I have acquired my bread by peddling, beginning with *Uncle Sam's* thread, followed at intervals of a year or so by *Roughing It*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Clarendon*, and so on. For thirty six years my books were sold by subscription. You are not indebted in those years, but only in the four which have since followed. The books passed into the hands of all present publishers at the beginning of 1904, and you then become the providers of my diet. I think I may say, without flatterer, you that you have done exceedingly well by me. Exceedingly well is not too strong a phrase, since the official statistics show that in four years you have sold more than the value of my seventeen books as my contract with my publishers bound you and them to sell in five years. To your sorrow you are aware that frequently, much too frequently, when a book goes to be five or ten years old its annual

sale shrinks to two or three hundred copies, and after an added ten or twenty years ceases to sell. But you sell thousands of my non-booked old books every year—the youngest of them being books that came from fifteen or twenty years ago, and the oldest reaching back to thirty-five and forty.

By the terms of my contract my publishers had to account to me for 20,000 volumes per year for five years, and pay me for them whether they sold them or not. It is at this point that you gentlemen come in. It was your business to get the 200,000 volumes upon the public in five years if you possibly could. Have you succeeded? Yes, you have—and more. For in four years, with a year still to spare, you have sold the 200,000 volumes, and 240,000 besides.

My sales have increased each year. In the first year you sold 100,328; in the second year, 104,851; in the third, 135,973; in the fourth year—which was last year—you sold 161,000. The aggregate for the four years is 500,000 volumes, lacking 11,000.

Of the oldest book, the *Facsimile*, 16,000; of the forty years old, you sold upwards of 40,000 copies in the four years; of *Roughing It*—now thirty-eight years old, I think—you sold 40,234; of *Tom Sawyer*, 41,000; and so on.

And there is one thing that is particularly gratifying to me: The *Penguin*, *Revolutions of Earth* and *Life*—a serious book, I wrote it for you and never expected it to sell, but you have pleasantly disappointed me in that matter. In your hands its sale has increased each year. In 1904 you sold 17,266 copies; in 1905, 24,457; in 1906, 30,811; and last year, 65,747.

Phyllis

(A Foolish Fantasy)

PHYLLIS stood like a sweet Naiad,
Down by the stream, in vibrant red,
Holding a slender bamboo rod.

Her shriek then rent the ambient air—
A fatigued bug had left its lair.
To chase the rat tucked in her hair.
E. P. FITZGER.

Leather Shoes for Horses

In some districts of Australia horses are shod with leather instead of iron. This plan is employed only in regions where the ground is permanently covered with grass or fine sand, and gives the foot better support. In a country such as Australia, where a horseman may experience great difficulty at a critical moment in finding a horse-shoe, such an innovation is a real novelty. With extra shoes, whose weight is a trifle, and which can be fitted without trouble, it is practicable to travel without fear of the horse losing its shoe and being injured. Though the leather shoe is more expensive than the iron shoe, the higher price is repaid by the superior advantages.

Compromise

(FROM AN ANECDOTE). "Let me have a copy of Antony and Cleopatra," I said. "Yes, sir, the dollar, please," I replied. "Dear me, I've only got fifty cents. Just give me Antony!"

Willing to Oblige

AN Englishman was recently invited by a New-Yorker to accompany him on a hunting trip on Long Island.

"Large or small game?" facetiously asked the Briton, who has hunted in every quarter of the globe.

"You don't expect to find lions and tigers on Long Island, do you?" queried the New Yorker.

"Hardly," responded the Briton, with a laugh. "but I like a spice of danger in my hunting."

"If that's the case," answered the other, with a grin. "I'm your man, all right. The last time I went out I shot my brother-in-law in the leg!"

A Chinese Normal School

The new Chinese board of education proposes to establish a Shih-tan Hsing-tang, or civil normal college, in Peking, for training teachers for service in the various civil schools and colleges throughout the empire. In addition to Chinese classics, English, French, German, Russian, and Japanese will be taught in the proposed college, under the instruction of experienced teachers. The college will be established in the Chinese city as the course of the present year, and the annual expenditure is estimated to be about 100,000 taels (about \$7,000).

Obeying Mother

A MAN had just arrived at a Massachusetts summer resort. In the afternoon he was sitting on the veranda when a handsome young woman and her six-year-old son came out. The little fellow at once made friends with the latest arrival.

"What is your name?" he asked. Then, when this information had been given, he asked, "Are you married?"

"I am not married," responded the man, with a smile.

At this the child paused a moment, and, turning to his mother, said:

"What else was it, mamma, you wanted me to ask him?"



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ILLUSTRATED SLANG—"SOMETHING FIERCE."

The Merchant Who Found Himself



A CERTAIN merchant in the East, owning a retail clothing business left by his father, found himself a few years ago with surplus money and energy that led him to establish another store in a nearby town.

Now, his father had been the best patronage in that city by selling leading lines of men's hats, the name of any one of which is nationally known for high quality. The elder merchant had carried two of them almost from the first year their manufacturers had made hats. There are certain standard makes of men's clothing, and this store had for two years carried one of them. It was the same with shoes, collars, shirts, undershirts, etc. The stock comprised everything needed to fit out a man or a boy. But every article was sold on the reputation of the manufacturer, and bore his label, which was well and favorably known through national advertising.

The son had continued this policy. But now he thought it time he was making a reputation for himself. Everything sold in his new store should bear his own label, and nobody else's. He wanted his name on the best merchandising, however, so he went to the manufacturers of these very lines handled by his father and himself, and arranged to get precisely the same goods, to sell at the same prices, but with his own label attached instead of the manufacturer's.

When his new store opened it had identically the same merchandise as the old one, except for the makers' names. The merchant advertised liberally in the local papers. He guaranteed the trustworthiness of everything sold. He laid emphasis on his reputation, his experience, his skill as a buyer. His store immediately took the leading patronage in that city.

At the end of three seasons, however, the proprietor went to the manufacturers, acknowledged that he was wrong, and directed that their own labels be restored to what he bought. Trade was not increasing as it should. The old store showed greater growth in the same period than the new, though the latter was in new territory. It took too much time to persuade customers that a hat made by the well-known Blank

Company, bearing only this merchant's name, was as good as the same hat bearing Blank's name. So the old labels were restored, and during the fourth season the gains in trade were more than double the whole growth during the first three seasons. To-day that shop bears a large sign. At the top is the merchant's name, and underneath the names of fully a dozen manufacturers of standard articles of men's wearing apparel. He is glad to let it be known that these manufacturers are, as it were, partners in his business.

The retail merchant is doing the best for his patrons and himself when he puts most of his energy and ability into the work of selecting and distributing goods, and leaves manufacturing and the making of reputation to the producers. Some merchants buy goods too cheap, and others too dear. Some carefully select stock that is not in demand. Others buy too much. In the end there is dead stock, dead trade, dead capital, and a dead business.

Nationally advertised goods carry the least risk of becoming dead stock. Live energy is behind them. More than that, real demand is behind them, for the manufacturer has tested them in many markets to find out whether the public really wants them, and whether it will want them again, and again, and again—and yet again. Enormous national sales are necessary to pay advertising bills, because competition keeps the advertising expense down to an infinitesimal fraction on each sale. A good deal is heard from time to time of the commodity that is ten cents value and ninety cents advertising. But who ever knew such a commodity to gain a national demand or hold it?

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UNCLE SAM—"BILL, YOU'D LOOK SO MUCH BETTER
IN YOUR OWN CLOTHES"

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COMMENT

What Taft Said About Grant

The strong light that beats upon a throne is twilight compared with the light that beats upon a candidate for President of the United States, especially just before convention time, when a lot of earnest hands are practising to beat him for the nomination. Of the velocity and power of that light Secretary Taft has just had at this writing an interesting experience. On Decoration day the Secretary made a speech at GRANT'S tomb. His subject was GRANT, and his address included this passage:

It is true that GRANT received no education at West Point, but certainly nothing was developed there in him to indicate his fitness or ability to meet great responsibilities.

He did well in the Mexican war, as did other frontiersmen. He manifested an exceptional quietness, energy and familiarity with his duties. But in 1864 he resigned from the army because he had to. He had yielded to the weakness of a taste for strong drink, and rather than be court-martialed he left the army. He returned from Vancouver, on the Pacific coast, to his family in St. Louis without money, without property—a disheartened man. He accepted from his father-in-law a loan of seventy-five acres of land, upon which he constructed a house for his family to live in, and there he carried on farming operations. His chief business seemed to be that of selling wood, of cutting it, and piling it in the back yards of the well-to-do people of St. Louis.

After six years of this life he gave up farming because of ill health and went into the real-estate business for a year. He failed in this. His associate dissolved the partnership. Then at last his father offered him \$500 as a clerk in his leather store at Galena, Illinois, and then he moved from St. Louis. He worked here for a year also. During these seven years, though everything looked dark, he overcame in a great measure his weakness for strong drink. But he was so constituted that it seemed impossible for him to earn a livelihood even when he had given hostages to fortune in the shape of a wife and four children.

Our neighbor the *World*, using an important item in those remarks of a candidate about a former Republican President, has been at pains to learn and disclose how other persons felt about them. It prints telegrams from such noted Republican patriots as WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, JOSEPH B. FORAKER, and MRS. JOHN A. LOVON in disparagement of Mr. Taft's taste, or accuracy, in making these allusions. It also quotes expressions of regret or offence from Grand Army men in New York, Buffalo, St. Louis, and other convenient centres, and from sundry prominent Southern women, and from various authorities, some of whom testified that what Mr. Taft said was not true. "Taft's Attack upon the Memory of General 'I. S. Grant'" was the *World's* heading for this collection of gossip, and it gave what strength and prominence it could to the idea that Taft had assailed GRANT'S memory.

Grant's Eight Years of Struggle

Well, the *World* is a Democratic paper, and Taft is a Republican candidate, and a strong one. All things considered, the Secretary, as long as he was not writing history but speaking a eulogy, might have passed more lightly over the part of GRANT'S life which immediately preceded the war. But he was too honest to do it. Painting his CROMWELL, he put in the wart, and made his picture true, as far as it went, to nature. Of course the idea that he traduced GRANT or dealt unkindly with his memory is too absurd to discuss. GRANT was far too remarkable and important a person for any part of the story of his life to be spared from history. No part of it is disgraceful. He was always honest and always faithful. The story of the exceedingly severe discipline of life that he endured in early manhood is essential to the comprehension of his character. He had later in him great military abilities partly developed by his military training. He had no business aptitude at all, and after he first left the army he had to make his living by manual work. That alcohol was a snare to him for a time, and a danger to him for perhaps a dozen years, is matter of common knowledge. He never was dissolute, but his temperament did not fit in well with whiskey, and he could not drink spirits in moderation and with safety. So in the end he gave up alcohol altogether. How much too much he ever drank is not important. What is important is that after he left the army he turned to the support of his family, and kept on working, chiefly with his hands, for eight years, controlled and amended his habits, and came to the Civil War tolerably fit for the great work to which he had a calling. Whatever his habits were, and however much or little they had to do with bringing him to poverty, it must be estimated that those seven years had a vastly important influence for the strengthening and hardening of his character, and in qualifying him to carry the immense weight of responsibility that was laid upon him in later years. It is discipline and struggle that make men strong. GRANT met his discipline, struggled through his hard places, and came out finally a man of profound and stoical self-reliance at a time when such a man was indispensable to the country. Nothing that is true can be said to the detriment of General GRANT'S character. What Secretary Taft said accords with accepted biography. It won't hurt GRANT, and we trust it won't hurt Taft. Certainly it ought not to.

Great Is Truth, and Mighty Above All Things

There are people who shrink so timidly from all contact with what is painful in life that in writing the story of a sailing-vessel's voyage to California they would edit Cape Horn and its buffeting out of the narrative, and run their ship through the Strait (where sailing-vessels seldom venture), because the winds and waves are calmer there. They like all stories to be nice, and they are the sort of people who will be most discomfited by what Secretary Taft said about GRANT. For GRANT, in his younger life, went round the Horn, and met great gales there and rode them out, which was the gist of what Taft said about him. For Taft, like all robust spirits, has a natural leaning towards the disclosure of the truth. In explanation, for the benefit of those who need it, of the reasonableness of that leaning, it may be profitable to quote here again some lines, well seasoned with time, that were quoted in last week's *WEEKLY*:

As for truth it endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquers forevermore.

With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards; she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things; and all men do like well of her works.

Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of Truth.

And with that he held his peace. And all the people then shouted, and said, Great is truth, and mighty above all things.

Insured Against Panic

It is not expected that the provision of the compromise emergency currency law which finally passed the Senate over the opposition of Senator LA FOLLETTE will ever be tested by actual use. The bill is drawn to last six years, and nobody looks for another critical financial disturbance within that time. Moreover, the law provides for a national monetary commission to revise our whole currency system and put it on the best and safest basis that the wit of our legislators can

device and enact; and there is reasonable expectation that the commission will do its work, and that Congress will endorse its findings, long before the life of the law just made runs out. But just as that modern navy best justifies its existence which never fires a gun except in practice, so the more the country does not use this new money law, the better is justified the great exertion made to pass it. The sole purpose of the law is to keep off panics by providing means to huddle and abate them if they come. It makes it possible for the banks at a pinch to get hold of and issue five hundred millions of money, based on State, city, town, and county bonds and on good, two-name, commercial paper. The bonds will be good for ninety per cent. of their value in new circulation; the commercial paper for seventy-five per cent. This emergency circulation will be taxed at a rate beginning at five per cent. a year during its first month, and increasing gradually to ten per cent. a year, thus insuring the retirement of the new money as soon as the crisis has passed which it was intended to meet. That the new law is a perfect measure nobody claims, but it does seem an exceedingly useful purpose of diminishing reasonable causes of anxiety and lightening the burden of care which our responsible financiers have to carry. The men who have to face panics when they do come are glad to have this law. It gives them ammunition with which to fight off ruin when it threatens. The Republican party, on whom rests at present the chief responsibility for the welfare of the country, can meet at Chicago with easier minds for having this detail of accomplished duty behind them.

"Bond the Guardians!" Cries Weyman

Brother BRYAN grieves sorely in the *Commonwealth* because the Pennsylvania delegation got away from him. With a voice still trembling with sorrow and indignation he tells how "at the primary, where the voters had a chance to express themselves, more than two-thirds of the district delegates were instructed, and yet in the State convention the delegates elected at the same primaries joined in with a political lunge to defeat instructions." Awful, awful! Desperately wicked is the heart of a delegate, and deceitful clover all things, Shackle the rebels; gag them; put manacles on their ankles and ship them to Denver under charge of responsible keepers; that is the only safe way; and that is none too safe, for who will keep the keepers? But hear the Nebraska shepherd's own voice:

ONLY BY INSTRUCTING CAN THE VOTERS CONTROL the instructed delegate in a guardian without bond.

Chance me no chains, cries WEYMAN. Bind the delegates and bond the guardians. Give the rebels the best chance, and they will dish you sure! Oh, WYMAN! WYMAN! how slumber than a serpent's tooth it is to watch a passion wane!

Only One Peerless American

Our good friend T. W. LA FLEUR, of Belle Fourche, South Dakota, in writing to approve us of his resolution to deny us in the future the hospitalities of his mind and roof, makes this interesting declaration of his convictions:

I am a Democrat and am a profound believer in the political principles advocated and advanced by those peerless Americans, WILLIAM J. BRYAN and THEODORE ROOSEVELT, and believe them to be the two greatest Americans of the present day, with few peers in past history.

Gently and respectfully, but with such firmness as we can command, we deprecate this duplication of peerlessness. There is but one peerless American. There cannot be another. The country might stand another, but the language couldn't. If there were two, there would be none, because each would have a peer. As it is, no slunk of ambiguity diminishes this glorious title. It belongs without competition or dispute to WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, of Nebraska. He is The Peerless American. The Peerless Leader, and no other need apply. If any other dare apply, he will wish he hadn't, because the present incumbent proposes to hold the job. As for President ROOSEVELT, he is undoubtedly eminent, but he never set up to be peerless, and truly we question very much whether he would be grateful to our South Dakota friend for yoking him up with Dr. BRYAN as a co-proprietor of that courtesying word.

Needed Naval Reform

As usual, Congress has been accused of having done little else than appropriate too much money. Be this as it may,

we were reminded on the last day of the session, when the newspapers were describing Senator LA FOLLETTE's wasteful eighteen-and-one-half-hour performance, of a condition of things that has too long vainly demanded correction at the hands of Congress, namely, the inadequately supervised working of the various bureaus of the Navy Department. On May 29 Secretary MITCHELL announced the impending promulgation of General Order No. 66, which is:

Hereafter all orders issued by the Secretary or Assistant Secretary of the Navy direct to any commandant or other officer in the naval service shall be executed, and the officer to whom such order is issued shall promptly notify the bureau, or senior officer concerned, of its receipt and execution.

This order carries a most distressing implication, but it cannot fairly be taken as an announcement by the Secretary that henceforth he will pass upon all the work of the bureaus—indeed, he is unable to do so properly for want of technical knowledge. Such supervision has been hitherto attempted by the Board of Construction and the General Board. What seems to be needed, and what we, believe, been frequently suggested, is an additional Assistant Secretary, an officer of the line, who shall have authority to pass upon the technical proposals of the bureaus. Not until Congress has authorized the appointment of such a supervisor may we cease to expect the occurrence of cases similar to that of the officer who, after having dined the earth with cooling stations at considerable expense to the government as a bureau chief, was returned to sea service, only to find that he could not take his ship into one of the same for lack of water to do it in. This officer was competent, but even officers make mistakes unless they have some one to keep tab on them. Another reform sadly needed is the introduction of some system of elimination whereby officers will be enabled to attain flag rank at an earlier age. When this and adequate supervision of the bureaus have been achieved, and not until then, will our navy be ready to go to war; for, although most people don't see it, it is not wholly in ships and crews that a navy consists.

The Works of Transist and the Fields Public

TO THE HON. JAMES SCHORNGAST SHERMAN has been given "the roundness of the moon" and "the heat of the fire," and notwithstanding he is being spoken of as the next Republican nominee for the Vice-Presidency. Oh, the fitness of public taste thus so soon to have turned from "the undulating curves of the serpent, the graceful twist of the creeping plant, the light shivering of the grass blade, the slenderness of the willow," and "the chill of the snow"!

Is Socialism Coming or Going?

At a socialist meeting the other day in New York, Mr. CARR, a Chicago clergyman, spoke of FRUENZ DREIS as "speaking his message in this generation as MOSES and CHRIST did in theirs." Everybody, including Dreis, spoke handsomely of Dreis at that meeting. A shouting woman proclaimed him to be "the living link between God and man." There were a good many ministers at the meeting; the poet MARKHAM was there, too, and Mr. ROWLAND KELLY, late of Paris, and Mrs. ROSE PETER SPINKS, and altogether it was a very prosperous unsemliness, and fit to encourage the Rev. Dr. LANGE, of Brooklyn, to say, as he did, that "we are standing on the verge of the greatest movement in centuries." And yet it is worth observing that FRUENZ, a stronghold of the socialists, has recently shown noteworthy signs of reaction. The municipal elections of May 3, which generally indicate which way the cat will jump, showed decided losses for the socialists in the majorities of every considerable municipal council except one. Brest and Rouges have virtually swept their councils clean of socialists, and at Marseille and at Lyons they lost control; at Lille and at Roubaix they met defeat; and Toulouse itself, the city of JUVARS, has turned her back upon her leader. The case of France is in point, because France has had a fair experience of socialism. M. CLEMENTAUX himself, the present Premier, in whose régime all this is happening, was the leader of the very first radicals against GAMBETTA and JULES FERRY, and the founder of radical socialism. Yet it is under his government that the reaction has set in, and all France, which is a property-owning country, recoils from the threat of collectivism. In this country our socialist friends are still in the febrile stage of hubbubination.

The Catch-as-catch-can System of Education

The Commencement season being now on and proceeding merrily, it is a bit time to remark how much the current catch-as-catch-can system of college education is under scrutiny and criticism. The scrutiny yields the general impression that the development of the elective system gives to students in the larger universities an enormous choice of studies, but no certain and consecutive drill in anything. It seems to say to the student, "Here is all knowledge, expounded by specialists; choose such branches as seem to be your size, and go in and wrestle with them." And the student chooses according to his lights and strength and ambition, and duly wrestles. If his purposes are sufficiently definite, and he is well enough advised, he may do very well; but if he is in college with a vague idea of getting an education, he is apt to flounder pretty helplessly in the great sea of choice. To be sure he has appointed advisers who know about the courses, but how do they know about him? His father tries to help him, but his father is an amateur of education, with some notions about what it is useful to know, but with very little real knowledge of the general subject. More important usually than what the youth studies is whom he studies under. Out of men more than out of books come the greater lessons, and nothing is set down in the pamphlets that enumerate courses about the capacity of the men by whom the courses are given. So in the end the father usually turns out to be a very halting helper, and in the end he is usually found wondering in a bewildered way what his boy is really getting in the mental-treatment line in college, and whether it is worth the time and the cost of admission. He hopes it is, and believes it is, but his belief is a pure act of faith. He does not know, and can rarely find any one who can tell him.

What Is Coming Next?

So there, or thereabouts, is where the elective system has come in this year of grace. It is splendid, but chaotic. It is doing an enormous business, but doing it apparently with speculative students and bewildered fathers. It is felt to stand with validity for progress in education. Its hardest critics usually admit that with all its faults it is better than the Prussian system that preceded it. Its observers for the most part lack qualifications to criticize it helpfully. They observe that it is queer; it seems to them more of a gamble than it should be, and they wonder whether its defects—if it has them—are capable of correction and will be remedied. They feel that when Youth is given a seat at the paternal cost at Wilson's board there ought at least to be a table *d'étiquette* repast, or even a choice of them, available for him, if he lacks the necessary judgment to make a profitable selection *à la carte*. Dr. Wilson's current attempt to meet this reasonable yearning at Princeton interests them very much, they try to weigh the objections made by Mr. JOHN COMBES to the alleged Germanization of Harvard, and they wonder whether President ELIOT's splendid achievements as an innovating educator are only a noble phase in the progress of education, and whether there are not very interesting turns and changes and developments still ahead. Dr. Eliot has been an apostle of freedom in universities, and has struck some shakles from some slaves that never can be snapped on again. But the next set of ideas in a strong man's mind that will shape the course of the colleges are not likely to be quite the same as his. They will build on his foundation, but what will be the edifice? There will be new problems and new ways to meet them; an effort perhaps to run the great universities a little less like department stores where clerks will sell you anything you ask for, and a little more perhaps like institutions where needs are studied by the expert, and great teachers inspire and stimulate the mind of youth.

Not a New Speech, Anyway

It is an interesting fact that the identical speech about General GRANT which Secretary TIFT made on Decoration Day was delivered by him three weeks before before a crowded audience, and excited no unfavorable comment whatever. Among those who heard it, and who made acknowledgment to Secretary TIFT after the address was over, were persons of all other nations have been hurt in their sensibilities if there had really been anything in the speech to hurt them.

A New British Confederation

A resolution of great importance to the British Empire, as well as to the future of South Africa, was adopted the other day by the delegates from Britain's self-governing colonies in that part of the world who have been assembled at Pretoria in an Interstate Customs and Railway Conference. The aim of the resolution was to bring about the prompt establishment of a South-African federation analogous to the Dominion of Canada and the Australian Commonwealth. The step now taken at Pretoria is precisely analogous to that which was decided on by the convention of American States at Annapolis in 1786. The latter convention was itself unable to do anything to strengthen the government formed by the Articles of Confederation, but it started a movement which was to have momentous consequences by calling on the thirteen States to send delegates in the following year to another convention in Philadelphia, which should have power to propose tentative amendments of the existing compact, which, when ratified by the States, should become part of the Federal organic law. Itself abortive, the Annapolis convention was destined to bear transcendent fruit. On the face of things, the Pretoria conference seems likely to have a speedier and a no less far-reaching effect on the political relations of Britain's self-governing colonies in South Africa, for the delegates to it are composed of ministers and high officials, and therefore represent in an unusual degree the preponderant party, which, so far as three of the four colonies are concerned—to wit, Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and the former Orange Free State—is that of the Boers or Afrikaners. There was no suggestion or ambiguity in the expressed intention of this party. The announcement made by the conference was that the delegates had agreed upon the principle of closer union, had undertaken to submit to their respective parliaments certain resolutions embodying that principle, and that they would recommend their parliaments to appoint forthwith delegates to a national convention whose business it would be to frame a draft federal constitution. There is no doubt that the parliaments of the three self-governing colonies which are controlled by Boer ministers will quickly carry out the plan proposed at Pretoria. It is only in Natal that opposition must be expected, and it is not for Natal's interest long to hold out against the project of South African confederation.

If we turn to the details of the scheme propounded at Pretoria, we find that the national convention is to consist of delegates proportioned numerically to population, namely, twelve from Cape Colony, eight from the Transvaal, and five each from Orange River Colony and from Natal. It is also proposed that the delegates shall vote by head, or individually, and not according to states. The delegates to the Philadelphia convention of 1787 voted by States. Indeed, they would have accomplished nothing had they pursued a different course, for at that time the States were jealous of their political equality, and would not have accepted the Articles of Confederation but for the agreement that in the unicameral congress created thereby each State, whether large or small, should have an equal voice. The same principle of equality was adhered to in the provision of the new Constitution defining the composition of the Federal Senate, and also in the stipulation that whenever the choice of a President should be relegated to the House of Representatives the vote in that body should be by States. It may be that Natal will refuse to enter the coming national convention, unless her demand that each of the four colonies shall have an equal vote is granted. It would seem that such a concession might safely be made, in view of the fact above mentioned that the Boer or Afrikaner element is dominant in the three other colonies.

That the ministers of Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony have already definite conceptions of the features which, they think, the draft scheme of confederation should contain, is evident from their agreed statement that the subject of unification shall undergo no extensive parliamentary discussion until the national convention shall have drawn up the proposed organic law. Of course the state legislatures will have to be asked to give their assent to the appointment of delegates, but it is understood that outside of Natal the request will be purely formal and acquiescence perfunctory. Even when the draft constitution is submitted to the colonial legislatures, no power of amendment will be conceded to them, but they will be called upon either to accept or reject the proposed federative policy, so great is the pressure that ministers are able to apply, that nobody doubts their ability to secure a prompt adoption of the new scheme of confederation, so far as all the South-African self-governing colonies are concerned, except Natal. We should not overlook the reason why Natal, small as she is, may think that she ought to exercise in the national convention an influence out of all proportion to her population. The Transvaal and the Orange River Colony have no seaport, and they would encounter it a great hardship if their exports and imports had to be moved exclusively to and from the distant harbors of Cape Colony. For the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony the nearest route to the sea is by way of Natal, which has a long coast on the Indian Ocean. It is hardly possible, however, that the two inland Afrikaner colonies might get on without Natal if Portugal would agree to sell to them its

Southeast Africa dependency, or, at least, Delagoa Bay, which already is connected by rail with Johannesburg. That such a transaction is conceivable may be inferred from the fact that delegates from Portuguese Southeast Africa have taken part in the Customs and Railway Conference at Pretoria, except when the question of South-African Confederation was discussed.

What is the attitude of Great Britain toward the projected union of the South-African self-governing dependencies? It is one by no means of indifference, yet of self-contained inability to interfere in the slightest degree with the fulfillment of the wishes of the colonists, or to exert any influence, even indirectly, on their decisions. A good deal of water has flowed under the bridge since England strove to subdue the thirteen American colonies which had declared themselves independent: or since 1867, when DISRAELI had almost as much to do as SIR JOHN MACDONALD with drafting the British North American Act; or even, finally, since the Salisbury government undertook to covey the Boers of the Transvaal. As lately as May 13 the British House of Commons unanimously passed a resolution expressing confidence that the Liberal government would welcome the adoption of proposals in the approaching national convention at Pretoria calculated to render possible the ultimate inclusion of the whole of British South Africa (including Rhodesia as well as other Crown Colonies or protectorates) in a federal union. At the same time, one of the ministers declared that the government, warned by precedent, was determined not to attempt to lead, but rather to leave the matter exclusively to the self-governing colonies of South Africa themselves. All it could do, he said, was to watch with folded arms, but not without solicitude, the spectacle. The impassive attitude was further emphasized by Mr. CANTHILL, who acknowledged that Great Britain could only watch and wait. A spokesman of the Unionist party in the House of Commons concurred in taking the same acquiescent position.

It follows that the three Afrikaander colonies will be allowed to form just such a union as they wish. Are they likely to frame a federal constitution on the model of that of the Canadian Dominion, or on that of the Australian Commonwealth? It will be recalled that the former federal organic law is much more centralized than the latter. As regards the concentration of executive and judicial powers, the Dominion of Canada is a nation rather than a confederacy. Its provinces occupy the status rather of provinces in the French Republic than of the States in the American Union. The structure of the Australian Commonwealth is radically different. As regards the powers reserved to the constituent states, it is comparable with our own Constitution, though the type of the federal government is different from our own in that it is Parliamentary rather than Presidential.

Who would have believed eight years ago that England, after expending hundreds of millions of dollars and thousands of lives on the conquest of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, would, within a decade, permit them and their fellow Afrikaanders of Cape Colony to organize a confederation the subjugation of which, should it cost independence, would entirely transcend the resources of the United Kingdom?

Pursuit and Pause

"To want to be wanted, to fight and be shorn, single-handed, for a place in the world, are evidences of strength," writes Dr. NATHAN PAGER in his anonymous and untechnical volume entitled *Confession Medici*. Indeed, with an English largely derived from our vivid and vital American psychology, and with a large score of all side issues in the background, Dr. Pager urges young doctors who are willing to turn to him for advice to be doctors first, and whether they ever grow to be men or not seems hardly to matter, if only they manage to attain to the great modern market ideal, success. Whether they live as they pass along the way seems to him a minor matter. One thing they must take to heart—if they are going to be doctors, they will have no time to "think about thinking or feel about feeling"; their business is to hustle, to build up a practice, produce the impression that they know what they are about, and that it is by no means their fault if the mixture fails to cure the patient upstairs.

Well, success is something, though when one contemplates the great number of those who have succeeded, one cannot but pause to wonder if the prize is really worth the price. And as to the victorians, how will they ever tell us? For it is the first rule of the game that they should not have pause to consider or be conscious. Dr. PAGER gives us a warning instance of a doctor who took an interest in the latest drama and whose practice waned, and the first thing he knew the drama palace in interest, his practice had vanished like snow in winter, and he was left without doctors and without patients in a most pitiful case.

Every man cannot be a philosopher, but one would like to hail SOLER from the shades and set him to questioning and demolishing Dr. PAGER's theory of success, which so closely resembles the theories of the worldly CALLENS. Dr. PAGER cannot too strong-

ly express his repugnance of the retiring temperament. "Other names for this temperament," he says, "are unassuming, mild, soft, feeble." Such a person will never, never fight, force his way, hold his own, and increase his holding, advance, bring up reinforcements, advance again, and beat thundering on the gates of success. . . . "In the nursery," he writes of such a person, "he was fond of his toys, but he let the other children play with them." Oh, reprehensible feebleness! "Compelled to take part in athletic contests, he behaved rather than played; . . . diligent, polite, tidy, punctilious in religion, and glad to share both his prayers and his hamper with other boys; found on the side of the authorities in times of feud, and bearing his own authority, when it came to him, with provoking meekness." Such boys hold on the outer world, Dr. Pager insists, is all wrong. What we have to do in this world from the beginning is to knock down and grab. There is quite evidently not enough success to go round, so the main tenet in the good doctor's philosophy of life is that we are here to fight, to push, to elbow, to gain importance and fame.

"For still the Lord is Lord of might.
In deeds, in deeds He takes delight."

So he harks back to the old dispensation. It seems odd that a good man and a worthy can still live and succeed in the world in the twentieth century, and evolve a theory of life and publish a charming book about it, without the faintest or dimmest consciousness that the Christ had ever lived or spoken an authoritative word.

Only one chapter hints at something beyond man's strength to grapple with. The old Greek Destiny vaguely occurs to Dr. PAGER as a possible antagonist greater than man's power of pushing. If accident, or disease, or old age force you to the wall, then, says Dr. PAGER, you must console yourself with reflecting that once, at any rate, you were capable of knocking down your antagonist and getting what you wanted. Dulness in old age is better, at any rate, than old issues in the fight of life.

The tiger and the ape in man commend the whole faith of this good and successful doctor, and for countless men to cultivate them diligently and become successful at whatever cost, and perhaps the Lord will preserve them from any pause in activity wherein to weigh gains and losses and find out the true value of what they have shored and elbowed to get.

Any man's theory of life frankly set forth is interesting and valuable, and the chief interest in this volume is the discovery of how very shallow a consciousness the successful consciousness is, how very slight its content.

Each man faces the Sphinx, and each makes answer according to the depth of the vessel which contains his mortal consciousness. There are some who, when Destiny overtakes them on the pilgrimage, as it shall each wayfarer sooner or later, when the inevitable pause for reflection comes, shall be consoled not by the vision of all they have knocked down and elbowed out and grabbed up, but by the consciousness that they in themselves are something. That by a few side issues, a little turning aside duty from the battle and the turmoil of life, a little giving way and making room and respite, they have built up in themselves a kind of pervasive peace, a serene shadow perhaps of that which passeth understanding, but in the light of which personal success or non-success seems no more than a dust storm dancing in the ray of sunlight. It will be hard to define this goal, for it neither glitters like gold nor twinkles like cymbals; it does not come by grappling, or forging ahead, or hustling; it evades force and cunning, and the world's business did not give it nor ease it take. It is subtle to the fulness of being, and it does more toward a true contentment than fame or millions. After all, we cannot all stand up in the front rank of life; there is too much hustling and elbowing there now, and the crowd and the combat are daily increasing; but if some of us elect to be stragglers on life's march we may perhaps be more serene, watch the wind often as it fans the clouds across the sky, and pick more wild flowers. And these parasites, say what one will about diligence and concentration, add to consciousness, and he is not a wise man who overlooks such adjuncts. It is possible to build a more stately dwelling to the mansion of one's soul by a lazy swim round a wooded bay, with the eyes fixed on the girdling pine-clad banks, than by elbowing a man out of the way and getting his seat on the train. It induces a finer quality of thought, and therein, after all, lies true blessedness, as ST. FRANCIS would say. Not forging ahead and winning out, but ever more and more refining the quality of the thoughts that visit us, enlightening our consciousness, sowing sympathetic words, and arousing ourselves to mild gestures, these achievements make for higher civilization and transform the world of ages and tapers into a world of men and women. As we purify body and soul of self-interest, as we grow toward self-reliance and impersonal views, we understand the value of acquiescence; the great seething cauldron of life ceases to be a place of torture whence we struggle to escape, and life appears to us in other forms, forms of beauty and vitality and peace, and we come to believe that beyond the life militant,

with its towering successes, there lies the life triumphant, where every gain of ours is a gain to all men, and where all joys and all sports and all blessedness are freely offered to whoever will partake.

Dr. PAIGE takes as the motto of his volume STEVENSON'S beautiful tribute to his doctors, "The physician is the flower [such as it is] of our civilization," etc. But STEVENSON would have been the last to have approved Dr. PAIGE'S view of the physicians' aims and objects, for, when all is said, it was not their bustling and bustling, their skill or their fame he commended, but it was their personality as healers. The dedication to his various doctors tendered gratitude for kindness to a stranger, to a good genius among frosty mountains, to one whom he knew but a week and another whom he knew but ten days, and who yet knew how to write their names deep in his memory; to another whose visits made it a pleasure to be ill, to one wise in counsel, and another unwarlike in kindness, and another who knew how to be a friend. These were not just successful doctors; these were healing personalities; and so, though we highly commend Dr. PAIGE'S essays for their vitality and ease and charm, we should only put them into the hands of those who would strenuously refuse all his advice, and who already know that there is more true living and vital growth in the power of activity than in the maddest of pursuits.

Correspondence

"BE FAIR TO UTAH"

RAIN LAKE CITY, UTAH, May 14, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—Some persons, under the signature of "Traveler" presents some interesting statements in your issue of May 6, touching "Certain Social Conditions in the Far West" and with especial reference to polygamy in Utah. "Traveler's" article is reproduced in the Salt Lake Tribune of this city today, with a number of these endorsing terms of indorsement which suggest paterfamilias. The Tribune is seriously impressed with the notion that it will help Utah to have people in your part of the country believe badly of people here. Which I regard as at least doubtful.

"Traveler" says, in the course of the article in the WEEKLY: "But that these plural marriages still continue, despite the sanction of the law, there is no sort of doubt, not only in the State of Utah, but in other Western States where thrifty and otherwise law-abiding Mormons have congregated in men or less numbers." That is pretty far enough for HARRIS'S WEEKLY to go. It is worse correspondence, if it is not true. Not only is there every sort of doubt of plural marriages in Utah, or anywhere in the West, but there is not the smallest scrap of evidence to support the statement or lead color to the belief. I am fully aware that Salt Lake people who mean a living by denying the facts are cleverly sidestepping argument by declaring that all the evidence of plural marriages is in the hands of the Mormons and they will not give it up. Which has a certain value. But it does not establish that you should believe a statement simply because there is no evidence in support of it.

I cannot find one reason to believe there has been any new polygamy in Utah. And I have looked for it. One man, a prominent Mormon, a polygamist, has been accused of new polygamy—that is, having taken a plural wife since the Supreme Court of the United States made its decision last year, and the Mormon church joined its manifesto abandoning the ordinance—written the past year. His name is Tanner. A letter was found among the effects of a woman recently deceased, and certain passages in the letter indicated Tanner's high regard for her, his discharge of certain business for her, and no more. There was quite a commotion here when this letter was discovered, and the home defilers blamed the statement all over the country that Tanner had been proved guilty of new polygamy. Tanner has demanded the publication of the letter by the people who took it from the effects of a deceased woman, and has flatly denied that he ever married the woman, while frankly admitting that he is a polygamist. That is, before the first court decision and the manifesto, eighteen years ago, he had contracted plural marriages. I don't know whether both his wives are living, but if they are, I have no doubt he is living with them. That is the condition here. Mormons who took plural wives previous to 1890 are not disturbed in their domestic relations; and there are no plural marriages since that date. It has seemed the less way to settle a problem which greatly distressed people whose more virtuous critics then in consideration. It seems to be fair to the women—who were sincere, whatever may be said of the men; and it has the merit of justice to children who, without demand of their own, became elements in the problem.

That is one case on which the verdict of new polygamy in Utah rests.

The other is this: A woman—name unknown—reported to the Salt Lake Tribune that she had heard an address or letter read in a country Mormon meeting-house, the text of which was that some changes in rules were in contemplation touching service. She added that she overheard some men members of the congregation, chatting after service in the vestibule, say when those changes were made maybe they would be permitted to take additional wives.

The letter has been published, and it contains nothing on which to base a belief that the Mormon Church contemplates giving permission for plural marriages. The Mormons themselves flatly declare they have no such intention.

I submit that there is not sufficient ground in these incidents

on which to have the charge that Mormons propose a revival of polygamy; and there surely is not enough to prove that new cases of polygamy have occurred.

To arrive at that conclusion two things must be admitted: First, things must be believed because there is nothing to prove them true; and second, all of the word and none of the deed is to be accepted as the act of a people; accepted as illustrative of that people.

Let me assure you: There is no new polygamy. The Mormons have quit in good faith, and they are not going back to it. They would not if there were no law against it, for they are quite in sympathy with the sentiment of modern Americanization; and besides, in the days of their greatest freedom only five per cent. of the Mormon men had plural wives. There are fewer than a hundred polygamists in Salt Lake City—a city of eighty thousand people, yet Mormon.

Let even HARRIS'S WEEKLY be fair to Utah.

I am, sir,

LE ROY ARMSTRONG.

FROM A SUSPICIOUS READER

New York, May 27, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—I quote from a graduate New York morning newspaper: "The prisoners were taken to Police Headquarters, where they gave their occupations as peddlers, and were looked as suspicious persons for examination by Inspector McCafferty today."

The italics are mine, used in the hope that the vivid word may catch the glances of some noble editor and cause a change. Surely it is neither a crime nor a misdemeanor to be suspicious. It is not unlikely that these prisoners were held as suspected persons.

I know that the abuse of "suspicious" originates in the usage of the men behind the blotter in the desk of the police station; mine that these men are few, but in practice they are not so good as criminals to bother with mere questions of etymology. But I ask you to beg the editors of newspapers that publish police reports to give your old "suspicious" a much-needed rest and instruct all writers and editors to use the proper word. This will not diminish the glory of the reporters of newspapers, but it will spare the sensibilities of many a constant reader. I am, sir,

HENRY UNDERWOOD.

We cannot support our correspondent in his criticism. One meaning of "suspicious," as the dictionary defines it, is "open to suspicion, exciting suspicion." That meaning is well established. "Suspicious persons" and "suspicious circumstances" are in common use, and it is not bad use. "Suspicious" in this use conveys a different and more general idea than "suspected."—KNOTCH.

THE CANTEN IN SOLDIERS' HOMES

COLUMBUS, O., May 26, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—In your comment on the cartoon you say, "veterans left to tormentors" and "it is seldom to the advantage of elderly men to change their habits, provided their habits are any wise reasonable." Upon you, sir, in practice they are not so good as your "comment" hangs the whole argument as to the wisdom of cantens in soldiers' homes. The Hon. Charles B. Landis, on this canten question in Congress, said, "I deny that the typical 'drunk soldier' is drunkard," and the able orator stated a truth for the "typical" Union soldier was always and is, if alive, sober in habit and decent in deportment.

The *senior* here and cry raised on behalf of the canten in soldiers' homes is raised on behalf of an element therein which has shamelessly and shamelessly brought disgrace upon these homes and on the devoted, orderly members by their habits and bad deportment let loose and given full sway through drunkenness; and the cantens therein have done their share to pander to and aggravate this greatest of all evils in these homes—in wit, drunkenness and debauchery. Every man who is a member in a soldiers' home knows that the large drunken class is fairly devoted in deportment, and, of course, sober at all times, when their reason money is expended and they are "broke," and that these same drunkards are in better physical health and condition when they can't get a drink. The way to eliminate drunkenness in these homes was easily pointed out by the Hon. Charles B. Landis, and it is not by way of a canten.

The numerous contingent of riffraff and scum which found its way to the army reader, actuated by every motive except patriotism, and proved to be unlikeliest, disgracing their uniforms and the flag they abandoned in every crisis, impeding additional duties and burdens on the true soldier, this contingent naturally composed the dissolute army, and has made of soldiers' homes a hell for decent society.

The more or less renowned effects of these homes might better tell the truth, when discussing for the canten, and say they favor pander to the dissolute element. The "typical" Union soldier, sober and self-respecting, does not ask for a drink-shop in the homes.

I am, sir,

A CIVIL WAR VETERAN.

Will you excuse us if we do not put entire confidence in your assertion that the only veterans who want the canten in the soldiers' homes are riffraff, scum, and drunkards and "riffraff" officers? Your letter would carry more conviction if it sounded more dispassionate, and less like the product of a trollop bigoted editor.

Finance

Has Currency Reform made Progress?

By HOWARD SCHENCK MOTT



the last day of the session, when discussion of the currency question had reached the point of utter disregard of the real merits of the legislation discussed; after six months of debate and compromise, closing with theatrical filibustering oratory; after a trumpeting at the beginning of the session from the President and the majority in Congress, that financial legislation would be enacted which should prevent panics in the future; after a practical lesson, contained in the appointment of a currency commission, that the problem is still unsolved—a scheme of currency reform, with the reform enunciated, attenuated and nearly eliminated, because the law of the lands will fail to avoid themselves, though in a different manner, of the material at hand; for otherwise they would be unworthy of their opportunities.

Last year a panic made the question of currency reform a vital and immediate matter, and the discussion, in and out of Congress, and has raised undoubtedly will take an important place in our history. Banking and currency questions have always been closely interwoven with our political life. No matter what the real needs of the country may be, no matter what experts may recommend as proper solutions of the problems, one point of view must remain paramount. All other interests, especially in a Presidential election year, must give way to party expediency. In the present case the chief reason for foregoing through some sort of currency legislation, whether in reality it is good, bad, or indifferent, lies not in the high wisdom of statesmanship, but in the necessity of providing in the next few months material for the Republican platform and for Republican campaign speeches. It is not to be expected that the legislation will fail to avoid themselves, though in a different manner, of the material at hand; for otherwise they would be unworthy of their opportunities.

Yet, in all soberness, if merely a serious and plausible measure has become law, in the last analysis it represents more than anything else the confusion of mind that has existed regarding the essential qualities of a sound currency system. This confusion has pervaded not only the mind of the average man, but the minds of bankers themselves. Nevertheless, at the meeting of the American Bankers' Association, held last September, a piece of constructive work was accomplished in the recommendation to Congress of a practicable scheme of currency reform; and the New York Chamber of Commerce Committee on Currency also, not long ago, made an excellent and informing report. Bankers all over the country have protested against the legislation which has finally found its way to the statute book. The Congress has seen fit not to regard the recommendations of expert "commissions" and individuals, but has enacted legislation with a view merely to its popular appeal and the avoidance of a political misstep.

If, then, out of a swirling eddy of differing views, conflicting interests, ignorance, and doubtful motives, anything thoroughly constructive had resulted, the occasion would have been one for surprise and gratification. One fact stands out clearly: The measure as passed is intended solely to provide an emergency currency; it is not offered as an ultimate solution of the problem, that being the work which the Currency Commission must undertake. Yet, even as an emergency measure, it seems to sit uneasily in particular outside of the Republican party machine. When a measure goes through the mill of successful legislation by all shades of financial opinion, and opinion that is not financial at all, and is finally enacted for political reasons, it would be astonishing if the measure should retain much definite character or much of its original merit, however small that may have been.

During practically the whole of the session of Congress just ended, two main conceptions of what should be done have been entertained and battled for by the serious-minded. The first in point of definite presentation in Congress was the idea of providing merely a currency suitable to an emergency like that of last fall, leaving present currency conditions as little disturbed as possible, and leaving to the future the real solution of the problem of providing a thoroughly sound currency system. The second conception developed the theory that the lessons of last fall's panic, and the great public interest taken in the question of currency reform at the present time, afforded a favorable opportunity to inaugurate, not make-shifts for today or to-morrow, but a comprehensive currency system that should be efficient for all time.

This comprehensive system requires as close an approximation as possible to a currency that would expand and contract automatically with the varying needs of business, that would be based not upon government or any other specific bonds, but upon the general assets of national banks. These assets consist in the main of commercial paper, which represents goods and products in process of conversion. As a matter of theory at least, an automatically elastic currency should be one in the operation of which every bank would be anxious to keep its own notes outstanding and would retire the notes of its competitors as fast

as they came in. Such a theory demands freedom of both issue and redemption, and the question of a tax on circulation to assure contraction becomes of minor importance. In Canada this kind of automatically elastic currency has gone beyond the realm of theory and has become an actuality.

One great trouble with our banking system, as has been very specifically pointed out by Mr. Paul M. Warburg, is its decentralization. Every bank has its own row, except in times of panic, when the banks of the larger cities find voluntary concerted action, through clearing-house associations, absolutely essential to their continued existence. They even find it necessary, in such emergencies, to perform a constitutionally illegal function by issuing a kind of currency in the shape of clearing-house certificates. These voluntary associations and their methods of supplying panic point out clearly the need of a central bank with extensive powers, especially of note issue, which should safeguard the interests not only of the banks themselves, but of the business community. To meet the prejudice existing in this country against a central bank, Mr. Warburg has suggested a "central clearing-house association," but he would eliminate such an association with all of the essential powers of a central bank.

That there are very practical difficulties in the way of securing an automatically elastic currency must be admitted. The first of these difficulties is found in the fact that our present national bank notes are based upon government bonds as security. This is a currency which grew out of the necessity created by the Civil War for bolstering up the national credit by providing a market for government bonds. Aside from the practical difficulties involved in a total change in the basis of our currency, a great many people would never be willing, as a result of forty years' trial of bond-backed bank notes, that no other kind is safe.

The course of the discussion in Congress therefore partook of the character of a struggle between the advocates of a radical change in our present system and those who desire to perpetuate the present system for convenience's sake. The latter won the victory to the emergency currency element, although it bears evidences of apparent compromise to the advocates of asset currency. The original Aldrich bill provided for an emergency currency of \$250,000,000; the present law provides for a limit of \$100,000,000. The central bank of the country, however, could be used as security. In the law as enacted they have been dropped. The new law provides that currency may be taken out on the security of State, county, and municipal bonds to the extent of ninety per cent. of their value, and the circulation is to be based at the rate of five per cent. the first month it is outstanding, rising one per cent. a month to ten per cent. Obviously, while here is a method of issuing additional currency in times of dire distress, the tax on the new circulation makes it practically prohibitive. As to the provision for emergency currency based upon commercial paper, it is little short of trivial. Such notes are to be issued by "national currency associations" to consist of banks, ten in number, with combined capital and surplus of \$500,000,000, and the circulation is to be issued only to banks already having outstanding notes based on government bonds (issued in forty per cent. of their capital stock). In order to avail themselves of the privilege of issuing this "asset currency," the banks must first organize as "national currency associations" along the lines of the law instead of along the natural lines marked out by the desire to organize a community of banks, with directors, officers, directors, executive committees, etc., and must submit the security for each proposed issue of notes to the Comptroller of the Currency and the Secretary of the Treasury for their approval. In addition, the associations and their members would have a special liability to the government and would labor under other deterrents.

It, as is highly improbable, such associations should be formed for the sole purpose of using this dilatory method of securing currency at the rare intervals when it would be needed, the emergency to meet which the notes are intended might pass before they were issued. It is conceivable that a situation might arise in which the power to issue currency against State, county, and municipal bonds would be of service; but the emergency would have to be a grave one, for at all other times the banks would lose money by taking out circulation. Without the restrictions imposed by the law, it would be an inflation machine pure and simple; with these restrictions, its effectiveness is lost in a hopeless abyss.

There is probably just one direction in which the course of events leading up to the enactment of the law will prove to be of tremendous value. Public opinion has received a great deal of enlightenment on the whole question of currency reform. Senator La Follette, by his filibustering tactics, performed the best public service of his political career in helping to rivet attention on the currency problem. The cause of reform has not been advanced by the new law (but in all probability it has made great progress) through wide-spread discussion, during the past six months, of plans for asset currency and a central bank of issue. Thereby the task of the new currency commission should have been made the lighter.

For the Kingdom of California

THE TRUE STORY OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CIVIL WAR BETWEEN THE GRAFTERS AND THE ELABORATE FORCES OF THE PROSECUTION

IV.—THE COLLAPSE OF THE PROSECUTION

By WILLIAM INGLIS



WHAT has the San Francisco graft prosecution accomplished? Begin with lavish promises that it would rid the city of grafters and threats to "get" the corporation men, contained amid great clamor of praise for nearly two years before the eyes of a sympathetic public, what are the concrete results of the movement?

1. Eugene Schmitz, Mayor of San Francisco, and nominal head of the administration of grafting officials, was forced out of office and put on trial for bribery. He was convicted of bribery, but the judgment was reversed by the courts of appeal, all the judges agreeing, on the ground that the indictment was fatally incompetent and did not allege any legal offense. Schmitz is at large on bail, but it is very doubtful, as Prosecutor Hickey has admitted to this writer, whether he can be convicted hereafter.

2. Alio Ruel, shrewd, rich lawyer, the heart and brain of the graft machine, although not an officeholder, is still in prison awaiting trial under a cloud of indictments and bail of nearly \$1,000,000. He has been cast down from his throne, and his political machine has been shattered beyond hope of repair. As for the possibility of convicting him of any crime, that question is but answered by considering the result of his trial for bribery concluded a few days ago—a disagreement of the jury, with eight jurors voting to acquit Ruel because they could not believe the testimony of the self-confessed grafting supervisors.

3. The eighteen grafting supervisors, who cynically enjoyed their villagery and in return received complete immunity from prosecution, are now out of office, although they were retained in power for three months by the prosecutors. They still have their bribes—as witness the grotesque, pathetic, and vain offer of him a few weeks ago, to surrender his bribe money if he could find any one to take it. Every confessed hoodler is, of course, immune from prosecution.

4. The "getting" of corporation officials? Not one has been convicted of any offense, nor has even a *prima facie* case been made out against any of them. Several of the tallest men of corporation officials have been dismissed, General Lacey L. Ford, counsel for the United Railroads, has been twice triumphantly acquitted. Messrs. Mulhally and Abbott, of the same company, have been pronounced innocent by Prosecutor Wilson in open court, and although President Patrick Calhoun of the company, has fought for a year to have his case brought to trial the prosecution has abandoned the case.

To sum up—the grafters are out of office but free, their organizer and master is still in disgrace but likely to go free, and the corporation officials, accused when the Herald as-

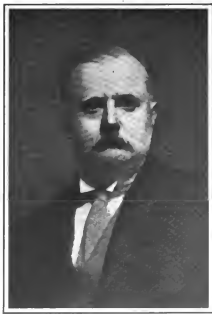
saults of the prosecution have been delivered, are finally exempt from danger of imprisonment at a cost of millions of dollars and the beloning of their good names. They have bought and won, but truly at a price that staggers humanity.

In so far as conditions that prevailed in San Francisco exist in all American cities, it is of vital interest to every American to examine the causes of the present plight of the graft prosecution, to determine, if possible, why after two years of effort it has failed to punish the guilty and has come seemingly to the end of its effectiveness. The prosecutors—Rudolph Spreckels, James D. Phelan, and Francis A. Hickey, who took control of the district attorney and his office—declare that all San Francisco has been deluged by corporate wealth; that citizens have turned their backs upon the graft prosecution because they believe it "hurts business." The corporation officials, on the other hand, affirm that the prosecution has failed because it was disingenuous and selfish from the beginning; that a combination of well-wishes scorned the State's prosecuting power and used it as a weapon to disgrace and imprison them, and in the resultant crash of their companies buy their properties cheap. Thus the prosecutors vehemently deny.

Let us consider the reveal extraordinary factors to counter Al-

lio Ruel of bribery. Surely in his case there was no lack of popular enthusiasm for the prosecution. During my six weeks' stay in San Francisco sixty-one out of every hundred men with whom I talked were bitter against Ruel. The general sentiment of the community toward this man was expressed by a prominent business man not affiliated with either the prosecution or the defense, who not long ago said to me: "No matter what happens, you must admit that the prosecution has done a great deal of good. They have got rid of Schmitz and the gang of grafting supervisors, and as for Ruel, they'll send him over the bay soon." The State's prison, I may remark, is over the bay.

Now, why did the jury, by a vote of eight to four, refuse to send Ruel over the bay, although urged to do so by eager prosecutors backed by overwhelming popular feeling? Surely that must have been a great obstacle which prevented these eight men under their oaths as jurors from gratifying the wish of the people. It was a great obstacle—the testimony of the very grafting supervisors with whom the prosecution struck a bargain at the beginning of the crusade. These men testified in effect that Alio Ruel had not only given them bribes for their votes on public measures, but had promised them an advance to pay them certain specific sums as bribes for their votes on these measures—a *c.* grafting franchise, etc., to corporations. The self-confessed grafters told their stories glibly, and the future looked black for Alio Ruel. But the defense put in evidence the statements of these same supervisors had made on their march



Patrick Calhoun, President of the United Railroads

"I HAVE NEVER, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, GIVEN ANY OF MY ASSENTED TO BRIBERY OR HAD KNOWLEDGE OF BRIBERY"



Tully L. Ford

FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL,
THREE TIMES AND VINDICATED
OF THE CHARGE OF BRIBERY

Under the circumstances the eight jurors refused to believe any of the witnesses' stories, and thus Ruel had escaped through his attorneys' excess of zeal.

Let us now consider the course of the prosecution toward the corporation officials accused of bribing the supervisors.

"Why did not these corporate men come to us, as we begged them to? Why did not Mr. Speckels and Mr. Henry separately and to me?—We would have accepted their evidence against the supervisors. We had to use one side to prosecute the other."

This had a convincing sound. I got the best answer to the question from Patrick Calhoun.

"I can answer with positive knowledge only for the United Railroads," he said, "but I am informed and I believe that the other corporation officials stood as we stood. For myself I answer that I have never, directly or indirectly, bribed any one or conspired to bribery or had knowledge of bribery. An emissary spoke to me—once—with the suggestion that the graft prosecution intended to invite me to confess. I told him that it would not be healthy for any man to come to me with any such proposition. That was the end of that."

Did the prosecution begin operations with the fixed purpose of overthrowing the corporate men, no matter how many known grafters should go free? Let us look at the facts. Mr. Henry in public addresses at Berkeley, at Stanford, and in San Francisco declared that he would "get" the corporation men quite as often as he boasted that he would punish Abe Ruel. Yet as soon as Detective Burns had trapped a few grafting supervisors and scared them so that the whisperer of the park, "Big Jim" Gallagher, met Rudolph Spreckels by appointment at the Presidio by night, Mr. Spreckels offered immunity and protection to all the grafting supervisors and to Abe Ruel himself.

In the first Ford trial, when Gallagher (the prosecution's principal witness) was asked whether he had demanded immunity for Ruel, he replied: "No. It was not necessary. Mr. Spreckels had offered immunity to Ruel." Gallagher stated that Mr. Spreckels had said to him at the Presidio that he had no vindictiveness against the supervisors, no vindictiveness against political bosses, but that important purposes were to be served by getting after the public service corporations.

"Mr. Spreckels," Gallagher testified, "said: 'Supervisors may come and go, political bosses may come and go, but the public-service corporations will remain, and they are a source of political corruption.'"

Upon the last trial of General Ford, Gallagher testified that Mayor Schmitz had been induced to offer immunity made by Mr. Spreckels at the Presidio. So here we find at the very beginning of the graft prosecution the prosecutor acting upon the theory that all the leading supervisors, as well as Ruel and Mayor Schmitz, might go free if only they could "get" the corporation officials.

Why was this?

For the cause of civic purity and reform—say the prosecutors.

For private aggrandizement and rich plunder—say the corporation men.

What was the state of Ruel's political-grafting organization at the time of the alleged acts of bribery? We have already seen that Ruel had captured the Labor Union party by an alliance with Schmitz and that the men he raised from obscurity to be supervisors were subservient to him. They obeyed his slightest word and command—"look your man," as the jargon phrase has it. Having created this gang, Ruel was forced to feed it lest it turn upon him as the monster turned upon Frankenstein. There was truth in his plaint. "They were so hungry they'd eat the paint off a house." But there is nothing in the history of the gang and its master to suggest that Ruel and his supervisors were ever partners, or that they conspired and planned out graft in advance, or that he ever said: "I shall get so much money for this franchise, out of which I shall divide so much among you." He bunted with the pack, but he never conspired with its members. Indeed, it is of record that in at least one case he made the supervisors vote against

a franchise for which they had already been bribed. This was when the hungry ones broke restraint and did a little grafting on their own account. The master demonstrated his power by whipping them back to heel and forcing them to kill the franchise they had been bribed to favor. At that time, too, Ruel was eager to be seated in the United States Senate. As it likely that one in his position, with his ambition and wielding his power, would ruin his political machine by making himself a partner in the crime of bribery with the very men he already controlled so abjectly? That he paid graft money to the pack is certain; that he conspired in bribery seems most unlikely.

All of this is corroborative of Ruel's oft repeated denial that he ever committed bribery. From the beginning of his confession, when he "came through" under promise of immunity after long torture by his captors, and told of his misdeeds, up to the present time, Ruel has always insisted that he did not commit bribery. Note his affidavit filed in the Superior Court on March 29 last, in which he states under oath:

"Neither Tully L. Ford nor Patrick Calhoun ever spoke to this affiant about or told this affiant about or told this affiant that they or either of them expected him to bribe, give, pay, or offer to pay, or promised to pay any money to any public official or supervisor, and this affiant so told the said Henry, Langdon, and Burns; and this affiant has never stated to the contrary, and the same was and is the truth."

But the prosecution, which had given immunity to the confessed grafters and made an immunity contract with Ruel in order to "get the higher-ups," was dissatisfied with Ruel's story. They insisted upon his giving evidence that would convict corporation men of bribery. As Ruel in the affidavit already quoted pictures the situation:

"That, notwithstanding this affiant's repeated assertions to the said Burns, in answer to the said demands of the said Burns for such testimony from this affiant, the said Burns made repeated requests and demands of this affiant that he should change his statement so that this affiant's statement would incriminate the said Ford and Calhoun, and said Burns did repeatedly in the month of September, 1907, say to this affiant, when alone with this affiant, and frequently in the presence of the Reverend Bernard M. Kaplan, in substance and effect, that the prosecution demanded of this affiant testimony which would convict Ford and Calhoun, and did state in the presence of said Kaplan to this affiant that the statements of this affiant, if repeated to a trial jury, instead of convicting would acquit said Ford and said Calhoun, and did further state in the said month of September to this affiant that the prosecution was not giving affiant complete immunity for nothing."

"Affiant repeatedly, and as often as asked, and as often as threatened, did say to the said Burns and to the said Langdon and Henry, and said to them frequently in the presence of Dr. Kaplan, notwithstanding the presence of Dr. Nieto, in the month of September, 1907, that this affiant had told the truth concerning all conversations had by affiant with Patrick Calhoun and Tully L. Ford concerning the said matter, and further stated that what the prosecution demanded of affiant in reference to the said matters concerning said Ford and Calhoun was absolutely untrue, and the affiant asserts that they were and are untrue; and this affiant further states that he frequently stated to said Burns and said Henry and said Langdon that he could not and would not change his statements or testify to conform to the views of the prosecution with regard thereto, and that to do so would be to commit perjury, and that this affiant would not so do."

"That thereupon and repeatedly the said Burns did state to me that the prosecution desired the truth, but also added that the truth was as the prosecution had stated the matter, and that if I did not change my statement and testify to conform to what was stated was the truth I could not hope for favors from the prosecution."

"When said Burns, after many efforts, found that I would not testify as demanded, he was at first extremely angry, or apparently so, and eventually stated to me that if I would say, when called as a witness in the Ford trial, that Ford paid me money to 'put the matter through the Board of Supervisors' Mr. Henry would be satisfied."

"Mr. Burns also stated to me that there was not very much strain in that language, and that I could safely say that, and it would please Mr. Henry and the prosecution, and be to my great interest in carrying out promptly and effectively the entire immunity contract; and I am also informed and verify believe that Mr. Henry and Mr. Henry made practically the same statement to Drs. Nieto and Kaplan. My reason for the belief is that



William M. Abbott
OF THE UNITED RAILROADS,
WHO IS UNDER IMPEACHMENT
ON UNSTAINED CHARGES
OF BRIBERY

they both spoke to me about the matter, and I told Burns, and I told the Reverend Dr. Kaplan, and I told the Reverend Dr. Kisto, and I told Burns in their presence, that I would not change my statement from the truth to a falsehood, and that I would not swear to a lie to convict any one, no matter what the result might be to myself, and would not testify as the prosecution demanded. These conversations occurred in September, 1907.

"That after I had revised all this and I was being pressed again and again and told Burns and Dr. Kaplan that no such statements were ever made by Mr. Ford or Mr. Calhoun to me as suggested by Mr. Burns, Mr. Henry, and Mr. Langdon, I was asked by Burns whether I would not testify in effect 'that I thought that Ford understood that money would be given to the Board of Supervisors to pass the trolley franchise,' and I responded that even if I were willing so to testify, such evidence would not be permissible, as I would not be allowed to testify as to what anybody might think, or might have thought, or might have understood."

I should not have quoted Ruel's affidavit at such length if he were not corroborated by so many material facts in the history of this amazing prosecution. It is not to be expected that a man of Ruel's character will be believed on his mere unsupported assertion. Consider, then, this vital fact—Ruel would be a free man to-day if he had changed his testimony so as to accuse Messrs. Calhoun and Ford of bribery. The prosecution offered him at the very inception of the crusade complete immunity in return for a complete confession of his misdeeds. This offer was crystallized in the famous immunity contract, duly signed, sealed, and delivered. Thus, the terms of the contract specifically excluded Case 205 from the immunity, but that was one of the French restaurant cases and the indictment therein was long ago settled by the judgment in the Schmitz case.

It seems to me quite clear that the prosecution must have had grave reason both for making the Ruel immunity contract and for keeping it hidden from May 8, 1907, until January 16, 1908. What was that reason?

"The prosecution," says Patrick Calhoun, "exhausted every means of having Ruel to accuse us of bribery. They resented that their immunity bargain with him must be kept secret until they should actually produce him on the witness stand and there have him accuse all of us of bribery. That was to be the master stroke of their whole campaign. Whatever may be said of Ruel, it cannot be denied that he has stuck to the truth at great cost to himself. They threatened him with lifelong imprisonment if he would not accuse us of bribery; they tried in every way to break his resistance. He replied: 'I have already told you the whole truth, and I will not commit perjury to oblige you. I'd rather not see thousands of years in prison.' Nevertheless they still continued their efforts to make him 'come through,' and it was only when the rabble threatened to publish the immunity contract that District Attorney Langdon was forced to give the contract to the newspapers. The prosecutors have been defending them-

selves ever since, trying to explain: first, why they made the secret immunity contract with Ruel, and, secondly, why they were forced to repudiate it."

I repeated this utterance to Rudolph Spreckels. "It is not true," he replied. "No one has attempted to force Ruel to commit perjury. We would not tolerate that for a moment. When he 'came through' with his confession we made the contract with him promising money in return for the truth. He has actually told the truth in part, but we believe he has lied about his relations with the corporation officials. In that lying Ruel violated his contract and that ended it."

Mr. Henry was equally emphatic in his denial. "I never believed we could trust Ruel," he said to me. "Ruel made a contract to tell the truth, told part of the truth and held back the rest. By refusing to admit that the corporation officials had bribed him he lied. That terminated the contract. He has always been a liar, tricky, and evasive. I never trusted him."

What shall an unprejudiced mind believe concerning the relations between Messrs. Spreckels, Henry, and Langdon on the one hand, and Ruel and his grafting supervisors on the other? At the outset of the campaign of civic reform and graft prosecution the crusaders proclaimed that they would send all the guilty men to prison—big of them, great and small. At that very time they made an alliance with the entire gang of grafting supervisors, giving them immunity and continuance in power in exchange for their testimony. Then came the arrangement with Ruel, resulting in his confession and the immunity contract.

What followed? The same "good dogs" who "took programme" from Ruel made a remarkable and important change in their testimony. In their first confession, when questioned by Mr. Henry, with the memory of their criminal acts still hot in their minds, they swore that Ruel had given them money after they had voted for franchises. One year later, upon the trial of Ruel, they add to their first story by saying that Ruel had promised in advance to pay them for their votes. Why did these "good dogs" from "Big Jim" Gallagher down, make so vital a change in their testimony? Wasn't it because they are still "good dogs"?

These grafting supervisors were not believed by the jury even in their testimony against the much-hated Ruel. Yet they are all free, all still possessed of the bribe money. Is not the observer bound to believe that if Ruel had similarly come through," he, too, would be now enjoying the immunity guaranteed by the prosecution?

And what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Messrs. Spreckels, Peelan, and Henry directed all their efforts to convicting corporation officials of bribery. They entered into an alliance with the known grafters in an effort to bring about these convictions. The grafters in their eagerness to be "good dogs" added to their original testimony and so defeated the plan. There seems to be at this moment no hope of ever sending any of the San Francisco hoodlums to prison for their crimes.

THE METROPOLITAN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT BALTUSROL



CHARLES L. KELLY, OF WEE WUBS, 6 DOWN AT THE END OF THE FIRST HUND OF HIS MATCH WITH JEROME TRAVELER, OF MONTCLAIR, PUTTED THE GAME TO THE 35TH GREEN AND THERE WON IT. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN ON THE 18TH GREEN



The Fleet entering the Golden Gate—the Ships, in Line of Approach, are the "Connecticut," "Kansas," "Vermont," "Louisiana," "Georgia," "New Jersey," and "Rhode Island."

The End of the Voyage

By ROBERT DUNN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



AMONG THE U. S. BATTLESHIPS—"RANGE 1000." But so far Francisco.

It is not easy to be sailed and enthusiasm, weary and ardent, all at the same time. As our combined Atlantic and Pacific squadrons, twenty-six ships of the line, the biggest naval pageant the western hemisphere has ever seen, anchored off Market Street yesterday, the sentiment of our quarterdeck was this: "Why didn't we stop here first, right after leaving Hampton Roads? Think how keen we'd have been for this occasion. For the two weeks' jubilee San Francisco has cooked up for us ashore! But when you're being fangarded under four flags, in an many ways—"

Yes, indeed. All the way up this Pacific coast it was hard to be continuously excited, to return its hospitality and enthusiasm in all the profusion with which it was offered. Could any one expect that? O that some arctic would celebrate the urbanity and social endurance of the American naval officer through night after night of dance and dinner, day after day of barbecue and motor ride! His flag to grace the functions; he is ordered to. One in our wardroom became so drab as Los Angeles that he went to bed one morning at ten o'clock. We hang a black cravat of symbolic grace on his door. "I suppose," said a stray, lined visitor to the wardroom country, "he feels bad over that sailor I read about who died on the *Georgia* yesterday?" Yes, indeed. But be chiefly mourned himself, shot through this glad-land festival, like the lady who used to emerge from the ruman at an old-fashioned circus.

Thus we crept up the coast, and the darkness leached with bonfire ashore, and faintly twinkled the whitish glitter of those resorts on the famed San Francisco "beach." The eyes of the light ships stared at our rumbling anchor-chains. Thus we rested in the wings and behind the array, ready for the greatest "first night"—or rather matinee—the Pacific coast has ever known. Behind the scenes is still always the most thrilling place to be. We had been there for four months, and the seven-oilbert guests were too familiar to palpitate our hearts. The patriotic crowds assembling ashore might have thought so different that night, as from our "round-the-flora standpoint" we pondered whether our various physicians could stand the two weeks' pace of San Francisco hospitality.

All the morning a shifty fog swam through us, the fog that makes dim things black, and black things dazzling when a rift comes. The torpedo boats clustered about the little scarlet light-ship just outside our line of anchorage, and beyond them craning the two new-comers, the *Albatross* and the *Albatross*. Friendly they seemed, and yet presumptuous among us veterans of the 14,000 miles, flying the only Yankee ensigns beside our own which we had seen during the long hike, except when the *Chaco* stole past us like a ghost in the haze off Chile. The *Albatross* is sister to the *Albatross*, the *Albatross* to ourselves.

Sometimes you might have observed the Golden Gate, a flatfish gap under the light clouds. But at eleven o'clock, when laughter curved the quarterdeck into fresh sailmakers, the wind was blowing the fog into billows, letting down auriferous shafts and sunlight. The curtain over the Gate lifted a definite space, so you could see the glassed-in buildings by the wall marks, and the cliffs and grassy gullies of the steep north portal. Our three-mile line had run past the entrance, heading south. Every one faced it as we swung with the tide, so that as far as entering the bay went, each ship individually, and the fleet as a whole, could not have more squarely turned backs upon San Francisco. All had to pivot completely about, and the *Connecticut* then led the whole line in a hair-pin turn westward. Thus, as she signalled to get underway

at right angles, which promptly was changed to ten, aimed the familiar apparent-but-not-real confusion of clearing, backing screws; threatened "walking-astern" of ship upon ship, as all-appeared coasts busily moved up and down their yards.

To us, sailed with such routine, the strange ships gave the sole novel element, as the First Division swung in perfectly behind the flag-ships. The *Albatross* was to butt into the column right behind the *Albatross*. The quarterdeck regarded this as almost an impertinence. Why, she had never even seen a *Patagonian gusher*! An interloper, indeed. "She'll make a mess of keeping distance," said a midshipman. "She's too used to travelling single column. Why should she be let in to spoil the line? I don't believe aboard her they even know it's a courtmartial offence to turn in too quickly. This implied no real cynicism; it was just our aroused-the-flora old seadog point of view. And as we all swung on toward the white light-house by the cove where the *Alto de Janeiro* went down, nothing remained but to jump the specter for having apparently non-regulation speed-ones—they seemed too thin and pointed—and to flatter the *Albatross's* modesty for falling in behind the *Albatross*, at the tip end of everything.

Thus we ploughed on with funnels belching blackness straight upward, and evenly as a wind-break of gum-trees. The torpedo "spit-kits" rolled to port. We seemed to pry the cloud blanket apart from the Gate. There were the two leadmen up forward, twirling their weights in great arcs and leaning far forward on the throne; blurrackets skyarking on the leeward; the tide in the narrow beginning to zigzag the great column the least bit now and then; and circular Fort Scott growing from a trail-box into a sizable drum. Far inside a heliograph kept flashing from some merchantman among the smoky forestry of shipping.

Here again! The climax of the cruise in the Pacific. I am afraid that many of us missed any very poignant sense of anxiety and patriotic pride. Travelling so long and so far, goals become insensible certainties. Sailorsmen are gentle and irresponsible in port quite naturally. For once we felt that we ourselves were quite unmovable. Those we now began to see clustered in the outer portals of the Gate possessed the eyes and the hearts that we desired. Their sense of our sight, their faith in our power in prefer from future enemies, their vague awe of the sea, and fascination in our potency of steel—all that was movable. We wanted to grasp the impulse, just as they had felt it, which had brought them out ponder by the hundred thousand, in human hordes on the streets, in scattered ranks where the roads wound upward. Flies, like flies, I suppose, he simile occurred to half our 16,000 men. I heard a down lips mutter it, from officer down to stoker.

The Sausalito ferriesbats stopped in their tracks, even they, for Sausalito is the lighthouse of San Francisco. When our thread-line of ships stood into the eye of the Gate at a quarter to one o'clock, Forts Mason and Baker on either hand uprised saluting powder and boom. An officer said, "Well! That's the first time I've ever heard an *American* fort salute *American* battle-bats." Shipping and factories turned on all their whistles, and we sighted the four-funnelled cruiser squadron behind Angel Island; watched it slowly moved and attach itself to us like a tail—and noted grossly how much better "distance" we kept, hoping that the flies upon the docks and buildings observed that also. As we passed grim Alcatraz, there was the old *Fort* to be recognized, at which some other officers rectified national history at first hand. There were revenue cutters to pick out and name as we passed grim Alcatraz, and young "way beyond the green Ferry Building before turning back again upon the city. From some pier a sailboat shot upward, vanished twice in the clouds, where its Dunsford Dick opened his white parachute—aimed for the aft funnel of the *Kearsarge*, and almost hit it.

Bullshots. Pretty metaphor. Every sailorman has been on a fairly continuous suspension ever since.



The Monarchical Manners of the White House

By DAVID F. SINCLAIR

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT LEVERING



MR. ROOSEVELT has been called a President with a republican imagination guided by the monarchical instinct. In this respect he is a character distinctly new in the history of our Federal-Republican system of government. We have had two, perhaps three Presidents with a decidedly monarchical temperament, but the present occupant of the White House is the only incumbent that has evinced a passion for perpetrating and ruling his fellow citizens. In his pre-Presidential policies the President had shown the instinct and will of a monarch without a monarch's manners and display. But since Mr. Roosevelt became President there have been witnessed behind the White House doors an exclusiveness, a rigor of etiquette, and a display of swords and gold braid such as no one of his predecessors ever dreamed of. The atmosphere of the White House has been more like that of Buckingham Palace three half dozen years than like its former air. No President ever made so many changes for the purpose of putting up the bars against the general public. No President has ever been so rigid in the selection of those who should grace official and social functions. No President has ever shut the doors of this public mansion so tight in the face of the press. And certainly no President has gone so far in imitation of foreign courts in the reception of foreign ambassadors.

The White House is the heart of the government. In it dwells the personality of the government, and around it have centered the imagination, emotions, and affections of the Republic. The President and his family, living in full view of the entire country, have ever been a mould of decency, simplicity, and democracy for every other family in the land; and to that host the people owe as much their sense of equality and love of family and home as to

the acts of Congress. The open doors of the White House, its democratic informality, and the absence of addlers from its corridors for more than a century have astonished every foreign traveler and observer.

The first five Presidents to live in the White House were born aristocrats. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe lived like English squires on their Virginia plantations. The two Adamses in the line of New England scholars. But in the White House these men were each and all democrats, accessible to the humblest citizen on terms of equality. Andrew Jackson made the White House so free and open that his aristocratic enemies charged him with vulgarizing it. Mr. Lincoln would invite into the White House the basest deserter from the army, to hear his plea for life. Grant, Hayes, and even the fastidious Arthur were always good mixers with the great democratic throngs that invaded the White House. Mr. Cleveland was never more pleased than when he was shaking hands with the tri-weekly crumblers in the East Room. McKinley's frail wife sat at his side for hours to greet the American people who went to pay their respects.

In desire of the changed relations between the White House and the general public during the last few years, some of the President's intimate personal friends have urged that his time is too valuable to permit much of it to be spent in the shaking of hands with promiscuous crowds, and in receiving those who have no business but to pay their respects. It has been urged that the President's duties are very like those of a great railroad president, who would never think of holding in his office levees or crashes of the public that patronizes his road. In Mr. Roosevelt's first term he discontinued the great tri-weekly crashes in the East Room. There has never been anything in history quite like these Presidential receptions.

The East room of the White House has always been the one apartment open to every well-behaved person in the world. It has been as free as the sidewalks of Venice's St. Mark's Square, and to behold the chief citizens of the Republic take his place at the head of the line here was always an inspiration, and actually worth more to the country than any hour he could spend in examining the records of applicants for post-offices, internal revenue offices, and judgeships. Tens of thousands of plain people have glanced into the face of the "Old Hickory," into the kind eyes of the Great Emancipator, and at the first countenance of Grover Cleveland in this historic room.

Mr. Roosevelt has greatly reduced the number of public receptions, and has confined them to the circular Blue Parlor, a very much smaller apartment than the East Room. The Blue Parlor is a semi-private apartment, and the public is never admitted to it promiscuously. Visitors at all these Blue Parlor receptions are present by selection and invitation only. The New Year reception is a grand crash of four or five thousand persons who file past the President and his receiving party and choose guests. The atmosphere and arrangement of this reception are royal and not democratic under the present regime. The receptions are announced by the fanfare of trumpets, blown by soldiers, in imitation of royal heralds. The President takes his place, with Mrs. Roosevelt and the ladies of the cabinet at his side,



Reporters caught loitering were to be arrested

all flanked by a staff of military aides in brilliant uniforms, with jeweled sword hilts. After Mr. Roosevelt's triumphant election in 1904 these military aides were increased to nine young men, most of them the sons of distinguished military heroes, such as Grant, Lee, and Sheridan. On account of criticism in the press, this military staff has been gradually reduced, but at the recent New Year's reception there were more soldiers in the White House than during any previous régime, except in war time.

This military staff is, of course, purely for social and decorative purposes, and it corresponds in manner, if not in degree, to the military functions of the Emperor of the Japanese. The marshal, the colonel who presents the people to the President, belongs to the staff of army engineers. He is a sort of Lord Chamberlain of the White House. When the soldier Grant was President the public were presented to him by a citizen in plain clothes, the Marshal of the District of Columbia. Although Hayes, Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley all employed a colonel of engineers to officiate at their receptions, there never were more than two men present in gold braid, with swords at their sides.

Visualize for a moment one of Mr. Roosevelt's New Year levees in the Blue Parlor. A long line of people—men and women in full dress—after much waiting in the White House corridors and the East Room enter the Presence, and, passing between two silk curtains, approach the President and the group of ladies, soldiers, and diplomats in brilliant uniforms, set off by the black coats of cabinet ministers. Facing the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, on the opposite side of the silk cord, is a group of specially invited guests, an assembly of more or less distinguished persons who are present to see the crowd, and especially to lend dignity to the chief figure in the setting. In former times these spectators were grouped in the background behind the President and his wife, but Mr. Roosevelt, by grouping them opposite, and placing along the moving line of visitors his military aides in great numbers, has increased the brilliancy of the levee and concentrated the attention of all upon the presentation of the visitors. There is, however, a noticeable awkwardness in these military satellites of the throne that one will never see at a court reception in Europe. The independent, self-respecting American, though he be a soldier, cannot easily lend himself to gracing an official function that savors of royalty.

The President gives three or four state banquets annually. These banquets have, as a rule, been dull, artificial ceremonies. They are too big for general conversation, and the President of the United States being the host under his own official roof, speechmaking, toasting, and free general conversation are out of place. Therefore diplomats, Supreme Court judges, soldiers, and members of Congress sit down at the President's table in silence, or converse as best they can with their fellow neighbors. It has always puzzled the White House how to arrange and to conduct these banquets of fifty or more people so as to make them entertaining. Old Andrew Jackson would lead with a song, in which all present would join. Lincoln told stories that would convince his guests, but there has been no President who, like Gladstone, could talk for two straight hours into the ears and ears of a half hundred distinguished men and women and have them follow him with breathless interest.

Mr. Roosevelt adopted the plan of inviting distinguished persons outside official life to these banquets in order to enhance their interest and charm. But no sooner was this new step taken than the White House became a social arbiter. For instance, at a dinner given to the Supreme Court there would be present individuals of a class never before present on such an occasion. Thus the Roosevelt régime has widened the scope of the White House social center. The President has also insisted upon a rigor of etiquette at these banquets that none of his predecessors ever strictly observed. He and his guests are greeted to the banquet hall by the military aides. The guests are both seated and served after the President. The chief signature of this custom lies in the emphasis that is placed on it.

The social arbiter has ruled in the White House with an iron hand during the past few years. Early in the present régime it became whispered abroad that the custom was to be no longer welcome at the White House. There was no place there for so many of these plain, decent, but obscure people who used to go to those delightful afternoon receptions and teas of Mrs. Cleveland. But the White House has never been so brilliant with receptions, musicals, and dances, and there has never been seen so much of that small element in our democracy that is called "society." The social restrictions of the White House have, of course, considerably affected social life in all official circles in Washington, especially in the cabinet. The President of the United States is by the long traditional etiquette of his office prohibited from dining out, except in the houses of his cabinet ministers. Mr. Roosevelt's scruples were at the core of King Edward the list of persons whom he will allow to dine in his company when he is a guest.

The old invitation to the White House has in effect become a royal summons to the White House, not only to politicians, but even to railroad presidents and churchmen. There has been a mighty change since the day when Mrs. Lincoln prepared in least and the President invited a number of friends to dine with General Grant. The hero of Appomattox slipped out of Washington,

and the President graciously laughed over his absence. Senator Platt refused to go to the White House on the invitation of President McKinley on account of "a previous engagement." But any one who fails to go to the White House now on a summons must show a doctor's certificate. Two or three winters ago there was a banquet at the White House at which one of the ladies invited failed to appear. A summons was sent to a noted Washington society belle. She was entertaining her fiancé at dinner, and refused to leave her own table; but her mother prevailed upon her to go. On another occasion a woman—a guest of honor at a dinner that was being given at one of the embassies—was summoned from the table to take the place of an absentee at the White House. Her husband, a proud companion, protested that her dinner party should not be thus broken up, but here the diplomatic wisdom of an ambassador prevailed. In his own country he knew what it meant to have a royal order.

A White House wedding is an event of which the American people most naturally demand the fullest details, yet at the latest one reporters for more than one of the most important newspapers in the country were hampered and needlessly offended by social secretaries. A very capable and highly respected woman reporter for a Washington paper was made to leave the White House because she respectfully complained of being put in a position where she could not see what was going on. The officer against her was glancing that she was instantly employed as a social secretary by the wife of the Vice-President of the United States. And there can be no doubt of the celebrated order that reporters caught loitering about the White House after certain hours of daylight were to be



Anyone who fails must show a doctor's certificate

arrested. The order was almost immediately toned down in one of "more on," and then abolished, but it was a straw in the wind. The White House has demanded, in effect, that its current social history shall or shall not be published according to its own decree, and whatever is published shall be as it is given out at its source.

Mr. Roosevelt's manner of receiving ambassadors is a radical innovation. It used to be that a representative of a foreign country in Washington would, on the day appointed for him to present his credentials to the President, enter his own carriage at his embassy or legation and drive to the State Department, where he would be met by the Secretary of State and taken to the White House. Very soon after Sir Mortimer Durand, the first British ambassador to be received by President Roosevelt, arrived in Washington, the President's own private carriage, containing one of his military aides, Colonel Sargent, called at the embassy and conveyed Sir Mortimer to the White House, where he was met by Secretary Hay and taken to the Blue Parlor for the presentation of his credentials to the President. This innovation on its face would seem to be of no very great importance, but it was. It was an indication, to some extent, of the manner that most monarchs employ in receiving foreign representatives, and a violation of the custom as well as the spirit of our republican institutions, which forbids the President to leave his official residence to meet princes, or send his coach to receive foreign ambassadors. An ambassador to the United States enters the government and people of the United States through their Chief Executive, and not upon a personal mission to the President as he does to Emperor William or to the Czar. But Mr. Roosevelt's manner of receiving ambassadors indicates that they do come to be met by the person of the President himself, and the speeches made by Mr. Roosevelt on some of these occasions contain even more pronouns of the first person than he usually employs.

The atmosphere of the White House, once democratic and free, has become tainted with the manners of monarchy. Servitude and arrogance go hand in hand; military display, social exclusiveness, and exclusion of plain people are used to impress the imagination of the unthinking as it in the courts of Europe.

Gas by the Can

By WILLIAM HALLOCK, PH.D.



It is exceedingly likely that within the next twelve months dwellers in isolated country homes will buy from the grocer gas to light their households as readily as they now buy kerosene. A new illuminant, called blaugas, after its inventor, Hermann Blau, has made this possible. It is delivered in handy little cylinders as easily and safely as so much bottled cream. We need not do violence to the imagination to picture the suburban housewife in the near future telephoning her order to the grocer for so many dozens of eggs, pounds of starch, cans of tomatoes—"and a five-pound cylinder of blaugas." The gas has been successfully and cheaply made and handled; it can be managed by any one of ordinary mind, and it furnishes a light of remarkable brilliancy. The use of it has been put upon a sound commercial basis in Germany and probably will soon be established in the United States.

When the country house has been completed the lighting problem arises to trouble the owner. Too distant from town to have the ordinary gas-pipes laid in, unwilling to run the risk that often accompanies the complicated process of making gas on the premises, or the high cost of electric installation and supply, the householder to-day is in a parlous situation. It was with this condition in mind that Herr Blau worked and experimented for years in his laboratory at Augsburg, Germany, until he produced the novel and quite remarkable illuminant which will add a new pleasure to country life, or serve for lighting city houses or streets. The gas is made from coal, crude petroleum, or any of the other materials used in ordinary gas manufacture, and is carried about in cylinders, which, although charged at heavy pressure, cannot explode, need no protection from heat or cold, and are available at all seasons. Each householder can obtain a simple outfit which may be placed in the cellar or back yard, and which requires only the slightest attention. By opening a stop-cock the day's charge is drawn from the storage cylinder into an intermediate tank, from which it passes through an automatic regulating valve into the pipes of the house.

The cylinders in which the new bottled sunshine is supplied range in size from one pound to fifty. A cylinder containing ten kilos, or twenty-two pounds, of blaugas is about six inches in diameter and three feet high. The gas is in such concentrated form that this ten-kilo cylinder will furnish a fifty-candle-power incandescent burner during four hours a day for a period of four months. Even they who hearken to the call of the wild can use the new illuminant, for a small portable outfit weighing

but a few pounds and taking up very little space will afford ample light and heat for the camper. The country lecturer is freed from the necessity of sending around large cylinders of oxygen and hydrogen. He who wishes to build upon some remote and delightful spot need no longer carry over the problem of illumination. Meanwhile the town-dweller suburbanite in the newest of suburbs can readily combine with his near neighbors and enjoy all the comforts of city gas at a price which is imperceptibly higher. It will be quite possible for a company so to arrange its plant that during the busy hours of the evening it can be run exclusively for the local customers who take the supply by direct pipes into their houses, while during the rest of the day it can produce blaugas for shipment in cylinders to distant customers. Gas companies of to-day must provide enormous storage capacity so that the generator may run all day and prepare for the heavy draught at night. Blaugas, on the other hand, is so condensed that it requires comparatively little storage room. The high pressure under which it is delivered, together with its great caloric value, makes possible the use of very small pipes. This, of course, reduces the cost of installation and maintenance and makes the blaugas available in ways beyond the possibilities of common gas.

The manner of joining the supply suggests many new ways of usefulness. The burner is of the mantle type, giving a brilliant white incandescent glow from a lily stream of gas. This stream is so thin and threadlike that it can be driven readily through flexible copper tubing no thicker than ordinary telephone wire. Thanks to this quality the new gas can be used for swinging lamps. Moreover, as there is no water in it, blaugas does not corrode the fixtures or the piping. As the combustion is perfect there is no by-product or waste to be removed. If one were asked to name the advantages of blaugas over all other forms of illuminant the answer would be: simplicity, safety, brilliancy, reliability.

This, of course, applies chiefly to the city dweller. It is interesting to consider the case of Hermann Blau, able chemist, working patiently for years in obscurity, searching for a solution of the problem which reached its climax when mankind remote from large towns had eroded from the use of the crude yellow dip to illumination by electricity, kerosene, or acetylene with their attendant large cost or high risk. The successful inventor is rarely the one who contents himself with the discovery merely of the odd of the ingenious without reference to its possible application in the arts. We often say that it is better to invent a new ascender buckle than a new harmonic analyzer. That is, it is most advantageous to study very carefully the actual daily needs of humanity, find some process or product in which improvement would be of the highest value; then assume that the problem has a solution and proceed to find that solution. Herr Blau discovered the faults of ordinary illuminants, satisfied himself that great betterment was possible, and labored diligently to find the means of betterment.

What was the problem to which Blau addressed himself so successfully? In the manufacture of all the ordinary forms of coal gas or oil gas the raw material is subjected to destructive distillation in large retorts, and the resulting mixture of products is subjected to various separation and purifying processes. In this output there are all sorts of compounds, ranging from such gases as hydrogen, methane, and the rest, through liquids of all degrees of volatility, and ending with tar at the other end of the line. The relative amounts of these various constituents, and to some extent their nature, depend upon the temperature at which the distillation takes place. The lighter gases, hydrogen, marsh gas, carbon monoxide, etc., are not so general as desirable for heating and lighting purposes as the heavier gases and vapors, for the simple reason that per cubic foot there is much less material there to burn. For general distribution or for ordinary compression it is necessary to use only such gases or gas mixtures as remain gaseous even under the high pressure to which they are subjected. This condition necessarily limits the possibilities very greatly. The tendency always being to ward the elimination of just those high carbon gases which are most valuable for heating and lighting.

Blau overcame the opposite course—to produce a liquid which should furnish the desired gas when it was relieved from pressure. Of course, we are aware of such liquids as gasoline, ether, etc., but none of these is conveniently available. Blau set himself the

If the full Size of a Page of "Harper's Weekly" be taken to represent One Candle-power in ordinary City Gas, then the corresponding Power in Liquid Blaugas would be represented by this little Square

ability, and cheapness.

of it in isolated houses or groups of detached houses distant from a large gas-plant. Nevertheless it would be quite possible for a city dweller to supply his house with the blaugas and improve his lighting at very little added cost. The stuff is not poisonous, and there is no more danger of leakage than in the case of common gas. Blaugas seems to have arrived just at the time when the various defects of other lighting equipments have made the need of some new system imperative.



This small portable Blaugas Outfit supplies 50 Candle-power for 3 1/2 Hours per Day for Two Weeks. The Photograph was taken by the Light itself



A small local Plant in Reichenhalla, in Bavaria, now supplying Twenty-five neighboring Villages

problem of producing a liquid which should be a mixture of several easily volatile compounds, or of such as are vapors at ordinary temperatures, and then compressing into this large quantities of the permanent gases—hydrogen, methane, etc.

This sounds simple, but it must be borne in mind that two very important characteristics of such a solution under pressure must be reckoned with. First, the manner of its evaporation on relief of pressure, and secondly, how to produce it commercially. Conditions must be so arranged that the permanent gases will not all go off first, and then the vapors, thus changing the composition of the gas. This would be fatal. A pressure solution must be provided, so that when the permanent gases go off the vapors only under these conditions will the constitution of the gas remain constant and the liquid be available. Thus by the happy combination of the ideas of reversing the proposition and using the terrible gases and of the careful research for the right conditions did Illian make the first great stride toward his goal and satisfy the second requirement.

Although Illian in his researches took up a rather bold line of attacking the problem, it must not be thought that his process is in any sense revolutionary. He has simply made one of those lucky applications of theoretical principles to a practical solution of his undertaking.

In the usual methods for the production of illuminating gas it is necessary to carry on the distillation at comparatively high temperatures, in order to break up the high molecular hydrocarbons, thus furnishing a larger percentage of the permanent gases. On the other hand, Illian carries on his distillation at lower temperatures, 600° to 700° C., at which a large percentage of the easily liquefiable gases is produced, together with a smaller percentage of the permanent gases.



An Isolated House Plant arranged to be set up in the Open Air

In the process of manufacture the oil is fed at a uniform rate into a retort which is maintained at a fairly uniform temperature of about 1200° F. Under these conditions the oil is broken up into various compounds, which pass over into a cylinder, where the liquids are chilled out, and the tar and other similar residues collect and are removed. From here the gases pass on, and are purified by passing over time and other substances which remove the noxious gases, carbonic acid gas, sulphurated hydrogen and the like. In this operation the blaugas is entirely freed from all poisonous constituents and made pure and harmless. The mixture of gases and vapors now goes through a small gasometer to equalize the running of the compressor with the output of the stills. In the compressor the mixture is subjected to a pressure of about 100 atmospheres, or 1500 pounds per square inch. Under this pressure a large percentage of the vapors is condensed to liquids, and proceeds to dissolve a very large amount of such gases as hydrogen, marsh gas, etc., which are not injured by pressure. There is, however, more of the permanent gas in the mixture than the still than will thus dissolve in the pressure solution. This excess passes out of the compressor and may be used for any of the ordinary uses of gas; for example, it may be used to run the gas engines which operate the compressing plant. The pressure solution is then drawn off into the shipping cylinders.

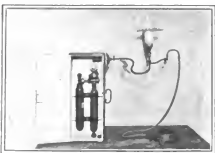
As to cost, it may be said that it is only a little more expensive at present than gas supplied from large metropolitan plants in pipes direct. It is cheaper than electric incandescent lighting, even from large plants. The house outfit is very simple and cheap, and under these conditions one can easily imagine the long list of applications for which it is eminently adapted. In this connection it should be borne in mind that inasmuch as it uses the small incandescent mantle, the burner can be placed in any position, and they lend themselves to decorative illumination even better than the electric lights with their ugly flames. In fact, all these things have already been done, and the country of Illian is already enjoying the results of his endeavors to supply an illuminant which seems almost ideal.

Of course there are at present means for lighting the suburban villa and the country mansion, but they are either inconvenient, inefficient, or unsafe, or all at once. In succession the whale-oil lamp of a century ago gave way to that which burned kerosene, and which was in its day a great wonder. Its glory was short-lived, and it yielded its place to petroleum or kerosene, which in to-day the lamp of the humble home, and will doubtless so remain for some time. The advent of kerosene has infused a little new life into the proposal to use the vapor lamp with incandescent mantles, but not much can be expected from this source. Although the kerosene lamp will hold its own, we are nevertheless, conscious of the continual nuisance of keeping the lamps clean and filled, as well as of the frequency with which accidents result in the loss of property and life. The various forms of gasoline gas machines for individual home plants are only a limited success, and involve constant trouble and attention, and are not without elements of danger.

When Edison invented the incandescent electric light, he was quoted as saying that "he had made the lamp long before he could simplify it so that 'any fool or male could use it.' Not the least attractive feature of blaugas is that no intricate technical knowledge need be acquired before installing and using it. It is available for all sorts of towns or less isolated plants; country houses, whether they were originally papered for gas or not, club-houses in the country, casinos, school-houses, factories, public buildings of all sorts, plants for small towns not large enough to support a generating plant, for railway trains, vessels, and yachts, and so ad infinitum.

Since the day when Charles Lamb invoked the divine benediction upon the man who invented candles, civilized man has been directly and keenly interested in the question of efficient means of supplying illumination in acceptable form.

If light is the antibiotic for vice and deception then surely he who makes two candle-power to glow where only one glowed before has certainly made his real contribution to the advancement of human civilization and human comfort.

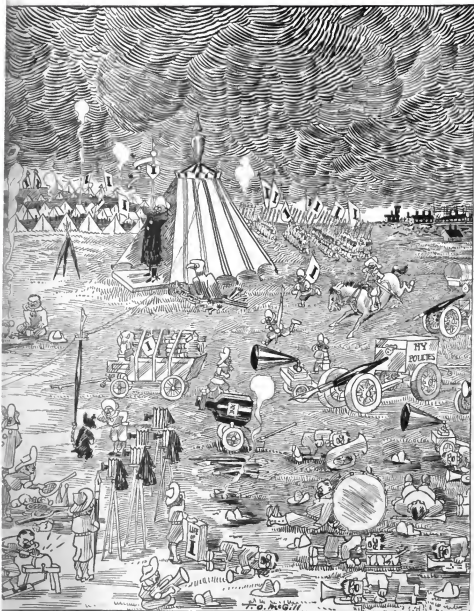


A small portable Outfit which will supply 50 Candle-power for 3-4 Hours a Day during a period of Two Weeks



THE BIVOUAC

DRAWN BY



BEFORE CHICAGO

O. MCGILL

This Land of Opportunity



"THE WATCHWORD OF THE HOUR—HONEST BUSINESS AND FAIR PLAY"

HON. ELBERT H. GARY'S IMPRESSIVE DECLARATION AS SPOKESMAN OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION



The Greatest Industrial Enterprise in the World. Owning and operating Mines, Mills, Railroad and Steamship Lines, employing 210,000 Men, paying \$160,000,000 annually in Wages

By JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

"THERE is a great awakening in this country with relation to better conduct, more decency, more honesty, more responsibility—by everybody, to everybody. It doesn't make an atom of difference who brought it about. It's here. Mark my words, that is the keynote of the American business situation to-day.

"There has been deceit, there has been over-reaching, there have been errors of kinds innumerable, but from this time forward there is going to be more fairness and a lot more candor and rectitude in the transaction of business.

"Any man who says he is not influenced by selfish motives in his dealings is, of course, a hypocrite. We all know better; but there is a host of men who can appreciate a policy of honesty, and every sane man sees that such a policy must be scrupulously followed. And this idea should extend until it prevails in all dealings and in the management of all corporations. It is in the air! The tendency of business heretofore will be to report the public, and the man who antagonizes that policy will be ground out sooner or later."

This declaration was made to me the other day by Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the Finance Committee of the United States Steel Corporation.

If what the Senator of the Senate, Mr. La Follette, says is true—that one trust is a consolidator and co-ordinate part of every trust and all trusts—then this declaration by Judge Gary is the most important statement that has been made in this country for, in, these many years; for in such event it must be accepted as the voice of the entire financial and industrial power of the United States.

But even if it be only the expression of the Steel Corporation's attitude, it is scarcely less significant.

When the Steel Trust talks out from the diaphragm there is no man in America, whether he is his own boss or whether he works on a salary, but can afford to sit up and pay attention, because it means something to every individual.

Steel with its billions of money; Steel with its myriad glowing furnaces, its thundering mills, and its smokestacks that stalk in a crowd; Steel, with its thousands upon thousands of miles of ore land and coal land and gas land; Steel, with its endless railways and its fleets of vessels; Steel, with its swarming populations of workmen and its trade lines penetrating every business and every corner of the world, has become the touchstone of our fortunes and the barometer of our condition.

They used to say "As New York goes so goes the Union." Now they say that as Steel goes so goes the whole mighty current of American business. We live and work in steel buildings, we ride in steel cars and steel ships, our intermediate in our steel wires—we are surrounded and entrained and converted, transported, and finally entertained by steel. We are Steel and Steel is us.

The very form and embodiment of the trust idea—the Simon purveyor of corporation in its highest potency—is the Steel Trust. Hailed at its birth by the conservative as a monstrosity, and derided as an impudence greater than Lucifer's, the Steel Trust has been

a huge disappointment to many. It was a machine too cumbersome to work, they said; a ship too heavy to float, an annihilator of personal rights and a foe to honest labor. But it is still here and growing. It has raised wages and reined prices. It has averted one panic and straddled the country through another, and it possesses a long arm and a sturdy voice.

It stands to reason, therefore, that what the Steel Corporation, through its authorized spokesman, has to say in this most important stage of business recovery is to be taken, in a way, as the watchword of the time.

In its application this utterance seems to mean, moreover, that it is apt to go hard with the business gentleman, or set of gentlemen, or even the corporation, that is caught out after dark without the commission.

"This," Judge Gary went on to say, "is bound to be the attitude of every corporation and of every man in business—honesty and fair play. The corporation has got to play fair with its competitors and its workmen, the workmen and the competitors have got to turn around and do the same thing. The corporation official, too, has got to play fair with its stockholders instead of taking advantage of his information in order to skim off the cream for himself. Business must be done honestly, and the honesty must come from the inside out, instead of from the outside in.

"I say must, because it is essential to stability and to the success of American business, and as soon as this is understood and there is a thorough housecleaning on everybody's part, the result will be apparent quickly. There will be a restoration of confidence in us by foreign nations, who have been led to believe that our entire business system is rotten. That view is going to undergo a very speedy change, because it will soon be plainly seen that things are right. We are going to have higher values, because the stockholder is going to feel that the man on the inside is conducting the company's business for the stockholder's benefit instead of for his own."

That, Judge, will not the perpetually critic say that this new declaration of principle is due, in one way or another, to competition?

"I should very much dislike, as I think any man would, to admit that I would be devout only because I had to be. And in fact I do not believe any such admission is necessary, nor any such criticism warranted. The majority of people, I am optimistic enough to believe, are at heart honest. The moral ground is sufficient to dictate the policy I have outlined; but if, to grant the worst, it were not, then ordinary good business sense and judgment would demand it, anyway."

"In saying this I speak candidly and with a pretty thorough knowledge of conditions. The Steel Corporation is in a large way a business, and its interests are carefully diversified and safeguarded enough, lines of trade to give us a very clear idea of which way the wind blows. We are in touch with pretty nearly all sorts of commerce and all phases of labor. We have facilities for competition which would enable us, if business were to be conducted heretofore on the old-time basis of 'dog eat dog,' to give a very good



Hon. Elbert H. Gary



Iron Ore from Duluth being unloaded at Connaught Docks

account of ourselves and make a very considerable amount of trouble for our competitors.

"We own, for example, a practically unlimited and a satisfactorily diversified supply of ore on which to draw, and that is, of course, the basis of the business. We have railroads and ships, which facilitate the carriage of materials and products with the minimum of cost and the maximum of ease and quickness. We have unbounded supply of fuel; we have a great number of plants turning out steel products of almost every nature from great girders and plates for battleships down to piano wires and stock springs, which we produce by the railroad. All these plants are equipped with the most advanced appliances, and we put in any machine that will increase efficiency as soon as we have fully demonstrated its value. We control the production of our own supply. We are in possession of the best talent that can be found to operate all this immense mechanism, and we are always on the lookout for such talent. This is the equipment which very large capital provides, and it enables us to extend our expert business, which is even now amounting to about 100,000 tons a month.

"We can readily see the power that such an equipment gives. Where there is competition in a diversity of products we are in a position to keep going in the hardest times, since our average of profits can be easily maintained by control of commodities not seriously affected by market conditions. For instance, the demand for several products has been very tight the past few months. Yet for other products, such as wire for fences, etc., needed by farmers the demand has been and is very great indeed, and the farmers through the recent trouble have been in better shape than anybody else.

"But as a matter of fact we do not take advantage of our strength in this direction and we have not. We don't want to drive our competitors out of business. I admit that there are many minds regarding the wisdom of this policy. There are men who persist in not seeing it, and who have to have a lot of convincing. There are a hundred thousand stockholders, who all have their opinions. We persist about sixty per cent. of the steel, and we do not wish to increase the percentage. We do not want a monopoly of the business, and we are not trying to get it.

"If it is good for us to be prosperous in trade it is good for our competitors also. When the panic came we met about fifty men who are leaders in the steel industry, and frankly said to them:

'There is danger of a general scramble and a smash which will lengthen the panic and extend it in every other line of business; perhaps we can be of some service both to ourselves and the country generally.'

"We were confronted by the legal phase of it. We could not enter into a combination or do anything that could be possibly construed as opposed to the public interest or the laws as they read. It was plain enough, however, in the emergency that the public itself would be just as clearly opposed to the other thing, namely, a resort to the survival-of-the-fittest doctrine, which is the real world mean putting a lot of people out of business, and an army of men permanently out of work. We were convinced that what the public wanted was stability of prices, an avoidance of any abrupt change or of violent fluctuations.

"We made no combination or agreement. What we did do was to hold regular conferences of all concerned, competing interests as well as our own, and we let one another know just what we were doing or about to do.

"We appointed for this purpose a committee of seven, without power, but solely for information and advice. We kept the public posted and we kept the government posted on what was being done. The result was a substantial maintenance of prices by most of the producers, which proved a very solid factor all through the difficulty. Certain of our competitors in past years of high prosperity have asked us to put prices up in order that they might squeeze somebody who had to have particular products. We refused. And others have asked us to reduce prices for corresponding reasons, and we refused them. The result is just what I expected it would be. Because we have been doing business in this way we have received letters from business interests all over the country approving our stand. The trade associations, hardware organizations, and the like, have passed resolutions to that import.

"When the Steel Corporation was formed we proposed to give frank statements to the public regarding our affairs, and we have been doing so ever since in being blind to the signs of the times. Everybody has got to go to work and get straight and stay straight, and the thing most essential to that is publicity. I believe in it, first, last, and all the time. By publicity I don't mean advertising. We don't need that. I mean letting the public know what you are doing and how you are doing it, so long as the management of your



Undercutting Coal by Electric Machinery—the modern Method

telling what we were doing and what we purposed doing. There's no sense in being blind to the signs of the times. Everybody has got to go to work and get straight and stay straight, and the thing most essential to that is publicity. I believe in it, first, last, and all the time. By publicity I don't mean advertising. We don't need that. I mean letting the public know what you are doing and how you are doing it, so long as the management of your



Shenango Works, at New Castle, Pennsylvania

business is legitimately a matter of public interest, in order that reassurance may grow and confidence may be maintained."

"And where does the workman come in under this new dispensation? What has he got to do with it?"

"Everything," replied the judge. "It concerns him just as deeply as it does the rest of us. Whatever contributes to the improvement of business conditions helps the working-man, and he knows it. Good times, good conditions, mean big demand, big output, plenty of work and more pay. That's clear enough. We want nothing better than a state of things that will keep every workman busy and prosperous. And to bring about the conditions that I am talking about—the conditions that are going to prevail—labor as well as capital has its duty to perform. Capitalists must work among themselves to improve the state of things on their side, but it is up to labor also to clean house and better its own methods."

"You think, then, that the workman has a chance to progress? That a fair field is given him?"

"Absolutely! And he is progressing. He is better off under the modern industrial system, the corporate system, if you please, than he ever was. When the Steel Corporation was formed there were great anxiety and dire prophecy about what it was going to do to the working-man. And what has it done? The pay rolls show plainly enough. We employ 210,000 men, and they are getting more money than they ever did, and are more contented than they ever

were. Inquiry and investigation, I think, will prove this. In every one of our plants earnings have gone up. We have tried to equalize wages as much as could be done justly. The day-laborer has

got more than he used to get, and the disparity between his wages and those of men paid higher rates has been reduced. We have mines where a great number of Finnish and Slav miners own their own homes. They couldn't have done that on starvation wages."

"The bonus system of extra pay for better work has put money into the pocket of every man that had the energy or the skill to profit by it, and the profit-sharing plan, which enables any employee to own stock in the company, is proving a greater success every year. Don't make any mistake about it; the man who owns stock is working for himself, and he feels it. Here is a letter that tells the whole story:

James Glavin,

DEAR SIR:—As a stockholder of the U. S. Steel Corporation I feel it my duty to inform you that I have just sold your No. — in being removed, and I have reason to believe it is being taken to the house of the superintendant. I think you had better have this looked into.

Yours truly,



Deep in a Lake Superior Iron Mine

"I did have it looked into, and I found he was right. Now the man who wrote that letter was a laborer who, under the profit-sharing plan, had become the owner of a single share of stock. He was interested, when he saw anything going on of detriment to the company, not, perhaps, to the same extent that I would have been, but for precisely the same reason."



Train loaded with Ore leaving Conneaut Docks for Pittsburg



Interior of Tube Mill at McKeesport

"I tell you that man is no anarchist! He is a capitalist—a partner in the Steel Corporation—one of the owners of the whole business. And to show you just how thoroughly workmen of that grade are realizing what the system means to them, let me go into details a little. The stock is offered to the men at less than the market price. If they remain in the company's employ it means a rebate of \$5 a share for each year, or in the sixth year \$30 less than par. We are in the habit of offering each year 25,000 shares, and last year that amount was oversubscribed up to 50,000. We allow one share to the man who earns \$600 a year; two shares each to men who get from \$600 to \$1,000, and so on. The question was what to do about the oversubscription. Seven thousand of the first class subscribed for their one share per man, and 14,000 of the second class for their 28,000 shares. That left us in a predicament. We could neither afford to leave out the men above who are in reality most responsible for success, nor could we leave out the lower grade, for they are the ones who most need the benefit. We settled it by giving the 36,000 men their 70,000 shares, and cutting the allotment of the higher grade in half.

There isn't a man in the company's employ who hasn't every opportunity in the world to advance himself if he has energy and brains. Ability is at the highest kind of a premium. We want men to think and experiment. If any man, no matter what his rank, can devise any improvement in the method of doing anything, we want him to do it, and we will see and do so that he gets his full share of benefit of it. This organization is not merely for to-day or to-morrow, and it must keep not only abreast of competition, ahead of the times, but distinctly ahead of them, and no amount of money per se can accomplish this. We must encourage and develop ability in every grade. I say every grade, because in the first place we want no dead wood and in the second place nobody knows but to-morrow some day laborer on \$600 a year will devise an improvement in steel processes that will revolutionize the industry. Stranger things than this have happened.

There's no such condition as there was in old times, when

manufacturing concerns were family affairs, passing from father to son by hereditary right; when the son of the house took up the mantle of management no matter whether he was qualified to wear it or not. In those days, no matter how bright a man was, he had no opportunity given him to rise. He simply had to hammer it out for himself. In the United States Steel Corporation I believe ninety per cent. of the men in high positions are self-made, and I think it safe to say that without exception the head of every one of our subsidiary plants came up from the ranks.

No, the old cry that the Trusts restrict opportunity is the most absurd of all things. It is positively the other way about. They create opportunity, and their unceasing effort is to get men to rise to it. Good pay for good work, and a chance to come up, are the foundations on which a corporation is bound to build its whole hope for the future.

As for the unions, we have no objection to them *per se*. Working men have a perfect right to combine to get all the wages they can. When the corporation was organized we had many mills run by union labor and many that were not. Our policy has been to make no changes. The trouble is that a large majority of men don't go into the unions unless they are forced in, and I really believe that, because of reckless management on the part of leaders, some of these organizations injure the members rather than benefit them. What we regret in regard to such ill-advised unions is their method of operation, particularly their suttlering and the resort to violence.

But I will not go back on my original position at all, and I admit right now that this is not a one-sided affair. We condemn certain union methods, but some of those who represent capital are just as much to blame. Capital has done the same thing, only in a somewhat different way. The thing to do now, as I said in the beginning, is for both sides to quit trying to take advantage of each other and of the public; to get down to business—straightaway honest business and fair play—and we'll see things move in a manner that will be good for everybody."



Works at Yongetown, Ohio, one of the largest Rail Mills

Hermione cleared her throat. She felt the need of doing something physical. Then she pulled up her blinds and let the hot sun stream in upon her.

She felt dark just then—black.

In a moment she found that she was perspiring. The sun was fierce—that, at least, must be the reason. But she would not shut the sun out. She must have light around her, although there was none within her.

She was thankful she had escaped in time. If she had not, if Vere had run into the room and found her there, she was sure she would have frightened her child by some strange outburst. She would have said or done something—she did not at all know what—that would perhaps have altered their relations irrevocably. For, in that moment, the sense of self-control, of being herself—she put it—had been withdrawn from her.

She would regret it, no doubt. She was even now regretting it. Already she was able to say to herself that she was not seeing things in their true proportions, that some sudden crisis of the nerves, due perhaps to some purely physical cause, had plunged her into a jolly of feeling from which she would soon escape entirely. She was by nature emotional and unguarded; therefore especially likely to be the victim in some of any bodily ill.

And then she was not accustomed to be unwell. Her strength of body was remarkable. Very seldom had she felt weak.

She remembered one night, long ago in Sicily, when an awful bodily weakness overtook her. But that had been caused by dread. The mind had reacted upon the body. Now, she was sure of it, body had reacted on mind.

She felt unequal to the battle of prose and verse that was raging within her.

"I'll be quiet," she thought. "I'll read."

And she took up a book.

She read steadily for an hour, understanding thoroughly all she read, and wondering how she had ever hitherto she cared about reading. Then she laid the book down and looked at the clock. It was nearly noon. Ten would perhaps refresh her. And after tea? She had loved the island, but to-day she felt almost as if it were a prison. What was there to be done? She found herself wondering for the first time how she had managed to "get through" week after week there. And in a moment her wonder made her realize the inward change in her, the distance that now divided her from Vere, the gulf that lay between them.

A day with a stranger may seem long, but a month with a friend how short! To live with Vere had been like living with a part of herself. But now what would it be like? and when Emile came, and they three were together?

When Hermione contemplated that reunion, she felt that it would be to her intolerable. And yet she desired it. For she wanted to know something, and she was certain that if she, Vere, and Emile could be together, without any fourth person, she would know it.

A little while ago, when she had longed for bracing action, she had resolved to ask Kismet to meet the Marchmonts. She had felt as if that meeting would clear the air, would drive out the faint mystery which seemed to be encompassing them about. The two men, formerly friends, were suddenly in antagonism now. She wanted to restore things to their former footing, or to make the enemy come out into the open, to understand it thoroughly, and to know if she and Vere had any part in it. Her desire had been to throw open windows and let in light.

But now things were changed. She understood, she knew more, and she wanted to be alone with Emile and with Vere. Then, perhaps, she would understand everything. She said this to herself quite calmly. Her mood was changed. The fire had died down in her, and she felt almost sluggish, although still restless. The mysterious idea had come to her again. She did not violently reject it. By nature she was no doubt an impulse. But now she was slow to let a whisper. Before she took up her book and began to read she had been, perhaps, almost hysterical, had been plunged in a writer of emotion in which reason was drowned, had not been herself.



"Gaspard," he said, "I think you know that I have a great regard for your padrona."

But now she felt that she was herself.

There was something that she wished to know, something that the knowledge she had gained in her child's room that day suggested as a possibility. She regretted her note to Emile. Why had not she asked him to come alone, to-morrow, or even to-night—yes, to-night?

If she could only be with him and Vere for a few minutes to-night!

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN Artois received Hermione's letter he asked who had brought it, and obtained from the waiter a fairly accurate description of Gaspard.

"Please ask him to come up," he said. "I want to speak to him."

Ten or three minutes later there was a knock at the door, and Gaspard walked in, with a fingered inquiring look.

"Good day, Gaspard. You're never seen my quarters before, I think," said Artois, cordially.

"No, signore. What a beautiful room!"

"You're not in a great hurry, are you?"

"No, signore."

"Then smoke a cigar, and I'll write an answer to this letter."

"Thank you, signore."

Artois gave him a cigar, and sat down to answer the letter, while Gaspard went out on to the balcony and stood looking at the bathers who were diving from the high wooden platform of the bath establishment over the way. When Artois had finished writing he joined Gaspard. He had a great wish that day to break down a reserve which he had respected for many years, but he knew Gaspard's determined character, his power of obstinate, of dogged silence. Gaspard's will had been strong as a boy. The passing of the years had not certainly not weakened it. Nevertheless, Artois was moved to make the attempt which he forebore would probably end in failure.

He gave Gaspard the letter and said:

"Don't go for a moment. I want to have a little talk with you."

"No, signore."

Gaspard put the letter into the inner pocket of his jacket, and stood looking at Artois, holding the cigar in his left hand. In all these years Artois had never found out whether Gaspard liked him or not. He wished now that he knew.

"Gaspard," he said, "I think you know that I have a great regard for your padrona."

"No, signore. I know it."

Gaspard's eyes were always fixed steadily upon Artois, who, as he spoke the last words, fancied he saw come into them an expression that was almost severely trivial. It vanished at once as Gaspard said:

"The dose does not wish that she should be disturbed in any way—that any fresh trouble should come into her life."

Gaspard's eyes were always fixed steadily upon Artois, who, as he spoke the last words, fancied he saw come into them an expression that was almost severely trivial. It vanished at once as Gaspard said:

"No, signore."

Artois left the room in this last but not least servant's impenetrable reserve, but he continued very quietly and composedly:

"You have always stood between the padrona and trouble whenever you could. You always will—I am sure of that."

"No, signore."

"Do you think there is any danger to the signora's happiness here?"

"Here, signore?"

Gaspard's emphasis seemed to imply where they were just then standing. Artois was surprised, then for a moment almost relieved. Apparently Gaspard had no thought as common with the strange, the perhaps fantastic thought that had been in his own mind.

"Here—no!" he said, with a smile. "Only you and I are here, and we shall not make the signora unhappy."

"Chi lo sa?" returned Gaspard.

And again that ironical expression was in his eyes.

"By here I meant here in Naples, where we all are—or on the island, for instance."

Art Forgers of France

It is not only in New York that people are imposed upon with spurious works of art. Only recently criminal proceedings at Langones, in France, disclosed the fact that there is a fully developed, well-organized industry of forgery and falsification upon the Continent. It has as many domains as there are categories of collections, for the forgers and falsifiers long ago became specialists, and they can serve you with any class of art that you may need.

Many of their tricks are highly ingenious. They will make two semi-original, genuine works of art out of one, for example. A piece of carved wood is sawed through, making two pieces, and in each of these the missing half is replaced by a careful reproduction of the original. An authentic but only poorly painted *Nyctes* or *Messian* can be richly painted after the good pattern, exactly in the style required, and returned. A real but plain knight's armor is cladded with all the fineness of the craftsman, chased, gilded, and rendered "old." This restoration cost the artist a few dollars, a thing that genuine was worth 500 francs may, falsified, be disposed of at 2000. There are suits and sauces and jupes and varnishes that convert entirely new productions into art masterpieces of great value. Newly fabricated pieces are carried into "historical" country routes, whose owners find themselves to the game, and the purchaser learns—*for the profits are enormous*—that the restorer, who has been the property of an old noble family "for centuries."

The imitation of paintings by old masters was practiced as a trade at a very early date, to reproduce the golden tone of old paintings a common yellow Dutch varnish or a fine sepiolite varnish is employed; to imitate the dirt staining which forms in the course of centuries lacquer is used. By means of a few of these tricks are made, these famous "remplages," so important to the connoisseur; sometimes the imitator produces them by covering the painting with a metal plate and striking it with a hammer. The art of the forger's industry, that of exploiting the very great names, has been abandoned long ago; for the forgers are well enough aware that today a *Bernhardt*, a *Raphael*, a *Leonardo* da Vinci would meet with suspicion from the start. At present the French artists of the eighteenth century are mostly imitated. In false *Vergennes*, *Nattiers*, *Hemmes*, great things are accomplished, since the connoisseurs are misled to a large extent by the fact that these painters worked with replicas themselves. One forger sold a picture of a prince twelve times.

Producing the picture is, however, only the first part of the business. There is the product to be disposed of. Years ago there was a painter in Paris named *Abrher* who turned out six mythological scenes in his own name. In addition, it was rumored that he was the possessor of some old paintings. When a purchaser visited him in his studio there would be found among the mythological sketches, placed quite inconspicuously, a woman's portrait, "a little really, resembling a *Girze*." "Why, there you have a *Girze*," the customer says.

"Oh, I don't know," answers the artist, continuing at his painting.

"I admit that this is a *Girze*, won't you sell it to me?"

Abrher shrugs his shoulders and hails laughingly asks a high price.

"I knew I was right," the customer replies, apparently satisfied, pays what he had been asked, and carries his new art treasure home. And scarcely has he reached the street before *Abrher* hangs another "*Girze*," on the vacant place between his mythological sketches. Painting *Girzes* was his specialty, and he made much money by it, more than with Greek and Roman gods. At present, of course, such a thing could hardly be done. In our day the imitative painter, often not even admitting what he is doing, is willing to order for an art dealer. A trick just now very much in vogue with French art dealers of this category is, after having a "*Nattier*," a "*Vergennes*," a "*Remplage*," made to order, to arrange to let it into an auction sale at the Hotel Drouot. At the sale two confederates of the dealer force the price up

by outbidding each other. The picture is knocked down to one of them at a very large price. The statement on this sale is sufficient, a picture that commanded so much must be genuine, and it is resold at an increased amount.

Here is another ingenious trick. A dealer ordered a Dutch landscape. The picture was excellent, and the artist had painted the signature "*Jan Steen*, 1672," on it, as he had been instructed, after a fac-simile contained in a museum catalogue. But the dealer said: "The picture is so beautiful that you ought to put your own name to it." The signature "*Jan Steen*" was covered accordingly with the signature of the artist. As his work, the painting, was shipped to a well-known New York dealer. At the same time the New York customs officer received an anonymous letter conveying the information that upon a certain steamer a *Jan Steen* worth 200,000 francs, was to be expected, but that a false name had been painted over the signature in order to avoid the duty. The customs officers examined the painting, and detected the signature *Jan Steen* under the covering. The picture was therefore authentic, its authenticity being certified by the customs papers. The New York art dealer had to pay 20 per cent, duty and 50 per cent, fine, together 140,000 francs. And three days later he sold the *Jan Steen* for 250,000 francs.

The World's Output of Metal

The production of copper during the year 1907 shows a decrease for the first time in fifteen years. The total output amounted to 213,000 tons, the principal producers contributing as follows: United States, 421,400; England, 72,400; Central and South America, 55,000; Germany, 31,000; Japan, 15,000; Austria, 32,500; Russia, 15,000. The consumption is estimated as follows: United States, 232,000; Germany, 149,000; Great Britain, 108,200; France, 65,000; Russia, 18,000; and Asia, Africa, and Australia together, 32,000.

The world's production of lead in 1907 was about 992,400 tons, an increase of 2½ per cent, over that of the year 1906. The largest share in this increase was that of Mexico, whose output of the metal advanced from 24,000 tons in 1906 to 24,000 tons in 1907. The United States produced 340,700; Spain, 183,800; and Germany, 140,000 tons. The principal lead consumers in 1907 were: United States, 331,400; Great Britain, 188,000; Germany, 167,000; France, 81,000; and Belgium, 31,000 tons.

The tin production for 1907 was 38,700 tons, a large portion of which came from the Malay Peninsula. The consumption amounted to 100,100 tons. The United States consumed 30,700; Great Britain, 20,500; and Germany, 15,000 tons.

The world production of zinc in 1907 was 238,000 tons, an increase of 4 per cent, over the preceding year's. The United States with 256,838 and Germany with 204,700 tons were the chief producers of this metal. In the same year the principal zinc consumers were: United States, 265,000 tons; Germany, 174,000; United Britain, 148,300; and France, 69,000 tons.

The nickel production in 1907 was 14,100 tons, and of aluminum 19,000 tons. The year 1907 was the most extreme year in regard to price fluctuations and price discrepancies of the metals, and it is worthy of note that the production costs in the most important mining districts have considerably increased, owing to higher wage scales and higher prices of all materials used in mining, as also to the gradual exhaustion of the beds.

The London Taxicab

Taxicabs have become such popular street vehicles in London, that the demand for them is much greater than the supply. They are used by all classes of people, day and night, at the uniform rate of sixteen pence a mile, and present a most attractive appearance in electric, blue, yellow, red, and green hues, with chauffeurs in the lightest and smartest liveries.

Although scarcely a year has passed since

these swift-moving electric and petrol carriages appeared, the capital already invested in London taxicabs is \$10,000,000. There are 758 taxicabs on the streets, 2000 taxicabs on order, 1700 licensed drivers, and an average of 55 certificates is granted each week. There are eight London taxicab companies, and the average day's takings of a taxicab amount to \$11.20. The average cost of a London taxicab is \$1703.

Some chauffeurs are already buying their own taxicabs on the installment plan, and the picturesque hansom is disappearing gradually, like the old-fashioned horse bus, which has practically been crowded aside by the motor omnibus.

Not Much of an Eater

Mrs. DUFF (to her maid): "But, Mary, there are only two in the family. Mr. Duff and myself: why have you set places for three?"

THE NEW MAN: "Sure, ma'am, it was the cook that told me you had a planer player in the house."

Salaries of British Postal Employees

The average salaries paid to the employees of the British Post Office may be estimated on the basis of those shown in Nottingham, an ordinary midland town of about 250,000 inhabitants. The city postmaster receives \$3500; the assistant postmaster from \$1732 to \$2400; two superintendents from \$1411 to \$1930 each; six assistants from \$925 to \$1393 each; twenty overseers \$779 to \$878 each; the inspector in charge \$125 to \$1100; the inspector of mail carriers \$124 to \$900; and five assistants \$884 to \$730. These are annual salaries, weekly wages being as follows: 110 sorting clerks and telegraphists, from \$7.50 to \$14 each; 290 mail carriers, not exceeding \$7.50 each; 20 rural carriers, not exceeding \$5.10 each. In the smaller cities of the Nottingham district postal employees of the same class receive slightly lower wages than in Nottingham.

THREE GENERATIONS OF HEALTHY BABIES have been successfully reared on BROWN'S EARLY BREAKFAST. It is a more than 100-year-old "old-fashioned" formula. The babies are healthy, strong, and moved quickly from placenta and prenatal pains to the merits of BROWN'S.

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Experience of a Southern Man.

"Please allow me to thank the originator of Postum, which in my case speaks for itself," writes a Fla. man.

"I formerly drank so much coffee during the day that my nervous system was almost a wreck. My physician told me to quit drinking it, but I had to have something to drink, so I tried Postum.

"To my great surprise I saw quite a change in my nerves in about 10 days. That was a year ago, and now my nerves are steady, and I don't have those dizzy headaches which I regularly had while drinking coffee.

"Postum seems to have body-building properties, and leaves the head clear. And I don't have the bad taste in my mouth when I get up mornings. When Postum is mixed good and strong, it is far better in taste than coffee. My advice to coffee drinkers is to try Postum and be convinced."—There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in page.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A SPIRIT IN PRISON

(Continued from page 25.)

"I did want to speak to him."
 "But he is not a boatman, signore. He does not go with the travellers. He is a policeman."
 "Yes. Do you know his mother?"
 "St. signore."
 "What is her name?"
 "Bernardi, signore. She is married to Antonio Bernardi, who is in prison."
 "In prison? What's he been doing?"
 "He is always after the girls, signore. And now he has put a knife into one."

The man shrugged his shoulders.
 "Diavolo! He is not one. He has not been tried yet; perhaps he never will be. His wife has gone into Naples to-day to see him."
 "Oh, she's away?"
 "St. signore."
 "And her name, her Christian name? It's Maria, isn't it?"
 "No, signore. Maddalena, Maddalena Bernardi."
 Artos said nothing for a minute. Then he added:
 "I suppose there are plenty of Maddalenas here in Mergellina?"
 The man laughed.

"St. signore. Maria and Maddalena—you find them everywhere. Why, my own mamma is Maddalena, and my wife is Maria, and so is my sister."

"Exactly. And your name? I want it, so that when next I take a boat here I can ask for yours."

"Fabiano, signore, Lari Fabiano, and my boat is the *Stella del Mare*."

"Thank you, Fabiano."

Artos put a lira into his hand.

"I shall take the *Stella del Mare* very soon."

"This evening, signore. It will be fine for sailing this evening."

"If not this evening, another day. A river, Fabiano."

"A river, signore. Buon pomeriggio."

The man went back to his companions, and as Artos walked on, began talking eagerly to them, and pointing after the stranger. Artos did not know what he would do later on in the evening, but he had decided on the immediate future. He would walk up the hill to the village of Posillipo, then turn down to the left, past the entrance to the Villa Iovis, and go to the Antico timepiece, where he would dine by the water-side. It was quiet there, he knew, and he could have a cigar and a nap, and a cup of coffee and a cigar, and sit and watch the night fall. And when it had fallen? Well, he would not be far from the island, nor very far from Naples, and he could decide then what to do.

He followed out this plan and arrived at the timepiece at evening. As he came down the road between the big buildings near the water-side he saw in the distance a small group of men and men leaning by the three or four boats that lie at the quay, and feared to find, perhaps, a hostile and noisy crowd of people round the corner at the ristorante. But when he turned the corner and came to the little tables that were set out in the open air, he was glad to see only one man, who was leaning over a plate of fish soup. He saw this man with out looking directly at him, and did not notice his appearance then; but when he had dined slowly his eyes were attracted by his lonely fellow guest once more, and he perceived that his companion was an Oriental.

The complexion of the stranger was not very dark, but the shape and pose of his hands, the shape also of his eyes, and their peculiar expression of brilliant resignation, convinced Artos at once of his Eastern origin. He was as trimly well dressed in clothes that had probably been cut in London, and looked not more than twenty-eight or thirty. As Artos considered him for a moment, not without interest, this man returned his glance with that strange and lawless impassivity which is the hallmark of the East.

Artos left immediately a strong desire to talk with this man.

Many such Egyptians make their way to Naples in the summer. Probably this was one of them.

The waiter brought Artos his coffee. The stranger, too, was

taking his. Over the sea the twilight was falling. Along the bay the lights came out. An almost complete silence reigned. Artos thought of the silence of the desert, the isolation of the desert, the loneliness that comes to a man there, with the enormous sense of resignation to a will immutable and profound, vast as the spaces that the sun has taken for his dominion.

From the stranger, surely, to Artos flowed the passive spirit of the East. It was as if they were in silent conversation.

This sensation of being in silent conversation with the stranger grew in Artos till he began to know whether he was giving as much as he believed himself to be receiving, or whether at least he was giving something in return for what he accepted.

Again he looked at the stranger and again he met his impassive steady gaze.

With an abrupt resolution Artos got up, went over to the other table, raised his hat, and made a remark about the beauty of the evening. The other replied courteously, in a low agreeable voice, Artos sat down, and they entered into conversation in French.

The man was an Egyptian from Cairo, cultivated, evidently cosmopolitan, apparently calmly content to talk.

Night fell, and they seemed as if they had known each other for a long time.

Artos felt more and more immersed in the spirit of the East. Never before, not even in Africa, had he been so conscious of it. The personality of his companion was a singularly powerful one.

At last the Egyptian moved and got up.

"Are you going back to Naples, monsieur?" he asked.

"I had thought of taking a boat and going a little way along the coast in that direction," said Artos, pointing towards the point.

"I have nothing to do. I have a boat here. Shall we go together?"

Artos hesitated. He had thought of going ashore at the island. He could not take the stranger there; nevertheless, he felt impelled to accept his invitation. And he did so. They went together to the boat and were soon out upon the sea.

The boatman was an old man. He rowed on quietly and steadily, with an even, regular stroke. They passed through the small harbor of the Villa Rosebery and saw the British consular piering up and down to the garden by the water's edge. He was alone.

"I should like to have a villa out here," said the Egyptian. Far away from Naples, yet opposite its harbor. They would emphasize the silence, the solitude, as the flame of a man's distinct fire emphasizes the solitude of the desert."

He leaned back, and was perfectly motionless, except now and then when he lifted his right to his lips.

His eyes were full of steady, liquid light. Artos could almost see him cross-legged on a carpet in the recess of some dim bazaar. He was a living enigma, capable, no doubt, of violent passion, yet serene as a dusty idol worshipped for centuries and making no return.

"You might find a villa, monsieur," Artos said.

"They tell me there is one on the island. Do you know it?"
 "Yes. It belongs to friends of mine."

The Egyptian said nothing, and the boat stole on, bearing their silence with it.

"We are not far from the island now," said Artos presently.

The Egyptian made an answer. He only looked at Artos steadily, and personality seemed to flow from him more strongly, more irresistibly, than before. Artos felt that here was a man who had no doubts or fears, who was armed by his questionings, beset by no anxieties; but a man who was resigned, who had passed into a region of manhood, serenity, and he was affected by this serenity. As the boat went on he thought of his recent arduous work, his recent irritabilities, even of the recent anxiety which had led his steps to Mergellina and which had compelled him when he came to the timepiece, and he marvelled at them. A calm that was like the great calm of the desert descended upon him. He felt the luminous touch of peace.

Low down, close to the sea, he saw a little light, and knew it for San Francesco's lamp. They were very near to the island.

(Continued on page 26.)



They came out upon the little terrace where Hermione was sitting alone

Railless Roadways for French Locomotors

The adoption of passenger and freight trains over railless roads in France has become not only a possibility but a fact. Already hundreds of inaccessible hamlets hitherto served by slow-going diligences are kept in constant contact with the auto-world by means of large auto-motobuses, moving at an average rate of fifteen miles an hour, transporting both passengers and express parcels; and now, following this development, comes the explosive engine motor, drawing full trains of cars, which, it is claimed, can be operated on level or mountainous roads at an exceedingly moderate expense. The first train of this type has just completed a successful trial journey between Paris and Marseilles.

The trains mentioned are composed of elements, each receiving the energy of a vehicle called the locomotor, which being placed at the head of the train, distributes the necessary power to the following elements by means of a transmission shaft extending from one end of the train to the other, thus enabling each car to utilize its own adhesion to the road surface as a means of advancement.

The locomotor is therefore lighter than any of the cars. Trains of this type completely loaded are able to maintain a speed of 21 kilometers (13.02 miles) per hour in case of passenger trains on levels, and of from 15 to 16 kilometers (9.32 to 9.94 miles) per hour in the case of freight trains. It is said that freight trains of this type are able to maintain an average of from 10 to 12 kilometers (6.21 to 7.45 miles), fully loaded.

If all that is claimed for these trains is realized, it will be possible to give 25,000 roubles in France approximately the same advantages with respect to transportation as the more populous and highly developed centres.

Warming Him Up

"My cousin's cold," sternly cautioned the frail old gentleman to his fair waitress.
"Put your hat on," she sweetly suggested.

To Improve the Port of London

The increasing encroachments made upon the supremacy of the Port of London by the rivalry of Antwerp, Hamburg, and other Continental ports, have led to the introduction of a bill into Parliament for the purpose of overhauling the congested docks that has grown up along the lower Thames, dredging and deepening the river, and consolidating the numerous companies under a single authority consisting of fourteen elected and ten appointed members.

No such money is required to bring the London dock facilities up to date that the three private companies controlling the existing dock system have agreed to turn over their interests to the Board of Trade, and to accept compensation in government stock when the dock bill becomes a law. Then a general and comprehensive plan of improvement costing about \$5,000,000 is to be inaugurated.

The proposed rates on goods will not be restricted to imports. As fixed by the Board of Trade, they will be payable, subject to any exemptions or rebates on "all goods imported from ports beyond the seas or coastwise into the port of London, or exported to ports beyond the seas or coastwise." The dock dues of thirty-seven cents per ton now levied by the London and India Company are to apply to all the docks vested in the port authority, but not to vessels merely passing along the Surrey coast. Existing city officers of the dock companies, the Thames Conservancy, and the Waterman's Company are to be transferred to the port authority, and to hold office on previous terms, including conditions of pension. Where the office or situation is abolished there is provision for compensation, and any officer or servant dismissed within five years, except for misconduct, is to be deemed to have suffered loss.

COMFORT FOR CROWDS.

Have a corner in the nifty satchel for the needful when needed; for the butter at the bat, the sprinter at the scratch, the carman on the stroke, and the thousands of excursionists who will weary under jostle and heat.

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(Continued from page 28.)

He thought of Hermione, her vibrant nature, the passion that was in her, her instinctive rebellion against the sorrow that companioned her, her instinctive struggle after happiness. And there entered into him a strange desire to introduce to her this unknown Egyptian, who was become to him already an emblem of resignation.

The shadow of the isle appeared above the shadow of the water. He saw the long eyes of the Egyptian fixed steadily upon it. The boat drew in towards the Sultan's Pool and passed beneath the benediction of the saint. And the old boatman bent to the water and made the sign of the cross. As he did so the Egyptian watched him, not with wonder, not with astir, but as the Sphinx might watch a pathfinder of Salsimone, if it could avert the gaze that is directed to some eternal vision. And religions seemed to shrink and shiver, to become as the grains of sand that drift beneath the Sphinx.

The boat stole into the Pool. Artos stretched out his hand and touched the boatman, and indicated that he wished to land. The old man turned the prow to the island. When it grated against the cliff Artos got up. He looked towards the Egyptian, who silently followed his example. They landed and walked slowly up the steps towards the house. Artos did not feel that what he was about to do was strange, but only that he must do it, that it was inevitable. The house door was open. He passed in, followed by his companion. They came out upon the little terrace, where Hermione was sitting alone without a lamp—meditating, perhaps, beneath the stars.

When she saw Artos she got up. She looked at him, then beyond him to the Egyptian.

"I was in a boat with a friend, Hermione," said Artos. "I thought I might bring him in for a moment to salute you. Let me introduce him to you."

He did not mention any name, for he did not know who the Egyptian was.

Hermione and the Egyptian bowed to each other.

"Will you have some coffee, nonne?," Hermione asked.

"Thank you, madame, we have had it."

"Then a cigarette?"

She handed the box, which was on the little table by her side.

He took a cigarette and lit it.

"Madame," said the Egyptian, in his soft and steady voice, "allow me to give you a hint. If you should ever wish to give up your island you might think of me."

He laid a card upon the table.

That night, as she sat upon the terrace, Hermione had been thinking again and almost with terror, of the island, which was beginning to seem as a prison to her now, and her horrible unrest. Had this man read her thoughts? She looked at him in wonder. And now for the first time she saw that he was Eastern.

"We are very fond of our island, nonne," she said.

"Madame?"

"My daughter and I. My daughter is out on the cliff, I think. She may come in presently."

"She loves it even more than you, perhaps?"

He was reading her thoughts. She had known strange instances of the Arab's power to do that, and was already losing her surprise. Now did she mind?

"Perhaps so. She is like a sea creature."

"The sea tricks her, but the desert tames her."

"What does it teach?"

"Madame must know if madame has ever been to the desert."

"I have been."

"Yes."

He had known that, too! She looked at Artos. He sat quite still. No doubt he was listening.

"I don't think I should ever learn the lesson of the desert," said Hermione. "Perhaps only those who belong to it can learn from it."

"If it is so, it is sad—for others," said the Egyptian.

His voice was perfectly indifferent, without sympathy as without contempt.

And his absolute indifference fell upon Hermione, as already it had fallen upon Artos, with an effect that was something, almost with a magical effect. The painful excitement that had rent her that day faded out like a flame that nothing feeds. Instinctively she folded her hands. Her body, too, was aware of the spell.

"They seek, I suppose," continued the Egyptian. "They rebel, they fight, they try to avoid things, they try to bring things about. They lift up their hands to disperse the grains of the sand storm. They lift up their hands to be heard by the wind from the south. They stretch forth their hands to gather the mirage into their bosom. They follow the drum that is beaten among the dunes. They are afraid of life because they know it has two kinds of gifts; and one they snatch at, and now they would refuse. And they are afraid still more of the door that all must enter, Sultan and nonne,—he who has reached himself and made the threshold pilgrimage, and he who is a taper and is eaten by flies. So it is." He was silent. Hermione saw that his eyes were fixed upon her, and she felt as if he were calmly contemplating her own condition.

"And nevertheless," said the Egyptian, "all that is to come must come, and all that is to go must go, at the time appointed; just as the cloud falls and lifts at the time appointed, and the wind blows and lulls, and tansunin is here and is over."

Again he was silent. Hermione remembered how she had longed to see Emilie with Vere. Why? Why run forward to anticipate the coming of any tale, or shrink back in the effort to avoid it? She felt almost as if she had eaten of a drug.

Artos moved and got up.

"Hermione, it is late, and we must not stay."

The Egyptian was standing.

"I'll come with you to the door," she said. "Perhaps we shall see Vere—my daughter."

She led the way through the house. The Egyptian came close behind her.

"She is not here. Perhaps she is on the cliff."

Hermione was speaking. She looked at the two men.

"Shall we go to the cliff?" said Artos.

They went forward, and almost immediately heard a murmur of voices.

"Vere is with some one," said Artos.

"It must be Raffo. It is Raffo," said Hermione.

She stood still, and the two men followed her example. The night was windless. Voices travelled through the dreaming silence. Don't be afraid. Sing it to me."

Vere's voice was speaking. Then a boy's voice obediently rang out in the song of Mergellina. The obedient voice was soft and very young, though manly. And it sounded as if it sang only for one person, who was very near. Yet it was impersonal. It asked nothing from it, told nothing to, that person. Simply and very naturally it just showed a simple and a very natural song.

"Ohi, dote luna bianca di l' estate

Mi fuggie il sonno accanto a la marina:

Mi desina le dolcissime serate

Gli cerchi di fionia e il mar di Mergellina."

As Artos listened he felt as if he learned what he had not been able to learn that day at Mergellina. Strange as this thing was—if indeed it was, he felt that it must be, that it was ordained to be, and all that might follow from it. He even felt as if Hermione must already know it, have divined it—as if, therefore, any effort to hide it from her must be fruitless or even contemptible, as if, indeed, all effort to conceal truth of whatever kind was contemptible.

The age of the Egyptian was upon him.

When the song was over he turned away. He felt that those two children should not be disturbed. Hermione and the Egyptian fell in with his raprice. At the house door Hermione bade them good-by.

Just as they were going to descend to the landing place Artos saw the form of Giuseppe coming from the cliff.

He had been there too, listening, perhaps from a distance.

All the way back to Naples Artos and the Egyptian never spoke a word.

When the boat touched the landing-stage of the Vittoria, Artos bade him good-by in a sentence. They separated at the top of the steps.

A moment later his figure disappeared in the darkness, going towards the China.

CHAPTER XXIV

The curious strength of the Egyptian's personality, which had so strangely affected Artos had also influenced Hermione. But whereas with Artos the influence lingered, from Hermione it departed. Scarcely had the boat disappeared in the darkness before she found herself wondering at the almost dull calm which for a few minutes had held her, then wondering at something else—the bringing of this stranger to the island by her friend. Why had they come? Who was this man? She remembered that Emilie had not said his name. And then she remembered, too, that his card was lying on the table where she had left it when they went for Vere. She returned to the terrace to fetch it. But the card was gone. Glorina must have carried it away with the coffee and the cigarette-box. But when she was summoned, Glorina knew nothing about it. She took a lamp and searched, but the card was not found.

"It doesn't matter," Hermione said.

Nor did it. Yet she wished she had seen the stranger's name. But she could ask Emilie what it was later on.

Her unrest had returned, and the desire that consumed her remained unsatisfied, although Emilie had come to the island as if in obedience to her force mental summons. It seemed to her almost as if he had brought the Egyptian to protect him, to lead away her scrutiny. And she had not seen him even for a moment with Vere. When would he come again? She might ask him to come for a long day, or she might get Vere to ask him.

Vere must surely be longing to have a talk with her secret mentor, with her admirer and inspirer. And then Hermione remembered how often she had encouraged Emilie, how they had discussed his work together, how he had claimed her sympathy in difficult moments, how by her enthusiasm she had even inspired him—so at least he had told her. And now he was baffling in her child's life an office akin to hers in his life.

The knowledge made her feel desolate, driven out. Yes, she felt as if this secret shared by child and friend had expelled her from their lives. Was that unreasonable? She wished to be reasonable, to be calm.

Calm! She thought again of the Egyptian, and of his theory of resignation. Surely it was not for her, that theory. She was of different blood. She did not come from the bins of the immense East. And yet how much better it was to be resigned, to sit enthralled above the chances of life, to have conquered fate by absolute submission to its decrees!

Why was her heart so youthful in her middle-aged body? Why

(Continued on page 42.)

(Continued from page 36.)

did it still instinctively clamor for sympathy, like a child's? Why could she be so easily and so cruelly wounded? It was weak. It was contemptible. She hated herself. But she could only be the thing she is at that moment hated.

Her surreptitious act of the afternoon seemed to have altered her irreversibly, to have twisted her out of shape,—yet she could not wish it undone, the knowledge gained by it withheld. She had needed to know what Emile knew, and shame had led her to learn it, as she had learned it, with her eyes instead of from the lips of her child.

She wondered what Vere would say if she had been asked to reveal the secret. She would never know that now. But there were other things that she felt she must know; why Vere had never told her—and something else.

Her act of that day had twisted her out of shape. She was angry, and she felt that she must continue to be as she was, that her fearless servile was no longer needed by her, could no longer rightly serve her in the new circumstances that others had created for her. They had been cruel. She could not be open. She was constrained to watch, to conceal—she be aware, in fact.

Yet she felt guilty even while she said this to herself, guilty and ashamed, and then doubtful. She doubted her new capacity to be furtive. She could watch, but she did not know whether she could watch without showing what she was doing. And Emile was terribly observant.

This thought, of his subtlety and her desire to conceal, made her suddenly realize their altered relations with a vividness that frightened her. Where was the beautiful friendship that had been the comfort, the prop of her bereaved life? It seemed already to have sunk away into the past. She wondered what was in store for her, if there were new sorrows being forged for her in the cruel smithy of the great Butler, sorrows that would hang like chains about her till she could go no farther. The Egyptian had said: "What is to come will come, and what is to go will go, at the time appointed." And Vere had said she felt as if perhaps there was a cross that must be borne by some one on the island, by "one of us." Was she, Hermione, picked out to bear that cross? Surely God mistook the measure of her strength. If he had he would soon know how feeble she was. When Maurice had died, somehow she had endured it. She had staggered under the weight laid upon her, but she had upheld it. But now she was much older, and she felt as if suffering, instead of strengthening, had weakened her character, as if she had not much "fight" left in her.

"I don't believe I could endure another great sorrow," she said to herself. "I'm sure I couldn't."

And then Vere came in to bid her good night.

"Good night, Vere," Hermione said.

She kissed the girl gently on the forehead, and the touch of the red silk suddenly made her long to sob, and to say many things.

She took her lips away.

"Emile has been here," she said.

"Monsieur Emile?"

Vere looked round.

"But—"

"He has gone?"

"Gone! But I haven't seen him!"

Her voice sounded thoroughly surprised.

"He only stayed five minutes, and he had a friend with him, an Oriental."

"An Oriental! Oh, madre, I wish I had known."

There was a touch of reproach in Vere's tone, and there was something so transparently natural, so transparently innocent and girlish, in her disappointment, that it told her mother something she was glad to know. Not that she had doubted it—but she was glad to know.

"We came to look for you."

"Well, but I was only on the cliff, where I always go. I was there having a little talk with Ruffo."

"I know."

"And you never called me, madre!" Vere looked openly hurt.

"Why didn't you?"

In truth, Hermione hardly knew. Surely it had been Emile who had led them away from the singing voice of Ruffo.

"Ruffo was singing."

"A song about Margerita. Did you hear it? I do like it and the way he sings it."

The annoyance had gone from her face at the thought of the song.

"And when he sings he looks so careless and gay. Did you listen?"

"Yes, for a moment, and then we went away. I think it was Emile who made me go. He didn't want to disturb you, I think."

"I understand."

Vere's face softened. Again Hermione felt a creeping jealousy at her heart. Vere had surely been annoyed with her, but now she knew that it was Emile who had not wished to disturb the *little note* on the cliff she did not mind. She even looked as if she were almost touched. Could the mother be wrong where the mere friend was right? She felt, when Vere spoke and her expression changed, the sweet understanding from which she was excluded.

"What is the matter, madre?"

"The matter? Nothing. Why?"

"You looked so odd for a minute. I thought—"

But she did not express what she had thought, for Hermione interrupted her by saying:

"We must get Emile to come for a long day. I wish you would write him a note to-morrow morning. Vere, write for me and

ask him to come on Thursday. I have a lot to do in the morning.

Will you save me the trouble?" She tried to speak cheerfully.

"I've a long letter to send to Evelyn Toomey," she added.

"Of course, madre. And I'll tell Monsieur Emile all I think of him for neglecting us as he has. Ah! But I remember: he's been working."

"Yes, he's been working; and one must forgive everything to the worker, mustn't one?"

"To such a worker as Monsieur Emile is, yes. I do wish you'd let me read his books, madre."

"For a moment Hermione hesitated, looking at her child.

"Why are you so anxious to read these, all of a sudden?" she asked.

"Well, I'm growing up and—and I understand things I usedn't to understand."

"For a moment for a moment before her mother's, and there was a silence, in which the mother felt some truth withheld. Vere looked up again.

"And I want to appreciate Monsieur Emile properly,—as you do, madre. It seems almost ridiculous to know him so well and not to know him really at all."

"But you do know him really."

"I'm sure he puts most of his real self into his work."

Hermione remembered her conception of Emile Ardis long ago, when she only knew him through two books; that she had believed him to be cruel, that she had thought her nature must be in opposition to his. Vere did not know that side of "Monsieur Emile."

"Vere, it is true you are growing up," she said, speaking rather absently, as if to give herself time for something. "Perhaps I was wrong the other day in what I said. You may read Emile's books if you wish to."

"Madre!"

Vere's face flushed with eager pleasure.

"Thank you, madre!"

She went up to bed radiant.

When she had gone Hermione stood where she was. She had just done a thing that was mean, or at least she had done a thing from a mean, a despicable motive. She knew it as the door shut behind her child, and she was frightened of herself. Never before had she been governed by so contemptible a feeling as that which had just prompted her. If Emile ever knew, or even suspected what it was, she felt that she could never look into his face again with clear, unflattering eyes. What madness was upon her? What change was working within her? Rebellion came, and with it the passionate desire to combat at once, strongly, the new, the hateful self which had frightened her.

She hastened after Vere and in a moment was knocking at the child's door.

"Who's there? Who is it?"

"Vere!" called the mother.

As she called she opened the door, and found it locked.

"Madre! It's open!"

"Yes. May I come in?"

"One tiny moment."

The voice within sounded surely a little startled and uneven, certainly not welcoming. There was a pause. Hermione heard the rustling of paper, then a drawer shut sharply.

Vere was hiding away her poems!

When Hermione understood that she felt the strong, good impulse suddenly shrivel within her, and a bitter jealousy takes its place. Vere came in the door and opened it.

"Oh, come in, madre. What is it?" she asked.

In her bright eyes there was the look of one unexpectedly disturbed. Hermione glanced quickly at the writing-table.

"You weren't writing my note to Monsieur Emile?" she said.

She stepped into the room. She wished she could force Vere to tell her about the poems, but without asking. She felt as if she could not continue in her present condition, excluded from Vere's confidence. Yet she knew now that she could never plead for it.

"No, madre. I can do it to-morrow."

Vere looked sad and surprised, and the mother felt more than ever like an intruder. Yet something dogged kept her there.

"Are you tired, Vere?" she asked.

"Not a bit."

"Then let us have a little talk."

"Of course."

Vere shut the door. Hermione knew by the way she shut it that she wanted to be alone, to go on with her secret occupation. She came back slowly to her mother, who was sitting on a chair by the bedside. Hermione took her hand, and Vere pushed up the edge of the mosquito curtain and sat down on the bed.

"About those books of Emile's—" Hermione began.

"Oh, madre, you're not going to— But you're promised!"

"Yes."

"Then I may?"

"Why should you wish to read such books? They will probably make you sad, and—and they may even make you afraid of Emile."

"Afraid! Why?"

"I remember long ago, before I knew him, I had a very wrong conception of him, gained from his books."

"Oh, but I know him too-forehand. That makes all the difference."

"A man like Emile has many sides."

"I think you all have, madre. Don't you?"

Vere looked straight at her mother. Hermione felt that a moment had come in which, perhaps, she could force the telling of that truth which already she had known.

"I suppose so, Vere; but no need to—surely keep any side hidden

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from those we love, those who are nearest to us."

Vere looked a little doubtful—even, for a moment, slightly confused.

"N—o?" she said.

She seemed to consider something. Then she added:

"But I think it depends. If something in us might give pain to any one we love, I think we ought to try hide that. I am sure we ought."

Hermione felt that each of them was thinking of the same thing, even speaking of it without mentioning it. But whereas she knew that Vera was doing so, Vere could not know that she was. So Vere was at a disadvantage. Vere's last words had opened the mother's eyes. What she had guessed was true. This secret of the poems was kept from her because of her own attempt to create and its failure. Abruptly she wondered if Vere and Hermione had ever talked that failure over. At the mere thought of such a conversation her whole body tingled. She got up from her chair.

"Well, good night, Vere," she said.

And she left the room, leaving her child amazed.

Vere did not understand why her mother had come, nor why, having come, she abruptly went away. There was something in the matter with her mother. She had felt that for some time. She was more conscious than ever of it now. Around her mother there was an atmosphere of unrest in which she felt herself involved. And she was vaguely conscious of the new distance between them, a distance daily growing wider. Now and then, lately, she had felt almost uncomfortable with her mother, in the sitting-room, when she was saying good night, and just now when she sat on the bed. Youth is terribly quick to feel hostility, however subtle. The thought that her mother could be hostile to her had never entered Vere's head. Nevertheless, the mother's faint and creeping hostility—for at times Hermione's feeling was really that, though she would doubtless have denied it even to herself—disagreeably affected the child.

"What can be the matter with mother?" she thought.

She went over to the writing-table, where she had hastily shut up her pen and ink, and unlocked the door, but she did not take them out again. Instead she sat down and wrote the note to Monsieur Knibb. As she wrote the sense of mystery, uneasiness, discomfort from her, chased away, perhaps, by the memory of Monsieur Knibb's kindness to her and warm encouragement, by the thought of having a long talk with him again, of showing him certain corrections and developments carried out by her since she had seen him. The sympathy of the big man meant a great deal to her, more even than he was aware of. It lifted up her eager young heart. It went the blood coursing through her veins with a new and ardent strength. Hermione's enthusiasm had been inherited by Vere, and with it something else that gave it a peculiar vitality, a power of lasting—the secret consciousness of talent.

Now, as she wrote her letter, she forgot all her uneasiness, and her pen flew.

At last she signed her name—"Vere."

She was just going to put the letter into its envelope when something struck her, and she paused. Then she added:

"P.S.—Just now sister gave me leave to read your books."

(To be continued.)

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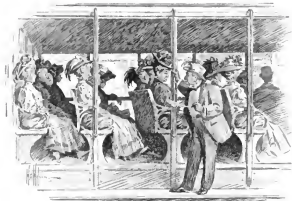
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COMMENT

Taft

EVERY click from Chicago that drops from the wires as the WEEKLY goes to press says "Taft." All plans that favor him have gone through thus far with scarcely a hesitation, much less a hitch. If they have a fault, it is that they are too perfect, operate with too mechanical a smoothness, and impair too frankly the illusion that the convention is to be an assemblage of delegates to select Republican candidates for the Presidential ticket. The delegates may select the candidate for Vice-President, but for first place their duty is, evidently, not to choose a man, but to nominate the candidate already chosen. That they will perform this duty there is no present reason to doubt. All the rosters for Taft and most of the objections to him seem to be agreed that the sooner the deed is done the better. There are other candidates that the objectors prefer, but between them and their choices comes a possibility that makes the certainty of Taft look like blessed relief. Everybody knows the situation. The objectors would far rather take Taft and have done with it than run any risk of getting Senator Boies's candidate. So they are for Taft, with deep sincerity if not with enthusiasm, and for Taft they are likely to stick. Sure but consenting, they watch the execution of the measures preliminary to the nomination of the man whom they do not prefer as compared to some others, but eagerly prefer as compared with the possible candidate of a stampeded convention. They cannot even complain of the efforts of the Taft supporters to make everything sure beforehand. That at least agrees good faith, and they bow to the argument. And so, though nothing is quite certain until it is accomplished, and though a good deal may happen in a week, Judge Taft seems sure to get the nomination.

The Vice-Presidency

The delegates can do something for the country, even if it does not afford them the highest degree of entertainment, by nominating a competent man for Vice-President. Perhaps if they are able to fix upon the head of the ticket with the minimum of mental effort, there will be the more energy available to draft a proper person for the second place. There has been at least one volunteer for the position, Mr. JONAS HAYMOND, an able man, to be sure—the ablest in his own line in the world, and of a mind of undoubted competence in other pursuits besides his specialty. But Mr. HAYMOND is a sailing engineer, and of very slight experience in American statecraft. The Vice-President ought not to be a green hand at government. The delegates should conscientiously choose a candidate by whom, if need be, the great powers of the Presidential office would be safely administered. Vice-Presidents who have become Presidents have made a great deal more than their fair proportion of the history of our country. Name such a Vice-President at Chicago, gentlemen, that if he gets a chance to make some history, you will like the kind of history he makes. To our mind, Senator CRANE would very handsomely and usefully adorn the Republican ticket.

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"Fairbanks and Fair Play"

A correspondent writes to the WEEKLY from Attleboro, Massachusetts, to say:

I cannot comprehend why you pick at, as to speak, pictorially, Mr. FAIRBANKS. It must be that you consider him second to the best, as his office implies. He is a capable man. His wife has initiative (he has evidently longevity), and almost every capable man is fit for the Presidency. Possibly a cocktail or two may have hurt him, but only in the estimation of the most bigoted. Why not FAIRBANKS and Fair Play for a standard to win?

At this writing the news is that Mr. FAIRBANKS has stopped trying, on the ground that he can't get Fair Play on the ticket. To contribute longitude to the tail of a ticket for which Mr. TAFT furnishes the latitude does not appeal to him. Well, Mr. FAIRBANKS is a capable and careful man and still young. He has been a good Vice-President, has presided well in the Senate, and has helped to allay the anxieties of the people when the President has taken chances with unruly colts. But few men want a second term as Vice-President, and the other piece on the Republican ticket is engaged.

For a Plank in Defence of the Courts

This petition was sent to the Committee on Resolutions of the Chicago convention:

The undersigned Republicans, having in mind the attack upon the courts made by the platform and the candidate of the Democratic party in 1906, and having reason to believe that a similar attack is contemplated in the Presidential campaign of 1908, do earnestly request the committee on resolutions to include in its report to the Republican national convention the following declaration:

"We affirm our confidence in the integrity and justice of the courts, State and national, and we insist that the preservation of their independence and full constitutional prerogatives is essential to the maintenance of the American system of government."

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 EDWARD MITCHELL,
 A. HARTON HERRICK,
 RUSH RILEY,
 ALBERT K. SMILEY

The "attack upon the courts" made in the Democratic platform of 1896 read as follows:

We denounce arbitrary interference by Federal authorities in local affairs as a violation of the Constitution of the United States and a crime against free institutions, and we especially object to government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression by which Federal judges in contempt of the laws of the States and rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges, and executioners, and we approve the bill passed in the local session of the United States Senate and now pending in the House of Representatives relative to contempt in Federal courts and providing for trials by jury in certain cases for contempt.

The signers to the petition include four former cabinet officers, former judges of distinction, college presidents, lawyers of the highest reputation, and capitalists who have never been classed as malefactors. The names are very good names, and carry as much weight as though there were a hundred times as many of them. Without doubt the petition will get respectful notice from the platform-makers.

Rest for the Weary

When is Secretary Taft going to get his vacation? He has four or five jobs, any one of which could keep him busy, and has been running for the Republican candidate besides. The chances that he will have a quiet summer are not good. The most restful thing we see ahead for him is the thought of Mr. ROOSEVELT penetrating the wilds of Africa. A vicious

vacation is better than none, and Mr. TART will undoubtedly get vicious repose out of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S mid-African penetrations. No doubt they will be restful also to Mr. ROOT, whose summer plans, as announced in the papers, include an interval of violent recuperation at Mt. Wilson's, and then rurality and repose in Oneida County, New York. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S proposed bolt to Africa after the 4th of March is an exceedingly interesting and characteristic project. Let us rejoice that there remains a space of earth sufficiently unwearyed by civilization to give rest to his untrammelled spirit. Here's hoping that nothing will interfere with that plan, and that Mr. ROOSEVELT may make up such a bag of lions, elephants, hippos, gorillas, rhinos, nature-fakes, and animal nucleofactors as never before gladdened the heart of imperial man.

Adjourned to Chautauque

Senator LA FOLLETTE is not satisfied with his exertions in the Senate, where he projected oratory to the extent of eighteen pounds of printed discourse against the emergency currency bill. Being shot off by the alert Mr. ALDRICH while his fountains of living speech were still unquenched, he has adjourned the debate to Chautauque, where he promises to deliver a hundred lectures about it in the course of the summer. That is fair. Attendance on the lectures will be voluntary, and if the Senator can get auditors to sit under him of their own free will and at their own cost, there is no reason why he should not free his mind absolutely on the emergency currency bill. The people need to have the currency question brought home to them; maybe he can help bring it home.

Revolution in Georgia

The defeat of HENRY SMITH for Governor of Georgia furnishes thoughts for the thoughtful. He was elected two years ago to enforce strict regulation of railroads and strict prohibition. He did both to the best of his ability, and was beaten for re-election by a man whom as Governor he turned out of the office of railroad commissioner because he was loath to do what the people of the State wanted done. That is undoubtedly interesting. Mr. W. W. WINSTON, of the Georgia Legislature, can hardly wait for the Georgia Legislature to convene so that he can introduce a bill to repeal the Georgia State prohibition law. He voted for the law, but suspects, since Governor SMITH'S defeat, that the people of Georgia don't like it as well as they thought they would.

Barre Henry

MORSE HENRY continues to be a pessimist on prohibition. Thus the *Courier-Journal*:

"The new South," says the *Washington Star*, "turns its back upon the lobby and the jury." True, alas, too true! In Georgia they are drinking straight from the jug at present.

He is also a pessimist about being a candidate for Vice-President, and when the *Omaha Bee* asks: "What is the matter with HAYES and WATERBURY for the Denver ticket?" the *Courier-Journal* says:

Nothing except that he doesn't want it and that nobody wants him, and that because he wore a gray jacket his nomination would defeat the ticket and at the same time disgrace him, by giving the lie to his profession of disinterestedness.

Strong reasons, but all unsound except the first one.

New York Judges Are Well Paid

At the dinner given in New York to Judge LEVENTHURST on his retirement from the bench the sentiment was pretty generally disclosed by the speakers that the salaries paid were inadequate to keep valuable judges on the bench. In so far as this applies to the salaries of \$17,500, which the justices of the Supreme Court receive in this district, it may be true, but the fault is not in the salaries. They are high enough. If the justices, when they have acquired reputation on the bench, think they can earn much more in private practice and wish to do it, they will resign, and no moderate and justifiable increase in the salaries will stop them. The salaries paid are more than most of the justices are worth when elected. After they have learned the law at the public cost they are often worth more than they get. When that condition has

been duly brought home to their inner consciousness they are apt, if they want more money, to resign.

Clemenceau's Luck

"ROOSEVELT'S luck," which has become a current American phrase, is being paralleled in France. With a narrow majority of 150 against 107 votes in the Senate, Premier CLEMENCEAU decided to transfer the body of EMILE ZOLA to the Pantheon. This did not wholly please the French people, on the ground that such an act was deemed premature; it was generally felt that at least ten years should elapse between the death of ZOLA and the Pantheon ceremony. The shot fired by the crank GREGORY, however, brought about a complete revolution of feeling. The populace is again with CLEMENCEAU. Thus DREYFUS, whose cause virtually landed M. CLEMENCEAU in the Premiership, has now virtually brought back to him the support of the people. That is why the Premier's luck is becoming proverbial, and the title of "CLEMENCEAU *le Perpetuel*" has been freely granted him.

Don't Bring Her Here

Bring Phila to New York.—*Newspaper Headline.*

No, don't. Leave Phila where she is. If she were light on her feet and could win a horse-race or dance scintillatingly; if she could sing so that you forgot what the box office charged you; if she could cook something that we had not had a chance to try of yet; or if she had written and dramatized an improper story—this might be a good town to bring her to. But Phila is neither a race-horse, a dancer, a singer, a cook, nor a sensation-monger. She is ruins, now located in Egypt, and either immersed, or to be immersed, in the waters of a dam. If anything is to be done about her, she should be hauled ashore in Egypt and set up in a dry place, where she has old friends and knows and likes the climate. In New York— But probably it was only a joke, the Dublin cable that said: "RICHARD CAWKEN is very much in earnest, and is enthusiastic over the idea of transferring the ruins of Phila, Egypt, to Central Park."

Nemesis Again

The person named Nemesis, so much respected by the ancients, is still to be found, it seems, by persistent evil-doers, doing business at the old stand. One ACESITZ, a doctor, born in Budapest, but a practitioner and the owner of a private hospital in New York, was shot by a young woman on June 7. This doctor's record, or a part of it, has been printed in the papers. In 1904 he was named as correspondent in a divorce case. In 1907 a girl tried to shoot him in his office. She accused him of attacking her while she was his patient. She took her case to court, but her complaint was dismissed. Next his hospital was complained of to the Board of Health, but he satisfied the authorities. Next, SARAH KOTEN had him before the Court of Special Sessions on a charge of assault. Witnesses appeared for him, and he was discharged. SARAH is a Russian. A baby is due to be born to her in a few months. She waited eight hours on a doorstep for ACESITZ, and when he came shot him twice through the heart. She said (so the papers reported): "My father is dead; my mother is dead. I knew that I must take my revenge for my honor. The courts would not give it to me." The courts apparently had had two chances at ACESITZ, but had not improved them. Here is a fresh and striking example of how New York's high homicide record is maintained by persons of foreign birth. It is not realized that New York is, among other things, a frontier settlement constantly overrun with new settlers from Europe.

New York Society

Those are very interesting sentiments about New York Society that were communicated to the Sunday World of June 7 by Mrs. STEVENSON FISH. A very social citizen, Mr. FREDERICK MARTIN, who has a strong natural bent for making his fellow creatures happy, had been saying in the papers that New York Society is in a transition state, and rapidly reorganizing itself on a much broader basis than it has ever had before. Fit people are to count for more in it, Mr. MARTIN says, and money for less. He thinks money counts for less to-day in New York than in any great city in the world, and that New York is too big now to be ruled by mere money. It has been "set"-ridden, but the power of the "sets" is passing. To be set-ridden, says Mr. MARTIN, is to be bored; to be bored means to be unsatisfied. And he adds:

The very fact that society in New York is untroubled in the most satisfactory thing about the transitional stage through which we are now going. When we get genius, success, cleverness, tact, self-control, assembled in one great social body, then we shall have real society. And New York is fast approaching that happy day.

Mrs. First, being solicited by the *World* to shed the light of her abundant experience on Mr. MARTIN'S views, does it coo more and with vigor to the extent of a couple of broad columns of the *World's* space. Mr. MARTIN is right, she says. "To be rich alone is not enough. There is plenty of people who have both brains and money. We must not bar them. But the time should come when brains will count for more than mere money. Mere money is raising Newport to-day. We must have a larger Society—a Society in which something else counts. But where are we going to get it? All these interesting people that Mr. MARTIN talks about, where are they? Where are we going to get them? I don't see very many of them. It would be a great relief if we could only ferret them out of their lairs and bring them into Society."

Where Are the Fit People?

No, Mrs. First; and to her question it is not easy to give an answer that is practically helpful. There are a great many people in New York, and among them a great variety of people who are interesting and agreeable. But most of them are already as much in society as they care to be; as much as they can spare the time or the money to be. Nothing develops the faculties like exertion. But by far the most general and stimulating motive for exertion is to get a living. We believe hardly any one will deny that a large majority of the more interesting and profitable folks in New York are to be found among the people who have to work for a living. Such people, especially those who practise an art or a profession, have to keep alive; have to keep their wits alert. But most of them can only spare a limited amount of time and energy for society, and, as a rule, they get already about as much as they can afford. Participation, except very moderately, in such society as Mrs. First knows would seem to most of them ruinously unprofitable. There would be nothing in it for them that would be worth the effort, let alone the modest cost of clothes and calls; and those of them that are sensible know that if they were once caught in the whirl of fashionable competition it would be all up with them at once. Society (with the big S) in New York did not come to be a combination of rich people because of mere perversity, but because New York is in the main a city of workers, and only the hardier and tougher of them and those who are fortunate in getting large returns for moderate labor could possibly afford to cultivate Society. The reliance of Society in a great metropolis must be folks who are living on accumulated money, and have enough of it,—don't have to work hard enough to make them very tired, nor worry about their bills and how to pay them. If some of them are dull, and some of them are vulgar, and many foolish and many selfish, so much the worse for Society with the big S.

Freedom and Kindness and Grit

But anybody with wit enough, rich or moderately impetuous, in Society or not, ought to be able to find playmates to suit them in New York. Mrs. First seems to understand her subject. She says: "If there were a little more kindness shown in New York Society, there would be more real hospitality—which means real Society. Real hospitality is kindness." That is perfectly to the point, and we suppose it is to the point also when she says that Newport, which once was delightful, has been spoiled by "climbers" and "ridiculous little people who think themselves queer," and that New York Society is "dreadful, most of the time," and that the trouble with it is that "everybody in New York is afraid; they are all afraid of themselves." That is a very serious trouble, and argues too many people who have no sure standards of their own and no true understanding of what they ought to be about. Their great business in Society is to have some fun, swap ideas, and make life more profitable for one another and for people generally. But there can't be real sport without freedom and kindness and courage. A Society that is afraid of itself isn't of any use. But who ever attains freedom from mean fears, and courage to do what seems good, and kindness to keep from hurting others, can always have fun, and always find fit souls to share it with.

The Latest Word About Democratic Candidates

THE June number of the *North American Review* devotes its first fifty pages to an impartial presentation of the respective claims of the ten most conspicuous candidates for the Democratic nomination to the Presidency. The writing of each article in the series is lightly entrusted to one known to be a sincere and earnest believer in the intrinsic merit and availability of the public man whose claim he has been invited to set forth. For example, the champion of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, who fittingly heads the list as having been twice the nominee of the Democratic party, and as having had already a majority of the delegates to the National Convention at Denver instructed in his favor, is Mr. AUGUSTUS THOMAS, who, on the score of his knowledge, argumentative ability, and zeal, shows himself well-qualified to perform his appointed task. Especially noticeable also, is the expository alidity with which are set forth the grounds on which the National Democracy is urged to consider the expediency of putting forward as its standard-bearer Governor JAMES A. HARMON, of Minnesota; Governor JOSEPH W. FOLK, of Missouri; ex-Attorney-General JESSE HARMON, of Ohio; and Judge GEORGE GRAY, of Delaware. It is worth while to indicate very briefly the principal points made on behalf of each of the ten candidates named by the *Review*. We may say at once of all the writers that none of them, in his eagerness to uphold the cause of his favorite, allows himself to disturb party harmony by indulging in unfair criticism of competitors.

We would not dispute the assertion, made by Mr. THOMAS that Mr. BRYAN is personally known to a greater number of Democratic voters than any three other candidates combined. It is true that in the last twelve years—that part of them which was spent abroad being, of course, excepted—the majority of his Sundays have been occupied by the delivery of addresses and sermons to religious congregations of mixed political beliefs. Mr. THOMAS thinks that a conservative estimate would put the number of voters, members of religious organizations, who have listened to Mr. BRYAN on Sundays during the period named, at 250,000, to which must be added the number of citizens—counting by Mr. THOMAS at a million—who have attended the lectures given by Mr. BRYAN in his regular tours, to say nothing of the political gatherings at which he has spoken. Mr. THOMAS recognizes, however, that the possibility of electing a Democratic President next November depends upon a candidate's ability to attract accessions from the Republican ranks. He apparently admits that such accessions could not be secured by Mr. BRYAN from the conservative wing of the Republican party. He thinks they might be got by Mr. BRYAN from the Roosevelt wing of the party; but how would that be possible if President ROOSEVELT should take the field for TAYLOR?

Passing over the honored names of Senator EDWARD W. CARMACK, of Tennessee; of Senator CHARLES A. CULBERSON, of Texas; and of Senator JOHN WARWICK DANIEL, of Virginia, for no other reason except because, however worthy of a Democratic nomination for the Presidency each of them may be, none of them is known to have authorized a concerted movement on his behalf, we come to the name of Governor JOSEPH W. FOLK, of Missouri, who, undoubtedly, could be trusted to fulfil one of the conditions of availability—namely, he could carry his own State, which, otherwise, might be a doubtful one, since ROOSEVELT swept it four years ago. This cannot be said of Mr. BRYAN. He differs also from Mr. BRYAN in this particular, that instead of confining himself to promising, he has accomplished reforms. He can point to a record not of aspirations and intentions, but of achievements. Judge GEORGE GRAY, of Delaware, is another candidate who, undoubtedly, could carry his own State, although for many years it has gone Republican. It is equally beyond dispute that, next to WILLIAM J. BRYAN, GEORGE GRAY is, perhaps, better known to the whole American people than any other Democratic candidate by reason of the many public offices which he has occupied—that of Attorney-General for Delaware, that of United States Senator from his native State, that of Canadian Joint High Commissioner, that of Paris Peace Commissioner, that of United States Circuit Judge, and that of Chairman of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission. By the discharge of his duties in these various capacities he has powerfully commended himself to all classes of voters; to vast bodies of wage-earners, as well as to the rank and file of men engaged in business enterprises.

If, now, we pass over the article devoted to JESSE HARMON, which is exceedingly well done, it is only because it seems to be an example of Jane's labor lost, seeing that what Judge HARMON most desires for the moment is to be Governor of Ohio. We turn to the strong plea made by Mr. T. D. ILLIEN for the nomination of Governor JAMES A. HARMON, of Minnesota, on the ground that he is the most available candidate the Denver convention could select. He has shown himself able to carry his own State even in a Presidential year, and it is probably true that, if he were the candidate of the Democratic party for President, he would not only be triumphant there, but would accomplish the same result in Michigan, Wisconsin, the two Dakotas, Colorado, Oregon,

and Washington. He has so many elements of strength that his advocates find it impossible to analyze them all within the limits of an article in the *Review*, and restricts himself to asserting that a Democrat is the prime of life who has succeeded in everything he has undertaken; who, as Governor of his own State, has compelled the admiration of his opponents; and who in his private or public life has nothing for which to apologize, given the very highest promise of success in a national contest. It is equally true of Mr. HENRY WATKINSON that for nearly forty years he has represented the best thought of the South. Indubitably he has stood by his convictions with a devotion that has known no rest, and with an unflinching courage which would not yield as inch to sectionalism or faction, where these seemed to him to be the wrong, and he has lived to see every position for which he has fought valiantly vindicated by events.

Wesmore WILSON, the president of Princeton University, is truthfully described in the *North American Review* as of Virginia and New Jersey. By birth a Virginian, he is by adoption a Jerseyman. Born, bred, and schooled in the Old Dominion, he, like JAMES MADISON, graduated from Princeton, after which he studied law in the University of Virginia, and began the practice of his profession in Georgia, where he married a native of Savannah. Impelled by his parental foster and impulses to transfer his energies from the forum to the field of the higher education, he became successively a professor of history and political economy in Bryn Mawr College and in Wesleyan University; then a professor of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton; and, finally, since August, 1902, he has been the president of the last-named seat of learning and of science. It is unquestionably true, as the *Review* avers, that he is held in the highest honor by every Princeton graduate, and by all university men in the United States. By his published historical and political writings he has impressed a multitude of thoughtful citizens with the conviction that, by instinct and education, he is a statesman. He has given abundant evidence of modesty and presence in public affairs worthy of Virginia's noblest traditions. It may be affirmed of him with confidence that he could carry every State south of the Potomac and the Ohio, together with Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma, as well as Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut. Nor would it be at all surprising, especially if Governor Jackson should be named for Vice-President, if he should also prove victorious in Minnesota and North Dakota, if not also in some other Northwestern commonwealth.

Nothing Abides

THE most poignant sorrow of maturity is, perhaps, the insistent realization, usurping so intermittently perception, of the truth that all things pass and nothing abides. From time to time the thought has clouded the sunshine of life as we moved along through the years and noted that the environment was unstable and did not move in even current with us. The *mise en scene* of life, indeed, is perpetually shifting; and, also, even the *dramatis personae* refuse to remain unchanged so that we can build a logical structure out of the play of life.

"Like driftwood spears that sunset and pass"

Upon the boundless ocean plain,

is a true picture of the swift moments of life's intercourse. Let any careful homemaker who files away personal letters turn back a score of years and see who were his correspondents then; and he is a fortunate man who has saved a spare half dozen of the same friends to warm his soul with a sense of kindred memories and associations. Every blossom in a garden that blooms and fades and dies gives us a momentary footnote of life as but a progressive disintegration and dissolution.

As we begin to see ourselves passing the blossoming point, fading a little, with power waning, the sense is more insistent, the picture more vivid and definite. We are floating gently adown stream, and on either side swift currents are bearing out of sight the familiar and the loved, and beyond, far beyond, stretches the shadowy sea, vast, unfathomable, strange and yet alluring, in which all currents are indistinguishably lost, and in the end we shall all be there, and what will be left then of the individual life and its affections?

"Passing away! passing away!" is the burden sighed out on the wind's voice: it is the theme of the ocean's plaint as the ebbing tide pounds the shore and recedes. Bunches and pines sing the song as they sway rhythmically along the lake side; and the bonneted little garden, blithe and gay as it is, begins at this time of year to shed withered petals over the beds, and it must be an industrious gardener who keeps out of sight all the witnesses to the mutability of life.

"Passing away! passing away! we surprise the thought in our friend's eyes as he turns to go, in the shadow behind a child's smile. It is the echo of our glided experiences, the sober, home-worn song of the day's closed pleasures. Passing away! we understand it by the supping of our strength and ambitions. The red plain of life, with its struggles and temptations, is traversed, and

we are set on the gray and misty peaks that make for the sea. The evolution process has been running its course, and we, but half awake to life, have unawares conspired with it. And now, muffled with the loss of time and travel, we take account of the little any left to go with our quieted, somewhat tired hearts.

Life is largely a matter of distractions. By force of many activities we turn our consciousness from the hooks of time, and that level of contemplation which is the "station for the flight of soul" is so rarely reached that we only intermittently face the true nature of what is happening to us. But at least, when we do, the sense of the continual passing does something toward warning us from the dull use and wont of life; and because each moment of beauty or content or satisfaction is but a melting moment, slipping into the past and irremediably lost even as we look at it, we are doubly initiated into the high seriousness, the solemn import, of life which alone can sanctify character. And what a reconcealer mutuality is! Even our sorrows have something precious about them when we realize that they, too, will pass, and the time will come when the pain we are facing will be summed past recognition. Maximize many hopes and dreams, philosophies and conjectures, console us as we flee the eternal pain. Each man makes attempt to stay himself upon some point of stability, some abiding principle which shall stay his sense of impotence in the sweeping currents.

When Seneca has understood the superficial rhetoric of the times in argument, overthrown the intrepid Boethius, and finally completely refuted the evil and worldly Caelianus, he thus sums up the whole case against rhetoric, flattery, and worldliness.

"And of all that has been said, nothing remains unshaken but the saying that to do injustice is more to be avoided than to suffer injustice, and that the reality and not the appearance of virtue is to be followed above all things, as well in public as in private life; and that when any one has been wrong in anything, he is to be chastised, and that the next best thing to a man being just is that he should become just, and be chastised and punished; also that he should avoid all flattery of himself as well as of others; of the few as of the many; that rhetoric and any other art should be used by him, and all his actions should be done, with a view to justice."

"Follow me, then, and I will lead you where you will be happy in life and after death, as your own argument shows. And never mind if some one despises you as a fool, and insults you, if he has a mind to let him strike you, by Zeus, and do you be of good cheer, and do not mind the taunting blow, for you will never come to any harm in the practice of virtue if you are a really good and true man. . . . Let us, then, take this discourse as our guide, which signifies to us that the best way of life is to practise justice and every virtue in life and death. . . . And I exhort you also to take part in the great combat which is the combat of life, and greater than any other conflict."

It is strange to think that these words, spoken twenty-two centuries and more ago, should still have such power of stirring us, as we repeat them to-day side by side with the Hermitian statement: "All things move and nothing abides." "You will never come to any harm in the practice of virtue."

Here, then, we return to the point of stability in the universal flux: to the one solace in the midst of the sorrows of fleeting life. We may lose our friends and our possessions; our interests may wane and our hopes grow dim; disappointment may take us at unawares around any corner, but such virtue as we have managed to acquire and set late activity in the world will not fail us. We shall not regret it. It will not desert us in this life or the next one, whatever that our may prove to be: or if there be none, yet it shall be better for us to lay down the life and the activity of a good man than of a bad one, and better to leave the good man's record living in the world from which we go.

There is, then, a realm of stability in this world in the face of all prospects, in the continuous dissolution and transformation of life, there is an abiding truth to hold to—in as far as we acquire and practise virtue we shall not be discomfited.

Not the least of the rewards of virtue is the quiet heart that notes the beauty of life as it passes; taking in here and there and building up into the general consciousness those exquisite moments of radiant color, perfect form, or vivid gesture which heighten the powers of enjoyment, and provide, with the best of art, the perfect round. Such beauty, taken in as it is by the powerful mind almost at unawares, is in itself a recompense for sadness, for thwartings, for the fleeting shows of life.

Virtue alone, too, can build those altars to the affections and fidelities that outlast all the robberies of destiny, compensate for suffering, loneliness, and man's feeble hold upon the objects of his desire. Virtue alone is austere and unrelenting enough to make uncompromising investigation into the true nature of life, and to find in the answers to search that richness of self which gives us our first sense of *raison d'être*; for we are endowed with individuality, apparently, to lay it down and to find every man's fate as vital as our own.

And so realizing that all things pass and nothing abides we may yet stay ourselves on the principle enunciated once and for all by

the great Greek moralist: "I am persuaded of these things, and I consider how, too. I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honors at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and to live as well as I can, and when the time comes, to die. And to the utmost of my power I exhort all other men to do the same."

Personal and Pertinent

MADAME NOMICA in Boise, Idaho. She registered at the Idem Hotel in that city under the name of Mrs. NEMROS. A reporter from a local paper discovered her, however, and she was induced to grant him a short interview. Madame Nomica declares that she is in Boise for a quiet rest, and that she has no mixing or other business to look after in these regions. She is accompanied by her man of business, a gray-haired gentleman, and her young colored men attendant. She attended the afternoon performance of a circus on May 25, escorted by the two men just mentioned. She seemed to be thoroughly enjoying her informal freedom, and smiled continuously. After she was settled on the wooden circus seat, her young colored attendant stepped in front of her with a camera and took her picture. She brought some candy from the man with the ready-basket, and ate it like any child present. She was looking very well. She wore a dark green tailor-made gown, a long tan coat, a hat of brilliant green and red, and she carried what appeared to be a jewel-case. As she was leaving the circus a baby smiled at her from its mother's arms. Madame Nomica petted the child a moment, and appeared delighted with its attentions to her. When she had passed, some one told the mother who had been paying court to her baby.

In recent necrology the name of JOHN DELANE stands out prominently, and yet he was neither statesman nor poet, neither painter nor sculptor. He was for a half century editor of the *London Times*, but he was not himself a writer. Indeed, his motto was never to do anything himself that others could be had to do for him. But his personality was of a sort that radiated power. After an average healthy life he found himself in Printing House Square and at the age of little over twenty-three he became editor of the *Times*. "By Jove! I am editor of the *Times*," he exclaimed to some one shortly thereafter. But very soon he was the *Times*. He dominated his paper by force of ability and personality rather than by constant presence. For he was wont to travel much, to dine out constantly, and to mingle with people. A smaller man would have sunk to his desk. Yet this giant, too, had his sorrows, as the rest of us. "The New Year," he writes in his later life—"The New Year found me, as the last had done, alone in Printing House Square." And again, some time after the death of his mother: "Nobody now cares about me or my success, or my motives, and that weariness of life I had long felt has been gaining on me ever since. . . . I have much to be thankful for, [but] I have become so indifferent to life . . . weary both of work and idleness, careless about society, and with failing interests."

Correspondence

PIT BRYAN UP THIS TIME

SEATTLE, GERMANY, May 14, 1902.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—The attention of the Democratic party just now is depressing. No matter what man they put up for President he cannot be expected to win. The most confident Democrat must know in his heart, I think, that Mr. Roosevelt's party, for the moment, is the popular party. The Republican candidates may be rather vague persons, comparatively, but it is as certain as can be that one of them is going to be the next President. Instead of wasting hopes, therefore, on the present contest, Democrats should begin at once to look on to four years from now. It is with an eye to that time, and not to this time, that the party should be deciding its policy and its choice of men. In 1912 a Democratic victory ought to be quite probable, with any ordinary good nominee, in the regular swing of politics.

But what if the Democrats should elect Mr. Bryan? Everything should be directed to prevent that. And it seems to me, sir, that a tip-top way to prevent it is to put him up now. Fill up the number of his defeats.

Suppose that Mr. Bryan is rejected now in favor of some more excellent man. One effect will be to put that excellent man out of politics for the future. Without saying at all who he may be, it is plain in the present show of candidates that he won't be the sort of man who can go on as a party leader after defeat. He will be useless in 1912, as Mr. Parker is now.

But that is a small thing. The real reason is that Mr. Bryan at the same date will be very much to the fore. He will be magnified in the party by the bad fortune of his rivals, and become more authoritative and formidable than ever. He is sure always to have a following. No matter on what new fields of error his banner may at that time be waving, it will still be waving. And he will begin to have the additional character of a prophet whose warnings come true.

You have followed your own wisdom, he will say to the party, you have sought out leaders that were no leaders, and you see

what has come of it. These two times you have thought to strengthen yourselves by rejecting me, and you continue to be beaten. Do you wish to be beaten yet again? How long will you be led astray?—This argument of the situation will be irresistible to a great mass of electors in the party. They will be tired of hearing reason. They will turn again to the prophet and shout for him with double loudness.

Sir, if Mr. Bryan could by any chance win through to be President in 1912, or in any other year, it would be a calamity, a calamity for the whole country, and the party's victory would be a small consolation. But there would be no danger of that victory. The nomination of Mr. Bryan would be a Republican victory. My opinion is that, whether speaking as a friend of the country merely or as a good Democrat, the best thing for the country to do now is not to oppose Mr. Bryan tooth and nail, as you, sir, and others are doing, but to moderate your opposition, and, in fact, to accept him, and put him up for President this once more, to let him get beaten and put aside for good. This election has to be lost. Let it be no loss as to help the rest.

I am, sir,

R. B.

PLURAL MARRIAGES IN UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, June 1, 1902.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—In your issue of May 9, under a Utah date in March, appears a letter over the signature of "Traveler," in which I find the following passage:

"For that these plural marriages still continue despite the prohibition of them by law, there is no sort of doubt, not only in the State of Utah, but in other Western States where thrifty and otherwise law-abiding Mormons have congregated in more or less numbers."

But there is every sort of doubt. I am aware that charges like the above are frequently made by professional anti-Mormons; but I do not find the charge sustained by any sort of evidence that would convince one inclined to ask for proof before believing a wrong had been committed. It is not enough to say the charges are "with difficulty be proved." If they can be proved at all, and if there are plural marriages since the manifesto, with the approval of the church—or in any other way—it should be established by some sort of evidence. Really the argument that a serious charge is true because it cannot be proved doesn't look like a safe proposition. Things which happen can be proved.

The Mormon leaders declare they are acting in good faith; that they and their people are not engaging in nor permitting new polygamy. I can find no evidence that they are untruthful in these statements. "Traveler" can do so, he should refrain from charges so serious.

I am, sir,

LEIFER ARMSTRONG.

A SUBSTITUTE EVIL

NEW YORK, June 1, 1902.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Specialists in nervous and mental diseases in the South have called attention to the increasing frequency with which the negroes are using cocaine, and the appalling effect of the drug on this race. In Louisiana and Mississippi the practice is very common, the drug being sold to them by unscrupulous peddlers who take their notions merchandise from home to home.

Now that a wave of temperance is sweeping over the land—especially over several States in the South—there is reason to wonder whether the loss of nicotine stimulants will not increase the demand for noxious drugs such as opium and cocaine.

Those who are engineering the temperance movement in the South would do well to be on guard to see that no one evil is driven to the wall another does not take its place.

I am, sir,

"NEUROLOGIST."

IS THERE PROFIT IN DISSEMINATING INXUENOSES?

NEW YORK, May 20, 1902.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Just a word in the cause of an improved code of morals for the use of the novel-writer in the telling of the story he or she may offer the reader of fiction.

The publisher, too, is a party to the crime of corrupting the youth of the generation.

We are told that the story-writer caters to the prevailing taste, and that the publisher readily discovers the prospect of profit accruing to himself from disseminating the innumerable and plain speeches of the author. If this be true the cause of public morals is sacrificed to a spirit of commercialism.

The average literary review ordinarily awards unstinted praise to the story of morally uncertain or immorally pronounced tenor. The strictures—usually in the form of a few lines—coming from the pen of the reviewer are not so much as to be regarded as a criticism as to be regarded as a commendation.

This true we might construe a new code of morals upon the ruins of the old—yet that course might be hazardous. Why not improve the heart of the reader by the dissemination of a reality; improve it so completely as to make it monstrously secure? Why not inaugurate the campaign of reform by weeding out the books that are not fit to read, substituting therefor a literature leading the reader to higher aspirations, elevating him above the lower tastes that were once so rapidly eating the upper hand?

I would not do the lessening of the income of author or publisher. Strict application of the remedy suggested would in the end result advantageously to both.

I am, sir,

JOSEPH D. HARRIS.

Finance

Some Phases of the Present Situation

By HOWARD SCHENCK MOTT



THE entire banking and credit situation has returned to a condition frequently described as "normal," although, as a matter of fact, it is really abnormal in the sense that it is not an average situation. The pendulum has swung completely and is on the other side from that of last fall. Surplus funds pile up in the banks in a most remarkable way, and available capital has become a drag on the market. The merchant in good credit can obtain accommodation on easier terms than for some years past, and the banks are hard put to it to find any profitable use for their funds. New York exchange at Chicago has ruled around fifty cents per thousand dollars for several weeks, indicating an absence of demand for funds in the West, and a desire on the part of interior institutions to secure either the low rates of interest they prevail on time and on call at New York.

This tendency of capital to move to the field of its most profitable employment is a wholly natural one. It emphasizes, however, a feature of our banking system that has often been severely criticized, namely, the privilege that interior institutions enjoy of keeping part of their reserves on deposit in the banks of the reserve cities, and the privilege that the banks of the reserve cities enjoy of keeping part of their reserves on deposit in the banks of the central reserve cities. During the panic last fall interior institutions suffered considerable hardship because they were unable to recall that portion of their reserves which was on deposit at New York and other central reserve cities. Now they are sending most of their idle funds to the banks of the reserve and central reserve cities so as to secure even a low interest return on them. Consequently the cash holdings of the New York banks grow sparse. In spite of heavy gold exports and government withdrawals in the past few months, the Clearing House banks of New York, on June 6, showed reserves of 29.29 per cent. of their deposits, and the State banks and trust companies 35 per cent. Of course this is an extraordinary condition as was the other extreme last fall. Rising prices in the stock market have been based very largely upon "easy money," which, so far as it is an economic factor making for improvement in the business situation, is entirely legitimate. A wild speculation in stocks merely because money could be readily borrowed would not, however, be justifiable or meet the support of conservative opinion.

Ahead, the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and the Imperial Reichsbank of Germany, and several other government banks have reduced their discount rates, and their reserves stand at high figures. The depression in business is world-wide, and the demand for capital at a minimum. In May the production of gold from the South African mines reached the largest figures on record. Last year something over \$400,000,000 of gold was added to the world's supply of the metal. There is every indication at present that the output of the mines this year will at least be no smaller, and it may be larger. When it is considered that banking reserves the world over are already high, the addition of \$400,000,000 of gold to the amount of reserves in existence is greatly enlarged the foundation of the structure of credits. None, for example, that \$250,000,000 of the gold produced during the current year should ultimately go into bank reserves; it would make a foundation, on a basis of, say, 25 per cent. of deposits, for increased deposits or loans of some of our billion dollars. The possibilities of such a situation in the way of borrowing power for governments, corporations, and individuals are evidently very favorable. Manifest the present declining tendency of commodity prices may soon be checked, because increasing production of gold means declining purchasing power of each gold dollar. The only way to measure declining purchasing power of the gold dollar is in rising prices of the things purchased. In these conditions will be found one of the greatest problems of the future; for, if the production of gold continues to increase as it has during the past few years, the cost of living as measured in gold dollars seems bound to rise.

In spite of the defects of the new currency law, it appears that the New York banks have determined to put themselves in a position to make use of the privilege of issuing currency under it should necessity require. Since have been taken to organize a National Currency Association at New York to be ready for an emergency. It is very doubtful if the ordinary demands of the autumn will call for the issuance of the new currency; it is too heavily taxed to make it easy profitable in the banks, unless money rates should go to high figures and pressure be brought at such figures for some time. The tax is at the rate of five per cent. per annum for the first month, rising at the rate of one per cent. per annum for each month that it stays out until ten per cent. shall be reached. When

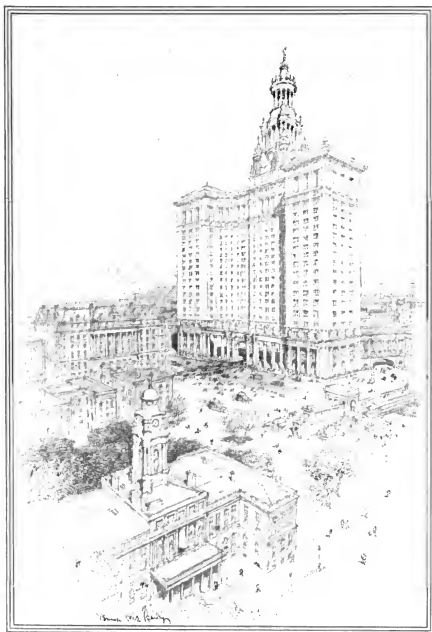
in the tax shall be added the inconvenience and trouble incident in taking out the new circulation, it is apparent that no ordinary period of moderately "tight" money will be the occasion for issuing the new bank notes. As a matter of fact the chief use for the new emergency currency will probably be found only under panic conditions such as those of last October and November. At the present time the prospect is for easier money rates next fall than have prevailed in a number of years. The fact, however, that the New York banks have put themselves in a position to weather a storm, should it threaten, may possibly contribute to the maintenance of confidence at a time of stress.

As in all periods of depression, this country's imports have fallen off very heavily, and the revenues derived by the government from tariff duties have decreased correspondingly. Fortunately for the government in some respects, it entered the period of depression with an overfunding of receipts. The last Congress was an exceedingly wasteful one in making appropriations, and government expenditures for some months past have greatly exceeded receipts. If course such a situation can continue without disastrous financial results, and the government's surplus revenues of previous years shall last. Should the country be favored with good crops this year, and prosperity return, our imports and the government revenues derived from them will undoubtedly increase. Otherwise, within the next year, the government will have to face the rather serious problem of insufficient revenues to meet its expenditures. Under the circumstances the question of tariff revision at the next session of Congress has the practical aspect of providing adequate government revenues which it did not have in so large a measure last year. In any event, the incoming administration, whether Mr. Harding or Woodrow Wilson, will have to grapple with the problem of reducing tariff duties to keep campaign promises, and at the same time of providing sufficient taxation in some form to meet the government's expenses. Meantime the government's monthly statements of receipts and expenditures will continue to show a deficit.

During most of May rather cold and very rainy weather delayed the growth of wheat and the planting of corn and cotton; but it now appears, according to the government report issued on June 8, as if the winter wheat harvest would aggregate about 469,000,000 bushels. The estimated yield of spring wheat is 247,000,000 bushels. Apparently the United States will enjoy a very good wheat crop this year with a prospect of selling it at fairly remunerative prices. It is too early to hazard even a guess as to the probable yields of corn and cotton. As to both a great deal will depend upon weather conditions as well as the next few weeks. The condition of cotton on May 25, according to the government report issued on June 2, was 79.7 per cent., compared with 70.5 per cent. last year, and a ten-year average of 82.3 per cent., while the average is about the same as that of last year. Altogether, the crop promise of the season so far, while not meeting the most extravagant expectations, continues excellent.

Toward the end of May a buying movement of some proportions was reported in pig-iron. This was followed within a few days by a similar movement in steel. The latter raised considerable discussion because of the policy of maintaining prices which had been followed ever since the financial disturbances of last fall. Apparently iron and steel prices were not reduced until it became evident that the industrial situation held such promise of improvement as to warrant the expectation that reductions in prices would stimulate consumption. The only other possible explanation appears to be that the policy of maintaining prices was found to be utterly impracticable and broke down at its own weight because it was in opposition to the natural laws of trade.

The long-expected announcement of the Union Pacific bond issue was made early in the month. It was received very differently from that of the Pan-American loan. In the Pan-American issue, the character of the bond issue itself, and of the bankers floating it, came as an agreeable surprise to the financial community. In the case of the Union Pacific issue, however, the apparent refusal of the Rothschilds to lend their support to the undertaking, and an increase in the amount of the issue from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000, revamped criticism and suspicion of Union Pacific methods that started with the ten-percent dividend episode in August, 1900, and that recently has only been dormant. Quite naturally the questions arise: Why should Union Pacific have a floating debt of \$50,000,000 or more? And to what specific purposes are the proceeds of the sale of the new bonds to be put? Perhaps the time will come when an enlightened public opinion will demand that the purposes to which the proceeds of new bond issues shall be applied be stated in detail at the time of issue. When that shall be done, the investor will have an assurance that stock speculators will not be engaged in without his knowledge or implied consent.



NEW YORK'S NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING

NEW YORK'S NEW THIRTY-FOUR-STORY MUNICIPAL OFFICE BUILDING, NOW TO BE ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE OLD "STATS BUILDING" SITTING AT PARK ROW AND CHURCH STREET, WILL SERVE AS A HOME FOR THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS AND BUREAUS OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT, AND SCATTERED ABOUT THE CITY. THE ANTERIOR HEIGHT OF THE STRUCTURE WILL BE 350 FEET.

DRAWN BY VERNON HOME BAILEY

(See Page 31)

This Land of Opportunity

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO STAYED "ON HIS JOB"

By JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD



A LITTLE while ago a boy of some sixteen years, son of a reputable physician in Brooklyn, burdened by some delusion or distorted notion about his own affairs, or about a girl—anyway, with a twisted perspective, and lacking a level head—leaped from the Brooklyn Bridge span and put an end to himself. He had been given all the advantages of schooling, had a comfortable home, and every chance in the world to make a successful man of himself.

Among the papers which were taken from his pockets after his lifeless body was carried to shore was a letter, addressed by the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Brooklyn, H. J. Hayden, to W. H. Numbler, manager of the Sixth Street office, recommending the boy to Mr. Numbler, and asking that he be allowed to practice telegraphy on the office instruments, and assisted in every way possible.

It was a chance thrown away. No matter how rich this country may be in opportunity; no matter how free the field; no matter how great the need for men—and particularly for the man; no matter how big the reward that waits upon work and ability—the decisive factor in every case shines in the man himself, to his grit and resolution, in his readiness to seize the chance, hang to it, and turn it to profit.

Now see how contrasts obscure themselves.

A day or two after reading the newspaper accounts of this boy's mishap, I sat in the executive office of the New York Central Railroad, uptown in the Grand Central, talking with a quiet, straightforward, firm mouthed, and smooth-shaven man, whose gray hair seemed somehow out of place with his still youthful face and keen, penetrating blue-gray eyes.

He was W. C. Brown, senior vice-president of the New York Central, the Lake Shore, and other roads comprising the Vanderbilt lines. Now, vice-president of the Vanderbilt system is a good deal of a job. In the average citizen it is suggestive of money, dignity, and influence, private cars, and a comfortable time generally; but to the man who holds it it means work, big work.

Wherever the grinning of the railroad construction gang's steam shovel breaks the silence of the wilderness, wherever car wheels turn, wherever boards of railroad directors meet to adjust the affairs of great railroad systems throughout the United States, there W. C. Brown is known as a man who made himself, who took the hard end of the game, and won out.

When T. J. Potter, now dead, was vice-president of the Union

W. C. Brown

SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE
NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD

Pacific, he told this story, which in a way condenses W. C. Brown's railroad history, and reveals the underlying reason of his success.

Before going over to the Union Pacific Mr. Potter was for many years head of the Burlington system, in which Mr. Brown was working his way to the top.

"I'll bet," said Mr. Potter, one day in Chicago, "Brown doesn't know what first attracted my attention to him, and gave him his real start to preferment in the Burlington company. It was a very little thing in a way. Along in the winter of 1877-78 we had a succession of fierce snowstorms, blockades, and all sorts of trouble. One Sunday night there was a particularly heavy storm, and as the wind whistled about the house

and the snow beat against the windows it awakened me, and I slept very little from that time until it was time to get up in the morning, thinking of the probable condition of things on the road. I went to the office unusually early, and just as I reached the office door I saw Jerry Hosford, then our superintendent of stock yards, wading through the snow, coming up from the direction of the river. He had evidently come across the ice from the stock yards at East Burlington.

"I noticed a young fellow trudging along in the snow beside Hosford, who bade him 'good morning' just before he reached the office door, and started up the street.

"After inquiring of Hosford as regard to conditions during the night, and being informed that three or four hundred car loads of stock were comfortably housed in the pens and sheds at East Burlington, I said to him, 'Who was that young fellow who came over with you?'

"His name is Brown," said Hosford. "He's one of the train despatchers. His trick is from four o'clock in the afternoon until midnight; but when he was relieved last night the storm was at its worst, and it seemed doubtful if we were going to be able to get the stock through and unloaded at the yards; so instead of going home and going to bed when his regular work ended, he volunteered to help me about my work, and I don't know how I'd have got along without him."

"I made a note of Brown, right then and there," said Mr. Potter, "for that. I thought, was the head of man it was to the company's interest to push along. But he didn't wait, pushing. All Brown ever wanted was a chance. He furnished the motive power himself."



When W. C. Brown worked with Jerry Hosford to save the Cattle for the Burlington

It was with this anecdote in memory that I visited the Central office, and was ushered in for an hour's conversation with the man of whom it was told.

We talked about railroads, and men of business conditions, and the early history of the country, and farming and taxes, and other things.

"Mr. Brown," I said, "would you mind telling me where and when you began railroading, and in what capacity?"

At first he didn't want to talk about himself. It is a noteworthy and interesting truth that, first and last, these men who have fought circumstances and triumphed over them, who have come through by the hardest to positions of big trust and responsibility, are men of very few words, and modest regarding themselves and their achievements, almost to the point of bashfulness.

"I want," said I, "to find out whether the workingman of to-day, under the régime of great corporations, has as good a chance of success as the men of old, the two preceding generations had; whether it is true that the trust and the big railroad corporations 'rob the poor boy of his opportunity.'"

"Rob him of it?" he exclaimed. "The opportunity to-day, for every boy and every man in the ranks, is twenty times—yes, more than twenty times—that it was, and any man who worked his way and is anywhere near the top now will tell you the same thing, because he knows—knows what he had to do and what he did for boys at the present time. To prove this is the simplest kind of a task. It is easy enough to see that the enormous expansion of railroads and of manufactures, the development of new inventions—in short, the almost immeasurable growth of the work to be done—make a demand for more men and for the best men. Absolutely the only limit to what a man may accomplish to-day along these lines is his limit fixed by his ability and his willingness."

"But where did you start yourself?" It was the live proof that I was after.

"Why," he replied, "I started working on the section out West, and working engines—just an every-day section hand, and glad of the job. I was sixteen years old then."

"And what was the next step?"

"The next step was learning telegraphy. I had a chance now and then to help the station agent in my spare time, and we got pretty friendly, and finally he let me come into the office nights after working on the section and practice, after I had learned the code and something about the key."

Here, then, was a different kind of boy—a boy who was earning his living already, and was bound to fit himself to earn a better one. A bare chance at a telegraph instrument was his prospect for fortune.

"Mr. Brown," I said, "I heard a story about you once, which fits in pretty well right here, and I'd like to know if you remember it."

He smiled broadly at the recital of Mr. Potter's story.

"Yes," he said, "that happened, all right. I shall never forget that night, and the time we had with that bunch of cattle."

"But Mr. Potter said that was where you started to be general manager of the Burlington."

"Well," he replied, "if Mr. Potter said so, it was so, because he was certainly in a position to know. But I certainly hadn't any designs on the general management of the system that night, when I went up and offered to give Hoots a hand with the steers. I knew the boys had to be in, and it was more than he could handle alone. I just volunteered, and did all I could in the emergency, as part of the day's work. It didn't occur to me then as anything particularly worth mentioning or deserving of special recognition, but since then, in positions where I have had large

responsibilities and large bodies of men to handle, I have come to realize, much more than I did then, that it is that kind of spirit and that kind of service that make men of value to their employers."

Reverting to his effort to learn telegraphy he continued:

"I stuck at it until I became fairly competent, and at last got a job as a regular operator on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul. That was thirty-seven years ago—thirty-seven years ago."

As he said it, thirty-seven years ago seemed a pretty long time. Just how long, and how packed with work and with application to the duty nearest to hand it would be difficult to measure, unless one could hear from such

a man's own lips the intimate story of his trials and disappointments and successes, and these are the things that such men remember for the years they have left, but never talk about.

But for lack of the personal narrative, and for the sake of demonstration, I have recourse again to the *Biographical Directory of Railway Officials*, and I read this record of consecutive service after 1870, the year when W. C. Brown rose from section hand to the rank and position of superintendent on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul.

"March 1870 to June 1872, telegraph operator on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul; June 1872 to March 1873, train dispatcher Illinois Central; March 1873 to June 1876, train dispatcher Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific; June 1876 to Jan. 1880, train dispatcher Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; Jan. 1880 to Jan. 1881, chief train dispatcher, same road; Jan. 1881 to July 1884, train master; July 1884 to Jan. 1887, assistant superintendent; Jan. 1887 to Aug. 1888, superintendent, same road; Aug. 1888 to Jan. 1896, general manager of the Hannibal & St. Joseph and Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs, and Quincy (now North Western); May 1891 to Jan. 1894, also general manager, Chicago, Burlington & Kansas City; July 1891 to Feb. 1892, Vice-president and General Manager of Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.; Feb. 1892 to date, also Vice-president of the Michigan Central and Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Ry.; Jan. 1894 to July 1901, general manager Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; July 1901 to Feb. 1902, Vice-president and General Manager of Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.; Feb. 1902 to date, also Vice-president of the Michigan Central and Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Ry.; Jan. 1902 to July 1904, Illinois & Iowa Ry."

If you have read this record through carefully, as you should, you will have noticed that there is no hiatus, no empty space of idle years, or of years spent in alien occupations; that the man has been "on his job" continuously from sixteen years of age till now, and next July he will be fifty-five. You will have noticed, moreover—and it is

true of all these men—that at a certain point his jobs began to overlap, and he had to be in two places at once in charge. That was the time when the consolidation of railroads commenced, and small roads began to be merged into the greater "systems," the process which the agitators would have us believe abolishes opportunity and does away with the demand for men. That is the mistake some people make. It is that very process, so often repeated in the United States during the past ten years, that has made the big opportunity, the chance for which the right man has been in preparation through long years of incessant application. It is in that crisis that the best men win.

In view of all this, in view of the "up and up" mania which possesses the young men of to-day, Mr. Brown's reply to the next inquiry was instructive.

I asked him what he considered the most important factor in his advancement.

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO

Frederick D. Underwood, now president of the Erie Railroad, was a freight brakeman on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul.

W. H. Truesdale, now president of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, was a freight-house clerk on the Rockford, Rock Island, and St. Louis.

W. H. Newman, now president of the New York Central System, was a freight clerk on the Texas Pacific.

Albert J. Earling, now president of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, was a hard-working telegraph operator on the old Milwaukee and St. Paul, up in Wisconsin.

W. C. Brown, now senior vice-president of the New York Central System, was a section hand and loaded wood on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul.

George B. Harris, now president of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, was a paymaster's clerk on the Hannibal and St. Joseph.

Marvin Huggitt, now president of the Chicago and Northwestern, was a train dispatcher on the Illinois Central.

J. T. Harahan, now president of the Illinois Central, was foreman of a construction gang on the Louisville and Nashville.

W. A. Garrett, now president of the Seaboard Air Line, was a messenger boy in the old Union Station at St. Louis.

Theodore P. Sherris, who, in addition to being president of the Alton and Clover Leaf Lines, was chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, and is now president of the Interborough, was waterboy of a construction train on the Little Albion and Centerville Railroad out in Iowa.

Oscar G. Murray, now president of the Baltimore and Ohio, was a ticket agent on the Galveston, Houston, and Henderson Railroad in Texas.

T. M. Emerson, now president of the Atlantic Coast Line, was a freight clerk on the Fort Wayne, Muncie, and Cincinnati.

George W. Stevens, now president of the Chesapeake and Ohio, was an office messenger for the B. and O.

Luther Tuttle, now president of the Boston and Maine, was a ticket clerk on the Hartford, Providence, and Fitchburg Road.

Samuel H. Felton, now president of the Mexican Central, was a rodman on the Chester Creek Railroad, in Pennsylvania.

J. A. Edson, now president of the Kansas City and Southern, was a telegraph operator on the Lake Shore.

Hifton H. Smith, now president of the Louisville and Nashville, was an operator on the Blountsburg.

L. E. Johnson, now president of the Norfolk and Western, was a fireman on the C. B. and Q.

Frederick A. Delano, now president of the Wabash, was a journeyman machinist on the C. B. and Q.

The sum total of the annual salaries of these seventeen men, at no mention their incomes from invested savings, is more than three quarters of a million of dollars.



Theodore P. Shonts
PRESIDENT OF THE INTER-
BOROUGH



Frederick D. Underwood
PRESIDENT OF THE ERIE
RAILROAD

Lucius Tuttle
PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON
AND MAINE

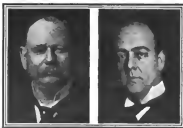
Marvin Hoggitt
PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO
AND NORTHWESTERN



E. B. Thomas
PRESIDENT OF THE LEHIGH
VALLEY

Copyright, 1914, by Park Bros.
W. H. Trousdale
PRESIDENT OF THE DELA-
WARE, LACKAWANNA, AND
WESTERN

W. A. Garrett
PRESIDENT OF THE SEA-
BOARD AIR LINE



J. T. Harahan
PRESIDENT OF THE ILLINOIS
CENTRAL

F. A. Delano
PRESIDENT OF THE WARREN
RAILROAD



RAILROAD PRESIDENTS OF TO-DAY WHO STARTED AS WORKING BOYS



The Man who doesn't get to be an Official of the Company

"Just sticking at it," he said, "and making a business of my business, filling every job I got as well as I knew how. I think that under present conditions, and perhaps under any conditions, it is more or less of a mistake to preach to young men that they should fix for themselves a specific goal, and strive toward it, keep it eternally in sight, and never let anything distract their attention from it. If a fellow sets out with that idea he is apt to become an office politician, and he wastes more time figuring how he is going to get the step over somebody else than he expends in attending to the business in hand.

"The thing is to bend every energy in him to doing to-day, as well as it can be done, what he has to do. The man who does that needn't worry about promotion. He doesn't have to look or scheme for promotion. Promotion will look for him. There is too much to be done for any man to be overlooked who is able to turn to and do it, and who is willing to do it. Willingness is a big item. It is positively essential that a man be on good terms with his job, even if it isn't all he'd like it to be, and that he should make every day's work the very best day's work he can do. The workman who is forever thinking how much better yardmaster he would make than the man who has the job over him is hurting his chance of ever being a yardmaster, if he only knew it, because he is diminishing his efficiency, and it's efficiency that counts.

"A man does better simply to apply himself to every day's duty as it comes along, is that way he misses nothing, he masters his position, and fits himself for a bigger one quicker than he could by any other means; and as for advancement, it will come looking for him, because, as I said before, there is a vast demand for competent men in the high positions.

"Just look over the field; the fact is that there is more money than ever, and the opportunities are greater than ever. Why, as railroading is done nowadays, there are more superintendents than there were conductors when I started, and more general managers now



Figuring how he can Step Ahead of Somebody Else

than there were superintendents then. Now if you take a corresponding increase in all the other grades you will get some idea of the magnitude of the business and the chance it offers. Do you realize that out of the 80,000,000 population that the United States are credited with, more than one-fourth part to-day is composed of men employed by railroads? And that the wages are double, to each man, what were paid thirty years ago for the same hours of work? That means something.

"Another factor that makes for rapid promotion for young men nowadays is that the conditions wear men out quicker. The tension is greater, necessarily, as the mechanism grows bigger and more complicated. Men used to stay in a job until they were simply played out, and in some cases actually died of old age while still in the service. They can't do that now. Men have to make way for younger men at a very much earlier age."

"But," I asked, "is it the workingman in this country who gets to the top in these big industrial concerns and big railroad systems? Or is it the other man?"

"You don't have to go far to get that question answered," he replied. "Any man who knows railroads and the operators of railroads will tell you that ninety-nine per cent. of the men who are in charge in the highest branches of railroad operation to-day are men who have come up from the ranks, and not by any short cuts either, but straight along the hard road, from one position to the next above it, and often-times have stuck in a single job until they thought they had reached the limit of their possibilities.

"Schools are being started in order to fit boys to be better workmen, to put them in the way of quicker becoming foremen and superintendents. And this is for the boy in the shops, for the son of the workingman. What must the need be, do you think, when a corporation pays boys regular wages for going to school, and accepting a technical training provided at the company's expense?"

"Need more be said?"



A Chance at a Telegraph instrument was his First Passport to Fortune



Helen Farnsworth Mears

making them in her mother's oven. When she was seven years old she made a bust of Apollo which took the prize at the County Fair and won her in the county's weekly paper her first newspaper notice. When she was fourteen, and still having had no lessons except such drawing as was taught in the public schools, she won the prize at the Chicago Exposition for the best symbolic figure of the State of Wisconsin. When the time came to work on her statue on the grounds, she went to Chicago with her sister, just two years older than herself, and there set to work on her figure. In making the outer covering to the figure, Miss Mears, in her naivete and ignorance, made it much too thick. She then went home for the Christmas holidays, and when she returned her own statue was the only one of those set up that had withstood the exceptionally severe winter.

With the money which she got for her "Genius of Wisconsin," Miss Mears went to Paris and studied at the Julien Studios for several years. While there Mr. St. Gaudens, noting her exceptional abilities, began teaching her privately, and she afterwards travelled quite extensively with the St. Gaudens family. Of her later work Mr. St. Gaudens once said: "It has a man's strength, but the spiritual grace which only a woman's hand could lend it." On returning to America, Miss Mears declined repeated offers from Mr. St. Gaudens to work in his studio with and for him, feeling that it was best to strike out for herself, to find her own bent and follow it. Since then her chief works have been the life-size statue of Frances E. Willard, which now stands in the Capitol in Washington, and "The Fountain of Life," which was awarded the medal at the St. Louis Exposition. "The Fountain of Life" is at once the most ambitious and most significant of Miss Mears's work. The

A Notable Woman Sculptor

By LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

upright plane of the piece is divided by plain, Doric pilasters into three panels. The first panel contains the standing figure of a woman bearing a cup and leaning against the vigorous roots of a great grape-vine; in her face is the sleep of unconsciousness, the profound slumber which precedes the awakening of consciousness. Beneath the panel are the words: "Lo, Alpha drama, bearing her cup, And the vine stretch strong through long time." The central panel, from which the water flows, represents a rugged mountain-side. The vine has passed through from the first panel, and here bears luxuriant fruit and foliage. A slight, covering girl's form, faintly reminding one, by its slim childish structure, of Walt a figure of life in "Love and Life," bends forward, setting her lips to the rim of a cup which she is taking from a kneeling youth. The two forms of juvenescence are wonderfully symbolized. The youth, absent whose head and shoulders the vine drapes heavy clusters of grapes, expresses in every line of his vigorous young body the courage and the endurance of young, annual existence. The very course of the blood through the veins, the rippling of muscles, the awakened spirit of light and struggle, all show in the marble. He holds up the cup with the look of mastery and confidence, while the



Copyright, 1901, by Helen F. Mears

Miss Mears's Medalion of Edward MacDowell



"The Fountain of Life," Medal Winner at the St. Louis Exposition

little, wavering girl's figure, fearful of the impending awakening of fuller consciousness, trembles and hesitates for one last look of tenderness ere she surrenders and drinks of the cup of life. It bears the motto: "Till out of slumber and the strength of sleep Life quickens and the hopeful cup of consciousness drains deep." The third panel gives the final stage in the human drama, the poise of detachment. The vine has reached its end. One cluster of grapes and two leaves reach over into the third panel, where a umbos of rays from above strikes about the head of the youth, winged now, and holding up to his Maker again the cup of consciousness. "And Lo! Hesper, angel of the after life, Lo! the cup, as offering to the Maker."

There is profound significance in the young sculptor's conception of the prenatal sleep as feminine; the passive, creative power, but of detachment, the final surrender after conflict, as masculine.

Two other works of Miss Mears that should be mentioned are the MacDowell medallion, and the beautiful medallion bearing the title "Elizabeth Mears, A Mother."

Upon the MacDowell medallion are the words which the composer has inscribed at the beginning of his "Norw" Sonata:

"Night had fallen on a day of deeds;"

and a bar of music from the Sonata Tragic, which in one of these fleeting moments when consciousness of his surroundings veiled the dying composer, he himself designated as the time he wished put on the medallion. In the hands of the sitting figure, which are wonderfully modelled, the artist has conveyed the delivery of the composer's sense of touch, the infinite sensitiveness of the finger tips, pathetic, tragic, beautiful, and yet quite simple, the figure sits there in this fashioned chair, his one-time power over an artistic medium still leading strength and dignity to the stricken figure.

A State's Antidote for Crime

THE WORKINGS OF THE PROBATION SYSTEM IN MASSACHUSETTS

By REV. FRANK B. SLEEPER



Time has gone by when so much punishment, administered for so much crime, can be called justice. The moral ledger of life will not balance in this debit and credit way. And genuine reformation is of infinitely greater worth than punishment. It is the general realization of this that has brought about the probation system for offenders.

The true humanitarian doctrine makes two positive demands. Firstly, the largest lasting good and protection for society. Secondly, helping the offender against the law, if he so desires, to attain to an honest life. "He is a man for a 'that,' and a 'that.'" He is grandly worth the saving.

Judge Daniel W. Bond, of the Massachusetts Superior Court, is generally regarded as the father of the probation system in his State. During the years 1877 to 1880, when he was acting as district attorney for the Franklin and Hampshire districts, he began practical probation work. If there appeared to be reasonable hope that the accused would reform without punishment, he was allowed his liberty under the surety of a reliable friend, with the understanding that if his future conduct continued good his case should not be brought up in court again. In a majority of instances Judge Bond met with success.

For fully thirty years Judge Bond has given close study to this system, and it has come into general use in Massachusetts.

This probation officer keeps all those in his charge under constant watch and care as no court judge or sheriff or ordinary officer can do. This is his special work. He follows them into their homes, the shops in which they work; he knows their actions and associates. He almost reads their thoughts. They cannot escape his faithful, kind, loving vigilance. He urges: "Do what is right. Be honest, upright men."

The probation officer is required to keep on his books a full record of each case. But no one can, a judge of the Superior Court may ever read this record. No paying public can ever know. No detectives can ever dig up this information. It can never be used as evidence in court or published on the witness stand. It is buried in the oblivion of utter forgetfulness. This is worth everything to the man seeking to do right, that his dark past can never rise up against him.

There is also large kindness. A man in sore need is not turned out starving, helpless, hopeless, and in rags. If the probationer is hungry he is fed. If his clothing is very old or ragged he may have a new suit. If he wants work it is secured for him, if possible. If the unfortunate man needs a ticket to take him to his home that ticket is bought. The probation officer keeps a financial account with the court and is reimbursed for such expenses. It is wonderful what large hope there is under this system for the man who is determined to do well.

The financial saving to the State by the probation system is very great. Reformation is cheaper than imprisonment; even if we reckon in cents and dollars, it pays to support the system. Figures compiled by Mr. Ramsey show that the probation system, in one year, has saved the State the cost of supporting 194 offenders, amounting to \$13,365. And he adds: "The young men restored to the community are made law-abiding citizens."

Objections other than financial have been made. It has been charged that the system encourages wrongdoing; that it weakens the protection which society must have. But the very opposite of this has been proven. It puts a premium on righteousness and a curse and judgment on evil such as have never been known before. Moreover, it is never almost more than once by the offender. If he fails to show evidence of reformation he is promptly arrested, taken into custody, and surrendered for punishment. And justice is summary, for there is no possible appeal against the decision of the probation officer. This system is full of kindness for those who wish to build a true life on it. But it is iron justice for those who abuse it.

The probation officer adapts his methods to the character of his charges, striving always to play upon their better nature and bring out the good. Here is a curious example:

In Middlesex County a man named Potter had been arrested, and was allowed probation, in order that he might have a chance to reform. The probation officer said to him: "I see two men sitting in your chair. The first one is wickedly ruining his life, swearing, drinking, cursing. The other is shaping his future as the potter shapes the clay; his fingers have the touch of beauty and the divine as they are fashioning the precious vase. Which will you be?" The skillful use of the word "potter" was sufficient. The probationer saw the point. It was his choice between crime and integrity. He said: "I will be a true man." The probation system works along this line.

The Rev. Robert Walker, rector in East Cambridge, and probation officer, is a genuine enthusiast in this work, believing that to exalt a man guilty of crime to a life of integrity is the greatest moral accomplishment possible.

I was in his home office one evening as a boy was announced. I started to go. He said: "Do not go. Wait." The boy, a fine-looking fellow, strong of body and of clean face, had been guilty of larceny, and was under probation. His sentence, so the Rev. Mr. Walker recommended to the judge, was that he pay one dollar a week for a year until the debt was discharged. He had come to bring his dollar. I never witnessed more honest or kinder treatment than the boy received that night. Not one word of sentimental gush. Not a hint to lessen the evil of his crime. But Mr. Walker, putting his arm around him, said: "You are doing well. Keep on. I believe you will be an honest man."

What did good Christian judgment decide in the case of that boy? Confine him in prison? Yes, and by so doing put the devil's own seal upon him forever. You could not possibly bring worse ruin to a young life than this.

The Rev. Mr. Walker is most thorough in his work. A man had been arrested for drunkenness, and was his ward on probation. Word came that he had been drinking again, and he was sent for. The following conversation took place:

Probationer: "I shall never forget the hour I was put on probation. I have not drunk a drop since."

Mr. Walker: "Not one? You would not lie to me?"

Probationer: "Lie to you? No, never."

This question was repeated two or three times, with the same answer. Then Mr. Walker said, "Pull your collar up around your neck. The windows were thrown open. The cold winter blast came through the room as they sat for five minutes in perfect silence. After the windows had been closed Mr. Walker said, "Now the air is pure. It was foul with all the lies you had been telling me. When did you drink last?" The man, with soul and tears answered, "Last night." It was a strong, effective lesson and not soon forgotten.

James P. Ramsey, probation officer in Middlesex Superior Court, cooperates with Mr. Walker in much of this probation work. They have expended much labor in arranging the books of record for probation officers; in sending pamphlets out to the public containing a summary of the probation system and laws. Mr. Ramsey has visited Scotland, his native country, giving addresses there, arousing great enthusiasm, and some of his plans for probation work have been adopted by the governing council of the city of Glasgow.

A man in Fall River had left his wife and six small children, the oldest thirteen years of age, to live with another woman. His family became a charge on the city. The man and the woman were arrested on a statutory charge. The man seemed penitent and wished to return to his family, and his wife was ready to forgive him if he would return and provide for them. When the case was called in court, probation was ordered, and the man returned to his home. Six months later Mr. Ramsey visited his residence in Fall River and found that he had worked every day since his return, and given his wages, \$2 per week, regularly to his wife. She was



Rev. Robert Walker



James P. Ramsey

TWO OF MASSACHUSETTS' PROBATION OFFICERS WHO ARE DOING EFFECTIVE WORK IN THE CAUSE OF ENLIGHTENED JUSTICE

very grateful for what had been done. Here is a case in which the probation system did entirely reform. It reunited that family, rendered the wife glad and hopeful, supported those children without disgrace, and saved the man from the hard grinding out of his sentence behind prison walls. Now take this case: A man was in jail awaiting trial for breaking and entering. He said that he was tempted to steal because of his longing for tips; he was allowed probation and went away. After he had gone a young woman appeared with a three-week-old babe in her arms, and claimed to be his wife. It was discovered that she was a girl whom he had seduced and abandoned. He was soon located in a city one hundred miles distant, was brought back and landed in the jail at East Cambridge. He was sentenced to hard labor for one year.

Probation is no easy-going system. It means just what it says. It is kindness to those who are reformed by it. It is an iron system of inviolable justice to those who are reckless in their obstinate criminality.

Probation saves the lawbreaker whose crime was due to ignorance or folly. For example, six young men set fire to an old barn, thinking that it would make a fine illumination on the eve of our national holiday. They did not know that valuable agricultural machinery was stored in the barn. They were indicted for arson. Judge Bettsworth placed them on probation on condition that \$1000—the appraised value of the barn and its contents—be paid by them, as well as \$3 each for court expenses. Five paid their share in a short while. The sixth youth was given his own time because of ill health and of his being one of the main supports of his home, his father having died some years previously. Thus, not only the farmer who exposed the expense of his new machinery, but the State also profited, because the young men were not imprisoned. And, greatest of all, was the moral influence exercised by their obligation to repair their wrong.

Judge Bond, whose whole interest is wrapped up in the permanent success of his system, has put the question, How great, deep, and lasting is the moral good that the probation system accomplishes? The public at large has the right to put such a question. The answer varies, as it comes from different sources. The Reverend Mr. Walker is very careful and conscientious in the estimate that he gives. He says: "Out of one hundred that I take under probation twenty-five thoroughly reform and will stand independent, and twenty-five more are doing well, but need the probation officer as a friend. The other fifty are in the doubtful list. Yet, considering the class of men we are dealing with, even these figures indicate a great victory."

Mr. Ramsey makes the following estimate: "From June 1, 1904, to June 1, 1907, I had placed in my care 267 persons who had pleaded guilty to breaking and entering and larceny. Of this number 157 are marked good, 39 fair, and 71 were sentenced for punishment."

The work of the probation officer is far from easy. If there are roses, there are also stinging thorns. Except he have the profoundest love for men, abounding patience, and great perseverance, he had better not attempt this mission. His soul will be tried to the utmost. At times there will be successes, at times the saddest and the most provoking failures. Many cases that promised the worst turn out the best, and many cases that were very hopeful go to the bad.

The great importance of the probation system is in its moral work. Bankrupts have become sober. Defaulters have repented, and sought to pay back the money which they had wrongfully taken. Those guilty of a statutory crime have learned to live cleanly; those who had never produced normal infants, one was a normal woman whose progeny could never walk unless the walking strain were reintroduced by crossbreeding; and two were normal men that reproduced, in their descendants, one waiter to every three that were normal.

So when white Angora rabbits were mated with Belgian hares the offspring were all apparently Belgian hares, the dominant type. But these, when inbred, reproduced 23 Belgian hares to 17 Angora rabbits—again the 3 to 1 Mendel formula. And these Angoras, mated in Angoras, never again developed in their offspring any sign of the Belgian hare, while of the 23 Belgians, one third produced pure Belgian hares and two-thirds Belgians and Angoras.

This discovery was applied in a remarkable manner to the breeding of fowls. Breeders have always found a difficulty in raising pure blue Andalusians, for when two blue Andalusians are crossed one-half of the progeny always are blue and the rest black or black and white. In the light thrown out by Mendel's formula, it was suggested that the blue fowl might be the hybrid offspring of a black crossed with a black and white. This actually proved to be the case. On crossing a black fowl with a black and white all the progeny proved to be blue, and it was not until these all-blue descendants were inbred that the black and black and white reappeared in the Mendelian proportions. So today the up-to-date breeder of blue Andalusians does not mate two blue birds, but blue with black and white, and all the progeny are blue.

In short, breeding, which has been considered the industry that foretold the least certain results, is being reduced to an exact science. The breeder of plants or animals, who formerly discarded his hybrids as valueless, knows now that in the next generation all possible forms must appear, and that half will breed true to their own exterior form forever, while half will throw off different forms in the proportion of 3 to 1. Again, the "pure bred" horse, dog, or cattle no longer consists of the progeny of a long line of "pure bred" ancestors, but can be calculated with certainty by the Mendelian formula.

And man? That is the question that rushes in on us. Experiments so far made would seem, naturally, to include him. For instance, eye coloration has been divided into clear blue, or simplex and duplex, or brown, ringed, spotted, etc. The duplex eye is the dominant one, whereas children of two blue-eyed parents are also shown to be invariably blue-eyed, children of parents one or both of whom are duplex-eyed follow the Mendelian law.

The duration of human life obviously militates against observation through the required number of generations, while the small progeny of the human family prevents accurate calculation, but Varcoe has traced through four generations the children of a family that possessed a certain deformity of the fingers. In this case the deformity was the dominant character—and the normal condition—and it was shown that all also did not inherit it could not trace it, even when two normal members intermarried. On the other hand, when a deformed member married a normal the descendants possessed the dominant characteristic.



URING the past few months a new law has come to light, a discovery greater than any made along the same lines since Wallace, Darwin, and Weismann revolutionized biology. It has reduced to its exact center what was believed to be blind chance; and incidentally it will place on a sure basis the hitherto problematical business of stock-breeding.

When Gregor Johann Mendel, Abbot of Brinn, died in the year 1884, his friends mourned him as a good monk, who had dedicated to science and published a few amateurish papers, chiefly upon peas and hawkweeds. Nobody dreamed that twenty-four years later "Mendelianism" would be the key that would unlock the unopened doors behind which lay concealed the hidden mysteries of heredity. It was not until the year 1904 that Mendel's papers were perused by de Vries and other botanists; and it was seven years more before his startling discoveries had been applied to all organisms and found equally correct in every application.

Mendel's experiments began in the cross-breeding of numerous varieties of peas that grew in the monastery garden. Among other things, he crossed tall peas with dwarf peas, sowed the seeds that resulted, and found that all the progeny were tall. But Mendel did not stop here. He allowed this tall progeny to self-fertilize, and, to his surprise, found that the next generation consisted of both tall and dwarf peas, in the exact proportion of three tall to one dwarf. He then self-fertilized the dwarfs, and found that their descendants were all dwarfs through successive generations so long as no cross-breeding occurred; but when he self-fertilized the tall peas he found that the original tallness of these in one self-bred. Three of the progeny were tall to each that was dwarf; but two-thirds of the tall progeny were inbred, inasmuch as they again produced tall and dwarf peas in the same proportion.

In brief, Mendel discovered that in cross-breeding the physical characteristics of the dominating parent reappears through all generations in the general proportion of three to one. This may be better shown in the following way:

First generation: Tall, fertilized by dwarf.

Second generation: All tall.

Third generation: Tall (A's); tall (B's); tall (C's); dwarf (D's).

Fourth generation: A's descendants will be tall forever, unless cross-breeding occurs. B's descendants will be dwarf forever. C's and D's descendants will be mixed, in the proportion of three tall to one dwarf. This law of inheritance will continue itself exactly as the third, and the cycle will be maintained forever.

Mendel next experimented with round-seed peas and wrinkled-seed with similar results. Actually, out of 7324 seeds produced, 5474 were round and 1850 wrinkled—a ratio of 2.96 to 1. This astonishing approximation to the previous results demonstrated to the experimenter, if not to science, the invariability of his law. And when he crossed peas having inflated pods with peas having constricted pods, and peas having yellow seeds with peas having green seeds, the law was found to be invariable.

Mendel's years of patient experimentation closed with his death, but after the rediscovery of his results by de Vries investigations were made in the animal world. Japanese waltzing mice were crossed with normal mice, and, since the waltzing habit is not



A POST-GRAD

DRAWN BY C.



UATE COURSE

LYDE SQUIRES

Old-age Pensions in England

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London.

One pretends to regard Mr. Asquith's scheme of old-age pensions as other than a crucial turning-point in the social development of this country. Nor does any one believe that its social effects will be its only ones. It is bound to exert an incalculable, many think a disastrous, influence on the national finances. The Protectionists are confident that it can only lead to tariff reform, and a great many Free Traders share their belief. I doubt myself whether there is much real enthusiasm for the project. The very poor, of course, rightly and naturally welcome it. But the average man is appalled by the possibilities it opens out. He has no faith whatever that the limitations proposed by Mr. Asquith will be adhered to for more than a very few years. He foresees that every party will hasten to outbid its rivals by promising to lower the pensionable age or raise the amount of the bounty. He cannot hide from himself that what is nothing less than a game of grab at the public exchequer has begun, and can never be abandoned. He has read something of the history of American war pensions. He knows that they have cost the United States over \$2,500,000,000, that every "safeguard" which was framed to restrict their growth has been swept completely away, and that they have been used to delude public opinion and that they have lent themselves to an infinity of fraud and abuse. He sees no reason to doubt that what has happened in the United States will happen again in Great Britain. Indeed, he inclines to the opinion that all the evils of the American system will duplicate themselves with an even readier facility in England. For, after all, American pensions have always been based on the principle of reciprocal services of some sort, however far fetched. The war-pensioners of the United States, in theory at any rate, are supposed to have done something for the government that so heartily supports them. But in England no such principle or theory underlies the scheme which Mr. Asquith has initiated. Even the Americans have never gone to the monstrous length of suggesting that a nation of seventy, whose income falls far below a certain point, is now *responsible* to the state for a quarter of a week from the state. They have not yet thought of adopting the notion that the mere fact of living long enough in a country constitutes a claim upon its benevolence. Yet this is the notion that serves as the foundation of the Asquithian scheme, and the average Englishman, trying to estimate the liabilities to which it commits him, finds them frankly terrifying.

Old-age pensions have been discussed in England for about twenty years. Their general principle may be said to have been accepted by both parties. Mr. Chamberlain inscribed them on his programme at least fifteen years ago. When he launched his moral propaganda he accompanied it with a definite promise that old-age pensions would have the first call on the treasury that a reform of the tariff was to accumulate in the treasury. Select Parliamentary committees have sat upon the question more than once. Schemes innumerable have been produced by social reformers. Almost every country in Europe has already instituted some form or other of old-age pensions, and I do not think there is any considerable body of opinion in Great Britain which objects to them in toto. The controversy has turned not so much on the principle of state provision for the aged poor as on the form it should take. But on this point the conflict of views is sharp and fundamental. Should old-age pensions be on a contributory or non-contributory basis? Should the state, before endowing old age, insist upon the recipient of its bounty making throughout his life a compulsory provision on his own account, which the state grant would supplement? Or should the state, without attempting to make thrift obligatory, simply assume the intention of giving a grant in aid to any man or woman above a certain age whose income fell below a certain standard? Now it is clear that in such a country as England any compulsory scheme must encounter enormous difficulties. In Germany those difficulties do not exist, because the whole of German life is on a military basis, every man or woman has his or her official dossier and is watched and identified by the state from the cradle to the grave. In a country so organized it is possible to make the state form of insurance the universal form of insurance and to see that each individual gets work by week, or has paid for by his employer, the required compulsory contribution. Obligatory provision for old age has been practicable in Germany because it can easily be grafted on, and is indeed merely the extension of, a system of universal discipline, organization, and superintendence already in existence and covering every grade of society and every department of activity.

But in England as in America no such system obtains. The state and the individual are scarcely on loving terms, and the microscope footage which suits the genius of Germany would be utterly repugnant to the habits and habits of Englishmen and Americans. For this reason the idea of a compulsory and universal scheme of old-age pensions on the German model has

been negatived in England. Then, again, it has been suggested that the state must assist such thrift institutions and agencies as it chooses to aid. But this implies a responsibility, the matter of choice and selection which no government would willingly face. Moreover, the larger part of the laboring classes stand outside benevolent and provident societies and, under this scheme would not be entitled to receive anything from the state. In other words, the cases which most touch the conscience of the community would go unheeded and the government *amateurs* would be a select body of the moderately poor only. In view of all this the government have decided that a non-contributory scheme was the only scheme admissible in the conditions of English society. I do not say that in the circumstances of the case they have decided wrongly or that any other conclusion was politically possible. But no one can be blind to the magnitude of the principle they are now engaged on embodying in legislation, or to the social, financial and political perils to which it exposes the nation.

I found the other day in a Socialist book this clear-eyed and truthful statement: "It is hardly disputable that millions of electors in the greater British cities have reached a point of personal decadence—physical, mental, and moral—to which no Continental country furnishes a parallel on any conceivable scale." I not only subscribe to that statement, but question whether in all the world there is a single class so wasteful, ignorant, and demoralized as the English poor. Free charity, free hospitals, free schools, and free money for the children have utterly broken the back of the old English self-reliance, and are converting thousands upon thousands of citizens into mere hang-ers-on upon public and private benevolence. It seems to me a most hazardous experiment to grant to such people as these old-age pensions. The notion that it will encourage them to work more, in my judgment, an almost absolute blindness to the experience of the past and to the lives and character of nine-tenths of the annuitants. In its effects upon the morals of its recipients a non-contributory scheme of old-age pensions appears to me far more dangerous than the provision that the state should make it the view of practically all who are best acquainted with the British poor.

What Mr. Asquith proposes is that from the first day of January next every person who is seventy years of age, and who is not possessed of an income exceeding £10 a year, shall, subject to certain exceptions, be able to draw a state pension of £12 5 a week. The exceptions are aliens, hunters, persons convicted of crime within five years preceding, and persons in receipt of poor-law relief. The £10 a year of net income is coupled together, where both husband and wife are severally over, the pension for each will be £1 8s 6d instead of £2 5s. No inquiry will be made into the previous character of those who apply for pensions, but a pension may be lost, either altogether or for a time, by misconduct. All the money, which is estimated at \$20,000,000 a year, will be provided by the state, and no individual and no locality will have to contribute anything. The pensions will be paid weekly at the post-office, and no taint of pauperism will attach to them. Mr. Asquith rejoices that there are 200,000 people who would come within the scope of his scheme. Their claims will be investigated by a pension committee appointed by the county, borough, or urban district council, either from within or from without its own body; and in each committee a pension officer, selected by the government, will be attached.

Nothing can be more certain than that this scheme will not long maintain its present form. In a democracy, where those who grant the pensions depend upon the votes of those who receive them, mitigated, but only mitigated, by the votes of those who have to pay for them, it is impossible to set any limit upon growth. Already the Labor party is proclaiming that the age limit is fixed too high. Politicians, eager to capture the labor vote, will soon swell the cry; the electorate will joyously join in the raid upon the treasury; and in a very few years Great Britain will find herself paying out pensions at £12 5 a week to every man and woman over sixty or over sixty-five, to the tune of from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000 a year. The seed is planted in the soil and the oak is hidden in the acorn; and Mr. Asquith's statement is not the end, but the beginning. If the scheme has been so brilliantly successful, if he has wiped off over £200,000,000 of the national debt and effected a permanent annual saving in interest of more than \$6,000,000, thus bringing back the aggregate of the national liabilities to the point at which they stood in 1880, if it is in fact a very grave question whether his recent budget may not undo most of the results achieved by his two predecessors. Not only has Mr. Asquith committed the state to an annual expenditure of \$20,000,000 on pensions—a sum which is absolutely certain to be largely increased before long—but he has also committed the duty on income to the extent of \$17,000,000. How Mr. Lloyd George, in a year of declining trade and faced with the certainty of a heavy cost for shipbuilding, is to raise the money without raising the sinking-fund or imposing new taxes, is a question that puzzles economists. Their general opinion is to be that Mr. Lloyd George will have to use hard what Mr. Lloyd George will be obliged to take away with the other.



The Path to the College Church

Dickinson's 125th Anniversary

By CLYDE FURST

DICKINSON COLLEGE, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, celebrated this week its one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary. It is the twelfth of our colleges in age, its charter having been granted in 1784, five days after the signing of the treaty that recognized American independence.

The name of the college was derived from its most conspicuous founder, John Dickinson, in the opinion of Thomas Jefferson "one of the most accomplished scholars that the country has produced." An eloquent patriot in State Assembly and Colonial Congress, his "Farmer Letters" of 1767 united the colonies in sympathy and in action; he drafted the letters to the King so highly praised by Lord Chatham; although a Quaker, he

Princeton had been negotiated by Dr. Bush. Dr. Nisbet while in Scotland had been a friend to the colonies, and he was known as "The Walking Library," a title justified by his collection of books now at Princeton. Many anecdotes still extant bear witness to his wit.

At a time when Columbia and Princeton had lost two professors, Dickinson began with three professors and two assistants, and instead of expending its money for buildings it inhabited an old schoolhouse. "If we have golden professors," said Dr. Bush, "the frugal site and humble appearance of our college will not prevent its growth or injure its reputation."

In 1798, however, the present campus, a part of the town common, with its old elms, was purchased from the Penns, and money from State and private sources began to accumulate. But a suitable building was scarcely completed in 1808 before it was destroyed by fire. This disaster was considered almost as a national calamity, and subscriptions poured in from all quarters. Jefferson gave \$100, and the French minister twice that sum. A new edifice was immediately begun, from plans by the government architect Latrobe, and in 1805 the admirable colonial building, the present West College, was completed and occupied.

For a time the State granted the college generous, and then less generous, annual appropriations. The Presbyterian Church, with which the college was annually associated, gave less assistance; a connection with the German Reformed Church was of even briefer duration; and although in 1821 Dr. John Mitchell left the presidency of Columbia College to become president of Dickinson, financial matters began to look increasingly dark until 1833, when the Methodist Episcopal Church provided an endowment, new trustees, and a new faculty under the presidency of Dr. John Durbin, then Chaplain of the Senate. Many of the professors and graduates of the college have also been members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In charter and conduct, however, the college has always been sufficiently undenominational to become one of the fifty institutions entitled to participation in the provision fund of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

A school of law was inaugurated in 1834; new buildings were opened in the years immediately following; and endowment, books, and equipment accumulated. At the early date of 1847 the college introduced the teaching of the modern languages; Southern graduates prevented Fortsum Lee from burning its buildings in 1863; and an elective system was adopted.

(Continued on page 29.)



"Old West," the most ancient of the Dickinson Buildings. Its Corner-stone was laid in 1783

was the first member of Congress to take up arms; and in 1783 he was the Chief Executive of both Delaware and Pennsylvania. He gave the college land, money, books, and its motto: "Fide et doctrina iuta libertas." The college's most carefree founder was Dr. Benjamin Rush, the first professor of chemistry in America, and perhaps the first American physician to be famed in Europe: a signer of the Declaration and surgeon-general of the Revolutionary army. His unusual combination of patriotic, scientific, and religious ardor is indicated by his placing on the college seal a Liberty cap, a telescope, and a Bible. For a quarter of a century, until his death, Dr. Rush's enthusiasm and effort for the college were unvaried.

Carlisle was chosen as a site because it had been a famous center of refuge from the Indians, had first urged revolution on the State Assembly, had sent its militia to Boston immediately after Bunker Hill, and had furnished General Washington in Ephraim Blaine, grandfather of the Senator, a commissary general whose private tortoise sustained the army at Valley Forge during the Revolutionary War. And it was improved at Carlisle, and there also the Hessians captured at Trenton built the military station still occupied by the Carlisle Indian School.

The first president of the college was Dr. Charles Nisbet of Edinburgh, a friend of John Witherspoon, whose appointment as president of



"East College," the second oldest of the Dickinson Dormitories. In front of it stands the Bulletin Tree

A Spirit in Prison*

A Novel

By Robert Michens

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD," "BARBARY SHEEP," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV



THE spell of the Egyptian, which had departed so rapidly from Hermione, lingered with Ariois, that he was by nature more fatalistic than she was, and moreover he knew what she did not. Long ago he had striven against a fate. With the help of Gaspare he had conquered it—or so he had believed till now. But now he asked himself whether he had not only delayed its coming. If his suspicions were well founded—and since the expedition to the island with the Egyptian he felt as if it must be, then surely all he had done with Gaspare would be in vain at the last.

If his suspicions were well grounded, then certain things are unaltered. They have to happen for some reason, known only to the hidden Intelligence that fashions each man's character, that develops it in joy or grief, that makes it glad with feasting or forces it to feed upon the bread of tears.

Did Gaspare know? If the truth were what Ariois suspected, and Gaspare did know it, what would Gaspare do? That was a problem which interested Ariois intensely.

The Sicilian often said of a thing, "E il destino." Yet Ariois believed that for his beloved padrona he would fight to the death. He, Ariois, would leave this fight against destiny in the Sicilian. For him the Egyptian's philosophy: for him resignation to the inevitable, whatever it might be.

He said to himself that in due time that he had already done to ward off the assassin's rifle, how she had passed from girlhood to never to have done anything. Perhaps it would have been far better to have let the wave sweep over Hermione long ago. Perhaps even in that fight of his there had been secret self-sacrifice, the desire that she should not know how by his cry from Africa her happy life had been destroyed. And perhaps he was to be punished some day for that.

He did not know. But he felt, after all these years, that if to that hermitage of the sea Fate had really found the way, he must let things take their course. And it seemed to him as if the Egyptian had been mysteriously appointed to come into his life at that moment, to make him feel that this was so. The Egyptian had been like a messenger sent to him out of that East which he loved, which he had studied, but from which, perhaps, he had not learned enough.

Vere's letter came. He read it with eagerness and pleasure till he came to the postscript. That that startled him. He knew Vere had never read his books. He thought her far too young to read them. Till lately he had had almost a contempt for those who write with one eye on "in jure" file. Now he could conceive writing with a new pleasure something that Vere might read. But those books of his! Why had Hermione suddenly given that permission? He remembered Poppino. Vere must have told her mother of the scene with Poppino, and how her eyes had been opened to certain truths of life, how she had passed from girlhood to womanhood through that gate of knowledge. And Hermione must have thought that it was useless to strive to keep Vere back.

But did he wish Vere to read all that he had written? On Thursday he went over to the island with mingled regret and reluctance. That little home in the sea, washed by blue waters, cooled by blue skies, sun-kissed and star-kissed by day and night, drew and repelled him. There was the graciousness of youth there, of youth and promise; but there was tragedy there, too, in the heart of Hermione, and in Poppino, typified by the cross upon her cheek. And does she draw like?

For a moment he saw the little island with a great cloud above it. But when he landed and met Vere he felt the summer, and knew that the sky was clear.

Hermione was not on the island, Vere told him. She had left many apologies, and would be home for lunch. She had had to go into Naples to see the dentist. A tooth had troubled her in the night. She had gone by train. As Vere explained, Ariois had a moment of surprise, a moment of suspicion, even of vexation. But it passed when Vere said: "I'm afraid poor dear suffered a great deal. She looked dreadfully ill this morning as if she hadn't slept all night."

"Poveretta!" said Ariois.

He looked earnestly at Vere. This was the first time they had met since the revolution in Poppino. What the Marchese had seen Ariois saw more plainly, felt more strongly than the young Neapolitan had felt. But he looked at Vere, too, in search of some thing else, thinking of Bufo, trying to probe into the depth of

human mysteries, to find the secret spring that carried child to child.

"What do you want, Monsieur Emile?" he answered, smiling.

"I want to know how the work goes," he answered, smiling.

She smiled a little.

"And I want to tell you something," he added. "My talk with you roused me up. Vere, you set me working as I have not worked for a long while."

A lively pleasure showed in her face.

"Is that really true? But then I must be careful, or you will never come to see us any more. You will always be shut up in the hotel writing."

They mounted the cliff together and, without question or reply, as by a mutual instinct, turned towards the seat that faced Ischia, clear today, yet romantic with the mystery of heat. When they had sat down Vere added:

"And besides, of course, I know that it is mad for me to encourage you when you are depressed about your work. I have heard you say so often."

"Your mother has done a great deal for me," said Ariois, seriously—"far more than she will ever know."

There was a sound of deep, surely of eternal, feeling in his voice, which modestly touched the girl to the quick.

"I like to hear you say that—like that," she said, softly. "I think I must do a great deal for you all."

If Hermione could have heard them her torn heart might perhaps have ceased to bleed. It had been difficult to her to do what she had done, to leave the island that morning. She had done it to discipline her nature, as Poppino's escape themselves by night before the dawn. She had left Emile alone with Vere simply because she hated to do it.

The rising up of jealousy in her heart had frightened her. All night she had lain awake feeling this new and terrible emanation from her soul, conscious of this monster that lifted up its head and thrust forth one of the darkness.

But one word she had. She was frank with herself. She named the monster before she strove to fight it, to beat it back into the darkness from which it was emerging.

She was jealous, doubly jealous. The monopolizing instinct of strong-willed and deeply affectionate women was fiercely alive in her. Always, no doubt, she had had it. Long ago, when first she was in Sicily alone, she had dreamed of a love in the south—far away from the world. When she married she had carried her Mercury to the exquisite isolation of Monte Amato. And when that love was taken from her, and her child came and was at the age of blossom, she had brought her child to this life, this hermitage of the sea. Emile, too, her one great friend, she had never wished to share him. She had never cared much to meet him in society. Her instinct was to save him to herself, to be with him alone in unfrequented places. She was greedy as she was timid.

Which was it? Perhaps she lacked self-confidence, belief in her own attractive power. Life in the world is a fight. Women fight for their lovers, fight for their friends, with other women; these women, some of them, are born thieves, who are never happy unless they are taking from their sisters the possessions those sisters care for most. Hermione could never have fought with other women for the love or the friendship of a man. Her instinct, perhaps, was in every her treasure out of all danger into the wilderness.

Two treasures she had—Vere her child, Emile her friend. And now she was jealous of them with each other. And the enormous difference between their ages made her jealousy seem the more degrading. Nevertheless, she could not feel that it was monstrous. By a natural art they had excluded her from their lives, had withdrawn from her their confidence while giving it to each other. And their reason for doing this was sure of it now—was her own failure to do something in the world of art.

She was jealous of Vere, because of that confidence given to Emile, and of Emile because of his secret advice and help to Vere—advice and help which he had not given to the mother, because he had plainly seen that to do so would be useless.

And when she remembered this, Hermione was jealous, too, of the talent Vere must have, a talent she had longed for, but which had been denied to her. For even if Emile . . . and then again came the most hateful suspicion of all—that Emile could not lie about the things of art.

Had they spoken together of her failure? Again and again she asked herself the question. They must have spoken. They had spoken, she could almost hear their words, words of regret, or of pity. "We must not hurt her. We must keep it from her. We must temper the wind to the shorn lamb." The elderly man said

the child had read together the secret of her suffering, had understood together the tragedy of her failure. To the extremes of life, youth and age, she had appeared an object of pity.

And there she thought of her dead husband's reverence of her intellect, his admiration of her mental gifts; and an agony of longing for his love swept over her again, and she felt that he was the only person who had been able to love her really, and that, now he was gone, there was no one.

At that moment she forgot Gaspare. Her sense of being abandoned, and of being humiliated, swept out many things from her memory. Only Maurice had loved her really. Only he had set her on high, where even the humblest woman longs to be set by some one. Only he had thought her better, braver, more worshipful, more lovable, than any other woman. Such love, without bringing conceit to the creature loved, gives power, creates much of what it believes in. The lack of any such love seems to withdraw the little power that there is.

Hermione, feeling in the humiliation of the imagination that she was less than nothing, clung desperately to the memory of him who had thought her much. The dividing years were gone. With a stranger, a beautiful and terrible fresh-faced, the days of her love came back. She saw Maurice's eyes looking at her with that simple, almost reverent admiration which she had smiled at and adored.

And she gripped her memory. She clung to it feverishly as she had never clung to it before. She told herself that she would live in it as in a house of shelter. For there was the desolate wind outside.

And she thought much of Ruffo, and with a strange desire—to be with him, to search for the look she loved in him. For a moment with him she had seemed to see her Mercury in the flesh. She must watch for his return.

When the morning came she began her fight. She made her excuse, and left the morning free for Emilio to be with Vere.

Two dreary hours she spent in Naples. The buzzing city affected her like a nightmare. Coming back through Mergellina she eagerly looked for Ruffo. But she did not see him. Nor had she seen him in the early morning when she passed by the harbor where the jacks were lying in the sun. Gaspare came with the boat to take her over from the nearest village to the island.

"Don Emilio has come!" she asked him, as she stepped into the boat.

"Si, signora. He has been on the island a long time."

Gaspare sat down facing his padrona, and took the oars. As he rowed the boat out past the ruined "Palace of the Spirits" he looked at Hermione, and it seemed to her that his eyes pined her.

Could Gaspare see what she was feeling, her humiliation, her secret jealousy? She felt as if she were made of glass. But she returned his gaze almost sternly, and said:

"What's the matter, Gaspare? Why do you look at me like that?"

"Signora?"

He seemed startled, and slightly reddened, then looked hard and almost sickly.

"May I not look at you, signora?" he asked, rather defiantly.

"Have I the evil eye?"

"No—no, Gaspare. Only—only you looked at me as if something were the matter. Do I look ill?"

She asked the question with a forced lightness, with a smile. He answered bluntly:

"No, signora. You look very ill."

She put up her hand to her face instinctively, as if to feel whether his words were true.

"But I'm perfectly well," she said.

"You look very ill, signora," he returned.

"I'm a little bit tired, perhaps."

He said no more, and rowed steadily on for a while. But presently she found him looking gravely at her again.

"Signora," he began, "the signorina loves the island."

"Yes, Gaspare."

"Do you love it?"

The question startled her. Had he read her thoughts in the last days?

"Don't you think I love it?" she asked.

"You go away from it very often, signora."

"But I must occasionally go into Naples!" she protested.

"No, signora."

"Well, but mustn't I?"

"Not to us, signora. Perhaps we have been here long enough. Perhaps we had better go away from here."

He spoke slowly, and with something less than his usual firmness, as if in his mind there was uncertainty, some indecision, or some conflict of desires.

"Do you want to go away?" she said.

"It is not for me to want, signora."

"I don't think the signorina would like to go, Gaspare. She hates the idea of leaving the island."

"The signorina is not very one," he returned.

Habitually blunt as Gaspare was, Hermione had never before heard him speak of Vere like this, not with the least impertinence, but with a certain roughness. Today it did not hurt her. Now, indeed, could it ever have hurt her, coming from one so proven as Gaspare. But to-day it even warmed her, for it made her feel that some one was thinking exclusively of her—was putting her first. She longed for some expression of affection from some one.

She felt that she was starving for it. And this feeling made her say:

"How do you mean, Gaspare?"

"Signora, it is for you to say whether we shall go away or stay here."

"You—you put me first, Gaspare!"

She was ashamed of herself for saying it. But she had to say it.

"First, signora? Of course you are first."

He looked genuinely surprised.

"Are you not the padrona?"

he asked. "It is for you to command."

"Yes. But I don't quite mean that."

She stopped. But she had to go on.

"I mean, would you rather do what I wanted than what any one else wanted?"

"Si, signora—much rather."

There was more in his voice than in his words.

"Thank you, Gaspare," she said.

"Signora," he said, "if you think we had better leave the island, let us leave it. Let us go away."

"Well, but I have never said I wished to go. I am—" She paused. "I have been very contrary to be here."

"Va bene, signora."

When they reached the island Hermione felt nervous, almost as if she were to meet strangers who were critical, who would appraise her and be ready to despise her. She told herself that she was mad to feel like that; but when she thought of Emilio and Vere talking of her failure—of their secret combined action to keep from her the knowledge of the effort of the child—that seemed just

then to her a successful rivalry concealed—she could not dismiss the feeling.

She dreaded to meet Emilio and Vere.

"I wonder where they are," she said, as she got out. "Perhaps they are on the cliff, or out in the little boat. I'll go into the house."

"Signora, I will go to the boat and see if they are there."

But he ran off, springing up the steps with a strong agility, like that of a boy.

She hurried after him and went into the house. After what he had said in the boat she wished to look at herself in the glass to see if there was anything strange or painful, anything that might rouse surprise, in her appearance. She gained her bedroom and went at once to the mirror.

Hermione was not by nature at all a self-conscious woman. She knew that she was plain, and had sometimes, very simply, regretted it. But she did not generally think about her appearance, and very seldom now wondered what others were thinking of. When Maurice had been with her she had often indeed secretly compared her own ugliness with his beauty. But a great love breeds many regrets as well as many joys. And that was long ago. It was years since she had looked at herself in the glass with any keen feminine anxiety, any tremor of fear, or any cruel self-



"Hush, Peppina! Now don't be afraid of me"

criticism. But now she stood for a long time before the glass, quite still, looking at her reflection with wide, almost with staring eyes.

It was true what Gaspare said. She saw that she was looking ill, very different from her usual strong self. There was not a thread of white in her thick hair, and this fact, combined with the eagerness of her expression, the strong vivacity and intelligence that normally shone in her eyes, deceived many people as to her age. But to-day her face was stained, haggard, and feverish. Under the heavy lids that the sun eyes had given to her complexion there seemed to lurk a sickly white, which was most markedly suggested at the corners of the mouth. The cheek bones seemed unusually prominent. And the eyes held surely a depth of loneliness.

Hermione approached her face to the mirror till it almost touched the glass. The reflected eyes drew hers. She gazed into them with a scrutiny into which she seemed to be pouring her whole force, of both soul and body. She was trying to look at her nature, to see its shape, its color, its expression, so that she might judge of what it was capable—whether for good or evil. The eyes into which she looked both helped her and frustrated her. They told her much—too much. And yet they baffled her. When she would know all they seemed to substitute themselves for that which she saw through them, and she found herself noticing their size, their prominence, the exact shade of their brown hair. And the quick human creature behind them was hidden from her.

But Gaspare was right. She did look ill. Emilia would notice it directly.

She washed her face with cold water, then dried it almost cruelly with a rough towel. Having done this, she did not look again into the glass, but went at once downstairs. As she came into the drawing-room she heard voices in the garden. She stood still and listened. They were the voices of Vere and Emilia talking tirelessly. She could not hear what they said. Had she been able to hear it she would not have listened. She could only hear the sound made by their voices, that noise by which human beings strive to explain, or to conceal, what they really are. They were talking seriously. She heard no sounds of laughter. Vere was saying much. It seemed to Hermione that Vere never talked so much and so eagerly to her, with such a ceaseless vivacity. And there was surely an intimate sound in her voice, a sound of being warmly at ease, as if she spoke in an atmosphere of ardent sympathy.

Again the jealousy came in Hermione, acute, fierce, and traveling like a needle being moved steadily, point downwards, through a network of quivering nerves.

"Vere!" she called out. "Vere! Emilia!"

Was her voice cold, or was it loving?

They did not hear her. Emilia was speaking now. She heard the deep, booming sound of his powerful voice, that seemed expressive of strength and will.

"Vere! Emilia!"

As she called again, she went towards the window. She felt passionately excited. The excitement had come suddenly to her when they had not heard her first call.

"Emilia! Emilia!" she repeated. "Emilia!"

"Madre!"

"Hermione!"

Both voices sounded startled.

"What's the matter?"

Vere appeared at the window, looking frightened.

"Hermione, what is it?"

Emilia was there beside her. And he, too, looked anxious, almost alarmed.

"I only wanted to let you know I had come back," said Hermione, crushing down her excitement, and forcing herself to smile.

"But why did you call like that?"

Vere spoke.

"Like what? What do you mean, figlia mia?"

It sounded—

She stopped and looked at Artois.

"It frightened me. And you, Monsieur Emilia?"

"I, too, was afraid for a moment that something unpleasant had happened."

"You nervous people! Isn't it harmless?"

As they looked at her she felt they had been talking about her, about her failure. And she felt, too, as if they must be able to see in her eyes that she knew the secret Vere had wished to keep from her and thought she did not know. Emilia had given her a glance of intense scrutiny, and the eyes of her child still questioned her with a sort of bright and warning expression.

"You make me feel as if I were with detectives," she said, laughing, but unreasonably. "There's really nothing the matter."

"And your tooth, madre! Is it better?"

"Yes, quite well. I am perfectly well. Let us go in."

Hermione had said to herself that if she could see Emilia and Vere together, without any third person, she would know something that she felt she must know. When she was with them she seemed to be a watcher. And now her whole being was strung to attention.

But it seemed to her that the more reason they, too, were on the alert, and so were not quite natural. And she could not be sure of certain things unless—the atmosphere was normal. So she said to herself now, though before she had had the inimitable confidence of woman in certain detective instincts claimed by the whole sex.

At one moment the thing she feared—and her whole being revolved round the thought of it with a shaking disgust—the thing she feared seemed to her fact. Then something occurred to make her distrust herself. And she felt that betraying imagination of hers at work, obscuring all issues, tricking her, punishing her.

And when the meal was over she did not know at all. And she

felt as if she had perhaps been deliberately hoaxed—not, of course, by Vere, of whose attitude she was not, and never had been, doubtful, but by Emilia.

When they got up from the table Vere said:

"I'm going to make the aunts."

"You look remarkably wide awake. Vere?" Artois said, smiling.

"But I'm going to, because I've had you all to myself the whole morning. Now it's madre's turn. Isn't it, madre?"

The girls' remark showed her some of their complete triple-entendre, but it emphasized to Hermione her own *crux* sense of being in the wilderness. And she even felt that it should be supposed she wanted Emilia's company. Nevertheless, she restrained herself from making any disclaimer. Vere went upstairs and she

and Artois went out and sat down under the trellis. But with the removal of Vere a protection and safety valve seemed to be removed, and neither Hermione nor Emilia could for a moment continue the conversation. Again a sense of humiliation, of being mindless,

nothing, in the eyes of Artois, came to Hermione, diminishing all her powers. She was never a conceited, but she had often been a self-reliant, woman. Now she felt a humbleness such as she knew

no one should ever feel—a humbleness that was contemptible,

that felt itself incapable, unworthy of notice. She tried to resist it, but when she thought of this man, her friend, talking over her failure with the child in whom he must surely believe, she could

not. She felt, "Vere can talk to Emilia better than I can. She

interests him more than I." And then her years seemed to gather round her and whip her. She shrank beneath the thought of

years, had not even brought to her those gifts of the mind with which it often mortally replaces the bodily gifts and graces it is

so eager to remove.

"Hermione!"

"Yes, Emilia!"

She turned slowly in her chair, forcing herself to face him.

"What did you think of my—companion the other night?"

"Oh, by the way, what is his name?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

She was honestly and exceedingly surprised.

"But you brought him to the house."

"Yes. Can you forgive me?"

"You don't know him?"

"I met him by chance at the timepiece. We talked. He had a

boat, he offered to take me back. But I wanted to come to the

island. I meant, of course, to leave him in the boat. But when

we reached the island I had to bring him ashore."

"I don't mind. But why did you?"

"I thought his personality so remarkable, so powerful, that I

wished you to come in contact with it, if only for a moment. Did

it affect you?"

"In what way?"

"In what way?"

"If you can ask—it did not."

"I felt when I was with him a certain dullness, as if I were in

the grasp of a Fate. But it went away with him, or very soon

afterwards."

"Ah! By the way, he gave you his card."

"Yes, but it got lost."

"You didn't look it up?"

"I meant to, but I left it lying on the table, and Giulia must

have thrown it away, or dropped it somewhere when she cleared

away the coffee."

"Then we shall probably never know who the Egyptian is."

"Was he an Egyptian? I saw that he was an Oriental."

"He told me he was an Egyptian."

The subject dropped.

"Did you have a pleasant morning with Vere?" Hermione said,

after a moment, trying to speak very naturally.

"Yes, Oh,"—he set forward in his chair—"she told me something

that rather surprised me—that you had told her she might

read my books."

"Well?"

Hermione's voice was rather hard.

"Well, I never meant them for 'la jeune fille.'"

"You consider Vere?"

"Is she not?"

She felt he was condemning her secretly for her permission to

Vere. What could he think if he knew her under-reason for

giving it?

"You don't wish Vere to read your books, then?"

"No. And I ventured to tell her so."

Hermione left her.

"What did she say?"

"She said she would not read them."

"Oh."

She looked up and met his eyes, and was sure she read con-

demnation in them.

"After I had told Vere—" she began.

She was silent to defend herself, to tell him how she had gone

to Vere's room intending to withdraw the permission given; but

solidly she realized clearly that she, a mother, was being secretly

taken task by a man for her conduct to her child.

That was intolerable.

And Vere had yielded to Emilia's prohibition, though she had

eagerly resisted her mother's attempt to retreat from the promise

made. That was more intolerable.

She still without saying anything, her knees were trembling

under her this summer gown. Artois felt something of her agita-

tion, perhaps, for he said, with a kind of hesitating diffidence,

very rare in him:

"Of course, my friend, I would not interfere between you and

Vere, only, as I was concerned, as they were my own writings that

were in question—"He broke off: "You won't misunderstand my mothers?" he concluded.

"Oh no."

He was more conscious that she was feeling something acutely. "I feel that I perceive, understand why you gave the permission at this particular moment," he continued, anxious to excuse her to herself, and to himself.

"Why?" Hermione said, sharply.

"Wasn't it because of Peppina?"

"Peppina?"

"Yes. Didn't you?"

He looked into her face and saw at once that he had made a false step, that Vere had not told her mother of Peppina's outburst.

"Didn't I—what?"

He still looked at her.

"What?" she repeated. "What has Peppina to do with it?"

"Nothing. Only—don't you remember what you said to me about not keeping Vere in cotton-wool?"

She knew that he was deceiving her. A hopeless, desperate feeling of being in the dark rushed over her. What was friendship without complete sincerity? Nothing—less than nothing. She felt as if her whole body stiffened with a proud reserve to meet the reserve with which he treated her, and she felt as if her friend of years—the friend whose life she had perhaps saved in Africa—had turned on that moment into a stranger, or—or even into an enemy. For this further withdrawal from their beautiful and open intimacy was like an act of hostility. She was almost dazed for an instant. Then her brain worked with feverish activity. What had Emile meant? Her permission to Vere was connected in his mind with Peppina. He must know something about Vere and Peppina that made them almost her condition, and her desire, usually so sensitive, so receptive, so warmly beguile when it was turned to his, was hard and cold.

"Emile," she said, "what was it you meant about Peppina? I think I have a right to know. I brought her into the house. Why should Peppina have anything to do with my giving Vere permission to read your books?"

Artois' instinct was not to tell what Vere had not told, and therefore had not wished to be known. Yet he hated to shuffle with Hermione. He chose a middle course.

"My friend," he said, quietly, but with determination, "I made a mistake. I was following foolishly a wrong track. Let us say no more about it. But do not be angry with me about the books. I think my motive in speaking as I did to Vere was probably partly a selfish one. It is not only that I wish Vere to be as she is for as long a time as possible, but that I—well, don't think me a great coward if I say that I almost dread her discovery of all the cruel knowledge that is mine, and that I have, perhaps wrongly, brought to the attention of the world."

Hermione was amazed.

"You regret having written your book?" she said.

"I don't know—I don't know. But I think the happy confidence, the sweet respect of youth makes one regret a thousand things. Don't you, Hermione? Don't you think youth is often the most terrible tutor one can have?"

She thought of Rufio smiling. "Oh, *diove lung bianca* de F. re-tair"—and suddenly she felt that she could not stay any longer with Artois just then. She got up.

"I don't feel very well," she said.

Artois sprang up and came towards her with a face full of concern. But she drew back.

"I didn't sleep last night—and then going into Naples—I'll go to my room and be alone. I'll keep quiet. Vere will look after you. I'll be down at ten."

She went away before he could say or do anything. For some time he was alone. Then Vere came. Hermione had not told her of this episode, and she had only been vaguely aware. The pretended sorrow had lasted long enough. When Artois told her about her mother she wanted to run away at once, and see what was the matter, see if she could do something. But Artois stopped her.

"I shouldn't leave her to rest," he said. "I—I feel sure she wishes to be alone."

Vere was looking at him while he spoke, and her face caught the gravity of his, reflected it for a moment, then showed an uneasiness that deepened into fear. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Monsieur Emile, what is the matter with mother?"

"Only a headache, I fancy. She did not sleep last night, and—"

"No, no; the real matter, Monsieur Emile."

"What do you mean, Vere?"

The girl looked excited. Her own words had revealed to her a feeling of which till then she had only been vaguely aware.

"Mother has seemed different lately," she said. "Then different. I am sure she has. What is it?"

As the girl spoke, and looked keenly at him with her bright, searching eyes, a thought came, like a shock, upon Artois, a thought that almost frightened him. He could not tell it to Vere, and almost immediately he thrust it away from his mind. But Vere had seen that something had come to him.

"You know what it is!" she said.

"No, no, no."

"Monsieur Emile?"

Her voice was full of reproach.

"Vere, I am telling you the truth," he said, earnestly. "If there is anything serious troubling your mother I do not know what it is. She has symptoms of—of—of—"

"This is something fresh," the girl said. She thrust forward her little chin decisively. "This is something new."

"It cannot be that," Artois said to himself. "It cannot be that."

To Vere he said, "Sleeplessness is terribly distressing."

"Well—but only one night."

"Perhaps there have been others."

In reply Vere said:

"Monsieur Emile, you remember this morning, when we were in the garden, and mother called?"

"Yes."

"If you know, the way she called made me feel frightened?"

"We were so busy talking that the sudden sound startled us."

"No, it wasn't that."

"But when we came your mother was smiling—she was perfectly well. You let your imagination—"

"No, Monsieur Emile, indeed I don't."

He did not try any more to remove her impression. He saw that to do so would be quite useless.

"I should like to speak to Gaspard," Vere said, after a moment's thought.

"Gaspard? Why?"

"Perhaps you will laugh at me! But I often think Gaspard understands me better than any of us. He knows Emile."

"Gaspard has been with your mother a very long time."

"Yes, and in his way he is very clever. Haven't you noticed it?"

Artois did not answer this. But he said:

"Follow your instincts, Vere. I don't think they will often lead you wrong."

At last-time Hermione came from her bedroom looking calm and smiling. There was something deliberate about her serenity, and her eyes were tired, but she said the little rest had done her good. Very instinctively felt that her mother did not wish to be observed, to do so might give her some further condition, and Artois took Vere's cue. When tea was over Artois said:

"Well, I suppose I ought to be going."

"Oh no," Hermione said. "We asked you for a long day. That means dinner."

Her voice sounded determined, and therefore formally. Artois felt chilled. For a moment he looked at her doubtfully.

"Well, but, Hermione, you aren't feeling very well."

"I am much better now. Do stay. I shall rest, and Vere will take care of you."

It struck him for the first time that she was becoming very ready to substitute Vere for herself as his companion. He wondered if he had really offended or hurt her in any way. He even wondered for a moment whether she was not pleased at his spending the summer in Naples—whether, for some reason, she had wished, and still wished, to be alone with Vere.

"Perhaps Vere will get sick of looking after an—old man," he said.

"You are not an old man, Monsieur Emile. Don't tout!"

"Tout?"

"Yes, for compliments about your youth. You meant me, you meant us both, to say how young you are."

She spoke gently, laughingly, but he felt she was cleverly and secretly trying to smooth things out, to cover up the difficulty that had intruded itself into their generally natural and simple relations.

"And your mother says nothing," said Artois, trying to fall in with her desire, and to restore their wonted liveliness. "Don't you look upon me as almost a boy, Hermione?"

"I think sometimes you seem wonderfully young," she said.

Her voice suggested that she wished to please him, but also that she meant what she said. Yet Artois had never felt his age more acutely than when she finished speaking.

"I am a poor companion for Vere," he said, almost bitterly. "She ought to be with friends of her own age."

"You mean that I am a poor companion for you, Monsieur Emile. I often feel how good you are to put up with me in the way you do."

The gaiety had gone from her now, and she spoke with an earnestness that seemed to him wonderfully gracious. He looked at her, and his eyes flashed her gently.

"Take Emile out in the boat, Vere," Hermione said, "while I read a book till dinner-time."

At that moment she longed for them to be gone. Vere looked at her mother, then said:

"Come along, Monsieur Emile. I'm sorry for you, but madre wants rest."

She led the way out of the room.

Hermione was on the sofa. Before he followed Vere, Artois went up to her and said:

"If you can't stay, you must come out with us, my friend! Perhaps the air on the sea would do you good!"

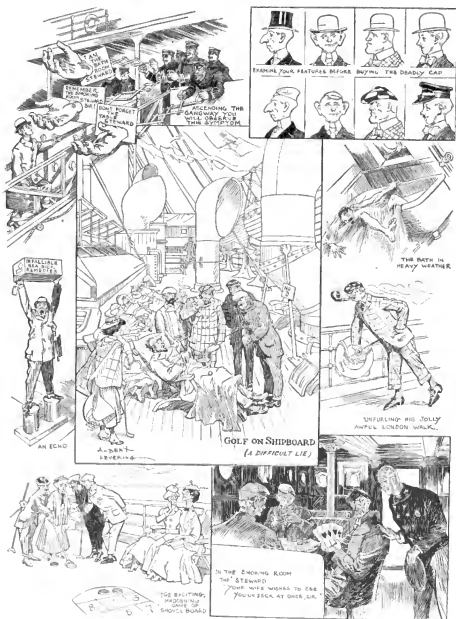
"No, thank you, Emile; I really think I had better stay quietly here."

"Very well."

He waited for a moment, then he went out and left her. But she had been a question in his eyes.

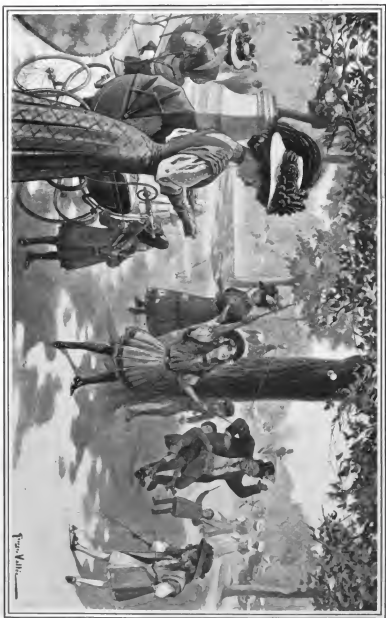
When he had gone, Hermione took up a book and read for a little while, always listening for the sound of cars. She was not sure Vere and Emile would go out in the boat, but she thought they would if they came out in the open sea beyond the island. It was possible that she might hear them. Presently, as she did not hear them, she got up. She wanted to satisfy herself that they were at sea. Going to the window, she looked out. But she saw no boat, only the great plain of the radiant waters. They made her feel alone—very, she did not know then. But it was really something of the same feeling which had come to her long ago during her first visit to Sicily. In the contemplation of beauty she

(Continued on page 28.)



ALL AT SEA

DRAWN BY ALBERT LEVERING



THE PROPRIETORS OF CENTRAL PARK

DRAWN BY GEORGES VALLEE

A SPIRIT IN PRISON

(Continued from page 25.)

knew the need of love, knew it with an intimacy that was cruel.

She came away from the window and went to the terrace. From there she could not see the boat. Finally she went to the small pavilion that overlooked the Saint's Pool. Leaning over the parapet, she perceived the little white boat just starting round the bluff towards the Grotto of Virgil. Vere was rowing. Hermione saw her thin figure, so impregnated with the narrow charm of youth, bending backwards and forwards to the oars. Emile's big form leaning against the cushions as if at ease. From the dipping oars came twinkling lines of light that raved out and spread like the opened sticks of a fan upon the sea. Riggling the shore, the boat slipped out of sight.

"Suppose they had gone forever—gone out of my life!" Hermione said that to herself. She fancied she still could see the faint commotion in the water that told where the boat had passed. Now it was turning into the Grotto of Virgil. She felt sure of that. It was entering the shadow where she had shamed to Emile not long ago the very depths of her heart.

How could she have done that? She grew hot as she thought of it. In her new and bitter resolve she hated to think of his possession that could never be taken from him, the knowledge of her hidden despair, her hidden need of love. And by that avowal of hatred of his knowledge she measured the gulf between them. When had come the very first narrow feature she scarcely knew, but she knew how today the gulf had widened.

That permission of hers to Vere to read Emile's books! And Emile's authority governing her conduct, substituted surely for hers! The gulf had been made wider by her learning that episode; and the fact that secretly she felt her permission ought never to have been given raised her the more bitter. Vere had yielded to Emile because he had been in the right. Inductively her child had known which of the two with whom she had to deal was swayed by an evil mood, and which was thinking rightly, only for her.

Could Vere see into her mother's heart? Hermione had a moment of panic. Then she laughed at her folly.

And she thought of Peppina, of that other secret which cruelly existed, but which she had never suspected till that day. The boat was gone, and she knew where. She went back into the house and rang the bell. Giulia came.

"Oh, Giulia," Hermione said, "will you please ask Peppina to come to my sitting-room? I want to speak to her for a moment."

"Ni, signora."

Giulia looked at her padrona, then added:

"Signora, I am sure I was right. I am sure that girl has the evil eye."

"Giulia, what nonsense! I have told you often that such signs are silly. Peppina has no power to do us harm. Poor girl, we ought to pity her."

Giulia's fat face was very grave and quite unconvinced.

"Signora, since she is here the island is not the same. The signorina is not the same, you are not the same, the French signora is not the same, the most dangerous is different. The count speaks with him now. Trouble is with us all, signora."

Hermione shook her head impatiently. But when Giulia was

gone she thought of her words about Gaasper. Words, even the simplest, spoken just before some great moment of a life, some high triumph or deep catastrophe, stick with resolution in the memory. Lucrezia had once said of Gaasper on the terrace before the Casa del Prete. "One cannot speak with him to-day." And she had added, "It is terrible to-day." That was on the evening of the night on which Gaasper's dead body was found. (After since then Hermione had thought that Gaasper had seemed to have a prevision of the disaster that was approaching.) And now Giulia said of him, "The count speaks with him now." The same words. Was Gaasper as a stormy petrel?

There came a knock to the door of the sitting-room to which Hermione had gone to wait for the coming of Peppina.

"Come in."

The door opened and the disfigured girl entered, looking anxious.

"Come in, Peppina. It's all right. I only want to speak to you for a moment."

Hermione spoke kindly, but Peppina still looked nervous.

"Ni, signora," she murmured.

And she remained standing near the door, looking down.

"Peppina," Hermione said, "I'm going to ask you something, and I want you to tell me the truth without being afraid."

"Ni, signora."

"You remember, when I took you, I told you not to say anything to my daughter, the signorina, about your past life, your aunt and—all you had gone through. Have you said anything?"

Peppina looked more brightened.

"Signora," she began. "Madonna! It was not my fault, it was not my fault!"

She raised her voice, not began to speculate.

"Hush, Peppina! Now don't be afraid of me."

"You are my preserver, signora! My saint has forgotten me, but you—"

"I will not leave you to the streets. You must trust me. And now tell me—quietly—what have you told the signorina?"

And presently Peppina was induced to be truthful, and Hermione knew of the outbreak in the night, and that "the foreign signora" had known of it from the moment of its happening.

The signorina was so kind, signora, that I forget. I told her all—I told her all—I told her—"

Once Peppina had begun to be truthful she could not stop. She recalled—or seemed to—the very words she had spoken to Vere, all the details of her narration.

"And the foreign signora? Was he there too?" Hermione asked at the end.

"No, signora. He went away. The signorina told him to go away and leave us."

Hermione dismissed Peppina quietly.

"Please don't say anything about this conversation, Peppina," she said, as the agitated girl prepared to go. "Try to obey me this time, will you?"

She spoke very kindly, but very firmly.

"May the Madonna take my tongue if I speak, signora!"

Peppina raised her hand.

As she was going out Hermione stared at the cross upon her cheek.

(To be Continued.)

Leaves from the Diary of a Motorist

By HELENA SMITH DAYTON

January 1.—Three symptoms warn me that I am about to become a motor maniac: my wife has ordered motor outfit, my daughters have invited friends upon carefully planned tours, and my son Phil has written for catalogues.

January 18.—Purchased tons of motor literature, and have become friendly with several hundred agreeable salesmen, all enthusiastically selling "the best car."

February 11.—Convinced that I have selected the best machine on the market. Agent says I'm a wonder.

March 2.—Arrival of new car. Family enthusiastic. Dusted off few specks of dust with silk pocket-handkerchief. Hope nothing will mar the fine finish.

March 15.—Engaged incognito friend for chauffeur. We all hope to improve our record. Maybe he will get us into society.

March 20.—Something out of kilter, but agent is the limit. Thinks he'll have it running in a day or so.

April 1.—While we were admiring the view to-day, Charlie Speedwell passed in that old humor of his. After we found the car couldn't be fixed, took the trolley home. The count does not understand the car.

April 1.—Maybe it's the car.

May 1.—Everything lovely. Best car; best driver; lovely roads, glorious weather; agreeable party. What did we do with our automobile?

May 29.—Arm still in sling. Count's fault. New man coming to-morrow.

June 5.—Must appear in court to-morrow. Weren't going a bit far?

June 7.—Car undergoing slight repairs.

June 20.—Blight repairs?

June 21.—Surely follow, that agent.

June 26.—Learned why the chicken crosses the road: to pay the mortgage of the old farm.

July 9.—Question for delicting societies: Is it cheaper in motor in town or in the country? After encountering a country constable, paying for one perfectly good dog, and purchasing gasoline from an alleged pseudomilitary rural party, have decided that that pure motorist should not leave the boulevard.

July 18.—Charlie Speedwell's car certainly can go some.

August 7.—Car behaving beautifully.

September 17.—Decided to quit the motor game.

September 28.—Sold my car.

October 4.—Lovely days for motorist. Bright?

October 20.—How my family miss that car! Does seem queer to walk everywhere. It used to be mighty handy. . . . Perhaps in the spring.

November 28.—Wonder how the agents got impression I was interested in automobiles? Merely dropped in to look over a few new models. Still, I gave my order on condition it was not delivered until June.

December 10.—Been trying to hurry up delivery of that car of mine.

Dickinson's 125th Anniversary

(Continued from page 2.)

as early as 1863. From the beginning the attention given to science was unusual. A tutor in that field was appointed in 1872, and in 1880 Dr. Rush received "the most complete and splendid electrical and galvanic apparatus ever imported into our country."

Shortly afterward Dr. Thomas Cooper of Oxford, a friend of Prof. Jefferson, and Privatdozent, and a noted scientific discoverer and editor, became professor of chemistry, adding some of Privatry's apparatus to the equipment of the college. In 1885 the directorship of the department was taken by Spencer Baird, a graduate of the college, and afterward for nearly forty years assistant secretary and secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. In 1884, a thoroughly equipped scientific building was completed through the generosity of Jacob Touse, the founder of Touse Institute at Port Deposit, Maryland.

During the present administration of Dr. George Edward Reed, which began in 1880, the college has doubled in size, has increased its endowment, and has acquired six of its twelve buildings, one of them being the gift of Andrew Carnegie, a few from 1892 to 1904, in memory of his friend Menesius D. Conway, of the Class of 1860. The present attendance is 314 in the college, 94 in the law school, and 103 in Conway Hall, the preparatory school. Women have been admitted since 1884. There are forty officers of instruction and 40,000 volumes in the libraries.

The president of the Carnegie Foundation has published the opinion that Dickinson has had more eminent alumni than any other institution of its size. With Princeton and Bowdoin alone it shares the distinction of having produced the country with both a President—James Buchanan, 1808—and a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—Roger Taney, 1795. Out of 2,500 alumni the college has graduated 9 ex-senators, 12 Senators, 1 Congressmen, 9 foreign ministers, 6 generals, 10 governors, 8 judges, 5 moderators, 940 other elegants, 40 college presidents, and 130 college professors, 700 attorneys, and 350 physicians. Bishop Winchester, founder of the church bearing his name, and Bishop Cummings, founder of the Reformed Episcopal Church, were both Dickinsonians, as were also the orator who delivered the Senator's impeachment of Johnson and its eulogy at Lincoln, the engineer of the Cretan Aqueduct, the alienist who converted Gautier, Admiral Dewey's chief of staff at Manila, and the missionary who directed the infiltration and the defense of the Pekin embassies against the Boxers. To New York the college has furnished the Reverend Charles F. Doane of the Church of the Strangers, and the late Archbishop Tiffany, a superintendent of city schools, and half a dozen Columbia professors; as well as numerous other editors, clergymen, scientists, and men of affairs.

Features of the anniversary celebration, which was attended by larger numbers of alumni, were the unveiling of new portraits of President Dickinson and Dr. Rush, and the presentation of greetings from all of the older American colleges.

Brazil's Campaign Against Tuberculosis

The federal government of Brazil is preparing a campaign against tuberculosis in the cities of the Republic, especially in Rio de Janeiro, equal to that waged against yellow fever, which has placed the capital among the most healthful cities of the world.

The present number of deaths due to consumption in Rio de Janeiro and in Brazil generally explains the extraordinary measures to be taken by the government against tuberculosis, according to the announced plans. The tables of mortality of the federal district show that out of a total of 14,000 deaths in 1905, 2,603 were due to pulmonary tuberculosis, as compared with 287 from the

deadly yellow fever. In 1906, out of a total of 13,556 deaths, 2,649 were from tuberculosis, while in 1907 out of a total of 13,014 deaths 2,587 was the proportion. Therefore of all deaths in Rio de Janeiro during the years one to five were due to consumption, and that, too, in spite of the highly commendable work done by the League Against Tuberculosis, whose efficacy is shown by the slightly decreased record for the past two years. What systematic work in sanitation can do, however, is shown in the table of deaths given in the case of yellow fever. In the latter disease the deaths in 1905 were 287; in 1906, 42; and in 1907, 59. The disease, which has been the object of the general public in Rio de Janeiro is concerned, the few cases noted arising in out-of-the-way places, and being so well guarded and pursued that all danger of epidemic under present regulations is done away with.

Naturally, with such success in disposing of yellow fever, the sanitary authorities of Brazil feel that something can be done against tuberculosis. The same sanitary cities in the country which are included in the plans outlined in this report, but for the time being, and with the initial expense, most attention will be paid to Rio de Janeiro as the capital and chief city of the nation. This new campaign involves the expenditure of \$1,250,000 as a beginning of the movement. The plan includes legislation which may have a marked influence upon similar movements in the world generally.

The Brazilian project includes as its material features the compulsory reporting of every case of tuberculosis to the sanitary authorities, the complete assumption of charge of all cases of tuberculosis by public authorities, the establishment of hospitals, with complete isolation, for tuberculous-injected invalids, and of hotels and boarding houses, agricultural colonies, and sanatoria for those not invalid; the absolute refusal of admission into Brazil of any person or animal having tuberculosis; the inspection of all foods and materials likely to carry bacilli; the disease, with power to destroy anything infected; and the betterment of food, housing, and other conditions of life for the large mass of the population among whom tuberculosis is raging.

The "Empire" of Haiti

THAT little republic of Haiti which now and then chooses to calumniate her domestic and foreign affairs with a so-called revolution ran boast of a rather busy period of her history. In 1811 the negro general Christophe proclaimed himself emperor, and, in spite of the smallness of his empire, surrounded himself with a pompous official household like the grand monarchs of Europe. He ended in 1820 by suicide, and up to 1849 the little state enjoyed a comparatively party fights and revolutions as a republic. In the latter year another negro, General Faustin Soulouque, seized the government, and on August 20 took possession of the state as its proclaimed emperor, his only faithful Faustin I. He established his government upon the pattern of Napoleon's. That he, who was born as a slave, had some difficulty in reading and writing did not bother him. For his constitution he ordered exact regulations of the crown and the coronation robe of the Emperor of the French; to pay for them, of course, he decreed unnecessary, and the "Purveyors to His Majesty" were very glad to receive some payments by and by. The civil list of the emperor was fixed at 150,000 gourdes (1 gourde = 96¢); that of the empress, black as her spouse, at 50,000 gourdes. Her court attendants included two ladies of honor, fifty ladies of the court, and twenty-two waiting maids. The court had a grand almoner, a manager of the imperial theatre, a governor of the imperial palace, etc. The emperor included two orders of knighthood, the order of St. Faustin for military merit, and the order of the legion of honor. His division generals and vice-admirals he made princes and dukes, and the brigadier-general counts; every superior customs officer

became a baron. All at once Haiti with its not quite 100,000 square miles and its population of about 900,000, had 59 dukes, 100 counts, 310 barons, and 240 knights.

The names of this brand-new aristocracy were taken from James and fantastic feudal estates which Faustin had created by a mere word and given ridiculous and burlesque names. John Joseph, the emperor's brother, was named Duke of Port-de-Paix (Port-happy); Charles Alerte, great-brave chamberlain, was duke des Carottes (i. e., of the parsnips); de Mare, Duke de la Limonade; Liming, Duke de la Marmelade. The most humorous names were those of some of the counts. There were the Count des Citres de Fer du Nord; Noël Jean Jacques, Count de Coupe-Hairine (he was the librarian general of the empire); Dumas Labre-dieu, Count de la Tortue; our Count du Nul-trou-deux; our de Grand-Gueuser (large throat); des Guépées (wasps); du Diamant, de la Bombardé, etc. One of the knights had to bear himself called Knight Coco. In 1824 a military revolt made an end to this glorious monarchy, and wiped all those fine names, titles, and dignities out of existence as quickly as they had sprung up.

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The First American "Dreadnought"

LAUNCHING THE NAVY'S NEW "ALL-BIG-GUN" BATTLESHIP

BAPTIZED across the bows with a bottle of champagne flung from the hand of Miss Carol Newberry, of Detroit, the new battleship *Michigan* glided into the Delaware River at Camden, from the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Company, on May 26. The titian infant's baptism was saluted by the gunboat *Dolphin*, which brought to the yard Assistant-Secretary Newberry, Secretary Garfield, Governor Warner of Michigan, and the United States Senators from that State. It took three hundred men to launch the vessel, half of whom glided down the ways on board, after the remainder had knocked out the supporting blocks. A large crowd watched the big ship enter the water.

The successful launching of the new battleship is regarded with great satisfaction, on account of the absence of the feet from the Atlantic shores and the public awakening to the necessities of a large navy. It marks the opening of a new era in American naval construction scarcely less notable than that initiated by the launching of the *Dreadnought*. The *Michigan*, when completed, will approach more nearly to the class of the famous British vessel than any other war-craft in the American navy. The armament will be enormous. It boasts eight twelve-inch guns, her main battery will include two submerged torpedo tubes, and the secondary battery will consist of twenty-two three-inch rapid-fire guns, two three-pounder semi-automatic guns, two three-inch field-pieces, and four machine guns of .30 caliber. The main battery will be located in pairs in two forward and two aft turrets on the center line.

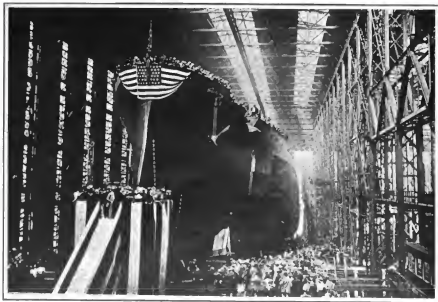
The hull will be protected along the water line by a complete belt of armor eight feet wide, eleven inches thick throughout the machinery spaces and twelve inches at the magazine spaces. Ten eight feet above the main belt there will be the cuirassate armor, eight inches thick at the top to ten inches thick at the bottom. There will be a complete protective deck from stem to stern. The supply of ammunition will be

carried in two divisions at the bow and the stern of the ship. The crew of the *Michigan* will number 31 officers and 738 men.

The propelling engines are to be of the vertical twin-screw, four-cylinder, triple-expansion type, of a combined indicated horse-power of 16,500. Each engine will be in a separate water-tight compartment. Each of the two funnels will be 100 feet high above the base line.



The Central Figures are (left) Governor Warner of Michigan, Miss Carol Newberry, who christened the Ship, and her Father, Assistant-Secretary of the Navy Newberry



Preparing to Launch the great new Battleship "Michigan," whose enormous Armament—she will carry eight 12-inch Guns—entitles her to Comparison with the British "Dreadnought"



When New York is Finished

THE ANSWER (ON THE RIGHT-SEEKING COACH): "The house you are on the roof of this building is occupied by the janitor, who has three of the upper fifty stories. His children, whom you see at the corner of the fence, have never been on the street for the reason that the journey thither would take too long."

The City Government's New Home

(See page 19.)

New York is beginning to prepare a home for the different departments of the municipality, at present located in various parts of the city. The new Municipal Office Building will be erected at the corner of Park Row and Chambers Street, upon the site of the *Stevens Building*, now in process of demolition. The ground floor will be twenty feet above the Subway; the main building, containing twenty-three stories, will be 320 feet in height; and the tower, with eight stories, is to be another 210 feet from the roof of the main building to the top of the figure surmounting the edifice, which will itself be twenty-four feet in height. The length of the main front of the building, from corner to corner, is to be 380 feet. The clock dial will have a diameter of twenty-five feet.

Limitations

"Well, madam, wasn't the chamberlain all right?" solicitously inquired the reptile-fancier, noticing the disappointed countenance of a recent customer.

"Yes, he was perfectly dear about changing color," began the fair purchaser; "he turned blue and green and brown whenever I wore those colors; but I happened to fasten him on my dress one day when I wore a Scotch plaid, and the poor dear burst himself trying to make good."

A Parallel Case

In the late financial stringency a clerk in one of the New York banks was trying to explain to a stolid old Dutchman why the bank could not pay cash to depositors as formerly, and was insisting that he be satisfied with Clearing House checks. But the old German could not grasp the situation, and finally the president of the bank was called upon to enlighten the dissatisfied customer. After a detailed explanation of the financial situation, the president concluded, "Now, my good man, you understand, don't you?"

"Yes," dubiously replied the Dutchman, "I think I understand. It's just like die, von my baby values up in der night and cries for milk, I give her a milk-teet."



Shakespeare

POSSESSED the highest type of literary genius. It is more than two centuries since he ceased to write, but when shall he cease to be read?

He grasped all things. He saw into the profound depths of human nature. Thoughts illimitable were at the point of his pen.

His personages live and move as if they had just come from the hand of a creator.

He was not a man of one idea, but part of the intense life of flesh and blood that seethed around him. Exuberant vitality of mind, body and soul was his supreme characteristic.

Personally he was a handsome, well-shaped man of a merry temperament, abounding in energy and overflowing with health.

His favorite eating place in London was the celebrated Falcon tavern. Here men like Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Ford, Fletcher, Herrick, Raleigh, etc., met him daily.

These literary giants of the heroic Elizabethan age were in the habit of discussing the burning topics of their time (which included the colonization of America) over foaming tankards of beer.

"Write, tell these great-men writers. 'Tisno, we have a hot witness party to dinner, some gentlemen, I hope we shall catch some of 'em. 'Tisno, I think I shall do the Berry Wine of Windsor."

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The Contents of Three Million Pay Envelopes



HE average wage-earnings of those employed in manufacturing establishments in the United States have for the first time been made the subject of a governmental investigation. More than one-half of all the wage-earners in America have been classified, so that the results obtained are sufficiently representative to give fairly accurate results. The returns are those of wages and not of rates of pay, and, being based upon the time actually worked and not upon the weekly earnings, must be regarded as lower than the weekly income of those employed.

Of the 3,297,819 wage-earners covered by the investigation, 2,619,683, or 79.4 per cent., were men; 388,299, or 11.9 per cent., women; and 30,167, or 0.7 per cent., children. The payrolls of the 123,703 establishments for the week covered amounted to \$33,183,791, and of this the men received \$23,240,287, or 69.8 per cent.; the women, \$8,633,481, or 25.9 per cent.; and the children, \$312,023, or nine-tenths of one per cent.

The figures show that the average wage-earner employed in manufacturing received \$10.00 per week. The average man received \$11.16; the average woman, \$6.17; and the average child under sixteen years of age, \$3.46.

The highest average weekly earnings reported for the men in any manufacturing industry were \$21.68, paid to those engaged in lapidary work. The principal occupations in this industry are connected with the cutting, polishing, and setting of diamonds and other precious stones.

Other industries which were conspicuous for the high weekly earnings paid to men wage-earners embraced the manufacture of corsets (\$16.39), photolithographing and photoengraving (\$16.68), the manufacture of sanitary and art goods (\$16.45), and the manufacture of watches (\$16.16).

The lowest average earnings for men in any industry were \$5.23, paid to those engaged in the manufacture of turpentine and rosin. Most of the men employed in this industry were engaged in gathering the crude gum. The cottonseed oil and rusk industry was another in which the average weekly earnings (\$6.64) were low.

The average weekly earnings of women in some of the industries which employ considerable numbers were as follows: Cotton goods, \$6.03; hosiery and knit goods, \$6.01; silk and silk goods, \$6.11; boots and shoes, \$7.60; men's clothing, \$6.67; women's clothing, \$6.83; shirts, \$5.89; and glass, \$5.08.

The lowest average earnings for children were \$1.54 per week, received by the 165 children engaged in the manufacture of pickles, preserves, and saucers. Of the industries employing a considerable number of women, the grading, roasting, cleaning, and shelling of peanuts is the one in which the earnings of women were lowest. The average weekly earnings of the 392 women in this industry were but \$2.56. The only industries employing considerable numbers of children under sixteen years of age were glass, shirts, tobacco, and the five textile industries. In the cotton industry, which is the most important of the textiles, the average weekly earnings of the children were \$3.21.

More than half of all wage-earners received \$9 and upward during the week. The largest number, 461,975, earned from \$12 to \$10; then came 439,238, earning from \$10 to \$12; 300,267, earning from \$12 to \$20; and 378,009, earning from \$9 to \$10. The number of those earning \$5 and less weekly was 476,768. Only 51,728 received \$25 and over.

The average earnings of the men in some of the more important industries were as follows: Iron and steel, steel works and rolling mills, \$12.56; iron and steel, blast furnaces, \$11.71; foundry and machine shop products, \$11.88; lumber and timber products, \$9.25; furniture, \$10.16; cotton goods, \$7.71; boots and shoes, \$11.89; men's clothing, \$12.23; women's clothing, \$13.22; tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes, \$11.14; newspaper and periodical printing and publishing, \$13.13; and glass, \$14.10.

The Southern States proved to be generally conspicuous for the low average of weekly earnings. While the average earnings of men in New England amounted to \$15.52, in the South they were only \$5.14—a difference of \$10.38. For women the average was, in New England, \$7.23, in the South, \$3.77—a difference of \$3.46; while for children the average was, in New England, \$4.45; in the South, \$2.73—a difference of \$1.72. For all classes the average weekly earnings in the North were \$7.82 as contrasted with but \$4.16 in the South.

The leading States with respect to average weekly earnings were: Montana, \$16.10; Nevada, \$17.78; Arizona, \$16.15; and Wyoming, \$15.75. New York was twenty-fifth, with \$16.40; Pennsylvania, twenty-third, with \$16.51; Illinois, fifteenth, with \$17.50; Ohio, twentieth, with \$16.83; and Massachusetts, thirty-second, with \$9.68. North Carolina, with \$4.96, and South Carolina, with \$4.05, reported the lowest averages.

SETTING THE STAGE FOR A NEW KING



THE "VERY HIGH, VERY POWERFUL, AND VERY FAITHFUL KING OF PORTUGAL, DOM MANOEL II," ADDRESSING THE CORTES IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, LISBON, BEFORE BEING PROCLAIMED KING BY PUBLIC ACCLAMATION. LINES THE SEVEN ARE THE GRAND CHAMBERLAIN, THE MASTER OF THE HORSE, THE FOUNDER OF THE ROYAL BOURGEOIS, AND THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES

Something About Ginger

Ginger is the dried underground stem of a plant that grows wild in southeast Asia and in the Malay Archipelago, and is cultivated extensively in South America and the West Indies, particularly Jamaica. The ginger produced in Jamaica is recognized as of superior quality and commands more than double the price of any other. The botanical name of the stem is rhizome, the real roots of the ginger plant being the fibres which are given off from the rhizomes. Leafy shoots rise from the underground stems to a height of one to three feet, according to conditions of soil and climate. The plant bears a blossom on a stalk separate from the leaves. Ginger requires a rich soil, well drained, rich vegetable humus being best adapted to its cultivation. These conditions being met, it may be grown from the sea level to high mountainous regions, provided the rainfall be abundant or irrigation adopted.

The plant is propagated by division of the rhizomes, each rhizome being carefully divided into small pieces, pains being taken to leave at least one shoot bud on a cutting. The cuttings are at once set out in the field in holes that have been specially prepared for the purpose at distances of about a foot apart. It is essential that the land should be well cleaned and trenched, the weeds and rubbish being buried in the trenches to enrich the soil. The best time for planting is in March or April. The plant is cultivated in much the same way as the potato. Manure is generally placed in the holes when the planting takes place, and also spaded into the ground when the same land is used for several years in succession.

The plant is in blossom about September. Thereafter the shoots wither, and the rhizomes increase in size, and by January or February the spire is ready to gather. The plant is dug out of the soil with a fork, care being taken not to injure the rhizomes, or "hands," as they are termed in Jamaica. The "hands" vary in size, some being very large and weighing over half a pound.

After the "hands" have been divested of the fibrous roots and all adhering mud and dirt they are washed for some minutes in boiling water, to destroy their vitality, and then dried in the sun, when they become the ginger of commerce. The darker kinds are sometimes bleached by exposure to fumes of chloride of lime or burning sulphur. What is known as "scraped" or "soured," and "white" ginger is prepared by scraping the "hands" with a knife until the dark outer skin is removed, and then drying them in the sun. When cultivated under favorable conditions, an acre of land will produce as much as 3000 pounds.

Ginger is shipped in bags, which generally contain a hundredweight each of the spire. There is a considerable acreage of land under cultivation of ginger in Jamaica, mostly in the hands of small settlers in the southern part of the island. During the last fiscal year about 1,000,000 pounds were exported from this island, some 500,000 pounds being taken by the United States, and 500,000 by Great Britain. Canada took nearly all the balance. The crop last year was little more than two-thirds the usual amount, because of the severe and long continued drought in the island.



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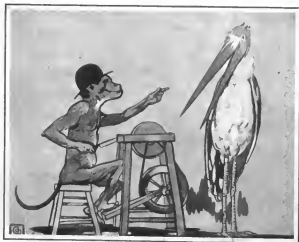
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